



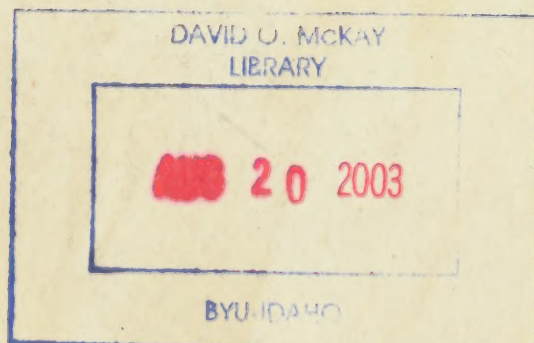
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No. 1319

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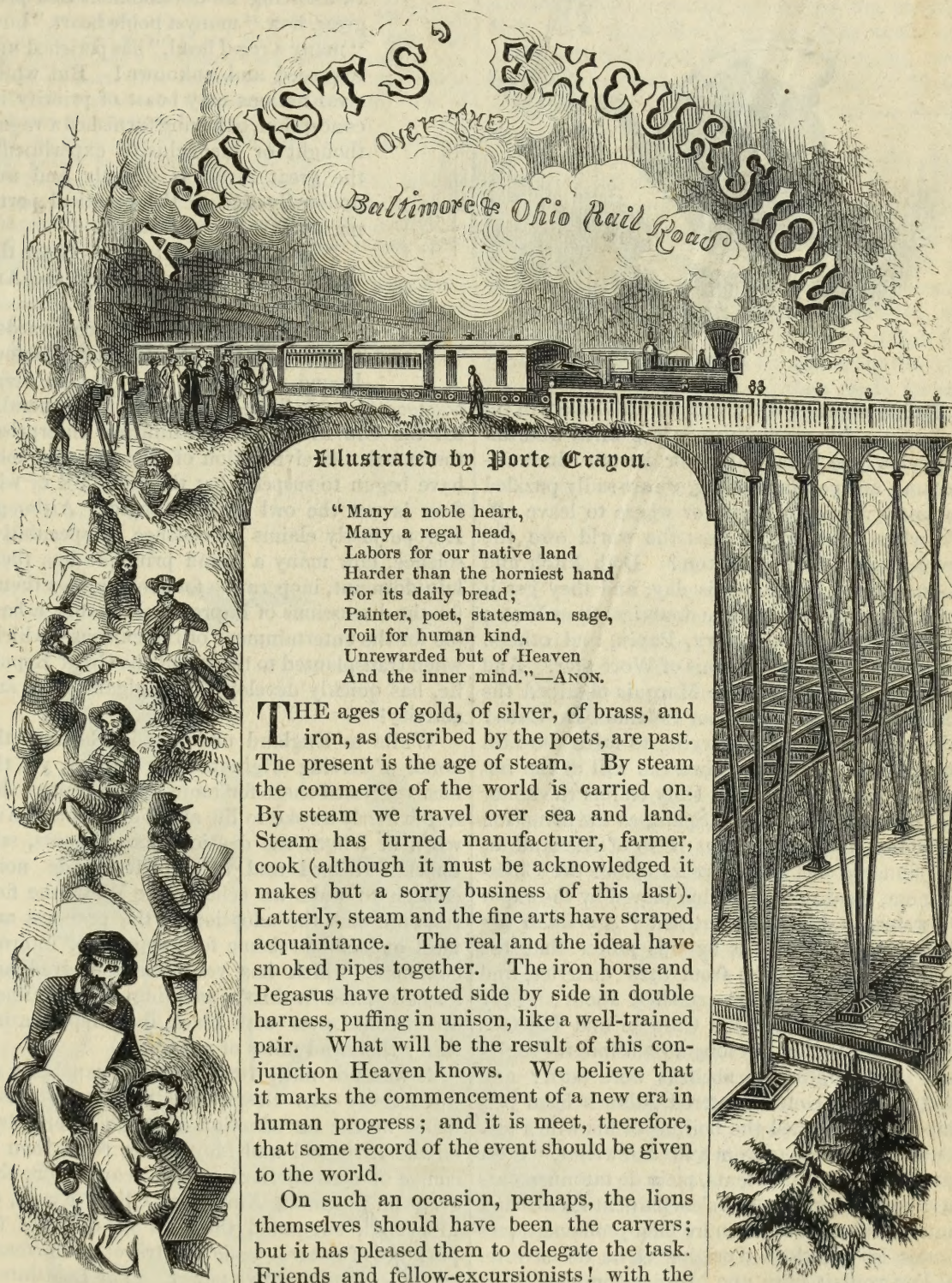


G. W.

1319
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HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE

No. CIX.—JUNE, 1859.—VOL. XIX.



Illustrated by Porte Crayon.

"Many a noble heart,
Many a regal head,
Labors for our native land
Harder than the horniest hand
For its daily bread;
Painter, poet, statesman, sage,
Toil for human kind,
Unrewarded but of Heaven
And the inner mind."—ANON.

THE ages of gold, of silver, of brass, and iron, as described by the poets, are past. The present is the age of steam. By steam the commerce of the world is carried on. By steam we travel over sea and land. Steam has turned manufacturer, farmer, cook (although it must be acknowledged it makes but a sorry business of this last). Latterly, steam and the fine arts have scraped acquaintance. The real and the ideal have smoked pipes together. The iron horse and Pegasus have trotted side by side in double harness, puffing in unison, like a well-trained pair. What will be the result of this conjunction Heaven knows. We believe that it marks the commencement of a new era in human progress; and it is meet, therefore, that some record of the event should be given to the world.

On such an occasion, perhaps, the lions themselves should have been the carvers; but it has pleased them to delegate the task. Friends and fellow-excursionists! with the

aid of your faithful memories to supply its deficiencies, with your kindly good-humor to interpret its freedom, with the light of your joy-giving spirits to illuminate its dullness, we may indulge the hope that this record will not be deemed altogether unworthy of the great event it is designed to perpetuate.



IN THE BEGINNING.

Before entering upon our narrative we will indulge in a few remarks upon the birth and ancestry of the principal actor in our drama—Steam; and yet, in so doing, we are sadly puzzled to know where to begin, or where to leave off. To what master-mind does the world owe the great idea? Is it to Fulton? Both Fitch and Rumsey used it before his day, and they got it from Oliver Evans, and he doubtless from Watt; and Watt, through Savary, Papin, and others, was beholden to the Marquis of Worcester. And is it not proven that the Marquis obtained the secret in France, from poor Solomon De Caus? who was imprisoned for trying to force the idea into Richelieu's head against the will of the imperious Cardinal. Then Italy claims the honor by Giovanni Bianca, and Spain, as the invention of Blasco de Garay. But Hero of Alexandria, one hundred and twenty years before the Christian era, speaks of a machine moved by the vapor of water, in his work entitled "*Spiritualia seu Pneumatica*." Was it by this power that the obelisks were brought from their quarries, and the monstrous sphinxes trundled about? May we not suppose that the Chinese and Hindoos understood the subject long ages before the sculptors of sphinxes and obelisks were born? and that the first conceit entered Adam's head perhaps as he watched the boiling of his wife's teakettle; for, to quote from a French writer, "*C'est que nos progrès sont lents, plein de tâtonnements et d'incertitudes; qu'ils s'enchaînent les uns aux autres, de manière à rendre bien problematiques toutes les questions d'origine et de découverte. Si l'on voulait faire une histoire complète de la machine à vapeur il faudrait remonter au commencement du monde.*"

Butler tells us that

"All the inventions which the world contains
Were not by reason first found out, nor brains,
But fell to those alone who chanced to light
Upon them by mistake or oversight."

This may be true in regard to a host of discoveries, and we have read a great many anecdotes to the purpose; pleasant, if not true. But the giant of the nineteenth century is not the child of chance. Though its origin is lost in the mists of antiquity for twenty centuries at least, it has been the nursing of labor and genius. In assisting its development and progress, how "many a noble heart," how "many a regal head," has perished unrewarded and unknown! But while rival nations may boast of priority in conception, of having furnished a vague thought or inconclusive experiment, the great result is directly and undoubtedly due to the practical pertinacity of the Anglo-Saxon.

Next arises the question between the Anglo-Saxon of the Old and the Anglo-Saxon of the New World.

Since the day that France awarded to Franklin the medal with the famous legend, "*Eripuit cælo fulmen sceptrumque tyrannis*," the New World has generally

led the Old in the great utilitarian enterprises that mark the civilization of the age, and men have begun to suspect that the true bird of wisdom is not the owl but the eagle. Although Europe justly claims precedence in speculative science, how many a grand principle has there lain dormant, inoperative for centuries—a theme for the discussions of impractical savants, a bauble for the entertainment of the curious—which, when transplanted to the soil of the Great Republic, has quickly developed into gigantic life and activity!

While to England undoubtedly belongs the honor of having originated the railway, yet the idea vegetated there for more than a century before it fairly awoke to life and movement. And when at length the cautious experiments, still unacknowledged and incomplete, made noise enough to wake an echo in the West, the first response was the adoption of the grandest and most audacious scheme for purposes of internal commerce which has yet been conceived and executed, and in thirty years thereafter our maps are streaked over with black lines representing thirty thousand miles of railroad.

It was not until 1829 that the capability of the railway was clearly and practically established by the introduction of steam locomotives on the Liverpool and Manchester road, then in course of construction. Fifty years before this event an ingenious American, Oliver Evans, of Maryland, suggested the idea of railways for purposes of general trade and travel, with steam-carriages as the motive power. The Legislature of Pennsylvania treated his application for a patent with contempt; and, wanting means himself, his conceptions were not realized until half

a century later. To what extent his plans were matured and capable of being turned to practical account may be inferred from the following prophecy, extracted from a little volume published Anno Domini 1813:

"The time will come when people will travel in stages moved by steam-engines from one city to another, almost as fast as birds can fly, fifteen or twenty miles in an hour.

"Passing through the air with such velocity, changing the scenes in such rapid succession, will be the most exhilarating exercise.

"A carriage will set out from Washington in the morning, the passengers will breakfast at Baltimore, dine at Philadelphia, and sup at New York the same day.

"To accomplish this, two sets of railways will be laid (so nearly level as not in any place to deviate more than two degrees from a horizontal line), made of wood or iron, or smooth paths of broken stone or gravel with a rail to guide the carriages, so that they may pass each other in different directions, and travel by night as well as by day; and the passengers will sleep in these stages as comfortably as they now do in steam stage boats.

"Twenty miles per hour is about thirty-two feet per second, and the resistance of the air will then be about one pound to the square foot; but the body of the carriages will be shaped like a swift swimming fish, to pass easily through the air. . . .

"The United States will be the first nation to make this discovery and to adopt the system, and her wealth and power will rise to an unparalleled height."

In another paper, published in the *Aurora* of

Philadelphia, dated December 10, 1813, public attention is called to a project for connecting that city with New York by railway, and, after describing several plans for laying the proposed track, Mr. Evans thus concludes: "I renew my proposition, viz.: as soon as either of these plans shall be adopted, after having made the necessary experiments to prove the principles, and having obtained the necessary legislative protection and patronage, I am willing to take of the stock five hundred dollars per mile, to the distance of fifty or sixty miles, payable in steam-carriages or steam-engines, invented by me for the purpose forty years ago, and will warrant them to answer to the satisfaction of the stockholders, and even to make the steam-stages run twelve or fifteen miles per hour, or take back the engines at my own expense if required."

The confident zeal of the ingenious inventor seems to have awakened no corresponding confidence in the public mind. When we consider the character of the people whom he addressed, and the stimulating necessity, in a country of vast extent and sparse population, for extraordinary means of travel and transportation, we can only account for the apathy with which his propositions were received by supposing that the

world was not then ready for the subject. In those days were wars and rumors of wars, and, amidst the thunders of battle and the downfall of kingdoms, "the poor man's wisdom is despised, and his words are not heard."

Oliver Evans lived a generation too soon; and thus it was that America lost the honor of originating, practically, the Railroad system.

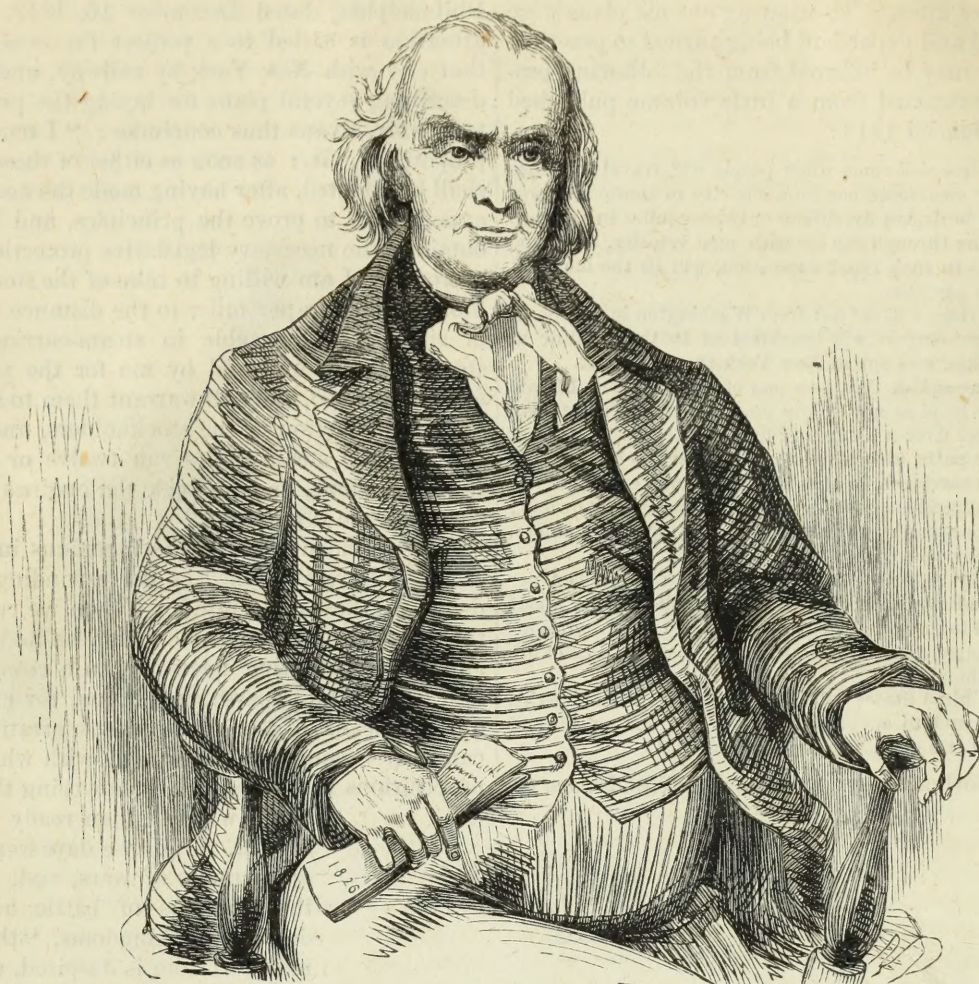
At length the temple of Janus was closed, and the time came for the triumphs of peace.

As the husbandman burns the rubbish from his field, and plows deep into the earth that, among the clods and ashes, good seed may be sown to yield its fruit in due season; so had the fields of Christendom been wasted with fire, and broken up with the hot plowshare of war, that, from the clods and ashes of ignorance and superstition, a better seed might spring and nobler fruits be gathered.

In the origination of such a work as the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, at a time when the system was still in its infancy, we scarcely know which most to admire, the far-reaching sagacity which conceived the idea, or the hardy and zealous faith in which it was accepted. To Philip E. Thomas, Esq., a Quaker merchant of Baltimore, is generally accorded the honor of having been the first to



THE OLD WORLD AND THE NEW.



PHILIP E. THOMAS.

suggest and urge the undertaking, moved there-to by some written advices from England. The city of Baltimore, at that time worth but twenty-five millions, unhesitatingly embarked in an enterprise to complete which has cost thirty-one millions. We doubt whether there is on record a similar instance of commercial pluck. Mr. Thomas still lives in the full enjoyment of the "*mens sana in corpore sano*;" and, at the advanced age of eighty-four, has the gratification, in his daily walks, of seeing around him the magnificent results of his foresight. Verily, he that buildeth is greater than he that destroyeth a city, and greater is his reward. As the calm approval of the inner mind, the silent and unsought homage of the thinking world, is nobler than the noise of the fitful rabble that hails the last favorite of fortunate war.

The work of construction was commenced on the Fourth of July, 1828, with appropriate pomp and ceremony. The venerable Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, laid the first stone, and pronounced it, next to his signing the Declaration of Independence, the most important act of his life. During the progress of the work, from year to year, old theories were exploded and new principles introduced, increasing in boldness and originality as it advanced. "Its annual reports went forth as text-books;" "its work-shops were practical lecture-rooms;" and to have worthily graduated in this school is an honorable passport

to scientific service in any part of the world. In its struggles with unparalleled difficulties—financial, physical, legislative, and legal—the gallant little State of Maryland found men equal to every emergency as it arose, and the development of so much talent and high character in various departments should not be esteemed the smallest benefit which the country has derived from this great enterprise.

In the spring of 1858 a number of distinguished artists and literati were invited to make a pleasure-excursion over the road by a special train to start from Baltimore on the 1st of June. The company's guests were to travel at their leisure, stopping at all the prominent points of interest long enough to examine the most notable productions of human science and labor; to enjoy the magnificent natural scenery for which the line is so famous; and, if so disposed, to exercise their talents after the manner of Doctor Syntax—

"To prose it here, to verse it there,
And picturesque it every where."

It was particularly appropriate that the pioneer of the American railway system should also have been the first to inaugurate this new and significant idea. For the first time in our history had the great embodiment of utilitarianism extended the hand to the votaries of the beautiful, claiming brotherhood and asking co-operation. Our development, although without parallel in its

rapidity, has hitherto been confined too strictly to the hard, narrow path of materialism. The elegant arts have existed among us rather as potted exotics imported from abroad, baubles to amuse the idle, luxuries to delight the rich, and, as such, awakening no real sympathy in the hearts of the people. The artist walks among us as a man apart, a solitary, a dreamer; misunderstood, unrecognized in the great working hive of society. Bookman looks askance at the ingenious handicraft; Hardfist despises the flaccid muscle and velvet palm; timorous Respectability has a horror of superfluous hair; venerable Conscientiousness is not sure but that the making of graven images and likenesses of things on the earth is contrary to Scripture.

But it can not be that the brightest, busiest, and freest people on earth—a people that has builded this vast temple to civilization in the Western wilderness—will ever rest until the work is completed and crowned by the ennobling hand of Art. Brethren, the day is not far off. Like the cock's shrill clarion, heralding the coming dawn, hearken to the invocation of the Iron horse :

“Come, ye gifted of the land—worshippers at the shrine of the beautiful—from your seclusion in the clouds—come down, and see the mighty works your kindred race has wrought; cease from sighing o’er the mouldy Past; turn away from heroes that are strangers to your people, from gods that are not theirs; waste not your inspirations upon idle or unworthy themes; but come, with hands of skill and hearts of fire, to glorify a Present worthy of your powers. Scorn not the proffered friendship, but let the artist clasp hands with the artisan; let the Poet walk with the People. Illustrate, adorn, exalt, embellish, that the nobler aspirations of the human soul after truth, beauty, and immortality may be realized!

“Write, paint, sketch, and chisel that when ten, and thrice ten, hundred years are gone, and our fires shall be quenched, our iron bodies heaps of rust, the noble archways that have borne us

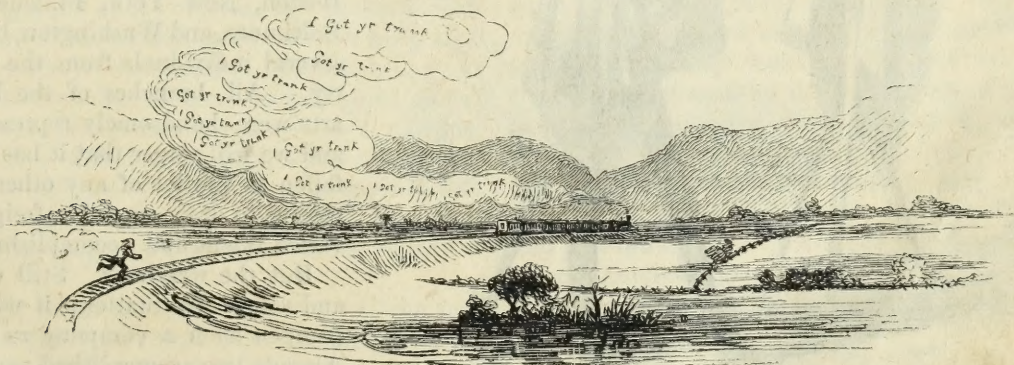


ANNO DOMINI MMMM.DCCC.LIX.

over rivers and mountain gorges shall have crumbled into ruin, the stranger (perhaps a winged tourist from some other sphere), finding a mossy stone carved with the letters B. & O. R. R., may know that they stand for 'Baltimore and Ohio Railroad,' the grandest and most renowned work of its age!"

The engineer turned the steam-cock, and the invocation comes to a sudden stop. But the light-hearted craftsmen had heard the call, and were not backward sending in their acceptances—right glad to lay down pencil and pallet for a season to join a whole-souled frolic; to turn from the mimic creations on their canvas to scenes of real life and sunshine.

So, on the afternoon of the 31st of May, the guests began to assemble at the indicated place of rendezvous, the "Gilmore House," in Baltimore; and then and there commenced the thousand-and-one delightful little incidents which will live in many memories as perennial fountains of refreshment. There were meetings and greetings of old friends, school-mates, fellow-wanderers in foreign lands, who had not seen each other for years; there were presentations and salutations between those who, seen for the first



LEFT.

time in the flesh, had long been united in spirit; the appreciative recognition of names well known to fame; the curious and admiring scrutiny, to note in what manner of casket the Master had chosen to bestow those rare gifts of which the world had spoken so approvingly.

But some of our best friends are missing—our choicest spirits. Where is N.? Where is R.? Left behind—too late for the train. Bah! what a flattening sensation it produces to see the cars moving off just as we arrive, red and panting, at the *dépôt*! How is one overwhelmed with self-abasement too deep for anger, the jest of grinning porters and vulgar idlers; and, worse than all, to hear the mocking yell of the fiendish locomotive in the rapidly lengthening distance! But no regrets; our friends have sped a message that has put the speed of the locomotive to scorn in its turn. They will join us to-night. All's well!

About eight o'clock in the evening the company sat down to a dinner, especially prepared for the occasion. And such a dinner! Ye gods! Talk of the suppers of Apicius, with their peacocks' brains and other barbarous nonsense! We'll guarantee the luxurious heathen never dreamed of such a feast as this. And if, as some one observed, there was less wit current than might have been expected from such a company on such an occasion, it may be fairly inferred that the bountiful providence of our host of the "Gilmore" met with an appreciation too deep for words. Besides, folks were tired with the day's journey, and the transition from table to bed was easy and natural.

Good-night! It still rains, but all the better. Things will look fresher when it does clear up, and the waterfalls will be in fine condition. The morning of the 1st of June dawned most unpropitiously; the heavens were covered with damp, spongy clouds, that squeezed out drenching showers whenever they happened to jostle. But in spite of these unpromising appearances the excursionists were at the Camden Street *dépôt* at

the appointed hour. The missing parties had arrived during the night, and, with the guests of the previous evening, were "all agog to dash through thick and thin."

But before we start we must describe the magnificent train prepared for their accommodation. It was composed of six cars, drawn by engine No. 232—a miracle of power, speed, and beauty, and much such an animal as Job had in his eye when he described Leviathan. The forward compartment of car No. 1 was fitted up for the convenience of the photographers, and occupied by several skillful and zealous amateurs of that wonderful and charming art. Brother, give us your hand, though it be spotted with chemicals. Is not the common love of the beautiful the true bond of union between us? What matters it whether we see our divinity with eyes of flesh or glass eyes?

Adjoining was the baggage and provision room, where heaps of square willow baskets gave promise of good cheer. Next came the dining-saloon, with a table running the whole length of the car; then the parlor, furnished with springy sofas and a handsome piano-forte. Following this were two cars with tables and desks for writing and drawing, also containing comfortable sleeping apartments. The last was the smoking-room, whose windows and rear platform afforded the best opportunity for seeing the country.

A talented and accomplished gentleman, Mr. William Prescott Smith, in charge of the æsthetic and social department of the expedition, had, on the part of the Railroad Company, welcomed and introduced the guests to these elegant and luxurious quarters. Billy Hughes, the Company's faithful and reliable "Passenger car Inspector," had, with penknife and hammer, examined the train from end to end, and given official notice that all was right. 232, impatient of delay, was stewing and fretting in his iron harness, when the voice of Captain Rawlings, the model conductor, sung out, sharp and clear,

"All aboard!"

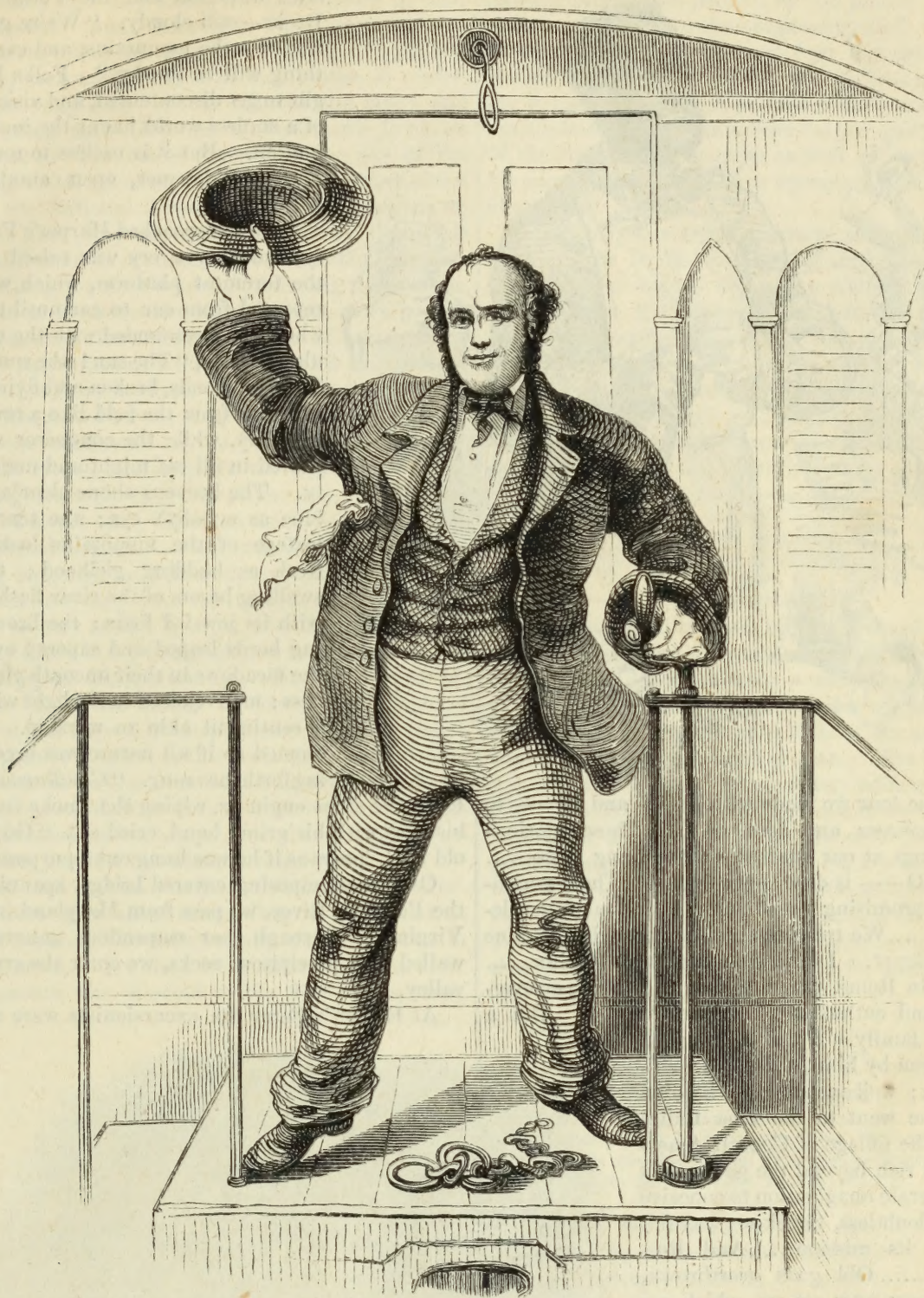
The locomotive gave a yell of delight. Ding-dong! ding-dong! we are off. Oh for the pen of Saxe, that we might express the joyousness of rapid railway motion!

At starting our party numbered about fifty souls, collected from Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington, besides several individuals from the country. All branches of the liberal arts were handsomely represented, and we will wager that it has never fallen to the lot of any other locomotive to draw so rich a freight of varied talent and accomplishment.

But the weather? Still clouds and rain. No matter; it will not dampen such a company as ours. Already two accomplished performers have boarded the piano, and are



A BROTHER ARTIST.



THE MODEL CONDUCTOR.

storming away at the overture of "Massaniello," with such concomitants as would have astounded the fiery soul of the great Auber himself. *Con moto*—thirty miles an hour—*presto prestissimo!* steam-whistle—*sostenuto e fortissimo!* wheels—*tremando e rinforzando!* escape-pipe—*staccato e sfogato!* *Allegro*—"Come o'er the moonlit sea"—forty voices. Hurrah for music, wine, and good-fellowship! What care we for clouds or rain?

In the mean time the train was rushing over the iron path at a round rate. At the Washington Junction the pretty landscape was completely befogged. The picturesque valley of the Pataps-

co to Ellicott's shrouded in mist. As they progressed the external world of gray shadows was left to take care of itself, and the tourists were richly remunerated by the opportunity thus afforded of developing their internal resources. There was music, vocal and instrumental; there was wit, Champagne, and deviled crabs; there was humor, broad and jovial; conversation genial and intelligent. From the numerous earnest and animated groups one may catch an occasional characteristic word or thought amidst the din.

"Well, old friend, how has the world gone with you since we last parted? Do you remem-



JACQUES.

ber the tour we made with D—— and M—— to Valombrosa and Laverna?.....Those glorious evenings at our quarters on the Lung Arno..... And D—— is dead, poor fellow! There perished a promising artist and a high-souled gentleman.....We traveled together through Palestine and Egypt. I left him sketching a Sphinx..... Still in Rome, pursuing his art, poor, persevering and enthusiastic.....And W——? Has a large family. I saw a group of children by him in the last exhibition; well executed and life-likehe went to the East Indiesthe foliage of Central America is rich beyond the power of a temperate imagination to conceivedoubtless, Greek art has fulfilled its mission.....And Ruskin? Old gods overthrown, and new ones set up, which are worse.....it is singular how much attention a mere phrasemonger can command, especially when he treats of subjects in which the world is not deeply versed..... peaks of the Andes, their bases clothed in the wild luxuriance of tropical foliage, their summits glittering with eternal snows."

But enough of these scattered leaves. Could we have commanded the services of Briareus as stenographer, what a volume of railway talk we might have collected! Thus we passed the Fred-

erick Junction and the Point of Rocks—still cloudy. "We're getting into the mountains, and every thing will be murky." Folks begin to get discontented, and visions of a sunless world haunt the imagination. But it is useless to murmur. "Jacques, open another bottle."

As we approached Harper's Ferry, suddenly a cry was raised on the foremost platform, which was repeated from car to car until the whole train resounded with the exultant shout, "The sun! the sun!" The dun clouds, broken and flying, hastened from the field like a routed army, while the conqueror appeared in all his might and majesty. The heavens shone clear and blue as a baby's eye; the tender leafage of the mountains looked fresh as budding girlhood; the swelling bosom of the river flashed with its jeweled foam; the browsing herds leaped and capered over the meadows in their uncouth gladness; men rejoiced in the light with a sentiment akin to worship. It seemed as if all nature was breaking forth into song. "*Gaudeamus!*"

Even the stout engineer, wiping the smoke from his eyes with his grimy hand, cried out, "Go it, old fel'! 'pears as if he was hung out a purpose!"

Over that imposing covered bridge, spanning the Potomac River, we pass from Maryland into Virginia. Through that stupendous gateway, walled with precipitous rocks, we enter the great valley.

At Harper's Ferry the excursionists were in-

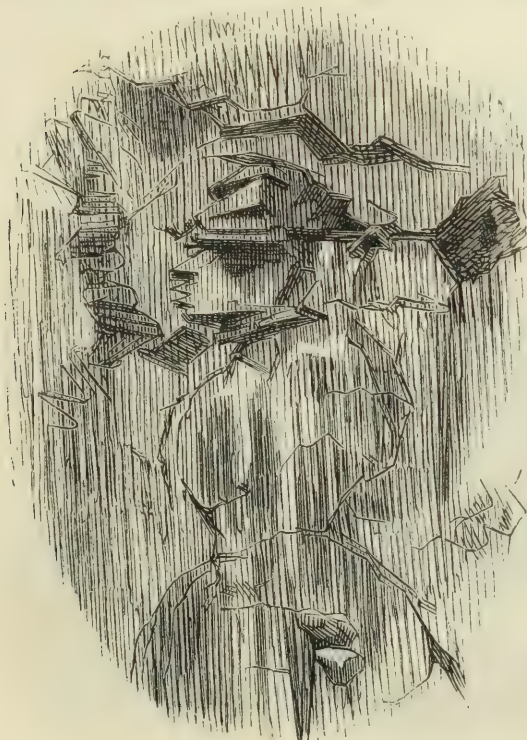


NISI PRO NOBIS.

formed that they would have four hours at their disposal; and thereupon, with commendable alacrity, they set about the business of sight-seeing, each taking the road that chance or preference suggested. Some climbed the steep and winding path that led to Jefferson's Rock—a point of view made famous by the pen of the sage of Monticello; some visited the work-shops of the National Armory, where our weapons of war and glory are manufactured by thousands and hundreds of thousands; some strolled quietly along the river's brink, preferring the contemplation of scenes less extended but more picturesque than those visible from the hill-tops. For our part—having been familiar with this romantic spot from boyhood—we went to sleep.

Harper's Ferry is situated on a point of land at the confluence of the Potomac and Shenandoah rivers, and opposite the gap in the Blue Ridge through which the united streams pass onward to the sea. The fact that it is the seat of a national armory, and has been described in glowing language by Jefferson, may have given it a wider notoriety than the comparative merits of its scenery would justify; and the tourist who only gives it a passing glance may experience a feeling of disappointment. But if, instead of four hours, he should be fortunate enough to have four days at his disposal, or even four weeks, to pass in exploring the town and its environs, he can be no true lover of the sublime, romantic, and beautiful, if he fails to acknowledge that his time has been well spent, and that Harper's Ferry has justified her ancient renown.

A capital dinner at Entler's solaced the excursionists after their scrambling rambles, and at the appointed hour they again took their seats in the train. As they were about starting their attention was directed to the figure of a man,



WASHINGTON'S PORTRAIT.

half-sculptured half-painted by the plastic hand of Nature on the face of an impending cliff. This is supposed by the vulgar to bear a marvelous resemblance to Washington; and without meaning to pay the picture a pointed compliment, we must admit that it counterfeits the physical traits of the first President quite as well as many of his successors in office have represented his moral virtues.

Continuing our route westward through portions of the fertile counties of Jefferson and Berkeley, we arrived about five o'clock in the afternoon at Martinsburg, one hundred miles from our starting-point. At this station the Railroad Company have extensive work-shops and stabling for their iron animals, which are duly groomed and doctored, and make night and day hideous with their noise—reminding one of Paddy's description of the World's Fair:

"There's staym ingynes,
That stand in lines,
Enormous and amazing;
That squeal and snort,
Like whales in sport,
Or elephants a-grazing."

The clear weather had become a fixed fact, with every promise of continuance. The world was to be no longer without a sun—the excursion no longer to miss the smiles of beauty. The Valley of Virginia owes little of her goodness and glory to the hand of man. Her swelling hills are crowned by no stately edifices; no fair cities lift their embattled towers above her rich-leaved forests, nor gilded domes reflect the golden radiance of her sunsets; no ivy-mantled ruin woos the tourist from his path, steeping his soul in the regal sadness of ancient memories. Yet the valley boasts of gifts choicer and fairer than these, "of that brave wealth for heart and eye."

"Fresh from the hand of the All-giver,
Mountain, wood, and sparkling river,
Fattling herds and fruitful field,
All joys that peace and plenty yield,
And more, oh, pleasant land! is thine,
Thrice bless'd by bounteous Power Divine.
Earth's sweetest flowers here shed perfume,
And here earth's fairest maidens bloom."

And lest the passing traveler should unwittingly look in scorn upon the old town of Martinsburg because, forsooth, the genius of architecture smiled not on her humble birth, let him know that she may rightfully claim a share in the foregoing poetic commendations, and that the fame of her hospitable homes and lovely daughters is wide-spread and well merited.

Now it had been arranged that several ladies should join the excursion at this place, and when the train stopped in front of the Dépôt Hotel quite a bevy appeared on the platform. As they approached the steps of the parlor car their progress was arrested by a black puddle left by the recent rains.

"Let me run for a chair," said one gallant escort.

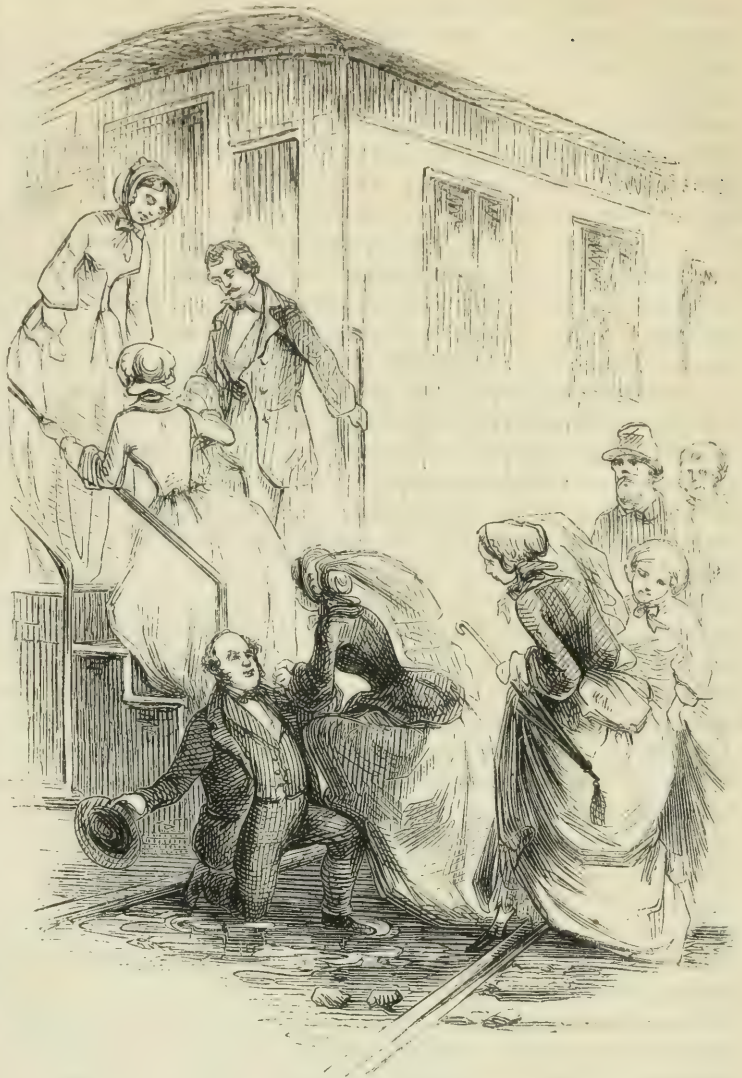
"Get a dry board," suggested another.

Gentle Sirs, you are slow: this is no time nor

place for laggard courtesy. Quick as thought Captain Rawlings stepped forward, and gracefully dropping on one knee in the water, made a stepping-place of the other, firm and steady as an arch of limestone. With smiling acknowledgments the fair Martinsburgers skipped over, and reached the car with unsoiled slippers.

Poets have sung, artists have painted, historians have recorded the gallantry of Raleigh, who threw his cloak in the mud to save the shoes of Queen Bess. Is the flattery accorded to the vanity of a royal virago a nobler theme than the instinctive homage of manhood to innocence and beauty? Shall the muses laud the venal fawning of the courtier, and the unbought chivalry of the man of the people be forgotten? No! for cheers greeted the gallant Captain as he rose, and there was, besides, an appreciative eye that marked the deed—a skillful hand that fixed the scene and decreed it immortality.

The train arrived at Sir John's Run about seven o'clock, and the excursionists here found coaches waiting to convey them to the Berkeley Springs. As daylight was waning rapidly they lost no time in bestowing themselves in or about these omnivorous vehicles, calculated for nine passengers each, but carrying five-and-twenty if necessary. Forty odd souls and bodies, with



MODERN CHIVALRY.

their baggage, were packed in three carriages; and the party, under the guidance of Jimmy



STAGE RIDE TO BERKELEY.

ARTISTS' RAILROAD EXCURSION.

Jack, the most renowned whip in Virginia, started up the romantic gorge of Sir John's. As the roads had had the benefit of two months' steady rain, the travelers had a good opportunity of realizing, for two miles and a half, what their ancestors would have considered very comfortable staging. Yet such is the degeneracy of the age that some grumbled, and swore it was the d—t route they had ever passed over. It was quite dark when the coaches drove up in front of the hotel, and discharged their cargoes of excursionists, filled with enthusiasm, and quite ready for supper. Nor was it long before a substantial meal had taken the place of the enthusiasm, and the company assembled in the big dining-room to see what further entertainment might be drawn from the social talents of the party.

Socrates, having wearied himself with a long lecture on the difference between the exoteric and esoteric doctrines of philosophy, and feeling the need of recreation, joined some boys who were playing at leap-frog in the academy yard. As they played, numbers of the academicians passed to and fro; but the presence of these wise and venerable men did not in the least interfere with the game. Presently there was seen approaching a "highly respectable Athenian"—one of a class that mistakes pomposity for dignity, gravity for wisdom. "Boys, we must stop this," said the sage, hastily resuming his *tribōviov*; "there's a fool coming!" So the door of the great hall at Berkeley was closed, to shut out the fools, while the cloak of ceremony was laid aside and the evening devoted to

"Sport that wrinkled Care derides,
And Laughter holding both his sides."

If the wit that sparkles is often too subtle for the power of pen or pencil, the kindly humor that warms is more picturesque. This evening's entertainment furnished abundance of both.



THE BOLD PRIVATEER.



SAM 'ALL.

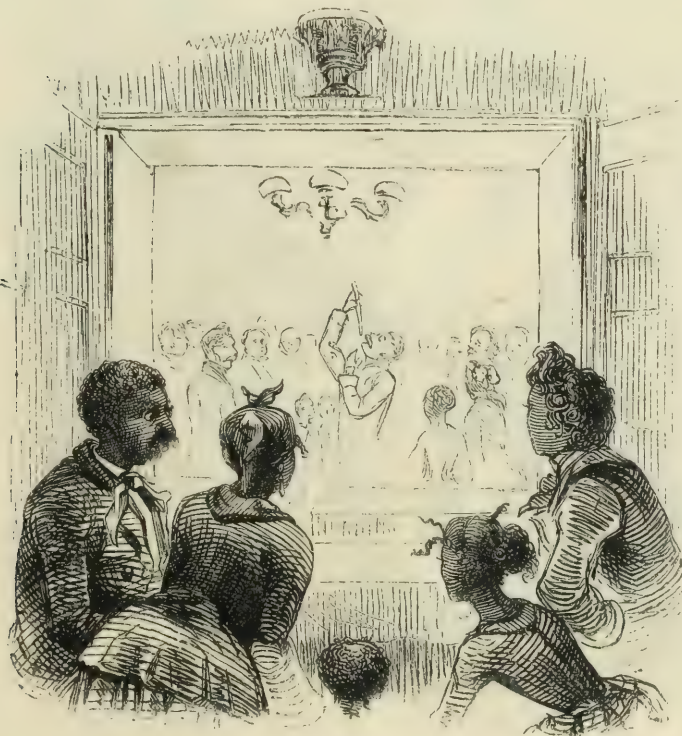


THE LEARNED ELEPHANT.

There were songs—humorous, sentimental, tragic, characteristic, and descriptive. The softer sorrows of that mournful ditty, the "Bold Privateer," were followed by the noisier vexations of the man who "bought tripe on Friday." The Wordsworthian sonnet of "One Fish-ball" was contrasted with the gin-shop tragedy of "Sam 'All," that made the listeners' hair stand on end. Then the learned elephant was introduced, who went through his astonishing performances with a degree of intelligence almost human. There were mysterious tricks of legerdemain; and, to conclude, a gentleman drew a carving knife out of his mouth, supposed to have been accidentally swallowed at supper. The negro waiters were so awe-struck by this last feat that they were afraid to touch the knife for some time afterward; and, when the party left next morning, carefully counted over the spoons, fully impressed with the belief that Satan was traveling with the excursionists.

Whether it was owing to the sedative qualities of the waters of Berkeley or other causes, the travelers enjoyed a night of profound repose. Betimes in the morning they were stirring about the village and public grounds—some sight-seeing, some enjoying a souse in the glorious pools for which this place is celebrated. Many great names, now historic, are associated with the fountains of Berkeley, so that there we trod on classic ground. But these reminiscences are too numerous and interesting to be treated in an episode. Of its present attractions we may only say, "The proof of the pudding is in the eating thereof."

After a hearty, old-fashioned breakfast the excursion exchanged



PRESTIDIGITATION.

compliments with its host and parted with three cheers and a tiger.

As the morning was pleasant many preferred to cross the mountain on foot, and the coaches, with lighter loads, rejoined the train in good time.

Westward ho! with exhilarating speed, diving deeper and deeper into the mountains. At one time sweeping and circling with the graceful sinuosities of the river, at another darting straight through a projecting spur; now under the cool shadow of a beetling cliff, then gayly emerging into sunshine and open fields. The steady fire of appreciative comments showed that the artistic sense was thoroughly aroused.

"Exquisite!" exclaimed one. "This is a perfect Claude!"

The ladies looked earnestly at a patch of plowed ground—

"What tinting! Ah, do observe those rocks; how delicately tender!"

"As a lover's heart," whispered an arch fair one.

"It has precisely the tone of a Ruysdale."

"The tone is any thing but agreeable," said another, as the steam-whistle closed an agonized yell.

"What noble breadth in the landscape to the right!"

"Yes; it is a mile wide, at least—you mean the meadow?"

"*Per Bacco!* What an object for a foreground! That blasted tree reminds me of Salvator."

"It has a frightened look," quoth she. "I prefer them with leaves."

"Then what magnificent depth of shadow in the gorge before us!"

"Pray Heaven we may not tumble in!"

But what do the uninitiated know of the technical ecstasies of high art; of the contour of Angelo, the feeling of Raphael, the coloring of Titian, the corregisticy of Corregio? We will even let them pass.

At New Creek we laid by for the Western passenger train, which, in passing, left a brilliant addition to the artistic and literary material of the excursion in the persons of several guests from Cincinnati. A little after mid-day we arrived at Cumberland; and after partaking of an excellent dinner at the "Revere House" the company separated, to seek in various directions such objects of curiosity and amusement as the town and its vicinity afforded.



THE ANVIL CHORUS.

The town of Cumberland is situated in a romantic basin, surrounded by lofty and picturesque mountains. It has been more fortunate than most of our American towns in its architectural embellishments, which seem to have been designed for their places, and, instead of

marring, add to the effect of the surrounding scenery. Considering its position and circumstances, the Gothic chapel is one of the prettiest bits of architecture in the country.

A gorgeous sunset closed the second day, and gave promise of a bright to-morrow. Those who had been wandering in the hills, or had made episodic excursions to Frostburg and Mount Savage, returned well pleased with what they had seen, and the company reassembled in force in the parlors of the hotel. Here some of the amusements of Berkeley were repeated; and with the assistance of a fine piano and some other instruments happily improvised for the occasion, the anvil chorus from "Il Trovatore" was performed with stunning effect.

On the morning of the third day it rained, and damp masses of cloud hung about the sides and obscured the summits of the mountains. The artists, however, found more to admire than regret in this circumstance. What could be more appropriately brought together than clouds and mountains? Each lent and borrowed grandeur from the other.

The company breakfasted on board the train at full speed. During the meal a furious thunder-storm burst over the moving hostelry. It was magnificent, and we laid down our knife and fork to quote Byron:

"The sky is changed, and such a change! O night,
And storm, and darkness, ye are wondrous strong!
Yet beautiful in your strength as is the light
Of a dark eye in woman—"

"Please pass beef-steak for the lady."
"Certainly."

"Far along,
From peak to peak, the rattling crags among,
Leaps the live thunder—not from one lone cloud,
But every mountain now hath found a tongue;
And Jura answers from her misty shroud
Back to the joyous Alps that call to her aloud."

"Will you have a deviled crab?"
"Thank you, yes. Byron and deviled crabs go very well together."

"Oh! I have loved—"

"What—crabs?"

"No, my friend—the ocean."

"Why, in the name of sense, don't you eat your breakfast?"

"Ah, what a pity they should have happened together! A thunder-storm, which I adore; and breakfast, which is essential. I can get no good of either."



A MUSICAL SUGGESTION.

At Piedmont, 208 miles from Baltimore, are located the central machine shops of the road; around which has grown up a town of twelve hundred inhabitants. As its name indicates, it lies at the foot of the main chain of the Alleghanies—the great back-bone dividing the waters of the East from the West.

Up to this point the course of the Baltimore and Ohio Road has led us through a country rugged and difficult indeed, but sufficiently practicable upon the ordinary principles of railroad engineering received and in use elsewhere. We have remarked the elegant design and durable materials of its numerous tunnels, crossways, and bridges, and the general substantial and permanent character of its construction; but as yet it has exhibited none of the peculiar features entitling it to that marked pre-eminence which is claimed for it over all similar works in the world. It is in the passage from Piedmont to Grafton that these bold and original characteristics are fully developed. On this division grades have been adopted averaging 116 feet to the mile—at one place for eleven consecutive miles, eight miles at another, and on either side of the Kingwood Tunnel, for some distance, are grades 106 feet to the mile.

This system, when first proposed by the Chief Engineer, B. H. Latrobe, was so far in advance of any thing which had been yet attempted, and so contrary to received theories, that the Company became alarmed, and a popular outcry was raised against it. Fortunately for the enterprise, and for science itself, the genius which conceived the idea was united with the courage to sustain it. The result has been a splendid success. Thus, by one bold leap, the Alleghanies were scaled, and the Mountains of Difficulty which existed in the imaginations of the scientific world were dissipated.

As the train commenced ascending the mountain a number of the excursionists, including the ladies, took their seats on the front of the engine and cow-catcher, for the purpose of obtaining a better view of the grand scenes which were opening before and around them. Such was the confidence felt in the steadiness and docility of the mighty steed that the gentlemen considered it a privilege to get a place; while their gentler companions reclined upon his iron shoulders and patted his brazen ribs as though he were a pet pony.

In the tales of chivalry, when a knight has

rescued a beauteous damsel from some impending danger, or is engaged in the equally praiseworthy business of stealing her away from her father, his war-horse is represented as being highly flattered with the honor of bearing the precious burden, and as manifesting his sense of it with arching neck and kindling eye, etc. As might and magnanimity are supposed to be inseparable, we may doubtless imagine that "232" appreciated his position; that he humped himself with pride, moderated his whistle, and "roared as gently as a sucking dove;" tripped it mincingly up the savage steep—smoothly as though his joints were greased with perfumed oil. Doubtless he did all these things and more; but we were occupied with the grandeur of the mountains; the awful gorge, deepening as we progressed, through which the savage river toiled and raged; the mossy rocks and groups of lofty firs near at hand, that gave the scene a Norwegian aspect; the silvery streamlets flashing through sombre thickets of evergreen; the gorgeous bouquets of azalia and mountain honey-suckle, that recalled the luxuriance of the tropics.

At Altamont we had attained the summit of the Alleghany, and the highest point on the route, 2638 feet above the ocean-tides. It is a well-established fact that as persons ascend to considerable heights there is a corresponding elevation of the spirits, an expansion of the faculties—whether referable to the condition of the atmosphere or innate causes we can not decide, but will relate a remarkable incident bearing on the subject.

A gentleman, happening to overhear one of the ladies express her admiration of the flowers that bloomed in wild profusion on the summit plains, gallantly descended into the thickets, and gathering a bouquet of the most perfect speci-

mens, carefully inclosed it in a chalice of graceful ferns. Returning to the car, he presented it with the following address:

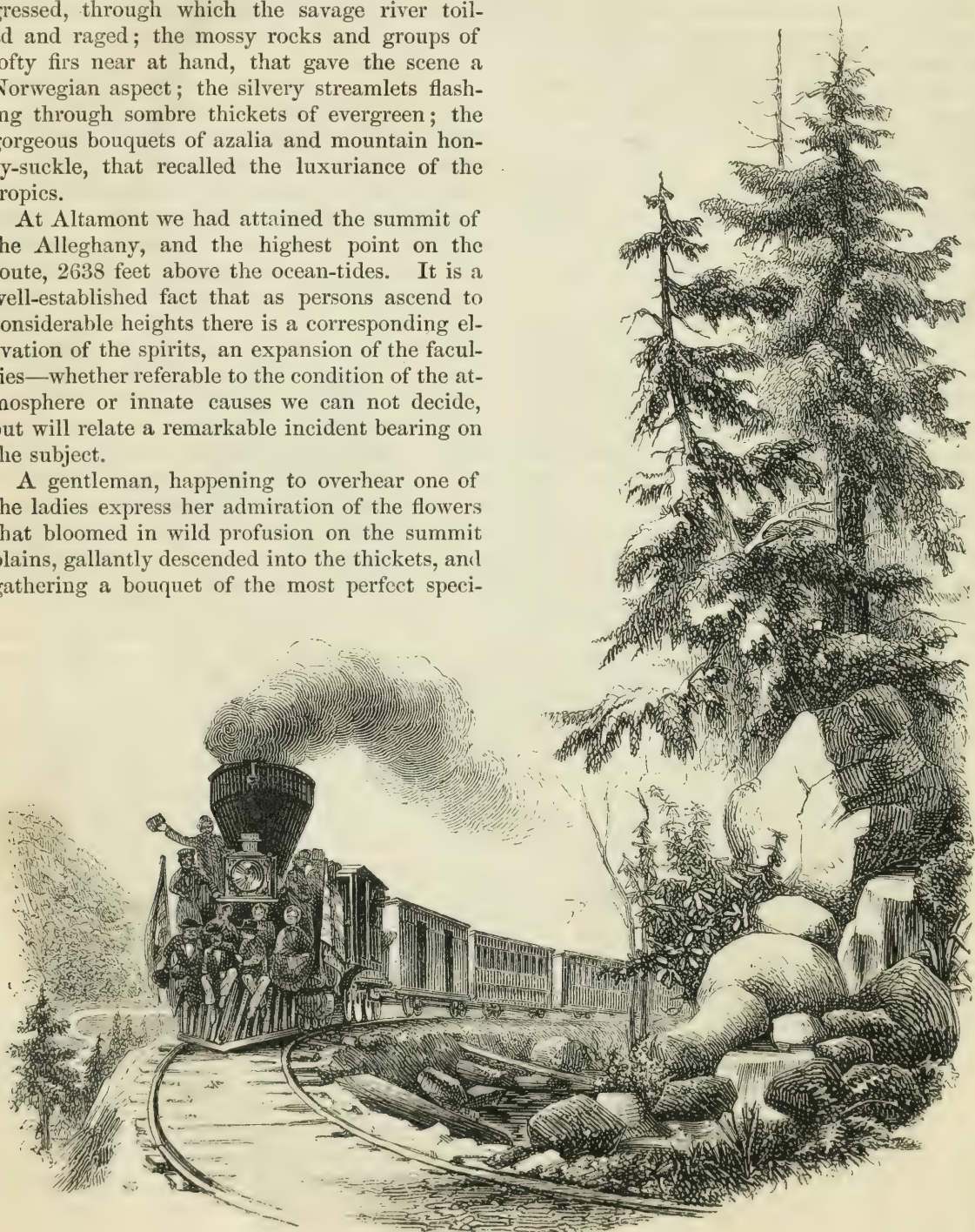
"Madam, the greatest English poet sings how

"Proserpina gathering flowers,

Herself, a fairer flower, by gloomy Dio was gathered.'

On which occasion, Madam, the lovely daughter of Ceres was like the flowers I have the honor of presenting to you—a bouquet in-fern-al."

Whether this is to be classed among the meteorological or psychological phenomena is an undetermined question; but immediately thereafter the train began to descend by a gentle slope into the region of the glades—those breezy highland meadows lying between Altamont and Cranberry Summit.



ASCENDING THE ALLEGHANIES.



STEAMBOAT EXCURSION.

A short call at the "Oakland Mountain House," then a rapid run over Cranberry Summit, and down the mountain for twelve miles, by grades similar to those by which we ascended, brought us to the famous Cheat River, whose amber waters roll through mountain gorges two thousand feet in depth. We have tried our pen on less imposing scenes, but here we are dumb. Possibly we started on too high a key in the outset, like the enthusiastic Frenchman with his "*grande! superbe! magnifique!*" and, having exhausted our superlatives, have no resource but to shrug our shoulders and say, "Ah, very pretty!"

The Cheat River region is the great scenic lion of the road, as the Tray Run Viaduct is the mechanical wonder. At this last-mentioned point the train laid by for several hours to give the artists, poets, and photographers an opportunity to exercise their faculties. The road here is located along the steep mountain-side, about three hundred feet above the bed of the river. Over a ravine making down at right angles with the main gorge the viaduct in question is constructed, carrying the track 225 feet above its base. The structure is as admirable for its light and graceful form as for its evident strength and the imperishable durability of its material. From the high embankment that overlooks the river one may see the line of the road for some distance up and down; and nowhere else, perhaps, does the result of human labor lose so little in the immediate comparison with the grander works of nature. One wonders alternately at the vastness of the obstacles and the completeness of the achievement in surmounting them.

Resuming our westward course, with a number of ups and downs, over rivers and under mountains, passing the Kingwood Tunnel, four

thousand one hundred feet in length, we arrived at Grafton a little before sunset. Immediately on landing, a small party of the excursionists, a dozen or fifteen in number, composed of the ladies and their immediate attendants, embarked on a miniature steamer for an episodal pleasure trip on the Tygart's Valley River. The boat, which was about thirty feet long, and had a boiler like the hotel tea-kettle, puffed along in a way that reminded one of the early efforts of a young whale. But as speed was no object, the little animal's fussy endeavors only served to entertain the company. There was something dramatic in the contrast between these scenes and those they had just left. From the rushing and roaring of the cars through lonely and savage mountains they suddenly find themselves gliding with swan-like motion on a river calm and beautiful as an Italian lake. Reclined beneath the picturesque awning that covered the after-part of their little vessel, they luxuriated in the evening coolness of the summer air, and looked with delight upon the placid bosom of the stream, that mirrored the rich overhanging foliage of the beech and maple, and mimicked with exquisite art the hues of sunset, as they changed from purple and flaming gold to the soft violet of twilight. At intervals several well-trained voices discoursed harmonious music in accordance with the spirit of the scene, that nothing might be wanting to complete the enchantment of the fairy voyage.

Three consecutive days of activity and excitement had fatigued even the elephant; and after a short but brilliant musical entertainment in their own parlor, the excursionists went to bed.

Renovated by a night of sound sleep, invigorated by the mountain air and a strong breakfast,

the excursion went forth to greet the morning sun with unabated ardor.

The Alleghanies were behind them — westward ho! Seven miles from Grafton they tarried to enjoy one of the most exquisite bits of scenery which had yet met their eyes: the Valley Falls, where the river takes two leaps, in quick succession, of ten or twelve feet each, and then descends in long rocky rapid some seventy feet in a mile.

As we leave the mountains the traits of ruggedness and sublimity disappear, and the country assumes those softer characteristics which obtained for the Ohio the name of "*La belle Riviere*."

A short distance beyond Burton the train was

stopped to give the excursionists an opportunity of visiting a couple who, from their extreme old age, have considerable local notoriety. Their cottage stood immediately by the way-side; and the old folks, with several of the younger fry, were at home, rather astonished, no doubt, at the number and character of their visitors.

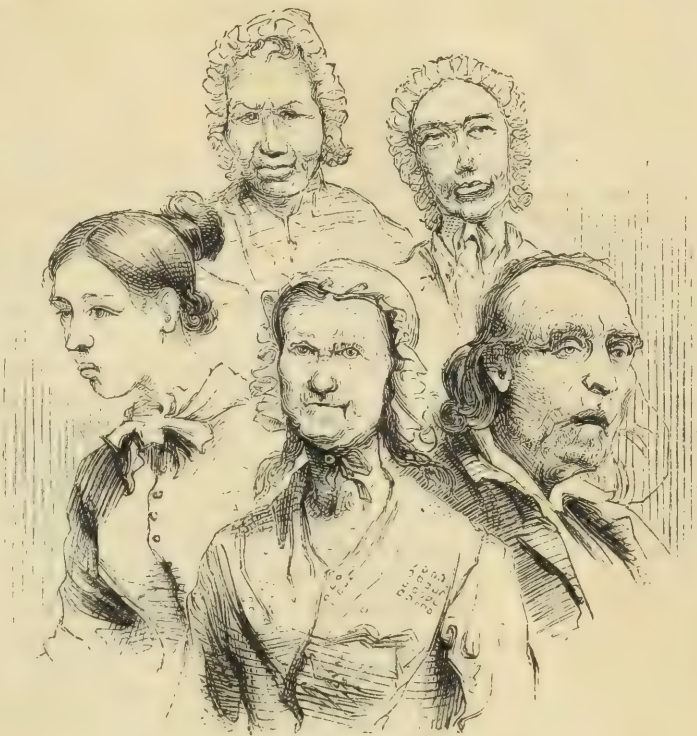
Henry Church was born in Suffolk, England, in the year of our Lord 1750, and is now a hundred and eight years old. He came to this country a British soldier, of the 63d Light Infantry, and served under Lord Cornwallis in the memorable campaign of 1781. But it was not his fortune to have seen that great day of glory and disaster at Yorktown which terminated that campaign, and with it the War of Independence.



HENRY CHURCH.

A short time previous, while on a scouting-party between Richmond and Petersburg, he was taken by the troops under Lafayette, and sent a prisoner to Lancaster, Pennsylvania. He remained here until peace was proclaimed; but the general amnesty brought no freedom for the captive Briton. He had become entangled in a flaxen net stronger than the bonds of war, and the meek eyes of a Quaker maiden had more enduring power than the bayonets of the patriot regiments. Forgetting his loyalty to King and country, the ex-soldier embraced the sweet incarnation of peace, and bowed his martial neck to the gentle yoke, which he has worn with exemplary patience and constancy for seventy-and-seven years. Hannah Keine, the amiable Friend whose charms have so long led captivity captive, was born in Chester County, Pennsylvania, in 1755, and is at this day one hundred and three years of age. She is erect, active in her movements, in full possession of all her faculties, and is still the tidy, thrifty, bustling mistress of the household she has ruled for more than three-quarters of a century. Eight children are the fruits of this union, the eldest of whom is in his seventy-sixth year; the youngest is fifty-four. Six of these have married, and the aggregate result is sixty-two grandchildren. One died, we are told, when between fifty and sixty years old, and the sorrowing mother was heard to say, in a tone of resignation,

"Well, it was always a weakly child, and I never expected to raise it."



OLD FOLKS AT HOME.

Their daughter, Hannah, still lives a maiden, and true to her filial duties. She is now "hard on" to sixty; and as we saw her tripping, bare-foot, from the corn patch (where she had been hoeing), we were not impressed with the idea that Time had been anywise lenient in his dealings with her. In view of these things, some good-natured neighbor lately ventured to suggest that it was high time she was looking out for a settlement, and following the example of her brothers and sisters.

"Ah!" said the old man, "I hope she'll have the grace to wait till I am gone. It can't be many years now. But," he continued, with a



CHURCH'S COTTAGE.

sigh, "who knows? These young gals are so uncertain!"

Then we were reminded of the ancient arrow-maker and his touching grief—

"Thus it is our children leave us!"

The company has paid its respects to the incarnate centuries, and the artists, with rapid pencils, are making notes of the scene. In the centre is the old man, bowed upon his staff, and holding to his wife's arm, as she stands stark and stiff, like an umbrella stuck into a blue cotton case—for superfluity of skirts and crinoline were not of her day and generation. His iron frame is evidently yielding to the weight of years. Deaf, dim-eyed, his heavy jaw relaxed, his face wears ordinarily a look of vacuity; but bring him a goblet crowned with generous wine, or, what is more potent, though less poetical, a tin of old whisky—the milk of age—his hearing and eyesight will quickly improve, and he will discourse freely and intelligently of his past life; speaking of men and things belonging to our early history as the occurrences and acquaintances of yesterday.

Among the excursionists was an attaché of the British Legation at Washington—a young soldier decorated for gallant conduct on the bloody parapets of the Redan.

"Father Church, let us introduce a countryman—an Englishman, and a soldier like yourself."

The old man took the extended hand mechanically, but his dull eyes gave us no sign.

"Bring here the bugle."

The instrument was brought, and the young officer sounded one of the martial airs of England. Old Hundred stood up as if his blood had been warmed with wine, and his face flashed with intelligence.

"I know it—I know it—An Englishman and a soldier did you say? Ay, and a brave lad, I'll warrant."

It was a touching and thought-compelling scene to see these two together. The old man, eighty years ago, had landed on our shores an armed invader to aid in crushing out the spirit of revolt in the feeble and disorganized colonies that bordered the Atlantic coast. With the sound of that martial bugle call he doubtless hears the roll of musketry and the deep growl of cannon. Unconscious of the misty present, he sees with the eyes of youth the scarlet battalions of his King marching and manœuvring in vain to force the wary and vigilant host of the rebels to untimely battle: Cornwallis, Tarleton, Lafayette, Lee—these are the names that fill his thoughts. With all these memories fresh in his brain he stands face to face, grasping the hand of the youth, who, member of a lordly embassy, has come to bear friendly greeting from Old England to the Great Nation of the western continent—a nation whose bounds extend from ocean to ocean; whose ships are in every sea; whose civilization, illuminating the breadth of the New World, reflects back upon the Old, light for light.

Before the last royal soldier that treads our

soil shall have passed away may the memory of oppression, war, and hatred sink into the grave of oblivion; while hopeful, strong, and true as youth, may friendship spring between nations of kindred blood, laws, language, and religion!

Although the culminating point of scenic interest was past, the social life of the excursion had on the fourth day reached its most attractive stage. No friendship can be considered as firmly cemented until the parties have mutually confided to each other their little weaknesses and peccadilloes—their loves and debts, hopes and disappointments. No social community can be regarded as thoroughly mixed and mellowed until the members permit themselves unreservedly to make puns. It is a symptom that folks have agreed to lay aside the panoply of ceremony, generally irksome to all except those who have nothing else to wear. Dr. Johnson, the *Ursa Major* of English letters, said that a punster would steal. Dictionaries define punning as "a low species of wit." Heaven preserve our social life from lump-headed learning! We think a discreet punster a treasure in any company; a timely pun, very good wit; a bad one, very good humor—the worse the better.

At the Broad Tree Tunnel, instead of diving through the mountain, the excursion passed over it by the zigzag road which had been used before the completion of the more direct subterranean passage. To perform this two additional engines were brought into service. The train divided into three parts, and each engine taking charge of its portion, began the ascent of the hill by a grade of 250 feet to the mile.

The novelty of the passage so exhilarated the wits of the company that the puns rained, in numbers and brilliancy reminding one of the meteoric shower of 1836, which so astonished the negroes in Virginia and the savants all over the world. They crackled like a bunch of Chinese fire-crackers let off in an empty barrel. Who lit the match? We don't know. Doubtless one



"THE DAY WE CELEBRATE."

of the literary men who remembered a couplet in "The Child's Own Book."

"YY. U. R. YY. U. B,
L. C. U. R. YY. for me."

The track over the hill is laid in the form of YYY connected in a regular zigzag. Upon that hint every body spoke at once. The consequences were charming, delightful, sublime; ay, and a step beyond. We can not recall half the good things that were said; we would not repeat them if we could. The confidence of these jolly and unguarded moments should be inviolate. Besides, many a savory dish is relished warm, which, if served cold, might be thought little better than an emetic.

At length the train reached the banks of the Ohio, and the eyes of many of the excursionists rested for the first time on the beautiful River of the West. From thence to Wheeling the road follows the course of the stream at Moundsville, passing in sight of the Indian tumulus, seventy feet in height. Although this is one of the points of especial interest the excursion did not stop to examine it, but hurried on to the termination of their trip. As they entered the town of Wheeling the President of the Committee on toasts arose, and, with a sparkling bumper in one hand, proposed the three hundred and seventy-ninth regular toast (being one for every mile of the road), with the understanding that it was positively to be the last. The sentiment was received with immense applause—which applause was reinforced by a thundering salute of cannon from without. The excursion was handsomely received by the Railroad Company's officials, and conveyed from the dépôt to the "M'Clure House" in several omnibuses furnished for the occasion.

Here they reposed for a time, for the mid-day heat was oppressive, and it was not until toward the middle of the afternoon that they again ventured out in detached parties—in carriages or afoot—to see the Lions. Wheeling is famous for its thriving manufactories of glass and iron, and is equally renowned for the free and genial hospitality of its citizens. The town is like many a child we've seen, that would be very pretty if its face was washed. But in recompense its environs are beautiful. The bold bluffs of the Ohio, softened with the tender leafage of June, fully justify the fame of the lovely river, while a drive across the noble suspension bridge to Zanes Island and the agricultural fair grounds well repays the trouble. Behind the town is Wheeling Hill, from whose summit the view is extensive, grand, and unique.

As we returned to the "M'Clure House" about dark we met a friend who saluted us with a joyful countenance.

"Comrade," said he, "I have discovered a new pleasure—come share it with me."

"What's that?"

"A Catawba cobbler."

"*Bravissimo!* lead the way."

So the cobblers were manufactured, and a

plump strawberry dropped into each glass among the tinkling ice.

"I've had eight already," quoth my friend, "each better than the other."

"Oh, Hebe! what a drink! This is the wine that Longfellow has poetized:

"Very good in its way
Is the Verzenay,
Or the Sillery soft and creamy;
But Catawba wine
Has a taste more divine,
More dulcet, delicious, and dreamy.

"There grows no vine
By the haunted Rhine,
By Danube, or Guadalquivir,
Nor on Island or Cape
That bears such a grape
As grows by the beautiful river."

"Eight are enough," observed my friend, with a touch of sadness in his voice. "At nine they begin to deteriorate. Nine, this time, was a trifle too acid."

In due time an elegant supper was served which was disposed of in a most satisfactory manner, highly creditable to all parties. Then followed a hospitable welcome from the venerable Mayor of Wheeling, with toasts, speeches, and compliments right and left. Every body was pleased, charmed, delighted with every body else, with every thing, with themselves, the road, and the excursion generally. Hip—hip—hip—hurrah!

At eleven o'clock the company re-embarked, and started on their return eastward. If during the four days of leisurely movement we had been delighted with the examination of the details of the road, and impressed by the sublimity of its natural surroundings, yet the wonderful character of the achievement was more fully realized by the rapid, unbroken sweep over the whole length of the rail from Wheeling to Baltimore, 379 miles in 16 hours, without an incident, a jolt, or the slightest discomfort.

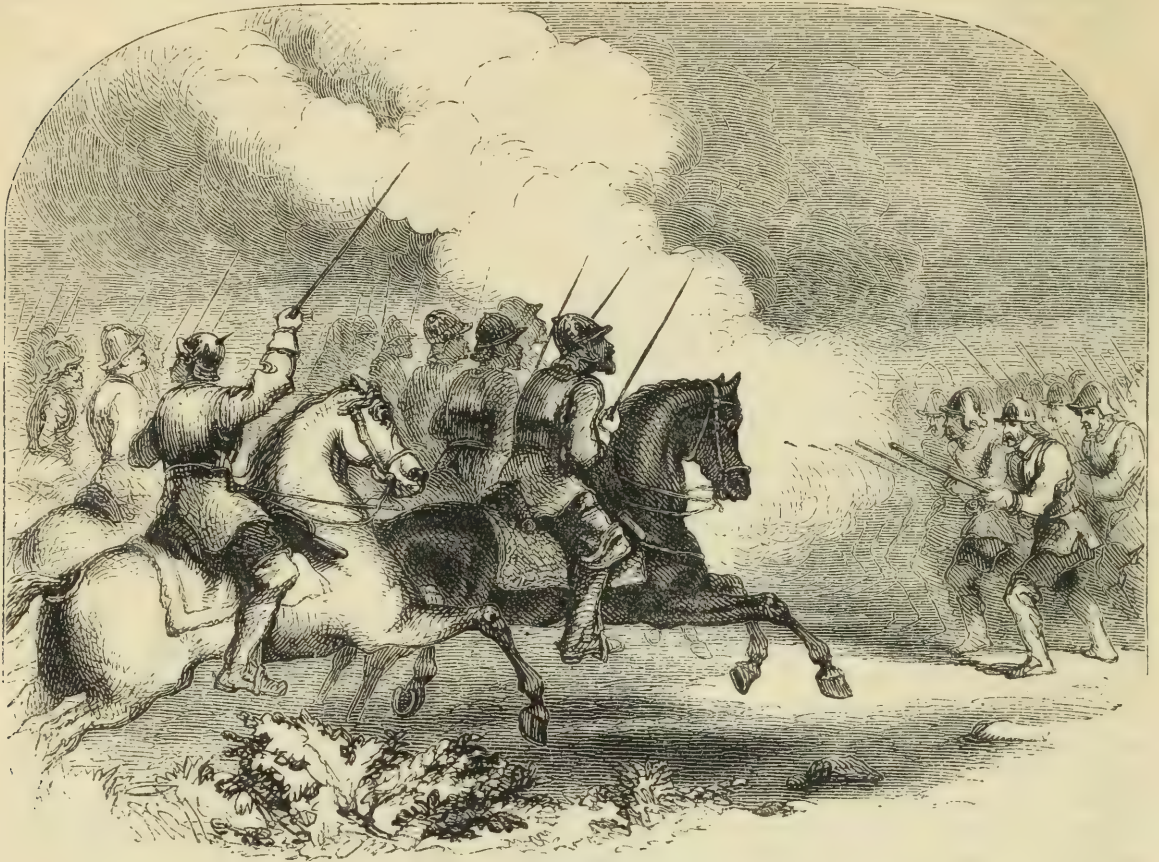
On the 5th of June the company arrived at the Camden Street Station, about three o'clock in the afternoon. The excursion was over; but we will venture to say that, like

"The feast of O'Rourke, it will ne'er be forgot
By those who were there, or those who were not."

SONNET.

THE night is beautiful! Look, what a host
Of starry splendors throng above our heads!
There's not an orb so small but freely sheds
His glory for our gazing and our boast.
We claim them ours—those lights along the coast
Of Heaven beyond, so fadeless, so serene;
Our blessings like our years are few at most,
And so we call our own this brilliant scene.
Though far away it lies—so very far,
That, though we trim our mortal barks, and sail,
And strive to come within a distant hail,
And hear at least faint music from a star,
We can but stand on earth and view the light
Celestial crown and glorify the night.

PARK BENJAMIN.



THE FIGHT AT PUERTO DEL PRINCIPE.

MORGAN THE BUCCANEER.

THE subjugation of the various tribes of Indians on the Isthmus of Darien by the Spaniards was followed by settlements along the eastern coast. The discovery still later and conquest of Peru, with its rich mines, made the establishment of a permanent dépôt on the eastern shore necessary for the transmission of gold across the Isthmus, a route much safer and quicker than the one round the stormy headland of Cape Horn. This neck of land being narrowest between the Bay of Panama and Chagres, a city was established on the former and a fortress on the latter. Fabulous quantities of gold and jewels were constantly shipped from Peru to Panama, and transported thence across the Isthmus, where they were reshipped to Spain, to swell the coffers of the King.

These treasures, together with those sent from Mexico and the West Indies, naturally directed the attention of pirates to those seas, which soon swarmed with their vessels. The multitude of islands in this region furnished safe hiding-places, and they increased till they became a large community; and, being composed of various nations, acknowledged allegiance to no sovereign. They went by the various names of pirates, buccaneers, rovers, and filibustiers. Part lived on land, hunting wild cattle in the forests of the islands; others planted; while the more adventurous roved the sea in search of plunder. The only difference between them and the leaders of those vast numbers of private expeditions of which Balboa,

Cortéz, and Pizarro were the most distinguished, consisted in the former plundering both Spaniards and natives, while the latter plundered only the natives of the soil. One class of adventurers was honored because they brought wealth to the sovereign, and the other stigmatized because they appropriated it to themselves. Both were equally remorseless and cruel, torturing the men to make them disgorge their gold, and ravishing the women to gratify their lusts. The buccaneers perfectly understood the injustice of the exclusive condemnation visited on them; and frequently, in their marauding expeditions against the Spanish settlements, summoned them to surrender in the name of the King of Darien, to whom the soil belonged, and whose allies they were. Sometimes—as when England and Spain were at war—a sort of roving commission was given to a distinguished buccaneer, and he became for the time being a privateer. It was in this character the subject of the following sketch marched on Panama.

About the year 1666 there was an old pirate at Jamaica named Mansvelt. At the same time an adventurer by the name of Morgan, a Welshman by birth, and the commander of a good vessel, had acquired the reputation of being a bold and successful cruiser. Mansvelt having resolved to make a descent on Costa Rica, fitted out an expedition consisting of fifteen vessels, manned with 900 men. Making Morgan his vice-admiral, he set sail for St. Catherine's Isle, near Costa Rica. The Spaniards in possession of it were unprepared for such a force, and after a mere

show of resistance surrendered. Demolishing all the forts but one, Mansvelt laid a bridge over the channel to an adjacent isle, and soon became master of that also. Leaving a hundred men here he re-embarked, intending to plunder the coast of Costa Rica as far north as Nata. But finding that the Governor of Panama had been informed of his approach, and was prepared to give him a warm reception, he turned back with his fleet to St. Catherine's. The *Sieur Simon*, whom he had left as Governor, having during his absence put the main island in a good state of defense, and begun to cover the smaller one with fertile plantations, Mansvelt determined to keep possession of it. To carry out this plan he went to Jamaica with proposals to the Governor for its retention. Being met with a refusal, and knowing he could not hold it against the Spanish force in those seas, he retired to Tortuga, where he suddenly died.

Morgan succeeded to the command, and hoped, like his predecessor, to retain St. Catherine's; but the Spaniards, during his absence, made a sudden descent upon it and took it. He then resolved to collect a large force in some of the ports of Cuba; and in two months' time he succeeded in assembling twelve vessels and 700 men. It was first proposed to plunder Havana, but fearing that his force was insufficient, he resolved to attack Puerto del Principe.

Having arrived abreast of the place in the night, he waited for daylight to land and surprise it. But a Spanish prisoner aboard one of the vessels contrived to escape unobserved, and swimming ashore alarmed the town. The news spread consternation through the place; and the inhabitants, aroused from their slumbers by the cry, "The pirates have come!" swarmed through the streets in affright, bearing bags of gold and other valuables, and fled—men and women and children—into the surrounding forest. Soon every house was empty; and nothing was heard save the steady tramp of 800 soldiers as they defiled through the streets toward the port, which lay some distance off. Halting where the road was narrow, they cut down trees and made barricades, behind which they were stationed by the Governor, and awaited the approach of the pirates. Morgan, finding the high-road to the town thus defended, landed his men some distance off, and taking a circuitous march through the woods, at length emerged on the open plain in front of the place. As the troops defiled from the forest and formed into line, they saw the Governor with a large body of horse drawn up in order of battle. Morgan had scarcely time to throw his men into the form of a half moon when the Spanish bugles sounded the charge, and the horse came gallantly on. The pirates, reserving their fire till the enemy were within close range, took deadly aim, and emptied nearly a hundred saddles at the first discharge. The Spaniards wheeled and charged again and again, but were unable to break the firm formation, while the deadly volleys mowed them down by scores. At length the few survivors turned and fled.

Morgan then marched on the town, but was met at the entrance by the foot-soldiers, who defended it for a long time with determined bravery. The pirates, made desperate by this protracted resistance, dashed with a loud yell so fiercely on the gate-way that they bore back all opposition, and poured through the street. The Spaniards then retired to their houses, from whence they continued to fire on their assailants until the latter threatened to fire the town, when they surrendered. After the surrender some were locked up in the houses and burned to death; others underwent the most dreadful tortures to make them confess where they had hidden away their riches; their cries and groans mingling in with the shouts and laughter of those who, in the mean time, grew merry over the deep potations of liquor which the inhabitants had left behind.

Having tried every other means in vain, Morgan told them if they did not pay a handsome ransom he would take them all to Jamaica and sell them as slaves. The Spaniards then deputized four of their number to get the required contribution. These brought back word that they could not find any of their own party, but that they would raise the money in fifteen days. This was granted, and the pirates gave themselves over to reveling and pleasure.

In a few days, however, a negro was caught with letters on his person from the Governor of Santiago to the chief officers of the town urging them to detain the pirates as long as they could, for he would soon be there with a large force to their assistance. Morgan immediately ordered all the booty he had collected to be sent aboard his vessel, and demanded that the ransom should be paid next day. This being declared impossible, he directed them to send him immediately five hundred beeves, with salt enough to cure them. This being done, he liberated the prisoners and set sail for an uninhabited island to divide the plunder.

The French becoming dissatisfied with Morgan's conduct, suddenly left him; but instead of being discouraged at this abandonment, he grew bolder, and infusing his own spirit into his followers, they unanimously resolved to follow wherever he would lead.

Being joined by another pirate from Campeachy, he proposed to sail for Puerto Velo, at that time considered one of the richest places among the Spanish West India possessions. It was situated in ten degrees north latitude, and fourteen leagues from the Gulf of Darien. The officers at first hesitated about the propriety of attacking so strong a place with their force; but the prospect of large booty overcame their objections. The city was defended by two strong castles and a garrison of three hundred men. The place contained only some four hundred inhabitants; the merchants through whom the business was done not remaining here for any length of time, on account of the unhealthiness of the climate.

Morgan, who knew the coast well, arrived off



SEIZURE OF THE SENTINEL.

the river on which the place was situated in the evening, and proceeded up several miles with his ships; he then cast anchor, and ordering the troops into canoes kept noiselessly on till midnight, when he landed. Having seized the sentinel of the advance-guard before he could give the alarm, Morgan questioned him closely about the castle, a mile distant; and noticing his answers, ordered him to be shot if it was found that he had given them false information. The pirates then advanced in dead silence, and surrounded the walls before the garrison were aware of their presence. Morgan at once ordered them to surrender, but the only response was a heavy volley into his ranks. He then summoned his followers to mount, sword in hand; and with a wild shout they poured impetuously over the walls and carried the castle by storm. The troops were immediately put to the sword; all except the officers, who were confined together in one room. The magazine of the castle was then fired by a slow match, and they and it were blown heavenward together. The tremendous explosion which shook the earth around caused such consternation to the inhabitants of the city that the Governor could not make them

face the enemy, and so retired to the main castle.

It was now daybreak, and the pirates, elated with their success, moved up in front of this castle also. The garrison immediately opened a deadly fire on them, and when the tropical sun broke over the landscape its rays could scarce penetrate the cloud of smoke that hung over the combatants. Now here, now there, encouraged by their officers, the Buccaneers made desperate efforts to effect an entrance, but were met at every turn by the steady courage of the Governor. Again and again, shouting madly, they rushed on the walls, and, with their swords in their teeth, strove to climb to the top, but were as often beaten back. The fight lasted till noon, when Morgan ordered hand-grenades to be flung into the place. The Governor replied with fire-pots and huge stones hurled down on the assailants. Repelled at every point, Morgan at length drew off his men disheartened.

While he stood pondering what course he had best adopt under the circumstances, he heard a shout in the distance, and looking up saw a portion of his crew who had been sent against another castle returning, showing by their loud



DEATH OF THE GOVERNOR.

huzzas that they had been victorious. He at once determined to take the castle, cost what it would; and ordered ladders to be made wide enough for four men to mount abreast. After a sufficient number were made he commanded the monks and priests and nuns that he had taken out of the cloisters to place these against the walls. It was pitiful to hear the prayers and supplications of these poor wretches as they advanced, that the Governor would spare their lives. Like a true soldier he turned a deaf ear to them, and the moment they came within range opened a deadly fire upon them, and mowed down priest and nun alike. At the first discharge they shrieked in dismay; but knowing it was certain death to return, the survivors ran through the fire and placed the ladders against the walls. The pirates, with a shout, then rushed forward, and rapidly mounted to the top. For a few minutes it was a close hand-to-hand fight; but the assailants bore down all opposition by their undaunted bravery. Having won the walls the pirates hurled hand-grenades and fire-pots so rapidly down among the inhabitants that they cried for quarter. The iron-hearted old Governor, however, refused to surrender, despite the

entreaties of his wife and children, and stood like a tiger at bay till, pierced by half a dozen bullets, he fell with his face to the foe.

Then followed a scene that beggars description. Wives were violated in presence of their husbands; daughters before their mothers. Lust and debauchery of every kind ran riot through the place. Some were inhumanly tortured to make them discover their riches. To repay themselves for this hard fight the pirates remained here fifteen days, abandoning themselves to all kinds of intemperance and debauchery.

The news of this raid soon reached the ears of the President of Panama, and he began to raise a force to march against the pirates. Morgan, hearing of it, demanded at once of the surviving inhabitants a ransom of a hundred thousand dollars. In the mean time, however, the advance of the troops of the Governor of Panama had arrived near the place. Morgan, drawing these into an ambush, completely routed them, which so discouraged the Governor that he retreated, leaving the people to negotiate for their ransom as they best could. Surprised that four hundred men could perform such astonishing exploits, he sent to Morgan to inquire what kind



THE EXPLOSION.

of arms he used. The latter returned by the messenger a pistol with a few small bullets, and bade him say to his master that these were the arms by which he had taken the city; and that if the latter would keep them a twelvemonth he himself would come and get them again. The Governor replied that he need not put himself to the trouble of coming to Panama, for he would not succeed so well there as at Puerto Velo.

Having got on board all of his booty, consisting of two hundred and eighty thousand dollars, besides silks, linen, cloths, etc., Morgan set sail for Cuba, where a partition of the spoils was made. The crew then returned to their old rendezvous in Jamaica, and spent the whole in debaucheries of every description.

The reputation of Morgan soon drew about him various piratical vessels that were operating on a smaller scale, and he began to make preparations for another expedition, and gave out as a place of rendezvous, Cow Island, south of Hispaniola. There was a large English vessel at Jamaica, carrying thirty-six guns, which was ordered to join him immediately. This gave an air of respectability and legality to his movements. There was, however, at the same time a French ship in port, of thirty-six guns, which he wished to appropriate. This vessel had some time previously met an English ship at sea, and forced from her provisions without paying for them. Morgan immediately resolved to make this a pretext for confiscating her; so, inviting

the officers aboard of the English vessel, he made them all prisoners. The French ship was then seized, and a council of war held on board of her respecting the course to be adopted. It was finally resolved to cruise for the Spanish fleet, at that time on its way from Spain. Elated with their prospects, they fell to carousing, when all of a sudden the ship lifted with a terrific explosion, and the next moment lay a helpless wreck on the water. Out of the 350 men on board of her only thirty escaped. Though it was not known how the accident occurred, Morgan gave out that the French prisoners had set fire to their own vessel.

Eight days after Morgan departed for the place of rendezvous, where he expected to meet fifteen vessels, manned with 900 men. Having cruised about for a long time, and the vessels not arriving, he set sail, with eight ships and 500 men, for Maracaibo. Stopping at several islands on the way, he at length arrived at the lake of Maracaibo, and anchored off the bar. This bar would not permit the passage of large vessels, and Morgan resolved to push up to the city in boats. A fort, however, within range, annoyed him much in disembarking his troops. He, however, finally succeeded, and at nightfall approached the fort. To his amazement he found it deserted. On looking around he discovered a slow-match burning that led to the magazine, and had almost reached it. Hastily snatching this up he extinguished it. A few moments more and he and his companions would have been blown into the air.

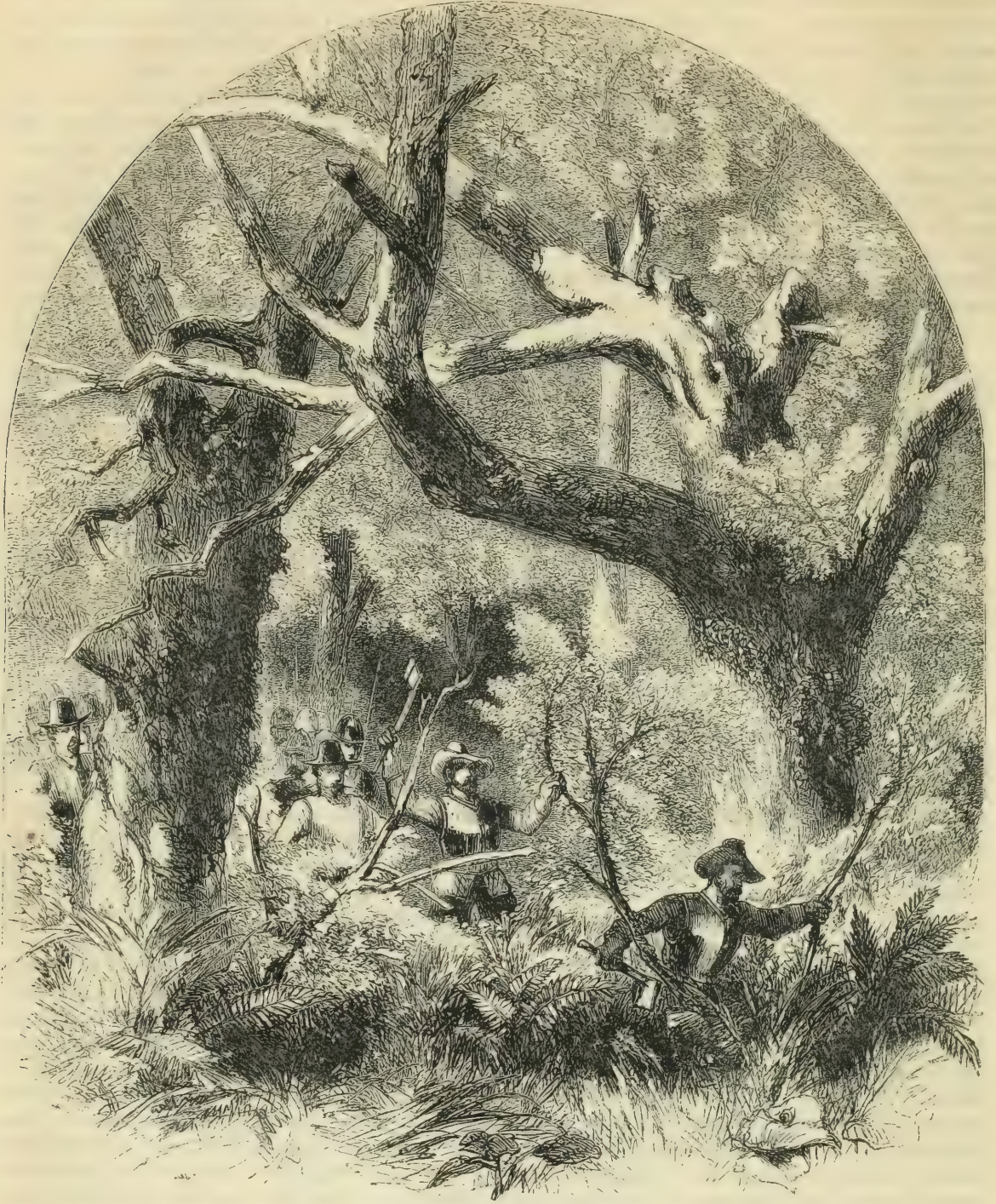
Ordering forward his ships he then advanced toward Maracaibo. On approaching the town he found it also deserted, the inhabitants having fled to the woods for safety. Quartering his troops here, Morgan sent out next day 100 men to search for the inhabitants. After scouring the woods in every direction they succeeded in finding thirty men and women, who were at once interrogated to ascertain where they had secreted their booty. Receiving no satisfactory answer, Morgan ordered the men, one by one, to be put to the rack, and other most inhuman tortures. Some were tied and burning torches placed between their fingers, and thus they were slowly roasted alive. Around the heads of others slender cords were tightly twisted till their eyes burst from their sockets. For three whole weeks the soldiers, in small squads, kept searching the woods, bringing in daily fresh subjects for the rack, which made the town resound day and night with the most frightful shrieks and cries for mercy. The women were given over to the lusts of the soldiers, and scenes of debauchery, drunkenness, and crime were enacted such as the sun rarely shines upon. Having at length got all the booty that could be found, Morgan marched against Gibraltar, a town farther up the river. The inhabitants fled at his approach; but were hunted up, as in Maracaibo, and put on the rack to make them confess where their riches were concealed. Modes of torture were employed that rivaled in ingenuity of

cruelty the inhuman inventions practiced on the early Christians; while the first women of the place were treated as the Sepoys recently treated the captured English ladies in India.

Returning to Maracaibo, Morgan heard to his dismay that three Spanish men-of-war lay at the mouth of the river, and that the fort had been rebuilt and armed. The pirates were confounded at the discovery; but Morgan put a bold face on the matter, and sent a messenger to the admiral coolly demanding a ransom for the town or he would destroy it. The admiral sent back word that if he did not surrender his whole force in two days he would come and take him. Notwithstanding the desperate condition he was in, Morgan resolved not only to escape himself, but to carry off all his booty, together with the captives and women, or perish in the attempt.

His force being wholly unequal to an open fight he resorted to stratagem. Taking one of his vessels he turned it into a fire-ship, by filling it with all the pitch, tar, and brimstone he could find in town, besides loading it with cases of gunpowder made of palm-leaves coated with tar. He then mounted wooden cannon, cut new port-holes, placing little drum-heads within to represent the muzzles of guns, and covered the decks with upright pieces of wood dressed like men and armed with swords and muskets. Every thing being ready, he ordered the boats to set sail. The fire-ship led the advance, followed by the fleet. All the male prisoners were placed in one boat, the women and jewels in another, the merchandise loading down several more—each being guarded by twelve men. Anchoring above the fort, Morgan waited till morning, and then pushed straight for the mouth of the river. The Spanish admiral seeing him advance sailed out to meet him. Not dreaming the front vessel was a fire-ship he boldly grappled with her. In an instant they were made fast and the trains lighted. Quick as thought the flames leaped over the vessel. Explosion followed explosion in rapid succession, and before the crew of the Spanish ship could recover from their consternation the deck was covered with the burning fragments. The admiral strove desperately to loosen his vessel from that fiery embrace; but all his efforts proving fruitless, and his own decks streaming with fire, he with his crew sprang into the sea, and refusing to receive quarter most of them perished in the water. The commanders of the other two vessels, seeing the fate of their largest ship, ran ashore to escape capture.

The castle still remained to be passed. Not daring to run the gauntlet of its guns, Morgan retired up the river to recruit his men and divide the spoils. He then began to make preparations as if to attack the fort from the land side, and by pretending to land bodies of men all day on a certain point, so completely deceived the Spaniards that they removed all their cannon over to that side. Having accomplished his object, Morgan, as soon as it was dark, set sail, passing directly under the walls of the fort. The Span-



THE MARCH THROUGH THE FOREST.

iards discovered the deception that had been practiced on them, but too late to prevent its success; for before the guns could be replaced in their former position the boats had passed the point of greatest danger, and were soon safely out to sea. Morgan sent seven shot against the castle by way of a parting salute, and then steered for Jamaica, where his men soon squandered their immense gains in the old way.

The freebooter's name had now become so notorious that he had no difficulty in organizing another expedition. Men came flocking to him from every quarter, and he soon had a fleet of thirty-seven ships and 2000 men at his command. With these he set sail toward the Isthmus of Darien, determined to seize the rich city of Pana-

ma, and redeem his promise given the year before to the Governor. Landing at St. Catharine's he captured the forts and garrison of the place. Remaining here with the great part of his fleet, he sent four ships, with 400 men, to take a castle at Chagres, where he proposed to land his troops and march across the Isthmus to Panama. Captain Brodely had command of this expedition, and, setting sail, in three days arrived before the place.

The castle which he was sent to take was built on a high hill at the mouth of the river, and surrounded by strong palisades filled with earth, and had only one entrance, which was by a draw-bridge over a natural ditch thirty feet deep. As soon as the pirates came within shot the



THE ARROW-SHOT.

castle, and the fort at the base of the hill on which the former stood, opened their fire. The Captain was much perplexed at the unexpected obstacles that opposed his passage; but saw at once that the only hope of success lay on the land side. So, early in the morning, he landed his little band of four hundred, and began his toilsome march through the woods. Now climbing up the precipitous rocks, and now cutting their way through the tangled woods, they toiled courageously forward, but did not reach the castle till two o'clock in the afternoon. Here they found the difficulties far greater even than they had anticipated; and but for the fear of being denounced on their return they would have abandoned the attempt. At length, after much hesitation and opposite counsel, they resolved to make the assault, cost what it would. With their drawn swords in one hand and fire-balls in the other, they, with loud shouts, rushed on the palisades. The garrison immediately opened a brisk fire upon them, and cried out, "Come on, you English dogs; and those you left behind come too! You won't get to Panama this bout!"

The pirates, unable to force an entrance, fell back into the woods, and waited till night should render them less conspicuous targets for the Spaniards. After dark they attempted to burn the palisades, and thus open an entrance; but could make no progress, and were about to retire disheartened, when one of them was pierced with an arrow, which went in at the back, and passing clean through his body, protruded at the

breast. The man, maddened with pain, seized the point and pulled it through. He then wrapped the head in cotton, and rammed it down his musket and fired it back. The powder ignited the cotton, and the arrow falling on the dry palm leaves used in covering the houses set them on fire. The Spaniards, wholly absorbed in the fight, did not observe this catastrophe until several houses were in flames. A desperate attempt to arrest the conflagration was then made; but, fed by the combustible material in the castle, it rapidly spread, until the fire reached a barrel of powder, when a tremendous explosion followed, knocking down walls and blowing many of the garrison into the air. The pirates, finding that the Spaniards had their hands full in arresting the flames, set fire to the palisades. Part of the garrison then turned to protect these, but the flames rendering them conspicuous marks, they fell rapidly before the muskets of the assailants.

By daylight the palisades were burned down, and the castle had fallen in, exposing the garrison to a murderous fire, which was kept up till noon, when the order was given to make the assault. Charging furiously on the few but gallant defenders, they drove them over the walls of the castle into the river below. The Governor, with a mere handful of followers, refusing to accept quarter, fought desperately to the last, and fell sword in hand. Of the two hundred and fourteen men that composed the garrison only thirty remained alive, and two-thirds of these were wounded. Not an officer escaped



MORGAN BORNE IN TRIUMPH.

death. This desperate affair cost the pirates dearly, for out of the four hundred that made the attack, all but two hundred and forty were killed or wounded. The women taken prisoners were carried into the church, which was turned into a place of prostitution; and these widows, borne down by the death of their husbands, were subjected to the foulest indignities.

Hearing of the capture of the fort, Morgan set sail from St. Catherine; and when the fleet came in sight of the castle and saw the English flag flying from its walls, a loud shout rent the air, and cannon answered cannon in joyful salute. Morgan was carried up the hill into the castle amidst deafening hurrahs; and in reply to the shouts of the victors complimented them highly for their courage and success.

Having repaired the fort and replaced the palisades, he left five hundred men to garrison it, and a hundred and fifty more in the ships, and with twelve hundred started across the country for Panama. Having heard from Indians that the Spaniards lay in ambush at various points on the route, he did not burden his men with provision, because he expected to find plenty in their camps. With five boats to carry the artillery, and thirty-two canoes loaded to the gunwales with troops, he proceeded slowly up the

Chagres River. After having advanced some six leagues they landed, and visited the neighboring plantations for food. The owners had fled, taking all their provisions with them. Morgan had not anticipated this, and here, on the first day's journey, they began to suffer from want of food, and were compelled to allay the cravings of hunger by smoking tobacco. The next day they continued to ascend the river, pushing their heavily-laden boats against the current, oppressed by a tropical sun, and languishing for want of food. The stream was low from a long drought; and at evening they concluded to leave the boats and strike through the forest. They lay off shore all night to prevent surprise by the Indians, and early next morning disembarked.

Morgan left one hundred and sixty men in charge of the boats, with strict injunctions never to leave them unguarded for a single instant, and with Indians as guides to show the way, endeavored to push his way through the woods along the shore. The trees, however, were so matted with vines, and the spaces so filled with undergrowth, that he could make but little progress, and he resolved to carry some of the boats still farther up. He therefore re-embarked his men, and by shoving the heaviest boats over the shallow places, was able to keep the bed of the



THE BUCCANEERS' REPAST.

river all day. That was a sorry night for the pirates, for three days had now passed without their tasting food, and they clamored loudly for something to eat. The next morning the main body set off by land, and in a short time received the joyful announcement from the guides that the Spaniards were lying in ambush ahead. The famished buccaneers, thinking only that where the enemy were there must be something to eat, rushed forward with shouts to the attack. The latter, however, had fled, taking all their provisions with them. A few leather bags lay scattered round, on which the starving wretches fell with savage ferocity, tearing them with their teeth, and swallowing huge pieces of leather, washing them down with water. They even quarreled over the fragments. Many swore that

if they could catch an Indian they would eat him.

Having devoured the sacks they marched wearily on, and at evening came upon another ambuscade, which, however, their enemies vacated, as before, at their approach, taking all their provisions with them. It was evidently their design to starve the invaders to death, and there seemed every prospect of succeeding. Sulen and moody the soldiers flung themselves down on the grass, cursing the day they first set foot in that wilderness. Some few had saved a portion of the leather that was divided at noon, and out of it made their supper. Their mode of preparing it was quite ingenious. They first cut the leather in thin strips, and softened it by alternately rubbing it between two stones and dip-

ping it in water. After the strips had become sufficiently flexible, they scraped off the hair with their knives, and then broiled them on the embers. When well roasted they cut them into small morsels, which they put in their mouths and washed them down with huge gulps of water. Those who lay down supperless watched the progress of this repast with longing eyes.

The next day they continued their march, still keeping the bank of the river. A few of the lighter canoes had kept abreast with them, carrying a portion of the party. Many had now given out, and refused to move a step farther. Morgan therefore directed those in canoes to get out, and put the helpless ones in their places. He began to fear the total destruction of his band, when, on this the fifth day, about noon, they came to some plantations, and although every thing in the shape of provisions had been apparently removed they found, after a long search, a small cave in which was some wheat meal. This Morgan distributed with great care among the famished soldiers, who devoured it with the voracity of wild animals. It however refreshed them, and when the bugle summoned them to their ranks again they moved with more alacrity than they had since the first day they set out. At night they came to another plantation, but, like the rest, swept of every vestige of food. The next day famine began again to tell on them, and the way becoming more rocky and tangled many sunk on the ground, others fainted away, and Morgan had to order a halt almost every hour to let them rest. The poor wretches would pluck the leaves of trees and the grass at their feet, and strove with them to allay the pangs of hunger. Morgan scanned his staggering ranks with an anxious eye, and began to hesitate what course he should pursue. At this rate it was clear he never could reach Panama; and if he did, it would be with mere skeletons for soldiers, who would be worthless against even a moderate force intrenched in a city. He attempted to cheer them up as usual, but it was plain that the men were becoming desperate. The bright visions of gold and fame had all faded before the gaunt image of famine, and now only one thought filled their minds, but one object possessed any value to them, and that was food.

To the great relief of Morgan, and the unbounded joy of all, they came at noon to a plantation on which they discovered a barn full of corn. In an instant all order was lost, the soldiers broke their ranks, and with loud shouts rushed on the building, wrenched the doors from their hinges, and seizing the yellow ears devoured them fiercely. After eating till they were satisfied, they loaded themselves down with the remainder and pushed cheerfully forward, shouting—"To Panama!"

About an hour after it was announced that the enemy was waiting for them a little way in advance. With one accord they threw away their corn, supposing that they would find abundance of provisions ahead. But they found neither. On the other side of the river, however,

were assembled a hundred of them, whom the pirates endeavored to get at by fording the river. But the Indians let fly a shower of arrows into their midst, and then tauntingly shouting, "Go to the plains, you dogs! go to the plains!" vanished in the surrounding forest. Four of the buccaneers fell, pierced by arrows, and were borne lifeless to the shore, while several others were wounded. At sunset they buried their dead comrades there on the banks of the river, and encamped for the night.

The men were now getting weary of these fruitless marches, and the camp was filled with murmurings of discontent and curses on Morgan, who had persuaded them by false representations to come into these savage solitudes where nothing but famine awaited them. Others laughed at the croakers, declaring that they would have Panama, its treasures and its *senoritas*, or die.

The next morning, ascertaining from the guides that they might expect to have some fighting before night, the men drew the balls from their pistols and muskets, and fired them off to test their condition. They then crossed the river, and kept on till they reached a village at the head of navigation. As they approached it the soldiers saw columns of smoke rising from the chimneys, and shouting "Hurrah! they are roasting a dinner for us!" rushed forward. But when they entered the place, staggering from fatigue and panting with the heat, they found it empty of inhabitants and cattle, and every house, except the King's store-house and stables, on fire. The men, who were clamorous for meat, roamed up and down to discover some animals, but found nothing except a few cats and dogs, which they immediately killed and devoured. They, however, came across ten jars of Peru wine, which were soon emptied. For a little while it was a perfect bacchanal scene, and the most rude and boisterous mirth made the surrounding forests echo. But their stomachs being disordered by fasting and the vile trash they had been compelled to eat, the wine made them deadly sick. Their joy was instantly turned into mortal fear; for they supposed that the wine had been poisoned on purpose to destroy them, and that they were all dead men. Morgan, seeing the condition of his troops, encamped there for the night.

This being the last place to which boats or canoes could come, he landed his sick and weak, and sent all but one boat back to those he had left farther down the river. He retained this one, thinking that he might need it to dispatch a message to the others.

On the morning of the 8th the whole body set out for Panama, only eight leagues distant. Two hundred and twenty men moved in advance to clear the way of any parties in ambush. Only ten or twelve could march abreast in the road they were following, and they pressed cautiously but rapidly on for ten hours, when suddenly more than 3000 arrows dropped noiselessly in their midst, killing several and bringing the whole band to a sudden halt. They looked on every side, but could see no foe. The shower ceased as sudden-



DEATH OF THE CHIEF.

ly as it came, and the order to march was again passed along the ranks. It was supposed that the arrows came from behind a high ledge of rocks under which they were passing. A little farther on they entered a wood, in which they caught sight of some Indians in full flight. Still advancing, they came upon a body of savages who resolutely opposed their passage. They were led on by a gallant chief, and fought bravely till he fell. Though severely wounded he refused to ask for quarter, and making a last desperate effort, partly rose on his knees and struck his javelin into a pirate; but before he could repeat the blow fell pierced by a dozen balls. In this affray the buccaneers had eight killed and ten wounded.

Pushing on through the forest, they emerged into a beautiful open country covered with fine meadows. Here Morgan halted, and sending fifty men forward to disperse a body of Indians that he saw on the top of a mountain which overhung the road, he had the ten wounded soldiers cared for and the slain buried. Resuming his march he pushed cautiously forward, scattering the Indians as he went by his scouting parties, and cheering his men by promising to show them Panama the next day.

The sky, which had been unclouded during the day, leaving the tropical sun to pour its full heat on the weary buccaneers, now became suddenly clouded. The air grew dark, the trees swayed and roared in the rising blast, and there was every appearance of a sudden and furious storm. The increasing gloom brought on night before the sun had set, and the men began to look anxiously around for a place of shelter; but the Indians had burned every dwelling as they retreated. At length the cloud opened, and the rain fell in a perfect deluge to the earth. The buccaneers now became seriously alarmed lest their ammunition should be ruined. But Morgan's usual good luck did not desert him here; for in a few moments one of the parties that had been sent out in search of shelter returned with the intelligence that they had discovered a few deserted huts, used by shepherds when they grazed their cattle in that region. Into these their arms and powder, with a few men to guard them, were hastily crowded, and the remainder sat down on the bare earth and endured the pelting rain. More than a thousand of them, they huddled together, and with bowed heads gloomily sat out the night, while it rained as it rains nowhere except in a tropical country. At first some

were inclined to joke, declaring it a refreshing bath after the hot journey of the day; but as the water continued to fall, hour after hour, almost in solid masses, these jokes gave place to muttered curses. They had escaped one misfortune, they said, only to fall into another. Hungry, tired, and wet, the excitement of their bold expedition passed away, and they wished themselves back again aboard their own ships.

At length the long-looked-for morning dawned and the storm passed away. As the sun mounted the heavens Morgan immediately ordered the bugles to sound, and the soaked and famished adventurers, without a mouthful to eat, fell into marching order and set forward. Soon after sunrise they discovered twenty Spaniards reconnoitering them. A small party was sent out to capture some of them, if possible; for Morgan began to be seriously concerned that he could obtain no information whatever of the number of the troops at Panama or of the strength of the place. The Spaniards, however, avoided them, dispersing as they approached, and disappearing mysteriously among the rocks and in caves, the locality of which was known only to themselves.

Arriving at the base of an abrupt hill the weary band began the toilsome ascent. The clouds had till now hung in heavy masses on the sky; but as the sun continued to mount higher and higher, they broke and floated away in thin mist, leaving his scorching rays to beat in full power on the little army. The steam arose from the drenched column as it struggled upward, while the tropical foliage, as the wind began to freshen, sent down a second shower upon their heads.

At length the summit was reached, and there lay, spread out below them, Panama and the blue ocean beyond. They gazed for a moment on the glittering spires and magnificent houses, on the sails of departing vessels and the blue water beyond; then burst into a loud huzza. Some swung their caps around their heads, and flung them into the air, shouting; others ran and leaped, while the trumpets blew a loud and joyous blast, as if the city was already in their power. The sight of the sea, and the scattered sails here and there upon it, was a welcome sight to these rovers, whose home it was, and they forgot for the moment their empty stomachs and the perils before them. With laughter and songs they rattled down the farther side of the mountain, and, emerging from a piece of woods, struck an open plain covered with lowing herds of cattle. At this unexpected and joyful sight the famished buccaneers broke their ranks, and fell with knives and swords and muskets upon the astonished herd, and soon the ground was covered with the carcasses of cows, bulls, horses, and asses. Some commenced flaying them, others collected wood and made fires. As soon as the skin was off an animal huge pieces were cut away and flung into the flames; these would be scarcely heated through before they were plucked away and devoured with ravenous fury. Some were sitting, some standing, all scattered around

among the mutilated animals; while the blood soaking their huge beards and dropping off upon their breasts, they presented altogether a most wild and savage appearance. Morgan waited till they had gorged themselves, and then ordered the drums to beat, and the bloody, besmeared troop took up again its line of march.

Just at evening they saw, over the tree-tops, glittering in the sunset, the highest steeple of Panama. The extravagant joy of the morning was here renewed, and all the drums and trumpets in the army were beaten and sounded, making such an uproar and clatter that the astonished inhabitants began to think an immediate assault was intended. Fifty horsemen issued forth to reconnoitre, and came at an easy gallop toward where Morgan had halted his men. A bugler rode behind the leader playing a trumpet of wonderful power and richness of tone, the martial notes echoing far away in the twilight, and dying in softened cadences in the surrounding forest. When nearly within musket-shot they came to a halt, the trumpeter ceased, and the dashing cavaliers shook their swords at the pirates and shouted, "Come on dogs, we'll meet you!" then wheeling, galloped away to the sound of music, and re-entered the city.

A few minutes after the earth shook with the heavy explosion of cannon as the Spaniards opened with their artillery on the camp. All night long the fields and woods were aflame with the ceaseless firing of the heavy guns. The pirates paid no heed to them; but having placed their sentinels, sat down, and, opening their knapsacks, took out the pieces of meat which they had stowed away in the morning, and quietly ate their suppers.

The next morning Morgan arrayed his men, and ordering the drums and trumpets to sound, marched straight for the city. He had not proceeded far before one of the guides told him that the road was lined with batteries for some distance from the city, and was so enfiladed that he could not force an entrance in that direction; and pointed another way, more difficult and intricate, but far safer. Wheeling into this, they entered a piece of wood, and soon came to the foot of a hill, the ascent of which was steep and difficult. In the mean time scouts had informed the Spaniards of the new route which the buccaneers had taken. This was unexpected and disheartening news to them; for they never dreamed that the enemy would attempt any but the common highway, and hence had concentrated almost their entire strength there. The Governor saw at once that he could not rely on his batteries, but must meet the enemy in the open field, and gave orders to have the troops drawn up in the plain outside the city.

They had scarcely formed when the buccaneers appeared on the summit of the hill. The latter were amazed and dispirited at the spectacle that met their gaze. On the plain stood nearly 3000 men in battle array, besides a vast multitude of Indians with wild bulls in the leash ready to be driven on the advancing ranks. Of these

400 were cavalry. The ardor of the night and morning suddenly vanished, and they wished themselves back over the mountains. After a short consultation it was decided that to retreat was certain destruction, and that their only hope, faint as it appeared, lay in advancing. Morgan then divided his force into three battalions, and moving amidst the ranks, revived their drooping hearts with words of encouragement, saying that he had often been in a worse strait; had fought against far heavier odds, and beaten too; and would beat now if they would stand firm. Pointing to the city, he told them it was full of booty and beauty; asked if it was not worth an effort. Riches were before them, death behind. One bold effort, and the prize was theirs, and all their toils would be rewarded. Would they stand by him! They shouted "Yes, to the last drop of our blood!"

Two hundred picked marksmen were then sent forward to open the battle. The drums and bugles struck up an exciting march, and, with a loud hurrah, the three battalions descended to the plain. The Spaniards stood in compact order until they had approached almost within musket-shot, when the shout "*Viva el Rey!*" rolled along the line. The bugles immediately sounded the charge, and the cavalry dashed forward. The 200 marksmen, dropping on one knee, took deliberate aim and waited till the squadron had come within close range, when "Fire!" ran along the line. Saddles were emptied by the score at that close deliberate volley, and the whole formation was broken into fragments.

The shattered column attempted to wheel and re-form; but the ground was soft and the horses were mired, which protracted the movement so that the pirates had time to re-load and pour in another murderous volley before they got beyond range. Riderless horses went galloping wildly over the plain, while cheer after cheer arose from the buccaneers. The infantry instantly advanced to support the cavalry, when Morgan moved up his other battalions to meet them, and the battle became general. The Indians let loose the wild bulls, and drove them with furious shouts toward the buccaneers. A few broke bellowing through the ranks; but the unerring shot dropped most of them while charging. Maddened with wounds, frightened and confused by the uproar and smoke of battle, the remainder plunged hither and thither in every direction. For two hours neither army retired a step, but stood and fired into each other's faces. At length the cavalry being nearly all killed, the few survivors wheeled and fled, followed by the foot, who threw away their muskets to lighten their loads.

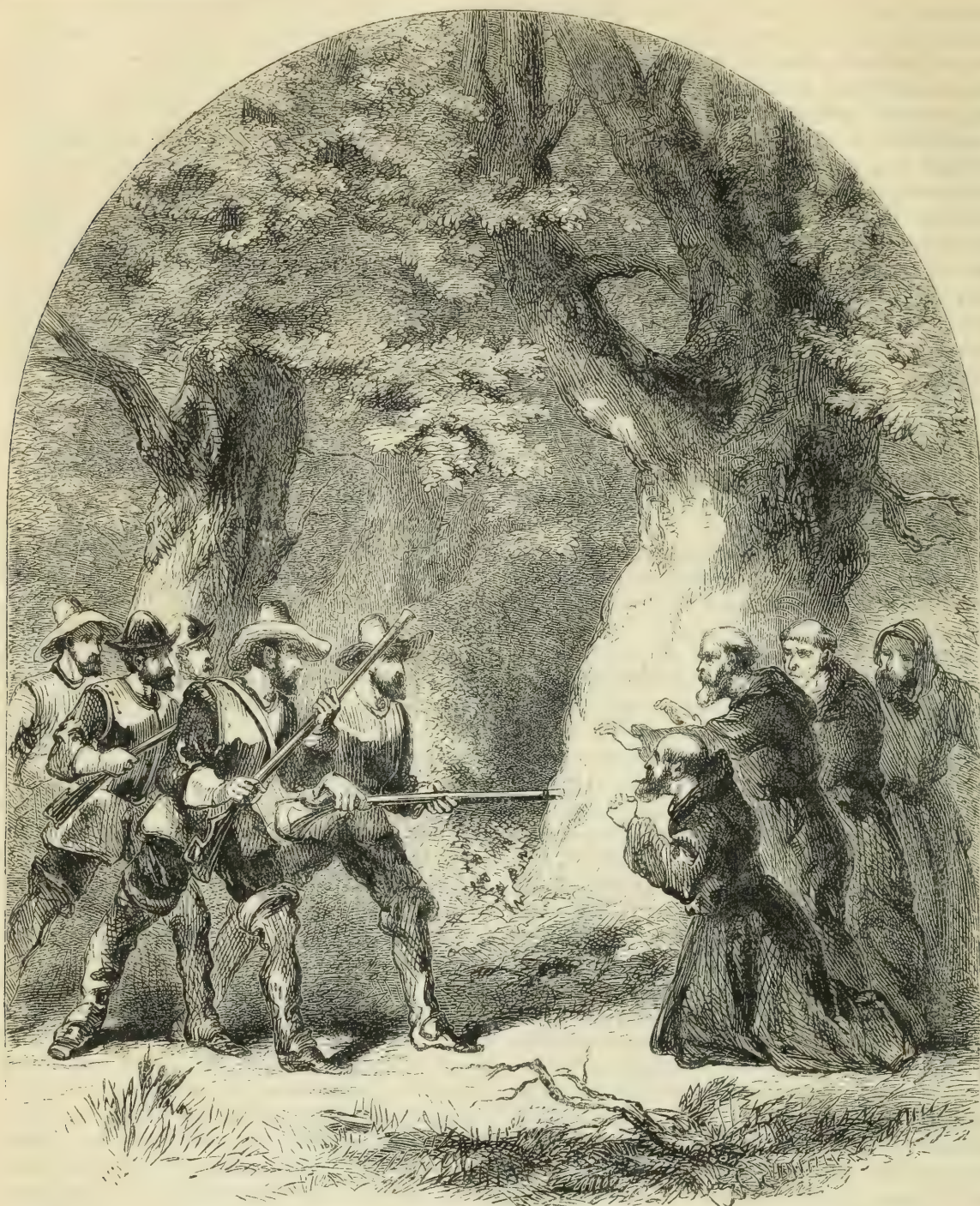
The buccaneers were too feeble to pursue, and so gratified their revenge by murdering all the wounded that fell into their hands. Six hundred lay dead on the field. The buccaneers also had suffered severely, which so enraged Morgan that he ordered some priests and monks who had been taken prisoners to be shot. They knelt and cried for mercy, but their prayers were hushed by the crack of the pistol, and their bodies were

left to rot where they fell. One captive was spared, in order to obtain information from him respecting the force in the city and the strength of the place.

Having ascertained that a battery of eight guns commanded the main entrance, Morgan made a detour and approached the city in a different direction. As he advanced, however, cannon, loaded with fragments of iron and musket-balls, opened on his column with deadly effect. But moving unscathed amidst the shot, he cheered on his men, who, maddened by the scourging fire, grew desperate, and scoffing at death, kept fiercely on, stormed the batteries, and fighting their way inch by inch, steadily gained on the enemy. The little force was rapidly thinning; but it was victory or total ruin with them. For three hours the Spaniards fought bravely for their homes, their wives, and daughters; but nothing could resist the headlong fury and deadly marksmanship of the pirates; and they finally broke and fled. With loud shouts the victors dashed on, and in a short time swept every street of the enemy. Morgan then sounded the recall; and as his band gathered around him, forbade every one, under fearful penalties, drinking any wine, saying that it had been poisoned. This was not true; but he was afraid that his troops, in the first flush of victory, would drink themselves into stupidity, and then fall an easy prey to the Spaniards.

Much of the gold had been removed or hid; but they found many warehouses filled with valuable goods. Morgan, however, before he permitted any plunder, placed guards at various quarters to prevent surprise; for an army equal to his own he knew was scattered in the surrounding forest. He then directed twenty-five men to launch a barge boat that lay on the shore, and push out into the bay to capture any vessels afloat, lest they might be carrying away gold and jewels. Cruising about, they found and seized several boats, in some of which were women. Capturing one boat with seven sailors in her, who had been ashore for water and were returning to their ship—a galleon lying some three miles off—they learned from them that she was feebly armed, and had aboard of her all the nuns of the place, who had taken with them the ornaments and wealth of the church, and all the plate and jewels, on their way to the King of Spain, together with the wealth of some of the richest merchants of Panama. This rich prize, worth more than all that remained behind on shore, could have been easily taken; but the men refused to stir. Drifting about the bay they passed the whole night in the vilest debauchery, and came to their senses in time only to find that this valuable prize had escaped from their hands, and to receive the curses of their commander and the scoffs of their comrades for their beastliness and folly.

Morgan set fire to a part of the city, though for what purpose no one knew. Panama, at this time, was built entirely of cedar, some of the houses being curiously carved and most magnifi-



SLAUGHTER OF THE PRIESTS.

cently adorned, especially with hangings and paintings. It contained two splendid churches and eight monasteries. All the rich plate, altarpieces, and other wealth of these the priests had hidden so that the pirates could not find them. As a punishment for this, Morgan directed all the churches but one to be burned. This he spared solely because he needed it for a hospital for the wounded, of which he had a large number. These, together with a party he had sent back to Chagres with the news of his victory, reduced his force very much; and he exercised constant vigilance to prevent a surprise. He daily sent out parties to scour the country for prisoners. He also dispatched boats to the neighboring islands of Taboga and Tabogilla, which took several valuable prizes. Soon after,

the party he had sent to Chagres returned with the news that those left behind had entrapped and taken a Spanish vessel laden with provisions.

The daily marauding expeditions sent out were very successful, both in obtaining gold and prisoners in great numbers. These, especially the priests, were put to the rack to make them disclose the places where they had concealed the ornaments and gold of the churches. Tortures were practiced of such a painful nature and so protracted that many died under them. Morgan's success in thus obtaining gold only made him the more relentless, and the arrival of every new batch of prisoners was the signal for new cruelties, and that once peaceful city rang with the shrieks of the suffering.

One of the expeditions to Taboga had captured



MORGAN AND HIS PRISONER.

a lady, the wife of a rich merchant who was absent on a voyage to Peru. She was possessed of rare beauty of person and of most winning manners. An atmosphere of purity seemed to surround her, which, while it attracted, awed the beholder. The moment Morgan saw her he doomed her to his pleasures; but there was something about her before which even this bold marauder quailed. He felt abashed and uneasy in her presence, and powerless to play the brute to her. Disguising his motives, he had her placed in an elegant apartment, attended by a maid, and supplied with food from his own table. After a few days, finding he could make no progress in overcoming her repugnance to him, he boldly demanded that she should yield to his lusts. Instead of being roused into despair and anger by the insult, she talked so like an angel to him—sentiments of such purity and beauty dropped from her lips—that he felt abashed and humbled in her presence. He then offered her gold, and pearls, and jewels of untold value as a free gift. She modestly but resolutely refused to accept any present from him. Stung by this evidence of her utter loathing, he flew into a passion and swore he would wring a consent from her by the rack before he had done with her. She replied, "Sir, my life is in your hands; but as to my body, my soul shall sooner be separated from it through the violence of your arms than I shall condescend to your request." Mortified, yet enraged, he strode out of her apartment, and ordered his servants to strip off her best apparel and imprison her in a dark cellar, amidst putrid

remains. Here she spent her time in devotion; and the passer-by would pause as he heard her sweet and thrilling voice imploring the protection of Heaven in her behalf. The companions of the buccaneer were at length moved, and Morgan began to feel uneasy at the contemptuous expressions of his conduct that were from time to time repeated to him, and attempted to justify his severity by the unblushing falsehood that she held secret correspondence with the Spaniards.

When he had been in Panama three weeks Morgan began to think of returning to his ships with his spoils. He therefore ordered each company to gather together as many cattle as would be necessary to transport the booty across the mountains to his boats. In the mean time a conspiracy had been formed among the buccaneers to seize a vessel in port and escape, and cruise in the South seas for their own benefit. Morgan, ever watchful and vigilant, discovered this on the very eve of its being put into execution. Too politic to arraign the ringleaders and awaken hostility by punishing them, he quietly ordered every vessel and boat in the bay to be set on fire. This effectually killed the conspiracy, and he turned his attention again to the preparations for departure. Sending the Spaniards under escorts into the fields and woods to find money with which to ransom themselves, he spiked all the cannon of the place, and sent out parties to reconnoitre and see if the report was true that the Governor, who as yet had not been taken, had lined his return route with ambus-



THE PRISONERS PLEADING.

cares. Finding it false, and that the way was clear, he on the 24th of February drew up his little band outside the city. First came an advance-guard to open up the road, then the main body, followed by six hundred captives—men and women—and one hundred and seventy-five beasts of burden, loaded down with the spoils; the last protected by a strong rear-guard. As they passed along the most doleful lamentations and piteous cries filled the air. The unhappy wretches, supposing they were to be transported to the far-off haunts of the pirates, and doomed to perpetual slavery, and that of the most loathsome, revolting character, could not restrain their anguish. The women, when they halted at night, gathered around Morgan, and on their knees besought him, in the most pleading tones, to let them return and live with their husbands, even in huts of straw, amidst the ashes of their former homes. But he coldly turned his back upon them, saying that he “wanted money, not tears and groans;” and, if they wished freedom, they had better spend their time in hunting up that which would procure it, instead of lamenting their fate; for, unless it was forthcoming, he certainly would carry them to places they would little relish. They encamped at night in an open plain, with the prisoners by themselves, surrounded by a strong guard.

Next morning at dawn the bugle summoned both sleepers and watchers to their places; and soon the camp-fires were cheerfully blazing. But the poor captives were too much occupied with their own sorrows to eat; and when the

march recommenced they rent the air anew with their cries. Every mile that increased the distance between them and their home lessened the hopes of delivery and carried them nearer to the dwelling-places of their captors. Morgan had ordered the beautiful lady of Taboga to be kept apart from the crowd of prisoners and march between two pirates. Seeing herself about to be led into captivity infinitely worse than death, she pierced the air with cries. She told the pirates that she had sent two priests for the money to ransom her, and that, having obtained it, they had applied it to ransom some of their own friends. The pirates immediately in charge of her were moved to pity by her touching appeals. Her gentle manners, her surpassing beauty, combined with that nameless charm that surrounds angelic purity, finally enlisted them in her behalf, and they presented her case to Morgan.

Governed by policy rather than feeling, he ordered the priests to be brought before him, and demanded if they had appropriated this lady's money to their own purposes. Finding that the proof against them was clear, they confessed that they had taken it, but only as a temporary loan, designing to return it soon. Morgan then ordered the lady to be set at liberty and escorted out of the camp. With a heart fluttering with unutterable joy she flew like a bird set free back to the sea-shore, from whence she could look toward her island home and all it held dear. How long she tarried amidst the ashes of Panama with the fugitives that gathered there to rebuild their homes; how many weary days she sought the

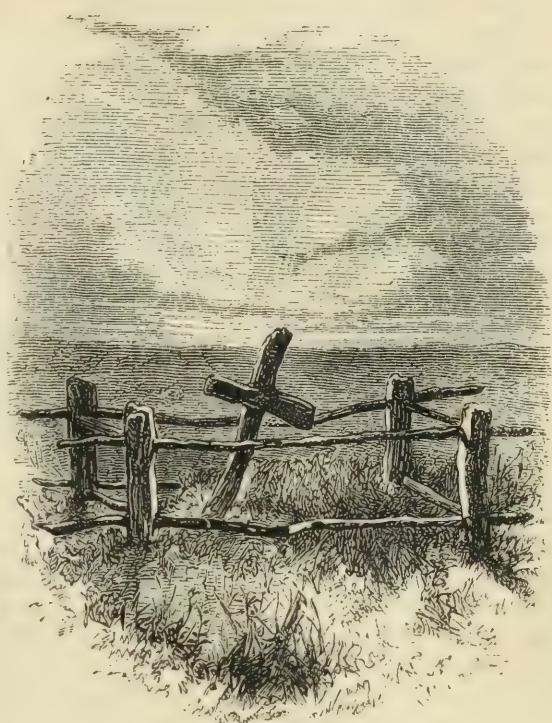
desolate shore, scanning with that pleading eye the blue horizon beyond to catch the first gleam of a white sail; how, when it came at last, it bore to her faithful, loving arms the husband of her heart, naught is known. This living poem, revealing woman's purity and constancy, is only one among the many that remain unwritten and unsung amidst the solitudes of Darien.

Continuing his march, Morgan at length reached the Chagres River, where he had left the one boat. Sending down for other boats, he halted here three days. On his first arrival he called the prisoners together and told them that he would grant three days for them to effect their ransom; if in that time it did not arrive, they would be carried into hopeless bondage. A few obtained the required sum, and were released; the rest, at the end of three days, were carried forward; and whether they perished under the hardships that a portion of this band afterward endured, or whether they were reserved for a worse fate, and wasted away under the cruelties which Spaniards and buccaneers alike inflicted on their slaves under the first Spanish rule, is also locked up with the untold, inconceivable tragedies that made those West India isles—by nature the Hesperides of the earth—under the first Spanish rule an *Aceldama*.

When part way down the river Morgan ordered every man to be searched to ascertain if any one, in violation of the original articles of agreement, had concealed jewels or gold about his person. This caused a good deal of murmuring among the French portion of the expedition, but they were compelled to submit. Arriving at Chagres, the spoils were divided. Great was the astonishment of the soldiers when they found that their portion amounted only to two hundred dollars apiece. They declared that this was a niggardly remuneration for all the toils they had endured and hazards they had run; and, what was worse, it was not a fair proportion of the vast spoils they had brought across the Isthmus.

At first this dissatisfaction expressed itself only in innuendoes and murmurs. But it soon ripened into open accusations against Morgan, that he had appropriated the greater part of the spoils to himself. Seeing that this growing discontent would soon break out in open revolt, he removed the cannon of the castle aboard his own ship, set fire to what would burn within the works, and secretly embarking, set sail for Jamaica. Only three vessels—supposed to be partners with him in his ill-gotten gains—followed him. The remaining buccaneers were left to get back as they best could in the miserable craft that remained behind. The most suffered great hardships; and those who finally reached the West Indies found themselves as poor as when they left on this ill-starred expedition.

Morgan reached Jamaica in safety, but, peace having been declared between England and Spain, his vocation was at an end; for he could no longer carry on those large expeditions, without which the gains would not compensate for the risk.



LONE PRAIRIE GRAVE.

THE RED RIVER TRAIL.

Concluded from the April Number.

THE next morning the party was up before the sun, and without delaying for breakfast proceeded on their way. The difficulties of traversing a new country now began to be experienced. They had traveled but a mile or two when they encountered a deep slough; but by dint of great exertion this was passed without accident, the wagon being first lightened of its load, which was carried over the mire by all hands, much to the detriment of wearing apparel. For the first time complaint was heard from the Englishman, who averred that the sport of hunting buffalo would not compensate for the difficulties to be encountered on the journey.

Continuing up the Sauk valley, new beauties of scenery and landscape continually opened to view. A rapid alternation of meadow and grove, offering the finest facilities for farming, and the rich black loam of the prairie, that seemed to invite the settler hither; wild hops and grapes growing in rich profusion, and fruits and berries of various kinds—all suggested to the fancy the not distant future when this delightful valley shall teem with population and resound with the hum of labor.

The only objectionable feature to this part of the country is the numerous sloughs, sink-holes, and marshes; but these are distributed about at long intervals, are never more than a few acres in extent, and can be easily drained and improved. Our travelers found these sloughs multiplied and deepened by the unusually heavy rains that had fallen just previous to their departure, and in consequence of which they were subjected to many inconveniences and disasters that they would otherwise have escaped. As yet they had met with no insurmountable diffi-

culties. Every thing went on swimmingly. All were in the best of spirits, and were getting over the road with remarkable rapidity. Barring the mosquitoes, black flies, gnats, and the monster green-headed horse-flies, that still continued to torment them to some extent, although it was mid-day and the sun hot, their pleasure would have been without a pain. At length, tired of admiring and praising the surrounding scenery, which had now become monotonous from its very beauty, and having listened patiently to a somewhat lengthy discussion between Tewksbury and Wabash about the comparative merits and excellence of American and English landscapes, they gradually lapsed into the liberal and fine arts, and for many a mile awoke strange echoes in regions where oratory, music, and poetry were hitherto unknown. At this juncture the Englishman made himself popular, and secured the lasting friendship of his companions, by circulating a mysterious flask that he had until now kept carefully secreted in his carpet bag. This had the effect at once to increase the animation and sociability of the already jovial party; for "good wine is a good familiar creature, if it be well used," and in this instance it was certainly not abused. The song, the story, and the joke were freely circulated *ad captandum*, the Doctor's reminiscences of his medical practice being received with especial favor, while Wabash, perched upon the back of the driver's seat, with his face to the audience, filled up every interval with favorite airs from his violin. Penman, too, brought out an old flute from his knapsack, an instrument which he confessed he had taken with him for the express purpose of "soothing the savages," in accordance with the old proverb that "music hath charms," etc., in case any occasion to use it should arise; "for," said he, "it would be wiser to attempt to pacify them in this way than to risk an encounter." Thus in the best of spirits they drove gayly on, until their progress was all at once suddenly interrupted by a stream of considerable width, which boded some difficulty in crossing. On the hither side the water flowed smoothly, but in the centre it rushed down with a swift and foaming current. The horses came to a halt with their feet in the shoal water.

"We can never cross here without swimming," said Tewksbury, decidedly. "The water appears to me to be quite deep. Let us explore up and down the bank, and we may possibly discover a better crossing."

"It's no use," replied Kinks. "This is the only ford within five miles. You will find that all the banks are steep and perpendicular. We can go through here safely enough."

"Is this the Sauk River?" inquired Tick.

"No; it is a small tributary. It heads in a big slough some distance up, and as it drains a large surface, it accounts for its being so swollen. The first crossing of the Sauk is some five miles beyond."

"I think it would be safer to examine the depth," persisted Tewksbury, still regarding the dark-looking waters with suspicion. "Or at

least we might remove those articles of baggage most desirable to be kept dry."

"Then, after the wagon is over, how will you get the things over? You wouldn't wade the stream, I'll venture to say. Now it's no use talking, gentlemen," continued Kinks; "I know the whole road—crossed here last spring, and the water wasn't two feet deep. It can't be over four now, at the most. Along those two logs is the track. We'll go over right, I'll wager."

Whereupon he gathered up the reins, and, chirruping to the horses, drove boldly into the stream. In they went, deeper and deeper, and directly the water covered the wheels.

"Hold on!" yelled Penman, from the back seat. "It is coming into the wagon!"

But there was no turning back now. Kinks lathered the horses, and showered upon them volleys of encouragement and abuse. In they went, splashing and plunging, when all at once the leader stepped into a deep hole and disappeared entirely from view. The pole horses followed suit, and at the same moment, by the most untoward fortune, the wagon struck a snag in the middle of the stream, and stuck fast. But for this disaster all might have got over with no other damage than a good drenching and a fright, as the horses would have swum with the load; but now the animals, unable to move, and entangled in their harness, were in imminent danger of being drowned, while the wagon, borne down by the impetuous current, careened like a ship in a storm, and in one moment all the valuable outfit of the expedition—provisions, blankets, knapsacks, rifles, revolvers, powder, tobacco, etc., etc.—all went swimming down with the current, or sank suddenly to the bottom. There was one momentary and desperate rush to save a portion of the goods, but as the wagon sank deeper and deeper, and all found themselves in six or eight feet of water, the next natural impulse was to save life. Captain Kinks, with much self-possession and forethought, went to the rescue of the struggling beasts, and with his knife quickly detached them from the wagon. The Doctor seized a blanket, but instead of securing it, its heavy weight dragged him into the swiftest current, and he floated down stream until he finally brought up against a projecting stump. Skittles seized one of the friendly logs, and held it in his firm embrace. Wabash and Tick were not long in getting to work to save what they could, and the Englishman, after floundering about, finally made his way to the shore, still clutching his rifle. Penman, like a brave sailor, stuck to the sinking ship, and was the last man out; he also came ashore rifle in hand.

For two hours did the party continue their submarine explorations—diving, wading, swimming, and rafting their rescued goods to the shore; and after the job was ended an inventory was taken and a consultation had.

"What a damper is this to our hopes and prospects!" exclaimed the Doctor, lugubriously, as he wrung his dripping shirt for the twentieth time. "A little while ago every thing was going

on swimmingly—no—yes, swimmingly, and now every thing has gone to the bottom!"

"My fiddle's safe, thank Fortune! It was tied to the awning-post," said Wabash.

"Ah, that fiddle!" said Penman. "Shakespeare tells us 'the devil rides upon a fiddlestick,' and I don't doubt but that he rode upon yours, else we shouldn't have got into this plight."

"But what shall we do for *tobacco*?" exclaimed old Tick and the Captain together, now discovering for the first time that *it* had met the fate of many other things. "It has all gone down stream! Not a bit is to be found!"

A simultaneous groan followed the announcement of this discovery. Just then Penman's face was seen to brighten, like a full moon emerging from a cloud. With nervous haste he thrust his hand into his pocket, and pulled forth an India-rubber wallet, opened it, and then executed an impromptu "pigeon-wing." A small quantity of the precious weed, which he had carefully stored away in the morning for the day's consumption, was found to be scarcely dampened with water.

"Here, boys," he exclaimed, triumphantly, "is one of my 'nonsensical traps' you once ridiculed!"

In an instant Penman found himself so cordially embraced by all hands that he was in imminent danger of suffocation.

"Three cheers for Penman!" went up with a will.

"My carpet-bag is missing!" now exclaimed Tewksbury, in his turn, "and the *bottle* was in it!"

"Is it possible!" said the Doctor. "That is a real misfortune. If we needed it this morning to keep the heat out, we now need it to keep the cold out. I am actually shivering. What shall we do in this our extremity?"

"Extremity is the trier of spirits," said Skittles, venturing a joke.

"I'm afraid it won't stand the test, then," responded the Doctor. "I expect that brandy is pretty well diluted by this time. It may be fourth proof or fifth proof, but I doubt very much if it is water-proof."

Thus did our unfortunate adventurers lament and joke over their losses, as a careful examination continued to make known the full extent of their disaster. When it was concluded, it was ascertained that the total loss amounted to two revolvers, a gold watch and seal, twenty-five dollars in money, sundry powder-flasks, and various cooking utensils, one good knife, two blankets, and numerous articles of wearing apparel. The powder and matches were a total loss, and what provisions they had saved proved to be so badly damaged that a large proportion had to be thrown away. The salt pork was quite too fresh, the sugar was turned to molasses, and the molasses to sweetened water; biscuit, coffee, and butter were vastly depreciated, but still available. After wringing out their wet clothes nothing remained to be done. But comfortless

indeed was their situation, and a more cheerless prospect for the night could scarcely be imagined. The cool evening breeze penetrated through their wet garments to the skin, and set every tooth to chattering and every limb to shivering.

"What are we to do without a fire?" asked Penman, dejectedly. "We shall catch our death a cold if we are obliged to sleep all night in this plight. And then what can we get to eat?"

These were serious and intensely practical questions.

"Oh, never fear about catching cold. You can't catch cold in this State if you were soaked all the time," replied Kinks. "But let me see. I am pretty sure there is a shanty some two miles above here. Let us put for that at once."

This was good news, and all at once turned their backs upon the scene of their late disaster and rode off in better spirits.

"Gentlemen," said Skittles, "I propose that we change the name of this river to 'Soak.' It is much more appropriate than Sauk, which, for aught I can see, is a meaningless word."

Kinks's memory proved correct, but instead of one shanty there were two. Each was a log-house, and contained a single room. Penman and the Englishman, finding the first uncomfortably crowded, left their companions and walked on half a mile to the second, to test the hospitality of its occupant. On learning their misfortune and their desires the host welcomed them with open hand, into whose palm Penman slipped a piece of money, remembering that "a man is never welcome to a place till some certain shot be paid." The family consisted of the host, his wife, daughter, and two sons, and our travelers at once gave up the idea of a bed, fully reconciled to take their chances on the floor. To their surprise, however, one of the beds (there were two) was assigned to them, and, grateful for the favor, they only awaited an opportunity to turn in and refresh their weary limbs; but, ignorant of the conventionalisms of Sauk River society, and being somewhat scrupulous withal as to certain domestic proprieties, they waited long and patiently, notwithstanding repeated hints from both host and hostess that the sheets only awaited their pleasure. Gradually, and piece by piece, they divested themselves of their upper garments, boots, and stockings, toasted their feet at the fire, and cast repeated wistful glances toward the bed. For a time the hosts regarded their movements with evident surprise and curiosity. At length a suspicion shot across the old man's brain.

"Ain't afeared of bugs, be ye?" said he, with a half sneer. "Oh, bunk in, bunk in! 'Tain't nothin' when ye git used to it."

Still the travelers hesitated. The Englishman got up, whistled a part of a tune, and then, in a whisper, intimated his scruples to the host.

"Don't know nothing about your citified notions," replied he, sharply. "The wimmen won't hurt ye; and if your shirt ain't none of the cleanest we won't mind it. Dirt's common



HOIST A LITTLE, STRANGER.

out here." Then, after a short pause, he turned to the daughter. "Betsey," said he, "jist fetch a pail of water from the spring; that's a good girl. — There now, the coast is clear, so pack in."

Thus encouraged they immediately consigned their bodies to the arms of Morpheus, but not without misgivings as to the reception that awaited them from the many occupants of the bed. Closing his eyes at once upon the little world's surroundings, Tewksbury's morbid and excited brain was just wading through a vision in which innumerable bed-bugs seemed struggling in a deluge of diluted brandy, when he felt a lever under his side, and heard a voice saying, "Guess ye'll have to hoist a little, stranger. Bed's big enough for three, if we only dovetail in!"

What happened to the afflicted Englishman during the night will ever remain a mystery; but when Penman awoke in the morning he found Tewksbury stretched on the floor, rolled up in a blanket, his place occupied by the farmer, and water dripping into his eye from a leak in the roof.

En avant! In the midst of a cold and

drenching rain-storm the seven poor travelers again took up their dreary march. Neither the entreaties of the fair, the warnings of the aged, nor the promise of a bountiful repast of salt pork and hot coffee, sufficed to deter them; but, like the valiant youth who boldly cried "Excelsior!" they drove on to unknown perils and difficulties. Comfortless indeed was their present situation, but even more cheerless their prospect. Shivering, and saturated with water, they rode on in silence. Quenched were the fires of oratory. Poetry and music lost their charm; and even the landscape itself now seemed done in very ordinary water-colors. Penman alone was happy in the possession of a water-proof coat and blanket. Enveloped in these he kept himself dry, and preserved his temper and spirits.

That day's ride was utterly destitute of adventure; for though they crossed the tortuous Sauk three times, and were twice mired in sloughs, these had now ceased to be "adventures," and were hereafter taken, *æquo animo*, as a part of the regular course. Indeed, so far from manifesting any repugnance to water, they deemed it an achievement to wade streams, and fording suc-

cessive quagmires as something to *admire*. Once, during the day, the tedious and intolerable monotony of the journey was momentarily interrupted by the discovery of a lone grave away out on the prairie. A simple wooden cross, without inscription or device, stood sentry over the little mound of earth, and from one of the arms fluttered little strips of paper printed in German text, and a few withered flowers that some kind hand of sympathy or affection had placed there weeks before. A rude rail-fence inclosed the sacred spot. The unknown has chosen a retired location for his resting-place, and is not likely to be disturbed until the day when the heavens shall fall.

At noon our party reached the town of "Sauk Centre," comprising a single log-house and a hay-rick. The house was a comfortable one, its owner hospitable, his coffee delicious, and his eatables unexceptionable. In a very short space of time an incredible amount of the latter disappeared before the ravenous appetites of the half-famished eaters; and with the conclusion of the repast the midnight of hypochondria that had enveloped each one gave place to the dawn of renewed hopes and vivacity. This was the place where Kinks was to inquire about the rumors of Indian depredations. He learned that they were correct. Several small war parties had passed within a few days. Unsuccessful in the chase, and reduced to the starvation point, they had done as any white man would in like extremity—called on the neighbors to beg or purchase food, and, where this was refused, taken it without leave or license. This was all. But to Penman and others of the party, to whom as yet the Indian in his wild, native state was quite unknown except as the creature of a narrative, the conviction that painted savages were on the war-path, fierce for blood, was but the premonition of certain death to all presumptuous pale-faces like themselves. The conversation naturally took the shape of a consultation as to the proper mode of operation in case of an attack from these unscrupulous nomads of the West.

"Do you think there is any danger of their molesting us?" asked one of Captain Kinks.

"Not unless they are hungry," was the reply. "If they saw we had provisions they might then attempt to take toll of us."

"Then what?"

"For my part, I should quietly knock them down if I could. A club is better than a knife or pistol. Weapons only enrage them, and the use of them might make trouble for us. I think we need apprehend no difficulty. Indeed, I very much doubt if we meet any Indians at all. By to-morrow we shall be off their trail entirely."

This opinion brought relief, and the barometer of their assurance went up to a high figure at once.

The rain that had fallen copiously throughout the day now ceased, and the broken appearance of the clouds indicated an agreeable change of weather. These propitious signs continued until nightfall, and when they made their camp the

prospect was fair for a comfortable night's rest and a sunny morrow. The fire blazed cheerfully, and a solitary star looked down through a rift in the inky clouds. Arch deceiver! In the midnight hour, when the senses were, happily, oblivious, or reveling in dreams of celestial fancy, off went an electrical rocket from the angry firmament, and at the same instant the windows of heaven opened and the floods poured down in miniature Niagaras. All awoke in a perspiration. Happy then was he who had dug a trench in the earth round about him! The water ran in rivulets, and threatened an inundation. Nothing could be done but to lie and take it. To stir would only make matters worse. Thus the night passed. In the morning the sun shone!

The Doctor got up from his sponge, stretched his stiffened limbs, and shook himself. "Gentlemen," said he, "I am not only satisfied, but convinced by actual demonstration, that this is a well-watered country. I have some patients—faithful believers in hydropathy. I will send them to Minnesota at once, where they can have all the benefits of douches, hydrostatic beds, etc., etc., *ad finem*, free of expense. If it doesn't cure, it will certainly kill. Ugh! what a sensation! Already I feel rheumatism, fever and ague, consumption, and bronchitis worming through my bones and muscles like a corkscrew! Well, *n'importe*; my life is insured, and I've made my will!"

"You'll feel better when the sun gets up," said Tick; "and you won't know that you ever had any discomforts."

"Maybe so. But the seeds of disease, worked in as they were last night, with such harrowing torture, are not so easily eradicated."

"Oh pshaw! you can't catch cold here in Minnesota. Haven't you discovered that yet? I'm sure you've already had experience enough to test that question. We don't have consumption or ague in *this* State. In fact, this is the general hospital for the rest of the country. There is a vitality in the air that breathes life and vigor every where. It is dry, rare, and pure; it strengthens the lungs, and brings back new life into old limbs. Why, when I first came out, my attenuated body was so thin that it couldn't cast a shadow; one could have wiped me up, like a grease-spot, with a piece of paper; the *lien* the doctors had on my bones wouldn't have satisfied the debt of nature. But now I can spare superfluous fat, and the whole catalogue of diseases, pestilences, and plagues couldn't hurt me here. When I want to die I will return *East*."

"You don't mean to say that sleeping in the open air is attended with no risk whatever, and that constant exposure to all sudden changes of weather will result in no detriment to health?" returned the Doctor.

"Certainly I do. I know it from experience. I have lived this same life summer and winter. The secret lies in the rarity of the atmosphere. Even in mid-winter, with the thermometer at 40° below zero, I have traveled many a mile

without the least inconvenience, and slept the night through on a snow-drift with perfect comfort. So long as the blood flows freely through the veins there is no fear. A sluggish circulation breeds sickness and disease. Isn't that your opinion, Doctor?"

"Yes. But all you say seems so improbable. I will, at least, stay here until I can prove its correctness."

"Doctor," said Tick, abruptly, "how's your digestion?"

"I declare I'd forgotten all about it!—haven't thought of it these three days! Why, I've an appetite like a wolf, and can eat raw salt pork without squeamishness. Wonderful! wonderful!"

A couple of hours were spent in wringing out coats and blankets, and getting matters to rights. The sun came out bright and warm, and the bobolink began to whistle, and the mosquitoes to sing, and all Nature smiled again after her tears. A hasty breakfast of salt pork and soaked biscuit was swallowed, and, resuming their seats in the wagon, they were once more upon the road. A two hours' ride brought them to Kandotta, a hamlet of two log-cabins, and five miles from Lake Osakis—the head of the Sauk River. Still pursuing a westward course, and traversing a diversified country of timber, lake, and prairie, they found themselves at evening at the settlement of Alexandria, also comprising two houses, and distant seventy-five miles from St. Cloud, and one hundred and fifty from St. Paul by the route.

Penman was now as delighted to see a human habitation as he had at first been anxious to leave civilization behind him—for he had seen but four houses in a distance of forty miles. Here the beauty and variety of the landscape quite surpassed any thing they had yet observed. A cluster of beautiful lakes, cold and marvelously clear, and connected together by little rivulets, glistened like a chain of diamonds, reflecting in their placid surface the charming groves of oak and maple that fringed their shores. Fish were leaping every where, and aquatic fowls of various species were wading in the shallow water, or sporting on the surface. On the banks grew wild fruit and delicious berries. To the south and west was a succession of undulating prairie and stately groves; to the north and east, a belt of heavy timber. How sumptuously our weary and dejected travelers fared that night! Delicious bass, fresh from the lake, canvas-back ducks, luscious venison-steaks, and juicy berries were substituted for pork and biscuit, and eaten with a relish that pampered palates may never know. Then followed a refreshing sleep; and in the morning they once more started on their journey with renewed energy and spirits. Eight miles beyond they reached Long Prairie River, where the remains of a fire, turtle-shells, and bones of game were discovered—evidently the recent camp of a large party of Indians. These evidences of the propinquity of savage neighbors induced them to keep a sharp look-out, but none were seen.

Twenty-five miles over rolling prairie—passing numerous lakes whose banks were crowned with flowers and rank vegetation—continually starting up flocks of wild ducks and plover, or surprising the red deer at his noon siesta, but meeting neither man nor human habitation, they came to a fork of the Chippewa River, which they crossed. Then, after a tedious eight miles through successive swamps and sloughs, where it was difficult to breathe without inhaling mosquitoes, they reached the Chippewa itself. This is a branch of the Minnesota River. Just here they encountered a slough—the worst on their route—which would have made any Christian pilgrim despond. The wagon went down over the hubs in mud and water, and the horses were essentially stuck. To rescue them, Kinks is obliged to unhitch and lead them to *terra firma*, leaving the wagon to be hauled out by hand. To accomplish this Kinks's ingenuity proves most serviceable. The long, heavy grass is cut and twisted into large knots, and by lifting one wheel at a time and thrusting these underneath, the wagon is finally raised nearly to the surface. Then a thick platform of grass is placed in front of the wagon, a long rope is made fast to the heap, and a horse to the rope, and thus mind triumphs over matter.

Here, at this point, the eye was permitted for the first time to gaze upon an apparently boundless prairie. Away to the south it stretched in one unbroken level, unrelieved by a single object, and afar off in the hazy atmosphere almost imperceptibly met the sky. To the north a series of cone-like bluffs limned the horizon like a miniature range of mountains, and, circling around to the east, gradually blended with the prairie. The scene was most impressive. Unconsciously a feeling of awe and desolation stole over the mind. All was perfect solitude. Here silence dwelt in the temple of Immensity. The eye wandered vacantly through the boundless space, and the soul grew weary with indefinable longings. It was a relief to turn from this inappreciable vastness to the tangible outline of the river as it followed its serpentine course through the prairie. The eye traced it with a pleasurable sense, and the bewildered mind eagerly seized upon it as the only outlet of escape from the labyrinth of space in which it had been so completely lost.

An additional eight miles brought the party to the Pomme de Terre River—a "small-potato" stream, thence ten miles to Elbow Lake; through a tract without timber, but dotted with miniature lakes abounding in wild ducks, and in which wild rice grows in luxuriant profusion; thence three miles to Lightning Lake, which seems to be a general rendezvous for bears and elk, to judge from the multitude of foot-prints found on the sandy shores, and they came to the dividing ridge that separates the waters that flow into the Gulf of Mexico and the Hudson's Bay, 1200 feet above the level of the sea. To the west is the valley of the Red River of the North, and on the east the water-course is toward the Mississippi.

Here they camped for the night upon the grassy shore of the lake, and almost within shelter of a natural arbor of wild grapes and an orchard of plums. For better security against a surprise by wild beasts or savages, the night was divided into watches, and each one took his turn on guard. Here was another novelty for Penman. As he lay half awake, waiting to relieve the Captain, he began to realize the kind of wild life he was now leading. Here he was, going through the same experiences, and enduring the same vicissitudes (on a small scale) as those wild hunters of whom he had so often read in books with such peculiar interest. Far away from human habitation, in the country of the Indians, and surrounded by wild animals and strange scenery—here he was, living like a savage, and keeping midnight watches for his own protection! At first he felt inflated by these convictions, and, with the consequential air of the hero, began to raise himself by his suspenders above the usual level of ordinary mortals; but a nervous and indefinable fear soon succeeded, and he sighed in secret for the milk-toast and downy couch of civilization. That was a very romantic mode of life, the scenery was beautiful and grand, and the sports exciting; but he would

have enjoyed it all much better if he could only have passed his nights *at home*. In fact, our hero began to exhibit unmistakable symptoms of nostalgia. But he was aroused from his reverie by the voice of Captain Kinks.

"Here, dreamer, turn out! Put a fresh stick on the fire, and keep your eye skinned for redskins, for I smell Injun knocking around. There may be some hair-swapping before morning!"

Thus encouraged, Penman commenced his rounds. No drowsy feeling muddled his mind and sense. He was never more wakeful. Every sense was on the alert. He heard every sound, saw every object, and fancied he heard and saw more than he really did. The moon was up, but dodging among the clouds, casting uncertain shadows. There, in that clump of plum-bushes, was certainly something suspicious—perhaps an Indian! Penman presented his rifle, and, with rapid pulse, moved warily toward it. Just then the moon came out, and he discovered—a clump of plum-bushes. A horse sneezed—Penman grew cold and hot by turns. An owl hooted in the woods—Penman wilted. A passing breeze swayed a whortleberry-bush—Penman saw the waving plumes and tarred crest of a sneaking Chippewa. A loping wolf

howled in the distance—he imagined the camp beset with thousands. In vain he endeavored to rid himself of such delusions. He was by no means a coward, but his situation was new and peculiarly strange. All his companions were asleep, and to his care their scalps were intrusted for safe-keeping. A sense of responsibility made him nervous. However, he performed his duty faithfully. He poked the muzzle of his rifle into every suspicious object for an acre around, kept the fire crackling and blazing, and won the lasting praise and gratitude of the next watch, whom he had unconsciously allowed to sleep over his time. Then he lay down again, to dream of Hiawatha and the mighty Mudjekewis.

Starting early in the morning, they traveled twelve miles over a prairie for the most part entirely level, passing several small lakes, in which graceful swans and grotesque-looking pelicans were disporting, and then



SCARED BY AN OWL.

unexpectedly found themselves upon the bank of a large, dark-looking stream, winding with rapid current through a deep channel some forty feet below the level of the prairie. So high and precipitous were the banks, and being withal destitute of the usual border of trees, they had not observed it until they were within a short distance of it. To the south and west, as far as the eye could reach, the view was uninterrupted by a single object; but to the north a thin belt of timber marked the course of the river, and away beyond in the dim distance could be traced the outline of the Leaf Mountains—highlands covered with timber. The prairie grass was most luxuriant, and richly-tinted flowers bloomed on every side. The scenery was pleasing, though there was nothing remarkable about it; but Kinks drew rein at the crossing.

"Gentlemen," said he, "we are now about to cross the Rubicund!"

"The what?" exclaimed all.

"The Rubicund—the RED RIVER OF THE NORTH."

The surprise that this announcement created was expressed by numerous exclamations.

"The Red River!" "Is it possible?" "I had no idea we were so near to it!"

"So this is the mystic region, and this the fabulous river, of which we have read in books, and heard so much extolled!" ejaculated Penman. "This, too, is the buffalo region, and there the mighty pastures where these lordly nomads feed! *O felicissime!* Memorable day, this 26th of July, 1858! Gentlemen, get your arms in readiness for a grand buffalo-hunt!"

This impromptu rhapsody elicited three loud cheers from the company, and they forthwith proceeded to cross the river. But, to their astonishment, they found their progress obstructed by a quantity of pine logs that came floating down the stream. Kinks himself expressed his great surprise.

"These must have come from the northern pineries of the Otter-tail region," he said, "and are evidently designed for the mill at Breckinridge; but how they got here is more than I can comprehend, for it has always been said to be impossible to drive logs down here. However, the streams are unusually high, and the lumbermen must have taken advantage of this rare opportunity. This will be great things for the Breckinridge folks."

Kinks explained that a company were erecting an extensive saw-mill at the new settlement of Breckinridge, but that it had been predicted that the enterprise would fail from a lack of timber.

After diligent labor a passage was effected, and they forded the stream through water about three feet and a half in depth. After a ride of five or six miles Kinks pointed out a belt of timber as marking the locality of Breckinridge, and two hours afterward they drove into the town with colors flying. This place, named in honor of our esteemed Vice-President, is situated at the confluence of the Red and Bois des Sioux rivers, and comprises six or seven log build-

ings. It is agreeably located in a grove of oaks. Being the terminus of the surveyed route of the Northern Pacific Railroad, it is destined to be a place of no little importance when the tide of emigration shall roll its swelling wave thitherward. Twelve miles beyond is Graham's Point, and two miles farther the site of Fort Abercrombie, now being built by Government. At this point a heavy belt of timber, in some parts a mile in width, consisting of oak, elm, ash, and basswood, extends along the river. The reservation is twelve miles long and two wide. This is a most desirable location for a military post, and will, in a great measure, supply the want that has long been felt in this quarter for an establishment of this sort. Occupying as it does the Debatable Ground of the Sioux and Chippewas, where they often meet in bloody conflict, and whither they are attracted by the abundance of game and facilities of water communication; being, moreover, an intermediate point on the great highway over which pass the annual valuable freights to and from St. Paul and Pembina; and since here are the selected routes by land and water, through the Red River valley, to the agricultural regions and gold-bearing tracts of British Columbia; and as it will, in all probability, soon be the great channel of commerce between the Hudson's Bay Territory and the Mississippi valley, now that the title of that great Fur Company is forever extinguished; and, lastly, in view of the fact that emigration is pushing on toward this delectable region with remarkable rapidity, there is no need of further argument to prove that such a post will be of incalculable benefit to the whole northern country. It will give confidence to settlers, encourage and protect trade, awe the Indians into good behavior, and keep peace between hostile bands. A company of United States troops are already on the ground, and buildings are rapidly being erected for their accommodation.

As to the valley of the Red River, it extends nearly 400 miles in Minnesota, and is from forty to fifty miles in width. It is, therefore, far more extensive than the celebrated valley of the Nile, which is 500 miles long, and has an average width of only ten miles. The river runs due north, and empties into Lake Winnipeg, which connects with Hudson's Bay by Nelson's River; and is navigable for boats of light draught the whole distance from Breckinridge. Early in the spring of 1859 a steamboat will probably traverse its waters.

Pleasant were the days our hunters spent in these glorious hunting-grounds. There was every variety of game the sportsman's heart could wish—bear, elk, deer, and fur-bearing animals, and birds, and water-fowl of every description. Grizzly bears and buffalo were reported as having been seen occasionally, but the former they had no desire to encounter, and the latter they had sought in vain. At length, one morning it was reported that two of these animals had been observed lumbering over the distant prairie, and forthwith our sanguine hunters organized for an

extensive hunt. Horses were speedily obtained and equipped, rifles and revolvers were put in order, knives were sharpened, and flasks and pouches replenished with suitable ammunition. Then came "mounting in hot haste." The Doctor bestrode his pony, the Englishman drew on his gloves and fitted his spurs, Penman whistled out his dog—the redoubtable Sancho—and Wabash gathered up a lasso of raw hide.

"Now, boys, up and at 'em! Let slip the dogs of war!"

"Buffalo!" yelled old Tick, with stentorian voice, and spurred away over the prairie. "Buffalo!" shouted Wabash, and followed suit. "Buffalo!" echoed all, dashing after, and "Buffalo!" screamed the Doctor, and— But pony balked, and would not budge an inch! Then came blows thick and fast. He sawed and jerked, belabored her head and ears, and pounded her sides with his heels, until he worked himself into a fever of rage and perspiration. Pony plunged and reared, shook her shaggy head, backed and wheeled, but would not go in the desired direction. Then the Doctor sawed more vigorously at the bits, and again dug his heels into her flanks. This was too much for the stubborn beast. She gave one desperate plunge, threw up her head, and over went the Doctor plump into the grass. Still persevering, he mounted again, and at last, by dint of persuasion and eloquent expostulation, he induced her into a moderate gait, but not until the hindmost of the party had

nearly vanished from sight. In the mean time the rest had taken a tour of the immediate vicinity, and had the good fortune to discover a trail which was pronounced to be that of a buffalo. Following this up, they presently came to another sign which was unmistakable, and at last discovered a large animal quietly feeding, at no great distance, beside a small cluster of trees; whereupon all halted for a council of war. Several were for proceeding to action at once, but the Captain and Tick, with their usual magnanimity, decided to wait for the Doctor, that he might participate in the sport; and as the buffalo seemed not to be at all alarmed at their proximity, all reluctantly consented. A few minutes were thus allowed those of the party who had never seen one of these animals to inspect his general appearance and huge proportions.

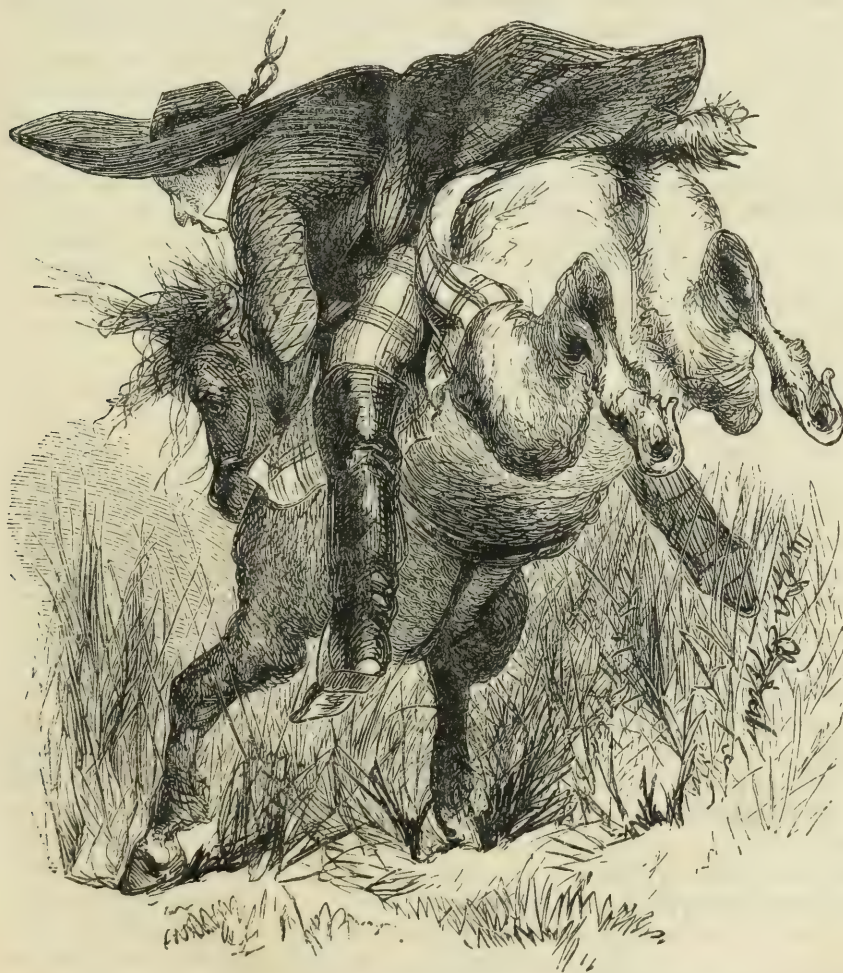
"He appears to me to very much resemble our domestic cattle," remarked the Englishman, examining him studiously through his eye-glass. "What a remarkable similarity!"

"They are both of the same species," explained Tick. "But you observe the hump upon his shoulder. Buffalo always have humps!"

Just then a shout to windward diverted their attention, and on turning they observed the Doctor coming toward them at a rapid trot, his legs pressed closely to his pony's sides, and his rotund corpus bouncing uncomfortably with every motion of the animal. All quickly moved forward to join him. Kinks pointed out the game to him.

"Now, boys," he said, "approach him from the lee-side, ride directly to him, and when you get within short pistol-shot, aim behind the shoulder, and fire. Ready now! The man who first comes up to him wins his hide. Put out!"

At the word away bounded the Englishman at full speed, anxious to distinguish himself, and win fresh laurels on the wild hunting-grounds of America; and for a marvel, the Doctor's horse followed willingly, and he spurred furiously on, not a length behind. Others galloped after at no great distance, but Tick and Kinks being veteran hunters wished to give the others a chance, and preferred to remain spectators of the chase. On went the rivals, clattering over the turf, "stern determination" gleaming from each eye. The buffalo heard the noise, and looked up



AFTER THE BUFFALO.

suddenly from his feeding, and gazed in wonder. Then, as the horsemen came rushing down upon him at full tilt, his eye assumed an angry look, and his tail twitched nervously. Still he moved not from his stand, but keeping a steady front always toward the enemy, turned when they turned, and thus effectually prevented their getting a shot into his ribs. On they came, the Doctor a little ahead, and pony charging on with stupid blindness, evidently seeing nothing but the grass under her feet; but now a sudden snort from the bull alarmed her. For the first time she seemed to get a fair sight of the monster. Up went her ears at an angle of forty-five degrees, higher tossed her head, and with a switch of her tail like the rush of a comet, she wheeled about with a turn that nearly unseated the Doctor, and was soon a good half mile out on the prairie. The valiant Major now had the field undisputed. With a brilliant flank movement he spurred his horse alongside of the huge beast, and would have given him his *coup de grace* at once, had not the bull at that instant turned with honest indignation and resented the outrage by charging full tilt upon the aggressor. With a snort of terror the horse gave one tremendous leap, Tewksbury's legs were suddenly observed describing a rapid aerial revolution, and turning a complete somersault he plumped into the grass, while his horse followed after the Doctor's. With the agility of an acrobat he was on his feet again, and running for dear life. The bull made one short charge, halted, gave one short twist of his neck and a contemptuous turn of his horns, and soon resumed his feeding. At this *dénouement* the mirth of the company became uncontrollable, and at once arose a yell so loud as to frighten all the game round about within a "circle of ten square miles." Long and side-splitting was their laughter, but the Englishman retired discomfited.

"Come, let's return," said Kinks. "I don't think it would be wise to venture another close encounter with his bullship; and, besides, he's so old and tough one couldn't get his grinders through the meat. Let him live to fight another day."

To horse, and away for home! Gayly the cavalcade cantered on toward Breckinridge. The hunt was the sole topic. For once Wabash admitted that he had never seen any thing like it on the Wabash bottom, and Tick averred that the sport more than compensated for their failure to kill any buffalo. When they had proceeded a mile or two they met a single horseman coming over the prairie—a rough-looking customer in hybrid costume and slouched hat, with a rifle resting on the bow of his saddle.

"Halloa!" said he. "I say, hev any on ye seen a brindle steer out on the perraira here?"

"I reckon," replied Kinks.

"Wa'al, one of mine swum the river yesterday, and I hain't seen him since. He's a regular rip-snorter, and wild as sin. Whar away you say he is?"

"Just yonder, by that timber. Some of our

boys took him for a buffler, and would have put a bullet through his lights, only he was too smart for 'em!"

"Wagh!" exclaimed the other with a horse-laugh, and started off at a gallop. There are some of that party who will never hear the last of that "buffalo hunt."

Au revoir! The objects of the expedition are accomplished. The Red River of the North has been seen; a buffalo has been hunted; Captain Kinks has executed his mission; the Doctor is cured of his indigestion; Skittles has added to his fund of information; and Wabash has at last found that which "beats any thing on the Wabash bottom." They are now prepared to take the backward track. But the Major has yet to prove the value of his investment in the city of Chippewa, which lies away to the eastward, on the Upper Mississippi; and Penman—the sanguine Penman—still lingers in search of his ideal brotherhood of red men, where the council fires still burn in the assemblies of grave orators and notable braves, and where the blushing Indian maiden "blooms and blossoms as the rose" in her own native forest. Thus far he has sought in vain for a single representative of the aboriginal race. Not an Indian has he seen, save a few at the settlements, and these so disguised by their civilized costume of coats, hats, and trowsers as to at once preclude the idea of their being any thing but white men. But he is told that, away to the east, some seventy-five miles distant, where the winding Mississippi flows through gloomy forests of pine, there is a mystic region called Crow Wing, where the natives most do congregate, and where they may be found not only in their primitive state, but even *in puris naturalibus*. Eureka! He decides to go at once. Tick will of course accompany him, and the Englishman likewise, being bound in the same direction. Thus the party is made up, and the happy trio bid adieu to their late companions of many joys and miseries with many regrets, perhaps never to meet again. "Good-by, boys." "Good-by, Penman. Joy go with you, and don't forget to write out a history of our adventures!"

One fine morning Penman awoke and found himself in the village of Crow Wing. How he came there he hardly knew. He had some vague recollections of a night tramp through a sombrous forest, where dim outlines of tall pine trunks loomed up on every side into a canopy of impenetrable darkness—of floundering through innumerable sloughs and mud holes, fighting countless legions of ravenous mosquitoes, and abrading his shins against unseen roots and stumps, and of finally reaching a homely shelter, into which he dragged his weary and bedraggled limbs through groups of dusky phantoms gathered around the door. But this was all like a dream, and an attempt to unravel it was like groping in the dark. Hastily enrobing himself, he went to breakfast at the sound of a horn. The board was bountifully spread, and men of every hue, fierce-looking and bearded, were plying in-



CROW WING.

dividual knives and forks with a vigor and style truly shocking to the Englishman's idea of table etiquette. There were apparently as many languages as men. French and English were barely distinguishable; as for the rest, it was an unintelligible jargon. There were also original and grotesque costumes there, and full panoplies of red flannel and buckskin. Penman was by no means favorably impressed, and he withdrew into the external atmosphere and the clear sunshine with many misgivings, lest the general aspect of the town should correspond with the uncouth and barbarous appearance of its denizens. But that was a landscape of marvelous beauty that first met his astonished gaze. Before him flowed the majestic Mississippi, opening a delightful vista of sparkling waters and romantic wooded shores far down below; while above, on a graceful bend of the river, picturesque little cottages peered out from shady nooks. A birch canoe was drawn up on the shore where he stood, and another was swiftly gliding past the bank of a pretty island opposite. There was no perceptible hum of business in the direction of the village, but a dozen graceful columns of smoke spired up into the still air, denoting life, comfort, and a home.

"I thought Crow Wing was an *Indian* village," said Penman to Tick, with evident disappointment.

"Well, so it is—and it is not. Three years ago there were scarcely half a dozen houses here, but now the white population is something like two hundred. You'll see plenty of Indians as

soon as the lazy hounds crawl out of their holes. *There* is a party of them now, down by the river bank yonder, just cooking their breakfast."

"Lazy hounds! You don't seem to have a very high opinion of them. But let us go down and visit them. They won't take offense at the intrusion, I hope. I've heard much of Indian hospitality, and perhaps they will invite us to breakfast."

"Perhaps so."

The little group certainly had a very romantic look. In their centre burned a small fire, over which one of the party was cooking the morning's meal. The others were stretched listlessly upon the ground, and a couple of gaunt and half-starved dogs were nosing impatiently about. A large canoe was drawn up on the bank before them. It seemed to be just such a picture as Penman's imagination had often conjured up, and he was delighted. But alas that distance should "lend enchantment to the view" in this instance—that the dream of many years should thus end in smoke—that castles in the air should descend to a mere *locus* in the mud! On Penman's near approach his nostrils were greeted with a detachment of Coleridge's well-defined stench—a mixture of burning meat, musty moccasins, whisky fumes, stale tobacco smoke, and *Injun*. None seemed to heed the presence of the comers, and Penman reviewed the group at leisure. There, indeed, was the genuine article on exhibition—dirty squaws in brief skirts and tattered blankets that wouldn't have passed the test of a rag-picker's professional eye; men

in mongrel habits of cast-off pantaloons or dirty leggins, greasy blankets, and worn-out moccasins, and one with the airy costume of a breech-clout and straw hat, and *nothing else*. There was a genuine papoose, too, sprawling on the grass—a lump of mud and barbarism—the “very image of its mother.” This party evidently did not belong to the aboriginal aristocracy. Penman was not favorably impressed, and his aversion was presently changed to disgust when, upon saluting them with the customary “*Bon jour, nitchee!*” they instantly became clamorous for *chittewaboo* (whisky), and, in answer to Tick’s inquiry, informed him that they were about to breakfast on defunct horse meat! Sick at heart and stomach, he quickly turned away, and continued his stroll toward the village. There was no lack of natives. He met them singly and in groups, sunning themselves by the wayside, lounging in the stores of the traders, or strutting through the streets with pompous air, bedaubed with paint and bedizened with ribbons and feathers—some few of them passably neat in their appearance, but most of them too filthy for contact, and all, without exception, bearing plainest evidence of their abject degradation, sloth, and misery.

One big savage, with an extraordinary coiffure of turkey’s feathers, rosin, and chestnut burs, and a toga of five fathoms of unbleached muslin just obtained of a trader on credit, labored long and assiduously, with all the arts and airs of a city fop, to excite the admiration of Mr. Penman; and when at last he succeeded in obtaining a sidelong glance, the cup of his vanity was filled

to the brim, and he strutted and swelled with the perfection of a turkey cock. “Big Injun me! Ugh! hi! Chippewa nepo (kill) Sioux. Ugh!” There was “glory enough for one day.” Penman was next favored with a glimpse of his *beau ideal*—his copper-colored Dulcinea. There she sat near the roadside, under the shade of a tomato vine. Her blanket hung loosely about her, permitting the free caress of heaven’s gentle breezes. There, too, was the infant pagan sprawling in her arms, and her lullaby was like the music of a feline serenade, as she vigorously plied the parental baton without compunction. Her features were of the Grecian style (oily), and her beauty was *sui generis*, but not at all enhanced by her present *négligé*; for she had but just arisen from her noon siesta, where her mischievous protégé had been making mud cakes on her face, and her long and flowing hair was filled with withered grass and sticks, thus detracting much from her personal charms. What a belle was she!

“Hard, indeed, must have been the fate of him who met her earliest blaze of beauty; surely he must have been completely scorched.”

A single glance was sufficient. Sick at heart, Penman turned sadly away. His disappointment could find no expression in words. A woe-ful change had come over the spirit of his dreams, and he saw in his ideal “Nature’s nobleman” the miserable, degraded Indian as he really was.

The Indian has sadly fallen from his former estate. Whisky and the vices of civilization have degraded him to the lowest level, and the best efforts of the philanthropist will fail to raise

him from his abject condition. Instead of improving, he has been constantly retrograding for many years, and his morals are constantly growing worse and worse. Whisky, whisky, is the ultimatum of his desires, and to eat and sleep his sole ambition. Too lazy to work, he will neither hunt, fish, nor till the soil, and is consequently always at the starvation point, and without sufficient clothes to cover his nakedness. A little economy in the use of his annuity would guarantee his support, or a little industry in the winter’s hunt; but the former is squandered for whisky as soon as received, and the few furs and peltries he obtains during the hunting season do not suffice to pay for



PENMAN'S IDEAL.

the clothes and provisions that he obtains from the trader invariably on credit. Thus the hunt brings him no profit—whisky has drunk it up. Time was when he delighted to array himself in fanciful dresses and ornaments of bead-work, and moccasins ingeniously wrought with porcupine quills and moose-hair; but now they are too lazy to make them for themselves—too lazy, even, to make them for those in search of "Indian curiosities," who would pay them exorbitant prices for their labor. It is only during the rigor of winter, when they are compelled to hunt to keep from starving and freezing, that they will shake off their lethargic laziness. In the summer time they roam about without shelter, subsisting upon whatever eatables chance may throw in their way or the hand of charity supply. A diet of rattlesnake meat, shriveled worms, lizards, and vermin from each other's heads, eaten in idleness, is preferred to a wholesome meal obtained by labor! What inexplicable infatuation! Surely these are not his natural and normal disposition, habits, and tastes; for tradition and education have taught him to seek renown in the chase, to endure dangers and privations, and to win a name upon the battle-field. Though taught to consider manual

labor the part of women and slaves, ^{and} sloth and idleness once brought reproach. What, then, has produced this change? *Whisky.* Its effects have been not less deplorable and disastrous upon the highest intellects, and the most intelligent white man has groveled in the same slough with the savage. But he is not beyond redemption. There is a hand to raise as well as to cast down. Direct his ambition in the proper way, and teach him that it is noble to labor, that industry merits applause, that it is not only for his comfort, but his salvation, and he will rise, unless, peradventure, he be discouraged at the outset, and, seeing no hope, shall give up in despair. Most benevolent in its intent, but most unfortunate in its working and results, was the plan of the Government, originating in these same ideas, for appropriating a part of the Reservation to farming purposes, and encouraging the Indians to labor in its cultivation. The scheme promised well, and with the aid of the intelligent chiefs of the tribe, and especially of Hole-in-the-Day, a considerable number of the Indians were induced to embark in this new venture. Gardens were laid out and plotted, and a few rude but comfortable log-houses were erected.

The crops grew, and promised an abundant harvest and a rich reward, but others than the husbandmen reaped. The land was common property, and the lazy helped themselves without restraint to the crops of the industrious. The experimental farm is now overgrown with weeds, and the log shanties are leveled to the earth. Where, then, is the remedy? *Break up the tribal system*—the stumbling-block of every effort to improve the red man. So long as they are kept in bands, without permanent homes, they must keep roving, and of course can not improve. Were the Reserves divided into lots and sections for each head of a family, each would know where his home is. At present the industrious man is discouraged from working, and lapses into apathy and indifference.

This picture of the present condition of the Chippewas is a gloomy one, but not exaggerated. It is, however, gratifying to know that there are many men of worth and intelligence in the nation, who retain all the nobility and dignity of the primitive American. Many of the chiefs have co-operated to bring about a reform, and none has done more than *Pug-o-na-ke-shick*, or Hole-in-the-Day, the principal and hereditary chief of the tribe. It



HOLE-IN-THE-DAY.

was principally through his influence that a treaty was effected between the Chippewas and the United States, and the experiment of a farm attempted. But though the latter failed, Hole-in-the-Day essayed to test the practical advantage of his theory, and turned his attention to farming, and has succeeded admirably. His farm is a large one, well fenced and well cultivated, and his house is a neat frame cottage, surpassed by few upon the Upper Mississippi. Here he lives in comfort with his family of *seven wives*, remaining always in retiracy unless called away to fight the battles of the nation, or to enforce his authority among his people.

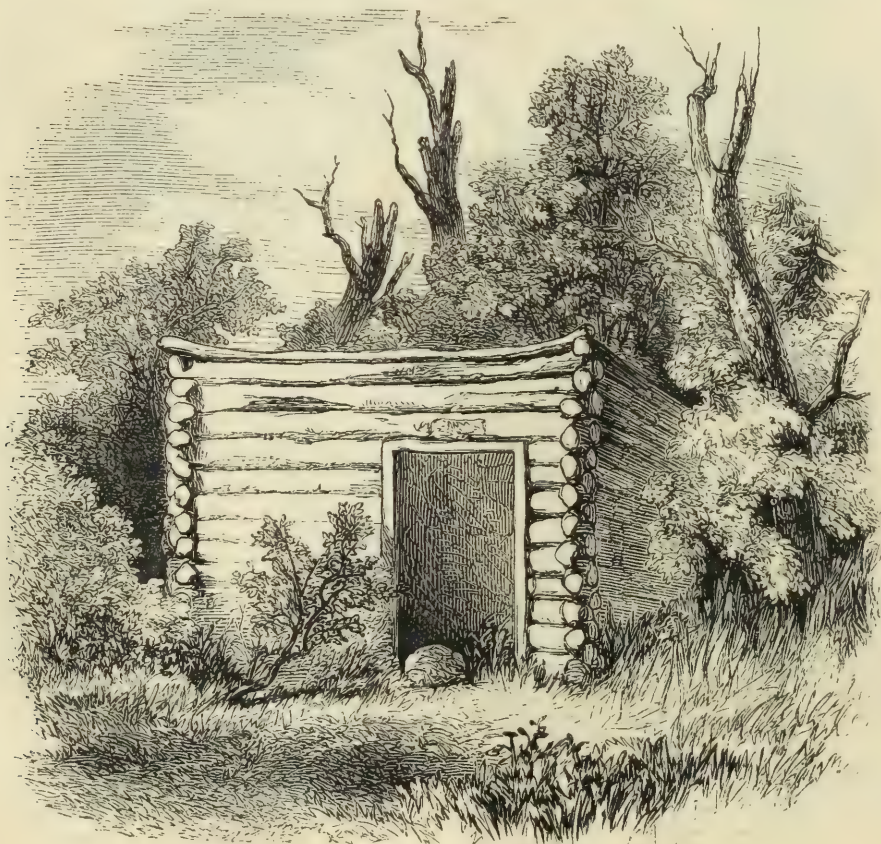
Penman's disappointment was divested of its bitter edge on being permitted to visit this noble representative of a once noble race. In company with his friend Tick he started for his residence, which is some eight miles above the village of Crow Wing. Crossing the Mississippi in a frail canoe, paddled by an aged and rather respectable-looking Indian (an event that added another short chapter to Penman's romance), they passed through a beautiful forest of pine timber, and arrived at the Agency buildings—poor tumble-down structures of logs. On the way Penman discovered a light frame-work of poles standing in the woods, which he was at a loss to pronounce a "skeleton skirt" or a hen-coop, but was kindly informed by Tick that it was the frame of a deserted wigwam. A short distance beyond the Agency they passed through the old experimental farm, and, after a jaunt of two miles, came to Hole-in-the-Day's house. The chief was reclining on his sofa, wrapped in

a scarlet blanket, and extended his hand graciously to his visitors. The smooth pine floor was without a carpet, but as white as sand and scrubbing could make it, and in the centre was a fine Indian mat. On one of the walls was hung a picture of an ex-President of the United States, and in different parts of the room were displayed the presents that he had received at Washington and elsewhere—rifles, revolvers, medals, coats, etc.—his war costume, and his head-dress of eight war-eagle plumes, each of which counts a scalp taken in battle. The chief was alone, his family not being allowed in his reception room. Long did Penman talk with the great brave through an interpreter, and when he bade him adieu, it was with a more exalted opinion of Indians than his morning's experience had given him.

In the mean time the Major had learned, after persevering inquiry, the whereabouts of the city of "Chippewa;" and taking with him a gentleman who was acquainted with the place, and armed with an elaborate map, in which the streets, squares, and public buildings were severally delineated, he departed in high spirits on his prospecting tour. Tick and Penman met him on his return soon after leaving the chief's house.

"Did you find those lots?" asked Tick, with a grin. "Which way from here is the town?"

The Englishman deigned no reply, but his eyes flashed with an angry fire, and his face grew red as a jolly tapster's. His chaperon pointed silently to the opposite side of the river, where a single weather-beaten log-shanty was standing



CITY OF CHIPPEWA.

in the midst of the tangled forest, surrounded with a luxuriant growth of underbrush, and nearly inundated by the high water of the river, which had encroached high up upon its banks. All laughed—all but the Major. He could not laugh.

"A base and outrageous swindle!" cried he, unable longer to contain himself, and stamping his foot violently by way of emphasis. "It is just another one of those scheming tricks of these speculating Yankees to rob honest people of their money. Ten thousand curses on the whole race!" and he looked Lexington and Bunker Hill from both eyes.

"That's likely to remain a permanent investment," said Tick, maliciously.

"Permanent! I'll prosecute the whole company of them, recover my money, and return to good, honest, happy Britannia, to remain forever. Why, look here" (pointing at the map). "'Three lots on Water Street!' Why didn't they style them *water* lots, and be done with it? And again here, 'Good water privilege!' It's 'nothing else,' as you Yankees say. But I'll fix 'em yet."

The Major was in very bad humor the rest of the day. The next morning he took the stage for the East, muttering threats of vengeance on

his persecutors, and curses on the whole of Yankeedom in general, and Minnesota in particular.

Crow Wing, besides being one of the most beautifully-located towns on the river, is rich with historical and legendary associations. Until recently it was the principal trading *dépôt* of the Chippewa nation, and the old buildings of the post are still standing, one of them claiming an antiquity of thirty-five or forty years. Here also has been the rendezvous of the Indians for hundreds of years, and here many of their fiercest battles have been fought. On the river bluff are scores of mounds that cover the bodies of those who fell in a bloody conflict more than a hundred years ago. The battle lasted four days. Rudely fashioned coverings of logs and boards are placed over them, and these are replaced by others as often as they decay, for the Indian reverences the memory of the dead above all things else. On the opposite shore is the scene of last year's carnage, where a family of eleven Chippewas were murdered in cold blood while they slept, by a party of Sioux. Their wigwam still stands.

Here also is the home of that old trader, Allan Morrison, whose reputation is co-extensive with the entire wilderness of the Northwest, and where he has resided for sixteen years. For

more than forty years has he made his home among the various Indian tribes, and has won from all their affection and esteem by his uprightness and benevolence. The Chippewas almost worship him, and well does he merit the title of "White Father," which they have given him. He converses fluently in French, Cree, Chippewa, and English, and partially understands many other languages. He is a noble representative of that hardy race of trappers and traders now fast passing away. Like most all others of his class, he married an Indian woman. Though both understand English thoroughly, he always addresses her in French, and she invariably answers in Chippewa. He is at once farmer, postmaster, hotel-keeper, and agent for a line of stages from Crow Wing to Sauk Rapids. His name has been given to a large and beautiful



MAJOR TEWKSBURY ASTONISHED.



INDIAN GRAVES AT CROW WING.

county in Minnesota, and he was a member of the Territorial Legislature. Though time has silvered his locks, he is still hale and hearty, and may yet live to see the wilderness transformed to a garden, and hear the hum of the factory and the whistle of the locomotive through the Mississippi valley.

But though Allan Morrison's fame is great, his name is not as extensively known as his brother's. The name of William Morrison is identical with the rise and progress of the fur trade in Minnesota. He was born in William Henry, Lower Canada, in 1785, and is consequently seventy-three years old. In 1802 he commenced his apprenticeship with the X. Y. Fur Company at Fond du Lac, and was soon after admitted as a partner. During the years 1803-'15 he explored the entire region of the Northwest, and wintered at many important geographical points. In 1816 he took charge of John J. Astor's business, and remained with him until 1826, when he retired and went to Canada, and has since lived at Berthier. He is the owner of Morrison's Island in the River St. Lawrence, and is a large owner of real estate, his property being valued at upward of \$500,000. In 1810 he married an Indian woman, by whom he had two sons, both of whom are now head chiefs of the Chippewas at Leech Lake. No inducement can persuade them to leave their forest home and return to Canada. By a second wife—also an Indian—he had two other sons, the eldest of whom has passed a great portion of his life among the wilds of the Rocky Mountains, in Oregon and California, and accompanied Colonel Frémont in his expedition. The oth-

er son is Register of Deeds at Lake Superior. William Morrison has ever been very popular with all the Indian tribes, and among them his influence was very great. The following incident will bear evidence to this, and may add another scrap to the romantic history of the Northwest:

Morrison was living at Sandy Lake at the time when the great chief Tecumseh sent out his mandates to all the West to muster the tribes to a general massacre of the whites. The message was sent secretly by runners, with accompanying tobacco. If the terms were acceded to, the tobacco was cut up and smoked. Thus the Indians throughout the country became apprised of Tecumseh's order without the knowledge of the whites. But a sudden change was observed in the conduct of the Indians. Those gathered around the forts and trading posts at once deserted them. Squaws who had married whites left their husbands. Those encamped at Sandy Lake blackened their faces, and refused to light their fires with flints or matches, and threw away every thing made by the whites. They became sullen, and would not speak to them. The traders at once surmised the difficulty, though they had no idea of the wide extent of the disaffection. But never before were signs so ominous of evil, and matters daily assumed a more gloomy aspect. It was evident that some prompt action must be taken to avert the impending evil. Morrison was the person selected as the only one able to break up the plot. Cheerfully he accepted the dangerous mission, and accordingly started off to visit the assembled tribes. He took with him two men, and, paddling slow-

ly down the river, passed the Indians' camp. Some children playing on the bank first discovered him, and reported that "Little Englishman" (as he was called) was coming down the river. All ran out to meet him. They would speak to him if to none other. Anxious to learn if the whites were still ignorant of the plot, they asked if he had any news. "Oh, nothing," he replied, carelessly, fully understanding the Indian character. "What's the news with you?" "Nothing," said they, and he began to slowly paddle his canoe, then paused suddenly. "Oh, yes," said he, "I do remember something. The great medicine man, Tecumseh, has been killed by the Long Knives." Then he proceeded slowly down the river as though nothing had happened. He did not know this to be true, though it afterward proved so by a remarkable coincidence. However, the Indians fully believed him. Not an hour after his return to the fort the Indians began to flock in by hundreds, and seemed anxious to become friends. The paint was removed from their faces, and they manifested their usual cordiality. They had no wish to make war on the whites, but felt bound to obey the order of the great medicine man.

Thus did Morrison save a great many lives.

Eventful as his life has been, that which most

of all will serve to immortalize his name is the fact of his being the *first white man who discovered the sources of the Mississippi River*. This honor has been generally awarded to Schoolcraft; but there are living witnesses to prove the justness of Mr. Morrison's claim. In the following correct copy of a letter transmitted to the Historical Society of Minnesota by Mr. Morrison, that gentleman sets forth his claim, so clearly substantiating it, as to leave no doubt of his title to the lasting honor of this great discovery.

"I left old Grand Portage in 1802, and landed at Leech Lake in September. In October I went and wintered on one of the Crow Wing streams near its source. Our Indians were Pillagers. In 1803-4 I wintered at Rice Lake. I passed by Red Cedar Lake (now Cass Lake), and followed up the Mississippi to Cross Lake; then followed the Mississippi up to near Elk Lake (now Itasca), the source of the great river Mississippi—the portage we made to get to Rice River that empties into the Red River, which I visited in 1804; and if the late General Pike did not lay it down as such, when he came to Leech Lake, it is because he did not happen to meet me. I was at an outpost that winter. The late General Pike laid down on his map Cass Lake as the head of the Mississippi River. I did not trace any vestige of white men before me to Itasca Lake. In 1811-12 I again went the same route, and down Rice River to the plains. There I overtook a gentleman with an outfit from Mackinac, Mr. Otepe, with whom I parted only at Fond du Lac. He took the south toward Mackinac, and I the north to head-quarters, which had been

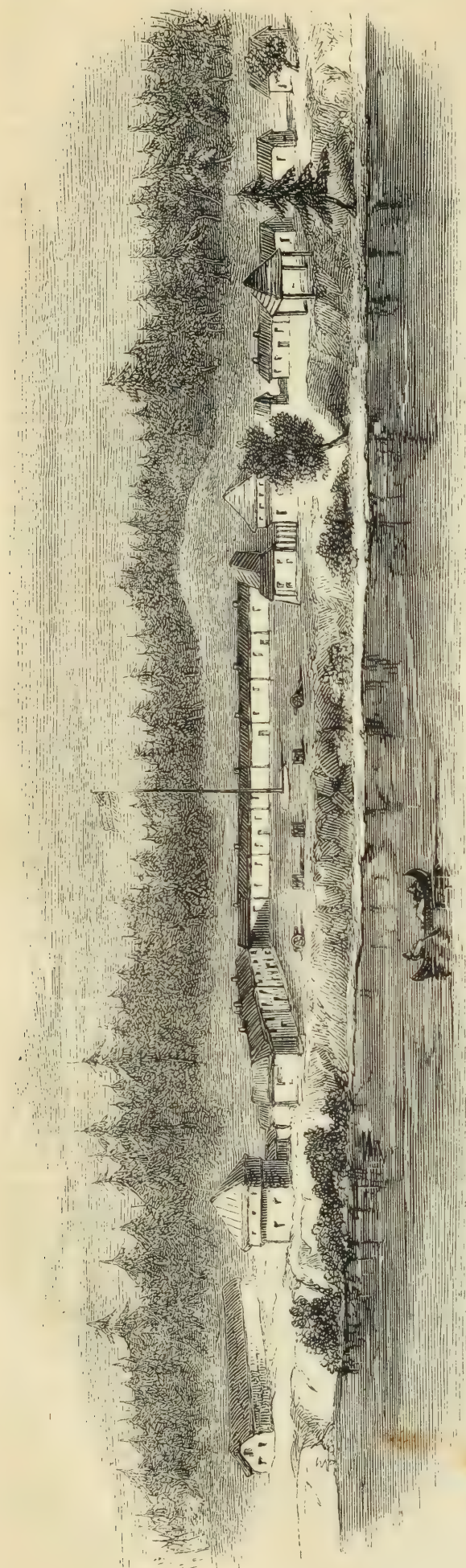
changed to Fort William from old Grand Portage. This I expect will explain that I visited, in 1804, and in 1811-12, Itasca and five small streams that empty into that Lake.

"By way of explanation why the late General Pike, then Captain Pike, in 1805, who had orders to trace the Mississippi to its source, and was stopped a little below Swan River, at what is now called Pike's Rapids or Block House, by the ice, and had to proceed on foot to Leech Lake, he had to learn there where the source of the Mississippi was. He went to Cass Lake, and could proceed no farther. He had been told that I knew the source, but could not see me, being out on an outpost. This want of information made him commit the error. Some person, not knowing better, told him there was no river above Cass Lake. Cass Lake receives the waters of Cross Lake, and Cross Lake receives that of Itasca Lake. There are five small streams that empty into Itasca Lake. They are short, and soon lose themselves in swamps. The portage to Rice River is a short portage, and is called the heights of land, which is the dividing ridge between the waters of the Mississippi and the waters that empty in the Red River and Hudson's Bay. No white man can claim the discovery of the Mississippi before me, for I was the first who saw the source.

"Yours, W. MORRISON."



WILLIAM MORRISON.



FORT RIPLEY.

The Historical Society of Minnesota Territory will see by this that neither Schoolcraft nor Nicollet are the first discoverers of the Mississippi.

The two Morrisons, like hosts of other pioneers who have devoted their life and energies to the exploration of new and unknown regions, have done much to develop the vast resources of the Far West, and to attract the tide of emigration thither. To such men is our country greatly indebted for its vast extent of empire, and, in a great measure, for its prosperity.

Penman might have passed many weeks at Crow Wing to his own advantage, but other duties compelled him to leave this Paradise of trappers, traders, and lumbermen—this Babel of mixed races and tongues—where conversational remarks are often commenced in English, continued in French, and concluded in Chippewa—this menagerie of dirt-eating, woe-begone red skins, whom a score of indefatigable Coopers and Longfells could never raise to merit a back seat in the heaven of romance. With much reluctance, and some degree of disappointment, he took his departure. His tobacco and trinkets that he had hoped to barter for Indian ornaments, pipes, dresses, and beadwork, proved as profitless an investment as the victimized Englishman's land speculation; and few were the souvenirs he was able to take away with him. The poor heathen had nothing to trade. However, he consoled himself with the thought that if he had gained nothing, he had lost nothing. His precious scalp was still entire, and his pockets had escaped the manipulations of the light-fingered gentry of the prairies.

From Crow Wing he traveled sixty-five miles by stage to St. Cloud, passing on the route the beautiful site of Fort Ripley, now a silent and deserted post, its garrison having been transferred to the new station on the Red River of the North. Little Falls, Swan River, Watab, and Sauk Rapids, are four flourishing towns successively passed before reaching St. Cloud. On the evening of the second day he reached St. Paul, where his ears were once more greeted with the hum of business and the bustle of a thronging mart. He has now no farther use for knapsack, gun, hunting-shirt, and moccasins. He looks upon them with kindly eye, but only as the cherished mementos of the eventful past. His dream of Indians and buffalo-hunting and his Western pilgrimage are both ended.

Not a word has he to say in disparagement of Minnesota. The breath of slander would not pollute her crystal streams, nor blast her broad, luxuriant prairies, nor taint the sweet perfume of her blushing flowers. Minnesota is the *Garden of the West*, and her enterprising people are worthy to be the gardeners.

JESSIE'S COURTSHIP.

THE twilight of a winter's day was fast closing in over the woods and fields of the manor of Ivy Grange, and Jessie, as she sat curled up in the deep window-seat of the oak-paneled parlor, could see nothing without but a wide, lonely reach of naked meadows beyond the oak-grown lawn, and a belt of sombre pine woods girdling the gray horizon. She could hear the wind in their branches now, for the heavy fall of the crimson curtain shut out the warm light and cheerful sounds of the household room; and the deep surging tone, so like the sea's great solemn voice, came plainly to her ear.

Jessie was wont to like it—this mournful music of the pines. Many a long summer hour had she passed in dreamy lounging upon the smooth hillocks of their shattered leaves, breathing their subtle aroma, and listening to their weird song-whispers; but to-night little Jessie was out of tune herself, and the solemn monody of the wind, and the cheerful household music, jarred alike upon her discordant spirit.

This was something strange; for Jessie was always the happiest element in the family harmony at Ivy Grange. Her quick, light step, her merry song, and ringing laugh, made melody which all loved to hear. What, then, had happened to-night to set the sweet chords jangling—to bring that unlovely frown to the sunny brow which the light curls kissed so fondly—that petulant pout to the pretty cherry mouth?

It was the second day of the New Year. The Christmas festivities were all over at Ivy Grange; the fatted calf had been killed and eaten; the thirty bristling porkers been “hung, drawn, and quartered;” the enormous turkey-cock, which, in virtue of his swan-like plumage, his savage black breast-feather, and his scarlet crest, had for two years reigned undisputed lord of the fowl-yard, had been sacrificed by Aunt Chloe's relentless hands, and graced the Christmas board. The yule-log had burned out, the egg-nog all been drunk, and the gay holiday guests all gone home. The bustle and hurry of New-Year's Day, the grand negro festival, was over and done. Quiet and order once more presided at Ivy Grange, and on the morrow Miss Jessie Stratton, the petted daughter of the ancient house, was to leave her childhood's home for the strange, untried world of a boarding-school.

This, then, was the secret of the discord! Jessie was far too happy at home, too powerful in the little world of the “Select School for Young Ladies,” which gathered into its shabby hall at the neighboring village of Askham all the planters' daughters for miles around, and which unanimously owned for its queen Miss Jessie Stratton, in right of her beauty, her wit, and her pretty willful temper; and too much adored by the students of the flourishing “Male Academy,” at the end of the long poplar street, to care to be sent away, from the scene of all this easy triumph and secured possession, to a place where she would be likely to meet with many equals and

some superiors; where certainly she would no longer be the spoiled and petted darling of a household.

But there was no remedy for it now; the arrangements were all made with Mrs. Throckmorton, the lady principal of the Williamsburg Female Seminary; Miss Jessie's trunks stood packed and corded in the hall, and the gentleman who was to be her escort was to arrive that very night. He was a certain Professor Thorpe, a friend of her step-mother, and was to deliver a course of scientific lectures in Williamsburg during the winter.

Her step-mother! Ah, that was it! It was to her malicious influence that Jessie imputed this sudden and most disagreeable arrangement; and unwontedly angry, almost vengeful thoughts, swelled in her little bosom toward this same step-mother as she sat shut in in the crimson-curtained recess.

“It is all her doing,” thought Jessie, spitefully, to herself; “although she doesn't think I know it. She little dreams I was in this very window-seat when she coaxed papa into sending me away from my own home, that was mine long before it ever was hers! I wasn't deceived either by all her precious arguments about my welfare, and all that—though papa thought it was so lovely in her to be so interested in his poor motherless girl, as he said when he kissed her. I know he kissed her, for I heard him—papa always smacks his lips so! *Clement* doesn't. Poor Clem! how wretched he will be without me. And it will be just like that flirty Eleanor Davezac to try to console him—she was always dying for Clem! But we will be faithful to each other forever! Still it is *too bad* of mamma altogether. I know her motive well enough: she thinks papa loves me better than he does her little baby-faced darling, and she wants to get me out of his way—that's it!”

And as Miss Jessie's soliloquy reached this amiable conclusion tears of impotent vexation rushed to her eyes, and she bit her red lip till the pain made her wince. That brought her to her senses, and she sat thinking for a moment how wrong and ungrateful it was in her to indulge such feelings toward the gentle and loving mamma who had ever been so conciliating, so kind to her capricious step-daughter. She felt self-rebuked for a little while; but, by-and-by, the vexation came back, and her thoughts ran off again in the old rebellious channel.

“I don't see why she couldn't let well enough alone,” said Jessie, poutingly, to herself. “I'm sure I haven't learned all that's taught at Askham school yet; and I don't want to be bored with mathematics and metaphysics. I've scarcely used my new velvet side-saddle at all yet, and Sylph will be completely out of training before I get back. There's Clem's new sleigh, too, and he was breaking Flight so beautifully to it. And to have to give it all up to be poked to death at a stupid boarding-school, and a stupider old maid's— Oh dear, it is too much for endurance! My own mother never would have done it!

But *she*—she thinks my spirit will be broken in there, and I'll be meek as a lamb when I come back. But she'll find herself mistaken!"

And having arrived at this second equally charitable conclusion with regard to her step-mother's conduct, Miss Jessie again subsided into tears. A happier thought presented itself, however, and she resumed sardonically, still addressing herself,

"Or no; more likely it's on account of poor Clem. I know she never admired him; I've seen her turn away to hide a laugh when he was talking. He does talk pretty large, to be sure, for only eighteen; but then every thing *will* be his by-and-by if it isn't now—so what if he does say *my*? Likely as not she'll want me to marry this poky old Professor who is coming to escort me to prison—then she'd have the house all to herself. But I'll *never* get married—just to spite her. See if I do!"

Just as this tremendous climax was attained, and Jessie's piquant face wore an expression of bitterly heroic determination, the door was opened, an iron-gray head, and a wrinkled, brown face appeared, and a solemn voice, belonging to Reuben the pompous waiter, pronounced her name inquiringly. She vouchsafed no answer, and, after a second oracular summons, the ancient serving-man withdrew muttering,

"I spec she not feel so wery well 'bout gwine away in de mornin'. Spec she in her room, an' not want no tea."

Which report he accordingly made in the dining-room, and Jessie was left undisturbed to the enjoyment of her reflections.

"I wonder if the Professor is come, then?" thought she. "I suppose he is, since they are gone to tea. They must have taken him into the drawing-room at first, then. Very grand—*her* friend. One of her old lovers, I suppose, and she jilted him for papa's plantations. I wish she had married him, I'm sure, so that I had never heard of either one of them. I'm glad they're not going to be in here. I want this room to myself; and I'm determined not to see *him* till I have to. A lovely journey we'll have of it to-morrow!"

Upon the prospective delights of said journey Miss Jessie mused bitterly, until by-and-by there was a sound of opening doors, and cheerful voices, and quick, manly steps. They neared the door, not of the grand cold drawing-room, but the bright cozy parlor—the room in whose deep window-seat Jessie was ensconced. She bit her lip with vexation, and then curled it into disdain, as through the opening of the curtain she saw her stately papa, whom she loved so proudly, marching in with the little "Rolfe," the step-mother's "baby-faced darling," perched in triumph upon his shoulder—his dimpled face all rosy with glee, and his plump fingers firmly twined in the Hon. Rodolphus Stratton's raven locks, while the noble Senator looked as much amused with the frolic as the boy himself.

Now Jessie loved her little brother very fondly,

and yet she said, bitterly, to herself—though against her own nature—

"It is well. He can carry *her* child like a king on his throne from supper, while he never cares to ask whether I even wish any or not!"

The step-mother herself appeared next, looking as dainty as ever in her soft, quiet merino, with her beautiful brown braided hair, and eyes of just the same shade, only a little brighter than usual just now "with pleasure at seeing her old admirer!" thought Jessie, sarcastically; for there sure enough was the Professor at her side, only Jessie could not see what manner of man he was; for her father drew near her window in his gallop around the room with little Rolfe on his shoulder, and she hastily pulled the curtain across her retreat.

She could hear his voice, though, plainly enough, as he sat down beside her step-mother, and began to talk; and a very pleasant manly voice it was too, as Jessie could not but acknowledge. It must have been a pleasant smile also which accompanied it, for Jessie presently perceived that Rolfe had allowed himself to be transferred to the Professor's knee, on his papa's declining to be "a gate big horse" for his accommodation any longer; and was chattering away with great confidence on the subject of the little blacksmith boy who lived in a watch.

The step-mother's gentle voice could be heard too, now and then, and Jessie thought, with a pang of mortified vanity, that they all seemed perfectly well able to enjoy themselves without her.

Presently it grew quieter. Aunt Kizzy, Master Rolfe's nurse, came to take him to bed; Mr. Stratton excused himself to his guest; said he knew he and his wife had a thousand things of the old times to talk about, and buried himself in the Richmond *Enquirer*, and soon there was no sound but the rustling of his paper. The soft click of the step-mother's knitting-needles, as she deftly shaped the plump calf of Rolfe's little crimson stocking; and the low deep tones of the Professor's voice calling up reminiscences of the "old pleasant times" he called them, when he and she used to take sleigh-rides to the sewing-societies and singing-school in the far-away New England village, or walk together to church in the quiet Sabbath mornings. Jessie could not avoid hearing all that was said, and she was a little bit perplexed to hear how merrily her step-mother replied to all these allusions. There didn't seem to be the least bit of sentiment connected with them in *her* mind at least.

By-and-by the conversation came on to the time of her step-mother's marriage, and her new life in the strange south-land; and presently, as a natural sequence, to Jessie's self. And here, of course, the young lady listened sharply. Her cheek flushed, and her lip curled as she heard the description given of her to her escort and instructor *in esse*: "a spirited, warm-hearted girl, with breadth and capacity enough to make one of the noblest of women, but just now in a fair way to be spoiled by the indulgence of her father, and the flatteries of her friends."

There was a good deal said about her—all which Jessie was obliged to hear, to acknowledge in her heart as just and true, and most of it very kind and loving. And so the evening passed on; nuts and apples and wine were brought in and discussed; Mr. Stratton finished his papers, and just as Jessie was beginning to feel very stiff and cold from sitting so long in a cramped position, and to wish that they would retire, the solemn Reuben appeared at the door with bed-candles, and the host and hostess rose. What was her chagrin then to hear their guest request permission to sit up an hour or two longer to write letters? adding, gayly,

“I never think of sleep till twelve!”

And it was but little past ten now! Jessie groaned in spirit as she thought of another hour of waiting, cramped up in that chilly window-seat; and wished by turns that she had escaped while they were at supper, or that she had not gone there at all to pout, or that Professor Thorpe was in the bottom of the Chesapeake! But all such wishes were vain now, and there was nothing for it but submission to her fate; for the courteous good-nights had been exchanged, the retreating steps of her father and mother had died off in the distance, and there was now no sound audible save the faint crackling of the glowing oak coals, and the rapid scratching of the Professor's pen.

Moments, which seemed almost ages to the luckless captive, passed by, and Jessie, in sheer desperation, revolved the chances of escape.

“It would be so absurd, so ridiculous!” thought she, “to jump down now right before him, and show that I have been perched here all the evening, when mamma told him I was in my own room, not very well. And yet I can't stand this much longer. I shall die of cramp. I wonder if he's looking this way?”

She drew the curtain softly aside, and peeped stealthily out. She saw the round table, with its crimson cover, drawn up before the glowing hearth, and her father's great chair beside it; above its cushioned back appeared a dark head, and a very well-shaped hand rested on the comfortable arm. The Professor seemed to be very leisurely taking his ease; he was not writing now, but lying back indolently, and gazing into the coals.

“What *shall* I do?” thought Jessie, desperately. “Will he never go? He's got a very handsome head any way, and a nice hand. Oh dear!”

Here a sharp, tingling sensation in one of her feet announced that that little member had got tired of waiting, and gone independently to sleep; and fairly trembling with vexation and pain, Jessie hastily tore off her slipper, and commenced to rub and pinch her foot savagely to wake it up. This little bit of temper spoiled all her patient waiting; one jerk more vigorous than the rest sent the little high-heeled slipper to the floor with a thump which sounded alarmingly loud in the profound stillness of the room. The Professor jumped up, hastily approached the window

from whence the odd sound had proceeded, and drawing back the curtain, beheld Miss Jessie, doubled up into a knot, and hiding her face in her hands.

He started back in amazement. “I beg your pardon, Miss!” he exclaimed; “I thought it was a cat—I have a horror of cats.”

No answer from the abashed, the mortified, the outraged Jessie. An inkling of the true state of the case dawned upon the Professor's mind; a smile of infinite amusement crossed his face; but his voice was grave as a bishop's as he said, suavely:

“Permit me to help you to descend;” and held back the curtain with one hand, while he offered the other, with most admirable self-possession. Poor Jessie! her cheeks burned, and her eyes filled with tears of mortification. The ludicrousness of the whole thing appealed to her too, and she giggled hysterically; and then her native pride came to the rescue, and she held up her head haughtily, and declining the gentleman's assistance with a little repellant gesture, prepared to spring lightly down from the high seat. But a treacherous twinge shot through her numbed limbs; she uttered a short cry of pain, and would have fallen had not the Professor caught her gallantly and placed her on her feet.

“I hope you are not hurt,” said he, with commendable gravity. “Let me give you a seat. But you have lost one of your shoes!” he exclaimed, noticing the little white-stockinged foot on the dark carpet. “Sit down, and let me bring it to you.”

So he placed her, unresisting, but positively trembling with rage, and shame, and laughter combined, in the identical chair in which he had himself been luxuriating, and went back—his grave face breaking out into a look of intense amusement as he turned away to seek the missing, the mischief-making slipper.

There it lay, under the crimson curtain; and a bewitching little affair it was, thought the Professor, as he observed the proud arch of its instep, its coquettish velvet rosette, and saucy little heel. But he delayed not a moment in the survey, and bringing it immediately, bent his knee before the great chair with a humility so grave Jessie half believed it to be in mockery, and offered to put it on.

She held out her foot with stately dignity—she would have liked immensely to give the Professor a cordial push with it, which would have a little discomposed his gravity—and he fitted it on with most commendable dexterity, and slipped the narrow band around the dainty ankle.

A very haughty “Thank you!” was all he got for his pains, until, as he lifted his head, and Jessie got a look at his face, and saw that it was not by any means old or professorish, but, on the contrary, quite young and expressive enough to betray a very positive relish for the task in which he had just been engaged, a wicked thought came into her little head. “Nothing will pique him half so much as to treat him like a solemn pre-

ceptor," said she to herself; and rising as he did, she dropped a very lowly courtesy, and saying, humbly, "I beg your pardon, Sir, for giving you the trouble; I should not have permitted my future instructor to perform such an office; *good-night, Sir!*" she courtesied again, and departed solemnly, leaving the Professor, both vexed and amused, to study the character of his future charge at his leisure.

That young lady, meanwhile, retreated hastily to her room and to her couch, whose downy nest was welcome enough after her long confinement. But it was long before sleep came to her little head; hot flushes kept crossing her cheeks, and half hysterical laughs to her lips, as she thought over her adventure; then really sorrowful thoughts of the coming separation brought sad tears; and then there were malicious plans for showing the Professor how she detested him in the future. So when, at last, she dropped asleep, her little face, beneath the shading lace of her cap, with a pretty pout on the mouth, and two bright drops on the dimpled cheek, looked like that of a naughty child who has been punished, and kissed, and sent to bed.

We must not stop to tell of the sad parting which took place at Ivy Grange the next morning; every one has had experience of the like, and can fancy it without our aid. Nor must we dwell upon the long day's journey which Jessie performed under Professor Thorpe's charge longer than necessary.

It was a very wretched one to the poor child. During the first half of it she acted out the part of a timid school-girl, which she had resolved upon the night before, to perfection; seemed to be profoundly awed by the Professor's propinquity, answered shyly when addressed, and looked down awkwardly when he chanced to glance at her; but if she really succeeded in piquing him by this mode of operations, he at least did not afford her the satisfaction of knowing it, but paid her only the necessary attentions, and seemed to find very good entertainment in a book. In the afternoon the sky grew dark and lowering; presently rain began to fall, and it was but dreary work to poor Jessie to sit and watch the sullen drops. Her head began to ache too—she felt faint from hunger; for she had not been able to eat any breakfast, and had declined with equal haughtiness the little basket of luncheon which her step-mother pressed upon her, and the refreshments which her escort had wished to procure for her when the cars stopped at the half-way station. The long confinement in the close car had not made her feel better, we may suppose; and she had been excited all day by a multitude of conflicting emotions. So it was no wonder that now her temples began to throb, and a faint, dizzy sensation made it difficult to sit erect. She was too proud to say any thing about it, however; only when the sick, giddy feeling grew intolerable she uttered a little moan, and leaned her forehead against the window pane, on the outside of which streamed the ceaseless rain.

The Professor looked hastily up, and his face wore an expression of concern when he noticed Jessie's paleness.

"You are faint—ill," said he, anxiously; "what can I do for you? Let me get you a glass of water," and prepared to go in search of it; but Jessie shook her head, and said, coldly, though in a voice weak from pain,

"No, thank you, Sir, I do not wish any thing. You can do nothing for me."

The Professor looked hurt, but said, gravely:

"I think it would revive you—you had better let me bring some; but Jessie repeated her refusal decidedly, and he returned again to his book. His frequent aside glances showed, however, that he was more concerned for the comfort of his charge than for the plot of his story; and presently he said again, as he noticed how really she was suffering:

"I am very sorry you are feeling so badly; I wish you would let me do something for you. Rest your head upon my shoulder, will you not? You will surely take cold from that damp window."

His voice expressed a kind concern, but Jessie made a gesture of refusal, and said, curtly, "I only wish to be quiet."

The Professor withdrew to his book again after this second repulse; and could little Jessie have seen his face she would not have been much flattered, for it expressed plainly enough his opinion of her petulance. But another little moan, indicating uncontrollable suffering, changed it again to a look of sympathy. He watched her for a moment pressing her throbbing temples against the streaming window, and saw how white her lips were, and how she pressed them tight together to keep back the pain. Then he got up with quite a decided air, and going to the other end of the car, came back presently with a glass of ice cold water, which he placed to her lips, saying quietly but quite resolutely,

"Drink this at once, Miss Stratton."

Jessie half raised her little hand as though to wave him away, but he did not move, and she glanced up and met his quiet determined look, then took the glass, and drank every drop. He took it away, and returned to his seat in a moment.

"Now put your head down *here*," said he, in the same undisobeyable tone, indicating his shoulder as the proposed pillow; and Jessie, lifting her eyes to his face, painfully, but with a surprised, disdainful stare, read something there which made her drop them again in an instant, and meekly do as she was desired.

The Professor smiled a quiet little smile to himself, and put his arm across the back of the seat, so that the little head might have a quiet comfortable resting-place. He drew the heavy tartan shawl closely over her shivering figure, and placed his valise under the little tired feet—then sat quietly thinking, and glancing down every now and then at the pale face on his shoulder, which gradually relaxed its painful contraction,

while the heavy-lashed lids veiled the drooping eyes.

By-and-by soft regular breathings announced that sleep had stolen away Jessie's pain; and meanwhile the gloomy winter twilight deepened into night, and the train rushed wildly along through the dark Virginian forests; and presently the long frightful shriek of the whistle, dying off in such a low melancholy wail, startled the sleepy passengers into a consciousness of the fact that they were nearing their destination. Jessie shuddered in her slumber, and though the Professor soothed her as he would have done a sick infant, woke nevertheless, and raised her head haughtily, evidently surprised and provoked at discovering its position. Naughty Jessie! Now that the pain was charmed away, she could afford again to remember her anger and disdain, and her cheek grew hot, and her tone showed pique and resentment, as in answer to his kind hope that she had rested well and was better, she coldly replied that she was sorry *he* had given himself the unnecessary trouble of supporting her head.

The Professor bit his lip, and shrugged his shoulders slightly, but said nothing, and the last few miles were traversed in perfect silence, Jessie sitting haughtily erect, with a face of superb scorn. It was rather awkward, though, to the little lady, this maintaining so much state; and she was very glad when at length they reached Williamsburg, and were set down at the door of the modest residence of Miss Pamela Winter, the maiden aunt with whom Jessie was to be placed, rather than at the Seminary itself. This was the step-mother's arrangement—she had somewhat of a horror of boarding-school accommodations; but Jessie persisted in thinking it was only that she might be kept under the strict tutelage of a prim old maid.

So her acceptance of her great-aunt's formal but kind welcome was not so becoming as it should have been, and her farewell to the Professor was frigid to the last degree. She cried herself to sleep the first night in her new home, and made herself as miserable as might be during the first week at school. But after that the old bright spirit refused to be chained down any longer in gloom and hauteur. Jessie found it very hard work to be long sad and sullen, and that, too, when there was no cause for it; and almost before she was aware of it, the sunshine came back to her face, the merry laughter would break out from a heart which nature had made light and joyous, and she found herself tripping along the way to the detested Seminary with as blithe a step as when she trod the green lane toward Askham school with Clement walking by her side.

There was no withstanding the winsome willfulness of Jessie's manner, the sweet appeal of her look and smile, when she chose to take the trouble to please; so that, within a month from the enrollment of her name upon the monitor's list, the little lady was as much the darling and queen of the "Female Seminary" as she had

been of the Young Ladies' School. And as for Aunt Pamela, she had rapidly changed her opinion, formed during the first week of Jessie's sojourn, that her niece was a "spoiled, disagreeable chit of a girl," and was learning to love and look for the bright young face which made sunshine in the quiet house.

So Jessie began to be very happy indeed, in spite of her resolve to the contrary. Miss Pamela's home was very plain and old-fashioned, and a certain formality prevailed in its arrangements; but the very spirit of grace and brightness was incarnate in Jessie, and soon, under her magic touch, all aspect of primness and rigidity vanished. The curtains were looped away from the windows to let in the soft February sunshine; the chairs removed from their stiff position against the wall; the books arranged with less methodical precision upon the centre table; and there was always a vase of flowers—a cluster of early violets, which she had found hidden away under their shading leaves in the garden-plat behind the house, or some brave blue bells and jonquils which did not fear the coming March winds, or a hot-house bouquet presented by Clement Ross—shedding its sweetness in the room where Jessie sat.

"By Clement Ross?" Yes, truly. This ardent and faithful swain had been able to endure Askham more than a week after the sunshine of his fair one's presence was withdrawn, and had lost no time in representing to his father—a hearty old planter, who could deny his hopeful son and heir nothing he desired—that Askham Academy was no fit place for "a fellow eighteen years old," and that it was high time he was thinking of college. Of course no other than good old William and Mary could be thought of by the stanch old Virginian; and thus it happened that one bright evening, a fortnight after her own arrival, Miss Jessie Stratton was summoned to the parlor to meet Mr. Clement Ross, where—but no matter.

So now Jessie was happy indeed. Aunt Pamela petted her at home; her walks to school were again enlivened, part of the way at least, by the companionship of her ardent admirer; and at school lessons and rules troubled her very little indeed. The girls averred that Jessie had a good fairy in attendance who dropped her lessons under her pillow at night, and the teachers were fain to spare all reprimand when the bright face looked up into theirs with its smile of arch and deprecating sweetness.

The only drawback to her perfect peace of mind was the necessity of attending the course of lectures given by "that odious Professor," whom Jessie regarded with a curious mixture of feelings, made up of pique and resentment, and vexation that, in spite of all, she was obliged to respect him. Her cheek burned whenever she remembered that she had condescended to sleep on the shoulder of a man who thought her—and, worst of all, to whom she had given the *right* to think her—only a spoiled and petulant child; and her lip curled in contempt of her own cow-

ardice as she remembered how meekly she had submitted to the *command* in his quiet, steady eye. Yet, in strange contradiction, a thrill of pleasure quickened her heart when she thought of his tender yet respectful care for her comfort—how he wrapped the shawl about her, and scarcely moved lest he should disturb her.

Still, with a pretty, willful pout, she persisted in pronouncing him odious; declared that his face was excessively disagreeable, though the whole senior class at the Seminary went into ecstasies over his “intellectual brow, his expressive eyes, and rare, sweet smile.” She “pished” at all their rhapsodies over his “interesting remarks,” and voted the lectures a bore and the Professor a prig; and amused herself during the whole hour of attendance by scribbling little notes to Clement Ross—for the junior class at the college were also allowed to participate in the benefit of these instructive scientific expositions—and throwing them across the room to him when the Argus eyes of the monitress chanced to be turned in another direction.

She made it a point always to be as uninteresting as possible when the Professor came to the house, which he did not unfrequently, both from respect to his friends at Ivy Grange and a liking which he had taken to the worthy Miss Pamela, to say nothing of a certain resolve to show Miss Jessie he was not to be piqued by her hauteur. As for Aunt Pamela, this state of affairs was distressing to her. She *admired* Professor Thorpe! He was so sensible, so gentlemanly, so every way estimable. All Williamsburg agreed to praise him, and the very best circles welcomed him so eagerly; he was not poor, either, as one might possibly think, but lectured for his own amusement because he was devoted to science—this she knew from her nephew at Ivy Grange. And if Jessie would only be herself to him, and not be so absorbed in Clement Ross—that conceited boy!—who could tell what might happen? And it was so necessary Jessie should marry some one old enough to guide and direct her! Thus reasoned and implored Aunt Pamela, but in vain; Jessie was inexorable, and at last, one morning, broke out in open rebellion and wrathful disdain.

It was the last week of the Professor's stay in the good old town, for the winter was over and gone, the time for the singing of birds was come, and the season for lectures departed; and Miss Pamela had given her special friend an invitation to come and drink a farewell cup of tea with her before he made his exodus. She hoped much from this evening spent sociably with only herself and Jessie, and on the morning of the eventful day she expended much energetic breath in exhortations to her willful niece on the subject of her deportment.

“If you would only be sensible, Jessie,” said she, “and act like a discreet young woman, instead of a spoiled school-girl! Put up those childish curls hanging in great ragged masses over your shoulders, and wear a comb; I have a beautiful silver comb that *I* wore when I was a

girl, which you shall have if you only will; and for once show Professor Thorpe what you really are, before the opportunity is forever lost. You don't know what might happen!”

But here the young lady broke in in a small tempest of wrath. “She detested the Professor!” she cried. “The Professor was the bane of her life. She would not put up her hair to please him—she didn't want to please him! *Clem* didn't call her curls ragged, and Aunt Pam knew she was engaged to *Clem*. So what did she mean by her hints and her plots? If Aunt Pam teased her any more she would go away that afternoon—she would hide from the Professor altogether—pompous creature! She detested him!”

Just as this climax was attained, a manly voice sounded near the open window at which they sat.

“Good-morning, Miss Pamela! Good-morning, Miss Jessie!” it said, and both ladies looking hurriedly up caught a glimpse of Professor Thorpe's handsome face, smiling with rather a peculiar smile, as he bowed low, and went on pursuing his morning walk.

“Now you've done it!” exclaimed Miss Pamela, in horror and shame.

“And I don't care if I have!” responded Miss Jessie, promptly, though her face burned with mortification. “He's always in the way; and if he heard more than was agreeable, it is good for him. And now I certainly shall not meet him this afternoon!”

So saying, the indignant little beauty left the room with a very stately air, and sought her own pretty bower, where she indulged herself in a regular school-girl cry, which immensely relieved her, and enabled her to confide the story of her grievances to the sympathizing Clement, during their walk to the Seminary, with tolerable composure.

But every thing went wrong with Aunt Pamela that day. The rolls wouldn't rise; the chickens were uncommonly poor; her nicest Scotch cake was spoiled in the baking; Jessie refused to gather any flowers for the vases, or to accept the silver comb; and the good lady in her vexation heartily wished something might happen to keep her guest at home. But after what he had heard that morning nothing could have prevented the Professor from coming; he must not suffer that scornful little chit of a girl to suppose he cared for her scorn, and, besides, he was curious to see if she would really execute her threat.

So punctually with the hour of six—the Williamsburg hour for going out to tea—he made his appearance in Miss Pamela's parlor.

That good lady was in a great flutter. She could not trust Sabra the cook with that last cake, and Jessie, true to her determination, had really made away with herself, and was nowhere to be found; so, albeit it was contrary to all Miss Pamela's notions of Virginia hospitality, she was obliged to excuse herself after a few minutes' chat with her guest, and beg he would take care of himself for the half hour before tea.

This the Professor assured her he was quite equal to, and sauntered out on the porch to smoke a cigar, and enjoy the soft spring sunset. The house adjoining this belonged to an old gentleman who was passionately fond of flowers, and had converted the entire lot back to the next street into garden ground. It was lovely now in its early spring-tide freshness; with trim borders of box and clumps of flowering almond, lilac, and snow-ball bushes; and the few orchard trees at the bottom were all in a cloud of white and rose-colored blossoms, looking so dainty, and smelling so fragrant, that the Professor could not resist the temptation to descend the steps and leap lightly over the railing which separated this fairy-land from Miss Pamela's little court.

"Certainly, whoever has heart enough to rear these dainty pets has enough to be pleased that others should admire them," thought he, and strolled leisurely on, stopping now and then to look at an opening rose-bud, or to peep at the cream-white valley lilies which were hiding away beneath their green folding leaves. Intent only upon the enjoyment of his pleasant surroundings, he wandered on carelessly until he had almost reached the little orchard close, when suddenly the sound of his own name, uttered laughingly, stopped him short.

"It's a great deal nicer, isn't it, Bruno, old fellow, to be out here, having a good time, than moped up in the parlor with that grand Professor? I know you think so, good old doggie. Now just hold your head up a minute, Bruno; there, if you could just see yourself!" And then there was a merry peal of laughter, and the Professor took a step farther, and pushed aside the blossomy boughs of an old gnarled apple-tree which guarded the way. It was a pretty and picturesque group enough which then revealed itself to his eye. Miss Jessie seated upon the gnarled and mossy roots, with her little black silk apron full of blossoms and flowers—for old Mr. D'Aubigny had long ago given her all the privileges of the garden—and her pretty piquant face radiant with smiles and color, as she fastened a garland of the fragrant beauties around the honest black head of the shaggy Newfoundland, Mr. D'Aubigny's faithful follower and Jessie's especial playmate; he meanwhile supporting his paws on her lap, and looking up to her face with a kind of patient wonder at her folly.

"That wreath would be more becoming to you than to Bruno, I fancy, Miss Jessie," said the Professor, gravely, breaking in quietly upon their fanciful employment, without any note of warning. "And I quite agree with you in thinking it much pleasanter to be twining garlands in this pretty garden than moped up in the parlor. But why the rest of your sentence, Miss Jessie? What has the 'Professor' done to merit such determined and rooted aversion on your part?"

Poor Jessie! she sprang to her feet in astonishment and confusion, and stood motionless with shame and indignation. The Professor stood quite still, too, for a few moments, and presently

Jessie lifted her abashed eyes and stole a glance at his face. It was kind, but grave; he had succeeded in maintaining this expression, though it was hard to refrain from looking his eager admiration at the exquisite grace of her sweet girlish confusion, the deepening crimson of her delicate face, the timid drooping of her pretty head.

Her indignation quite vanished before the soft steady gravity of his eye. It was the same look which had brought her to submission in the cars; and in an instant there rushed to her mind the memory of his kind care on that occasion, his unfailing courtesy since, and her own constant ungraciousness to him. Her head drooped still lower, and her voice faltered, as she said, like a child asking pardon,

"I am sorry you heard me say I didn't like you, Professor Thorpe;" but then a flash of her wonted sauciness coming back, she added, "Listeners never hear any good of themselves, you know!"

"No," said the Professor, smiling down into her uplifted face; "but I was an accidental hearer only—not a listener. And now I want an explanation of what I heard. *Why* don't you like me, Jessie?"

It was the first time he had called her *Jessie*, and it brought a still deeper flush to her cheek. His question frightened her, too; but she could not choose but obey that steady, waiting glance; so with tears of mortification actually starting to her eyes, she faltered out,

"Because—because I thought you thought I was only a spoiled child; and—and because Aunt Pam likes you better than—than—"

"Than Clement Ross?" asked the Professor, with an amused smile. "Well, I am glad to know those are the only grounds of your aversion, Jessie, because I can do away with them both. I do *not* think you *only* a spoiled child, Jessie, and you shall not like me as well as Clement unless you choose. Only don't *dislike* me, Jessie."

The Professor spoke very self-possessedly; but as he stood under the old tree, holding the little hand which she had frankly put in his, as a pledge of future good behavior, and looking down upon her pretty curly head, all tangled with apple-blossoms, and her rose-tinged face all dewy with smiling tears, as she looked up, touched by his magnanimity, and gave the promise he desired, that they should be enemies no more, he thrilled with a sense of her artless fascination, and felt as though so little would scarce content him.

They turned and went together up the pleasant garden-walk, and surprised and delighted the good Aunt Pamela by coming in at the same time with such a friendly smile on each countenance; and her satisfaction was complete when, after tea, Jessie addressed herself with evident good-will to the task of entertaining her guest; brought her sweet-voiced guitar, and talked with the prettiest animation, and yet that sweet, modest look all the while. The good aunt was consumed with curiosity to know what could have

effected so wondrous a change; but she would do nothing to mar the evening's success, and at last, when it was over, followed her guest to the door with feelings of unmingled satisfaction. Jessie, too, went out into the hall, at the Professor's request, to get a glimpse of the young spring moon; and an ingenuous impulse prompted her to say, as she put her hand in his, at parting,

"I am indeed very sorry for all my naughtiness, Professor Thorpe. I suppose you will have to think of me as a silly, petulant girl?"

The Professor smiled down into her young, wistful face. Aunt Pamela had prudently withdrawn from the breezy door.

"Shall I write and tell you what I think about you? I shall not see you again, you know. I leave to-morrow," said he. "I think perhaps it would do you good. You need a little plain talking to—don't you think so, Jessie? And I know your friends would not object. Would you answer my letters, Jessie, and let me know whether they offended you or not?"

"I don't like lectures—especially written ones," said Jessie, with a pretty pout; but the Professor looked in her face for an answer, and departed, apparently satisfied; while Jessie broke away with a dozen kisses from the curious Miss Pamela, and fled away to her own little snug-gery, that she might be alone to think over all these strange events, and to search into this strange new feeling which was making her little heart thus thrill with excitement.

But the magic moonlight which tangled her tresses in its golden meshes, as they strayed together over her little white pillow, only cast new glamour over her; nor did the searching beams of the all-penetrating sun, glancing so boldly into her room next morning, avail to resolve the mystery. Jessie awoke with a vague consciousness of some unaccustomed impulse quickening her heart; a certain self-dissatisfaction, alien from her wonted sunshiny carelessness, vexed her. She turned petulantly away from the mirror, before which she was smoothing the masses of her bright ringlets, with a "Bah! baby-face! I shall never be a woman!" and descended to breakfast with an unwonted thoughtful look upon her pretty features.

Her restlessness and abstraction did not escape Miss Pamela's watchful affection; but she thought it might be very satisfactorily accounted for, and prudently took no notice; and Jessie departed to school with a very curious mixture of feelings working in her little breast; her thoughts reverting with provoking pertinacity, as she walked slowly along the shaded pavement, to the guest of the last evening—now taking the shape of a compulsory admiration which yet she struggled willfully against, piqued at her own easy subversion from her stronghold of dislike by a few hours' intercourse—now of curiosity as to what opinion his letter would really contain, if indeed he *should* presume to write!—and then of a humiliating consciousness that, if it were faithful, it could not be one very pleas-

ing to her vanity. She wished she had not always shown the most childish side of her character to him; but, pooh! what need she care, after all! Other people liked her well enough, with all her faults; and so, Mr. Clement Ross just then stepping across the street to meet her, she banished all thought of the Professor from her mind.

It would come back again, however; the half-serious, half-playful question, "You need a little plain talking to—don't you think you do, Jessie?" scribbled itself all across the pages of her Botany, and got sadly mixed up with her *thème Française*. It had never occurred to Jessie before, when she, knotting up her sunny brow in a vain effort to thread the mazes of algebraic labyrinths, that there was a weightier problem—the mystery of the purpose of her being—awaiting her attempts at solution; but to-day some such thought was working in her brain, and she grew puzzled and weary with the unaccustomed toil, and went home with a pain in her head and her heart, wishing again most heartily that she had never seen the "odious Professor"—she was happy enough before she knew him!

And thus a week, a fortnight passed, and the lovely May-day brought sunshine, and flowers, and birds, but had no charm to while away the strange restless mood which distressed Miss Pamela, and puzzled the school-girls, and vexed the *exigeant* Clement, their pet and darling. Jessie *could not* laugh, and sing, and dance as before; a feverish unrest consumed her; she could not reconcile her spirit to itself; and she awaited with painful impatience the coming of the letter, which she hoped would aid her to untie the Gordian knot.

At last it came. Jessie got it from the post-office herself. That *must* be it—that neat, compact envelope, superscribed in such clear, manly characters; and, yes, *Berkely* was the name of the little mountain village in Massachusetts from which her father had brought his bride, three years ago! Jessie's face was flushed, and her heart beat quick—"with her rapid walk" she told Aunt Pamela, as she hastily passed her in the hall—and sought the refuge of her own room, there to open this little mysterious packet, which was to hold up before her view a magic mirror in which she was to see herself as others saw her. Her fingers trembled as she broke the seal and drew forth the inclosure—a sheet whose sensible size and clear, legible inscription induced respect for the writer beforehand; and as her glance ran hurriedly down the page many and changeful expressions flitted across her face, like cloud-waves over a sunny field. There was a bright smile at first; then a puzzled look; presently a jet of vivid crimson shot into her cheek; then her red lip curled resentfully; a softened, subdued expression took the place of this; and as she folded the letter up her eyes were moist with tears, which were not of anger.

She rose and paced to and fro the narrow bounds of her little room; her color changed

and her features worked as she walked and thought.

It came to her as a new and not a very pleasing revelation, that she had hitherto passed merely a butterfly existence—dancing through the sunny years as though this earth were the only world, and her only business in it to be merry; while the real life—the life of the soul—she had not lived at all: it was not pleasant to be reminded that she was of no special use to any one; that although the love of so many hearts was lavished upon her, she had never considered the influence which she thus possessed a talent to be improved for the glory of the Giver: it was rather humiliating to think that the only *self-culture* she had ever thought of was the proper care of her glossy ringlets and her dainty complexion, the practicing her music, and attending to her dancing.

The harmless-looking letter which she still held in her hand as she paced thoughtfully to and fro was the magic mirror which had revealed to her all these disagreeable truths; yet Jessie could not manage to be angry with that letter. "It was such a brave, manly letter thus to risk her displeasure; such a candid, honest letter to tell the truth so simply; such a kind, tender letter to do its 'spiriting' so gently; such a noble, magnanimous letter to omit all the revengeful things it might justly have said; such a generous, encouraging letter to leave so many bright lights among the shadows it was obliged in very faithfulness to draw!

"How perverse, how senseless it had been in her to disdain the offered friendship of such a man as the writer must be—to avoid his society and reject his guidance, when they were within her reach! How could she have preferred the profitless companionship of a good-natured, motiveless, boasting youth like Clement Ross?" marveled Jessie within herself. "And yet, poor Clem! he was a good fellow enough, and loved her dearly. But she could not spare him so much time hereafter; he really must be contented with her singing and playing to him *half* instead of *all* the evenings in the week. She must begin to study and read and think more, and when she knew a little herself about soul-culture she would try and teach Clem. She would answer the good Professor's letters, and he should help them both!"

Thus mused little Jessie, as she walked slowly up and down her chamber floor, with the letter held tightly in her hand; and meanwhile the red light of the sunset died away, and the sober twilight-muse, Nature, looked pensive and thoughtful as did Jessie herself.

From that day the young maiden began, in good earnest, the work of the cultivation of character. She found the close searching into motives, the rigid application of principles, the steadfast setting her face toward a lofty aim, difficult enough at first; but she had a brave little spirit, and she knew whither to go for aid. She set herself resolutely to work to discover and purify her "springs of action:" for if the fountain were pure she knew that sweet waters must flow there-

from; and she applied herself diligently to overcome bad habits and cultivate new and better ones.

Miss Pamela marveled inwardly to note the thoughtful look which now and then supplanted the old saucy smile on her darling's face; and was amazed to see her take up a book or her work-box after school, instead of going out to romp with Bruno amidst the sunshine and flowers of old Mr. D'Aubigny's garden. There were a thousand little unaccustomed acts of attention to herself, which showed more real affection than the old lavish caresses, and a certain indescribable, all-pervading tone of *womanliness* gradually stealing over Jessie's whilom frolic girlishness, which touched and puzzled and delighted Miss Pamela.

The girls at school were quick to mark the change. Jessie Stratton, who had never been known to study, who had been so provokingly inattentive to that dear Professor Thorpe's lectures, had suddenly become interested in natural science! had been detected sitting at her desk, even at intermission, poring over a great volume of Arnott's Physics; and she actually listened to the recitations now, instead of scribbling comic verses all the while on the margins of her books. What could be the matter? The girls were puzzled as well as Miss Pamela; but poor Clement Ross was most bewildered of all. True, Jessie was as kind to him as ever, greeted him always with a smile, suffered him to kiss her good-night sometimes, and allowed him to escort her whenever she went out. But there was a change, more easily felt than divined, which perplexed and annoyed the devoted lover. Jessie seemed so abstracted when he was with her—would look for minutes together with a far-away look, as though her thoughts were any where but with him, and answer wide of the mark when he spoke to her. Then she had taken up so many stupid notions about improving one's time, and really bored him with wanting to read aloud to him prosy books, poetry, and such stuff, when he wanted to tell her about the splendid jokes the college fellows played off on the President.

She wasn't half as agreeable as she used to be, positively; didn't take half so much trouble to please him as Juliet Upshur did when he called there evenings. She played and sang as much as he wished, and made eyes at him all the time—very handsome eyes, too, black and bright as sloes. Suppose he flirted a little with Juliet, just to pique Jessie into a little more warmth?

Thus mused Mr. Clement Ross as he walked home from paying a visit to his lady-love one bright August evening; and he proceeded to carry his resolve into execution the very next night by lounging on an ottoman at Miss Juliet Upshur's feet we know not how many hours, while she sang love-songs to her guitar, and manufactured "eyes" as aforesaid, his lawful mistress meanwhile being left to console herself for his absence as best she might.

Favorably for Jessie's progress in her new

science of self-culture, she found this no difficult task. On the contrary, she was only too glad to be relieved from the companionship which was really becoming insufferably tedious—"Poor Clem! he could *not* talk about any thing but dogs and horses, college scrapes, and student flirtations, and she was so sick of all those." And besides all that, another thick white envelope had been handed her by the postmaster that day—she had *four* now—and she wanted to read it over again, and *think* about her reply. The answers to such letters as those required a great deal of thought!

So Jessie survived the first evening of her true love's absence very tolerably, and the next, though she marveled a little at his non-appearance, she still rejoiced, for now the answer could be *written*; and on the third, she concluded he might perhaps be ill, or maybe a little hurt at some coldness he might have fancied in her manner; so with a little pang of self-reproach, she sent *him* a bit of a note too. For though this tie between "poor Clem" and herself was growing to be something of an irksome bondage, and she sighed when she thought of its ever being twisted up into a matrimonial knot, yet little Jessie was the soul of honor, and she must abide by her promise.

But when Master Clement arrived on the fourth evening quite well and in famous spirits, acknowledged the receipt of her note with impertinent nonchalance, and coolly informed her that he had passed the three previous evenings with Miss Juliet Upshur—charming girl, and vastly entertaining!—her pity for "poor Clem" very quickly gave place to contempt and indignation, and she as coolly referred him to the same young lady when he desired her to put up her stupid book and be agreeable.

The young gentleman left the house in wrath; and Jessie gave vent to her pique by a comfortable cry, which relieved her so much that she afterward had great difficulty not to be *too* glad at the prospect which seemed opening of release from the engagement, now grown so distasteful. A cunning tempter came and whispered in her ear, as she sat alone in the moonlit parlor after Clement's hasty exit, and said, luringly,

"It might very well happen—stranger things have come to pass; and you will see him soon—he is coming again to lecture this fall. You know what hidden tenderness you have detected lurking under the simple friendliness of his letters, and you know your heart has gone out to meet it as it never did to Clement's love-sick protestations. Your fate is in your own hands now. Clement's conduct has put it in your power to be free. Nay, perhaps he will force your freedom back upon you if you do not yourself demand it."

The voice was as that of a siren to little Jessie's heart, but she bravely resisted its enticement, and answered, steadfastly:

"No! I will abide by my promise unless Clement show more plainly than he has yet done that he wishes it withdrawn. Because I have

vexed him into unmanliness by my coldness, shall I also break my faith with him? I will wait and see if he cares for my forgiveness, and if he does he shall have it. As for that other matter, I must not, will not even think of it."

But Clement did not seem to be anxious for the forgiveness so generously awaiting him. A whole week passed, in which Jessie saw him only once—walking in the square with Miss Juliet Upshur; on which occasion the gentleman vouchsafed a haughty bow, the lady a triumphant smile, and Jessie a careless greeting to each. She believed that Clement still loved her, and was acting only from pride and pique; and her own heart did not feel quite innocent toward him, or she would have yielded to its impulse to send him a cool note of dismissal immediately on reaching home. As it was, she waited quietly for the issue to be decided by his own action.

Wednesday evening came: there was to be a grand Concert at the Music Hall, and Jessie had, of course, expected Clement's escort. She did not know whether he would come now or not; but this, she determined, should decide whether forbearance had yet ceased to be a virtue or not. She was tying on her bonnet in her own room, when suddenly there came the well-known rap and step in the hall below; and she could not for her life define the emotion which quickened the pulses of her heart at the familiar sound.

Nor could she better understand the significance of Clement's flushed and excited countenance, his constrained manner, and abrupt response to her greeting, which she had generously made simple and cordial as usual. But it was made clear enough, and his agitation very quickly communicated itself to her own breast, when, after walking a few steps in awkward silence, he took a letter from his pocket—how well she knew the neat, compact envelope!—and handed it to her.

The *dénouement*, then, was at hand.

Clement demanded explanations in an injured, dictatorial tone. Jessie quietly referred him to the letters themselves, which, she said, he might read if he chose. Clement required a promise that the correspondence should be immediately put a stop to. Jessie steadily declined to give up what was at once such pleasure and profit, though promising that it should be quite open to her betrothed's inspection. Clement angrily rejected any compromise, Jessie refused any farther concession, and so they reached the Concert Hall, and went in among the gay throng which crowded it with spirits attuned to any thing but sweet sounds.

Clement's angry countenance revealed plainly the state of his mind; and Jessie did not know whether to be glad or not that the unexpected arrival of this last epistle so soon after its predecessor had allowed it to fall into Clement's hands, who had always been in the habit of bringing her her post-office dispatches, and who knew the Professor's handwriting very well from correcting notes of his lectures by the original manuscript.

Any honorable release from this engagement to a hot-tempered and unreasonable boy was to be eagerly welcomed; and yet little Jessie's heart reproached itself sorely for unfaithfulness, and more than once during the performance, which seemed insufferably tedious, she was on the point of whispering softly to the stern-looking companion at her side the promise he required; but glancing up once to see if his face were softening a little from its sullen anger, she caught a glance directed to Miss Juliet Upshur, who sat smiling and bowing from the other side of the hall, which convinced her that he would not long be inconsolable, even though she remained obdurate. Her red lip curled a little contemptuously, and her heart troubled her with no more reproaches for inconstancy; and when at last the Concert was ended, the people thronging to the door, and Clement, who had not addressed a single word to her during the whole of the performances, took advantage of the bustle to ask, in a very determined tone, whether she was resolved to persist in her refusal, she answered composedly that she most certainly was.

"Then I must beg to be excused from farther attendance upon you, Miss Jessie Stratton. I am sure my presence must be disagreeable. I will go to those who care more to oblige me. Good-night! There are the Comptons who live in your street. I am sure they will be glad to see you home." And so saying, with an insolent bow, Mr. Clement Ross disappeared among the crowd, and left his affianced standing alone in the midst of the jostling throngs. Jessie's little frame quivered with indignation and scorn. The very essence of contemptuous pity was embodied in her half-uttered ejaculation—

"Poor boy! he knows no better!"

And anger and excitement lent a rapid force to her step, as, drawing her vail closely over her face, she made her way to the door, and set off resolutely to walk home alone.

But fast and fleet as were her little feet a quicker and firmer step rang upon the sidewalk, gaining upon her every instant; and just as she reached the first turning a tall form drew close to her side, a manly hand took possession of her little gloved fingers, and drew them under its arm quite as if they belonged there, and Jessie uttered no word of surprise or fear, for her first astonished glance had discovered the well-known face, which was dearest in all the world to her now, looking down into hers with the old grave smile; and the well-remembered voice said, with a strange emotion in its tone which thrilled to the very core of Jessie's little heart:

"I chanced to overhear what passed between you and Clement Ross—the puppy!—in the lobby, and I tried to get to you then, Jessie, but the crowd pushed between. It will never be in his power again to consign you to a lonely midnight walk. This little hand is *my* property now, Jessie, and I shall claim the right of attending you in future. Say, little Jessie, shall it not be so?"

There was a feverish eagerness even in the

grave Professor's voice, and the arm trembled on which Jessie's hand lay. Her own heart beat so that the Professor could not hear her reply; but he looked in her face as they stood in the moonlight on Miss Pamela's porch, and stooping, left his acceptance of it on her lips.

Miss Pamela herself met them in the hall. There was no need of explanations.

THE LADY WITH THE BALMORAL.

"**B**Y Jove!" cried Mr. Frederick Markem, throwing back my chamber-door with such violence that the knob went into the wall about two inches.

I immediately upset my inkstand, for I am a nervous man, and the least noise startles me. I am quick at doing awkward things, and awkward at doing things quickly. I proceeded to gather up the ink, but not with that success and celerity which characterized the spilling.

"Oh, by Jove!" continued Mr. Markem, as he stretched himself out in the arm-chair, "I have seen women—plenty of 'em. Handsome women, too, by the churchful, by the streetful; but never in my life did I ever lay eyes on such a glorious, superb, magnificent, divine, out-and-out ring-tailed snorter, if I may be allowed to use the expression."

I objected. I did not consider "ring-tailed snorter," whatever it might be, was the proper phrase to be used under the circumstances. I didn't know what the circumstances were: it didn't make any difference what they were—there could be no circumstances that would admit of such infelicity of language. No; I objected. Mr. Markem had seriously disturbed me. I was composing a short lyric of eight hundred lines for the *Æsthetic Monthly*, and I did not wish to have my celestial train of thought decomposed by terrestrial matter. But I snubbed a man who was not to be easily snubbed. He went on in an idiotic and extravagant manner, describing a lady whom he had met some twenty minutes previously on the corner of Broadway and Thirteenth Street. Juno, Hebe, and Eurydice were just nothing at all beside this mortal maiden; and as to the Venus de Medici—I quote Mr. Markem—she knocked *her* higher than a kite! I myself am not aware of the height which kites are popularly supposed to attain, but I could picture the airy situation of the Venus de Medici. The lady whose eyes had robbed Mr. Markem of what he could the least afford to part with, had, it seems, rendered his destruction perfect by sporting a red-and-black balmoral skirt, which was conveniently short enough to make a modest display of the prettiest feet and ankles in the world.

"Sir," said Mr. Markem, "you should have seen those feet."

Then Mr. Markem launched into a dissertation on pedal extremities, in which the Chinese women were literally taken off of their feet, or rather, their feet were taken off of them and placed on the faultless ankles of Perfection.

I was vastly relieved when Mr. Markem at length retired to his own room to drown his restless soul, as he intimated, in the intoxicating bowl. The inebriating vessel so tragically alluded to was the bowl of his meerschaum pipe. In a few minutes such volumes of smoke came pouring through the key-hole of the door which separated our apartments that I rushed frantically into his chamber with the vague apprehension of finding him a mass of fire and cinder, bearing no distant resemblance to a half-consumed balmoral.

"Pleasant, this!" said Mr. Markem, emitting from his mouth a cloud of smoke that would have done infinite credit to Mount Vesuvius. "It eases a fellow's soul so!"

I am an impressible man—nervous men always are; and although Mr. Markem's description of the fair one with the golden locks was entirely too absurd for a moment's thought, I lay wide awake half the night thinking about it. And then I sunk into a troubled sleep, only to dream that I and the lady with the balmoral were being smoked in an immense meerschaum pipe by a gigantic Mr. Markem. To disport with such trifles will the most vigorous minds sometimes condescend!

The next day, in spite of myself, I thought of Mr. Markem's adventure—if it is an adventure to meet a pretty woman and be an idiot ever after. In fact, I did nothing but think of her and the tortuous dream of the previous night. The hot aromatic meerschaum, the lady with the balmoral, and the brobdignag Mr. Markem, flitted through my vision all day; and in the evening, when I went to see Clementina—we had been engaged two weeks—I was meditative and unhappy. I felt that I was wronging Clementina.

Two days after this Mr. Markem again rushed into my room. He had seen her—had ridden in the same stage with her—her dress had brushed against him—*her* dress! Eastern perfumes had saluted his nostrils—the perfumes *she* used! He had touched her exquisite finger-tips in passing the change; and language was as milk-and-water to express his emotions! The Venus de Medici was again placed in an elevated position; and several uncomplimentary remarks made relative to Mesdames Juno, Hebe, and Eurydice.

"By Jove, Sir," said Mr. Markem, "see what I have done!" And he jerked his watch out so violently that I expected to see the brass brains of that domestic animal scattered over the floor. "By Jove, Sir! when she passed me her fare, two three-cent pieces, what did I do with 'em but drop 'em into my vest pocket, and hand the whip two gold dollars instead, by Jove! Look at 'em!" And Mr. Markem opened the watch-case and spilled the two bits of silver into the palm of his hand. Mere money—mere gold dollars, piled up as high as the top of Trinity steeple—could not buy those sacred souvenirs. No, Sir! He would have 'em put on a silk cord, and his children, in future generations, should wear 'em around their necks, and cut their teeth on 'em, by Jove! Part with them! Would I

accept his heart's blood as a slight testimonial of his affectionate regards? With this friendly offer Mr. Markem shut up the three-cent pieces in his watch, and restored it to his pocket.

"When the lady got out," said I, hesitatingly, "did you follow her?"

"Follow her? No, Sir! Could I imagine for an instant that so ineffable a creature resided any where? She's an inhabitant of the air—a denizen of the milky-way! Follow her? I was entranced—petrified—knocked higher than a kite!"

I could not help asking Mr. Markem if he met the Venus de Medici coming down on his way up? But this show of pleasantry on my part was the merest counterfeit of jocularity. The second meeting, and Mr. Markem's consequent enthusiasm, worked like madness in my brain. I went to bed to lie awake for hours; and on falling to sleep I dreamed that I was crushed to death by an avalanche of three-cent pieces which slid from the roof of a palatial mansion in Fifth Avenue. Then I was cast, heels over head, on an uninhabited island in the tropics, where the bananas and cocoa-nuts were stuffed with the same scarce metal; and, being on the verge of starvation, I devoured a large quantity, and was about to die of indigestion when the breakfast-bell rescued me from that unpleasant alternative. I was miserable and feverish, and a cup of strong coffee at breakfast only made me more feverish and miserable. I felt that I was doing Clementina an egregious wrong by continuing our present relations; she had ceased to hold that place in my heart which only Mrs. Cobb elect should occupy, and I had ceased to give her that constant adoration which only Mrs. Cobb elect should receive. I determined to see her once more, and break the painful intelligence to her as gently as possible. I dreaded the interview, for, as I have said, I am a nervous man, and I hate scenes. But it was an imperative duty. Still, I delayed the heart-rending moment; and every evening found me sitting with Clementina, who was all modesty and fondness, and gave me such intoxicating little kisses in the library that, at times, I was not quite so certain that I did not love her. Indeed I did, tenderly, while I was with her; but when I returned to my room, and was no longer in the mysterious atmosphere which always surrounds a lovely woman, I felt that we could never be happy together. Clementina, I argued, is not so *very* superior to fifty other ladies of my acquaintance. It is true she has beautiful hair, fine eyes and teeth, a stylish figure, and a voice like Cordelia's,

—"ever soft,

Gentle, and low: an excellent thing in woman!" She is bright, too, and can shoot off a repartee that snaps like an enthusiastic fire-cracker. But then these qualities are not peculiar to Clementina. There is the sarcastic Miss Badinage, and the fascinating Miss Bonbon. To be honest, I was trying to convince myself that I wasn't a knave. But I was.

In the mean time Mr. Markem had twice seen

the ineffable creature of the milky-way—once on the street, and once taking lunch at Thompson's. I do not dare to remember how wretched I was. I gave my best razors to our old book-keeper at the office, and never ventured to trust myself within two blocks of the North River. I was irrevocably in love with Mr. Markem's sweet stranger; and Clementina, who had promised to say the life-long words with me—unhappy girl! I pitied her.

I nerved myself for a final interview with my victim. One afternoon, in calm despair, I dressed myself for that purpose. I had brushed my hat for the four hundred and seventh time, growing calmer and more despairing at each stroke, when Mr. Markem sailed into my room. I am aware that "sailed" is not a happy expression, but no other word will describe the easy, swan-like grace with which Mr. Markem entered my apartment. He was gotten up without any regard to expense. Lord Dundreary was never so nobbily *ganté*. Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like Mr. Markem. He was going to air his magnificence on Broadway, with the hope of meeting the ineffable.

"Cobb," said Mr. Markem, familiarly, "behold!—'the glass of fashion and the mould of form.' By Jove! if this sort of thing doesn't take her!"

"By-the-by, Markem, I am going down Broadway. I'll walk a block or so with you." Mr. Markem hesitated.

"By Jove! now, I don't know about that. I'm a trifle tender on this subject—tender for you also. If you should see her and become unhappy, it would be no use for *you* to—to—"

And Mr. Markem picked out the ends of his cherry-colored neck-ribbon.

"Oh! of course not," said I.

"Then, by Jove! I'll trust you. But, honor bright, Cobb! honor bright!"

We sauntered out of Clinton Place into Broadway. I was very ill at ease, not only from the fact of walking with so gorgeous a person, but at the thought of meeting that woman, the mere description of whose exceeding loveliness had filled my brain with visions like so much hasheesh. I was, moreover, somewhat ashamed of myself for having taken advantage of Mr. Markem's confiding nature; and could not wring the smallest drop of consolation from the accepted assertion that all is fair in war and love.

It was rather too early in the afternoon, as Mr. Markem poetically remarked, for the flowers of beauty to blossom in the garden of fashion; so we dropped into Delmonico's, to flirt with a thimbleful of Madeira and eat an *omelette soufflée*, which, to my idea, is nothing but a heavenly kind of soap-suds.

When we again sallied forth the fashionable side of Broadway was a perfect parterre of human lilies and roses. We walked slowly up town, looking earnestly among the throng of dashing belles, sickly fops, and other inferior people, for that divine perfection of a woman who had unconsciously made me the most miserable of men.

We had reached Bleecker Street. An omnibus on the crossing and an apple-stand on the corner hemmed us in. Mr. Markem suddenly grasped my arm.

"There! there she is!" he whispered.

"Where?"

"There!"

"Oh," said I, with bitter disappointment, "that is only Miss Bonbon!"

"No, no—not she, but the one behind her on the crossing—the lady with the balmoral!"

"Why, you villain!" I shrieked, "that's my Clementina!" At the same time I gracefully upset the apple-stand.

Mr. Frederick Markem drew his hat over his eyes and rushed down Bleecker Street. That evening he and his Coblentz pipes, his French lithographs, and his imitation Etruscan vases disappeared abruptly in a hackney-coach, in search of a new boarding-place.

Clementina—now the blossoming Mrs. Cobb—leans over my shoulder, and protests against my publishing all this nonsense about "that odious Mr. Markem;" but I have promised the article for the present number of *Harper's Monthly Magazine*, and it must be printed, in spite of the Lady with the Balmoral.

WAITING.

BY LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

I'M waiting for my darling,
While sitting by the sea,
Whom never any ship that sails
Brings back again to me.

I miss her ringing laughter,
I miss her footstep light,
I miss her welcome home again
When I come back at night.

Oh, sailor! have you seen her?
You'd know her winsome face,
Her eyes so full of tenderness,
Her form so full of grace!

Yes, I have seen your darling—
A fair wind never fails
To waft the good ship unto
The shore for which *she* sails.

King Death they call the captain—
His crew a spectral band—
He steers, with pennons flying,
Toward a far-off land.

No other ship goes thither
And back, across that main—
The passengers *he* carries
He never brings again.

HEMLOCK HOLLOW.

"KATHARINE," said my father, one morning at breakfast, lifting his eyes from an open letter in his hand—"Katharine, your cousin Ashton will be here to-day. He promises to stay a fortnight with us." I took the letter, and, passing out to where the deep vines of the veranda shaded me from the morning sun, sat down to think and read it over.

I was an only child, and motherless. I had never seen Ashton—my only cousin, but strangely my fancy had fixed upon him as a friend, a brother. Through long and lonely hours of my lonely life I had thought of him, gleaning up what little I could hear about him, fashioning from it an ideal character, and imagining our meeting in a thousand different ways. And now he was coming! Would he be like my ideal? Would he like me? Should I gain a friend, or lose a hope?

We lived in a secluded valley, far from society. The world without might strive and cry, might agonize and rejoice, might love and hate, no murmur of its life reached Hemlock Hollow. My father studied and thought, gloomy and self-involved—a stern cold man, rejoicing in loneliness as a tired man in rest. For me, I longed for change, for life. I wearied of the stagnation of perfect quiet. I dreamed wild dreams that have been ever dreamed and never realized; and sickened of the summer's sunshine, and the winter's snows, beating against the bars of my prison, although it was a fair and beautiful one.

For nature had been kind to this home of mine. It was a little dell whose gentle slopes were crowned with hemlocks, gaunt and grand; while deeper down the graceful birch and elm, with their branches interwoven with flowery trailers, made bowers innumerable, paved with wild flowers, and vocal with the song of birds. In the midst nestled the low cottage with its vine-covered veranda, at each end an acacia-tree, whose white flowers every summer breeze showered through the casement. Beautiful looked the valley in the light of the July morning, beautiful in roses steeped in dew and the murmuring of fragrant branches. A little stream that sprang a tiny fountain from the hill-side ran through it, babbling and dancing in the sunshine.

The evening came, and with it the expected visitor. Many mornings and evenings came and went, bringing new life and happiness to me. Bringing pleasant companionship, tasted for the first time, and bearing with them all my discontent. Days in which I first learned what it was to have a friend; for my ideal was more than realized. I was not disappointed in Ashton Sherard.

"Katy, I am an orphan as well as you. But doubly so, for my father too is dead. I am alone in the world; there is not one in it that cares more for me than for a dozen others."

My cousin's eyes were deep and dark, and calm as the summer sea; but now their depths were stirred with a passionate trouble, and his

lip trembled as with pain. His sorrowful words touched my heart. With an irresistible impulse of consolation I laid my hand upon his.

"Ashton," I said, "I never had a brother; let me be your sister."

Ashton turned quickly, and looked searchingly into my eyes. Taking my hand fondly in both of his, he said,

"My sister; and will you choose to be my sister, Katy? Bear in mind all that implies; what loving trust in me, and care of me; what patience with all my faults; what never-failing interest in my concerns. Remember, you must grieve when I grieve, and be glad when I am glad. Have you counted well the cost? I will yet let you retract."

"I have no wish to retract," I said. "I am ready for the duties of the office. It is better to have somebody to grieve for than nobody to joy for."

I had not thought I had power to give him so much pleasure. His cheek flushed and his eyes brightened as he answered,

"Then the bargain is struck, little sister; and ill befall the first who breaks it. I will be a very Shylock with you. You shall keep to your bond in every jot and tittle, or I will cut the forfeiture from you if I can, you little sprite, but I am afraid there is not a pound of flesh on you. You would fail me there, I think."

The warm wind of the mid-summer night blew wild and strong, shaking the green boughs, and bearing with it the perfume of flowers. Sweeping over hill and dale it came, from the far distance, exulting in its freedom—wailing to the pines, whispering to the poplars, stooping gently to kiss the sleeping flowers, and then hurrying away to gambol among the giant branches of the hemlock. This evening, too, we had been walking in the woods, and we paused, standing together in the garden to look back where the great trees rocked and moaned, and to watch the heavy clouds flying across the sky.

"The voice of the Lord is powerful; the voice of the Lord is full of majesty; the voice of the Lord breaketh the cedars; yea, the Lord breaketh the cedars of Lebanon." How grand it is—how wild, how terrible!" said Ashton. "Katy, what thoughts do the wind bring to you?"

"It tells me of other times," I said, "when I have breasted its wild current; it brings me back the words I spoke when I called to it to bear me away with it—away, in its mystery and strength—when it seemed to whisper to me of the life for which I panted. It is a memory to me."

"Oh! not a memory to me," he said, "but a hope—a glorious hope. I would go thus through the world girded with strength; with the power that the wind has to freshen and purify. I would sweep away old wrongs and prejudices as the wind scatters the withered leaves. I would stir the thoughts of men as it stirs the branches of the trees."

There was fervor in his voice, and his eyes glowed and his nostrils dilated as he spoke. He stood looking forward as if he would have read

the future. For a while I stood silent, looking at his face. At length he spoke again.

"An awful thing it is to rouse this monster from its sleep. Yet some have done it; some have done deeds and spoken words that will re-echo through all time; ay, and through all eternity."

"Ashton," I whispered, "what would you do?"

"What? Ah! I can not tell—I can not tell, Katy. But I stand waiting. The world calls for strong spirits; and whatever comes to my hand, that will I do."

A fear for him entered my heart as he spoke.

"My brother," I said, "go not forth in your own strength. The wind is in the hand of the Lord."

"I will go forth in the strength that God has given me, with that portion of Himself that He has placed within me. And," he added, throwing off the seriousness of his tone, as he looked down at me; "and with you, Katy—with your white, cool hands to smooth my brow when it is ruffled in the strife. What would you be in the world that lies before us, Katy?"

"Oh! not the wind, Ashton," I said; "rather one ray of sunshine. I would then spend my day in gladdening one spot of earth, and brightening the rain-drops that fell on it; and when evening came I would fade slowly away, leaving behind me regret for my departure."

Ashton's visit came to an end; and when he was going he asked me to walk with him a little way. The clouds sailed calmly over the blue sky, and the birds sang around us as we stood on the hill and looked down on the valley at our feet.

Ashton took both my hands in his, and looked into my face.

"Dearest Katy," he said, "will you miss me when I am gone? Will there be any less sunshine here for my absence?"

I answered, quietly, that I should miss him. But when I had spoken the words my heart rose within me, and I could not forbear telling him all that he had been to me.

"Ashton," I said, "you have been the sunlight of my life—you have been its hope and its fulfillment. I had not lived until you came and brought life with you, my brother. My heart will be with you wherever you go."

Still he held my hands in his, and their pressure tightened as I spoke.

"Katy," he said, "do not call me brother. I will not let you be my sister. I give up all claim to your sisterly affection."

I looked up quickly to his face. There was no want of love there, but love full and free, the strength of his great heart. My eyes fell before his, and my heart trembled at the treasure, so inexhaustible in its richness, that had opened before me.

"No," he said, "not my sister. You are dearer to me than ever sister was to brother; and, Katy, you must love me better than if I was your brother."

I could not answer him; but he knew that his love was more to me than life, and the proud consciousness that it was mine made my heart swell and my eyes overflow with tears of joy.

I will not describe our parting. I watched his lessening figure until nearly out of sight; I saw him turn and wave his hand to me as a last farewell; and when I could see him no longer I turned and went home.

He was gone, and I should not see him again for a whole year—a long, weary year. Yet I was very happy. It was a year to think of him and love him in, and to pray for him in, and invoke, every hour, God's blessing on his head. I will pass over this year, and take up my story again when it is finished.

The day of Ashton's return had come. A year and some months had passed away, and it was autumn. I wandered about the house as restless as hope and anxiety could make me. At last I dressed myself with more than usual care, and looked for a while at the little brown face that wanted all the elements of beauty, banded my hair, as I had always worn it, close back from my face, and wandered down the path he should come by. Hiding myself where I had a good view of the road, I waited his coming.

I heard footsteps, and, starting up, I saw him coming. Oh! my heart's heart! my whole frame grew faint with excess of joy. At first he did not see me, and came along with a quick and earnest step, and head bent down; and as he came nearer I noticed that his face wore a pale and troubled look. Suddenly he looked up and saw me, and his eyes flashed on me like lightning.

"Katy!"

"Ashton!"

In a moment he was by my side, with my hands in his, pressing them against his lips, and murmuring low words of affection.

It was some time before we left that nook among the trees. As we walked together up the pathway I asked Ashton what had made him look so strange and pale when I first saw him.

"You had your lips pressed tight together," I said, "and you looked so defiant, I felt half-afraid of you."

"I feel nothing but joy now, Katy," he answered, caressing the hand he had drawn through his arm. "But then have you not sometimes imagined a danger from which you shrank, as if it had been real and palpable? That was my fancy just then. Yes," he continued, "was it not wrong, when I was so near holding these little hands in mine; so near looking into that face with its clear brow and loving lips?"

I laughed, and professed to despise his flatteries. But praise from him was the sweetest music to my ears. I secretly rejoiced in the knowledge that he thought me beautiful, though I knew it was only a delusion. And talking thus we reached the house.

Long happy days followed. Together we revisited all our old haunts in the forest and by the stream. The last year faded away as if it

had never been, and our two lives closed again where they had been separated. But in my highest happiness I was sometimes chilled and saddened by an undefined shadow that hung over Ashton. Often when he had been silent for some time, I would look up into his face, and see there the same sad conscious look it had worn on the day of his arrival, and though the sound of my voice always chased it away it troubled me much.

The evening came that was to be the last of Ashton's stay; and when the sunset began to burn in the west, we stood on the veranda watching the redoubled splendor it cast upon the gorgeous woods. Every shade of scarlet and yellow, brown and green, was lighted up with a new glory, and here and there a belt of evergreens stood out dark and frowning in the mellow light, a contrast to the splendor behind, making it seem more beautiful still.

I stood near Ashton and looked up into his face.

"Katy," he said, "your love is dearer to me than all the world beside; dearer far than life; dearer than any thing but the integrity of my soul. But there is something I must tell you, if I would not forfeit that integrity; something which I fear will make you wish to take your love from me." He spoke very calmly, but the hands that held mine were shaking, and he was deadly pale. He paused a few moments and then continued: "Do not judge me rashly, Katy; I am what you would call an unbeliever. I do not believe what you have been taught most to reverence."

A sudden rush of blood to my heart left me without the power of speaking, and I felt that I would soon be unable to stand. I disengaged my hands and sat down on a fallen tree.

"Katy, will you not speak to me," said Ashton, impetuously; "Katy, what are creeds but the offspring of men's minds? Has not every age seen a new religion? Think, darling! shall we be separated for such a shadow?"

I looked into his eyes, and saw the agony of love that welled from their depths upon me, and my heart rose up wildly and refused to believe that he, my heart's idol, was an unbeliever.

"Ashton," I said, "it is impossible: I will not believe it. Do not tell me that I may no longer lean on you. It will kill me, Ashton: I can not bear it."

"Oh, Katy, do not reproach me," he answered; "I would rather die than bring sorrow to you. If you knew how hard it has been for me to tell you this—if you knew the agony that is wringing my heart—you would pity me."

He covered his face with his hands, and I heard a groan, low and heart-stricken, burst from his breast.

"Now God pity us both," I said; "and chiefly you, for you need it most. But oh! Ashton, I have to choose between duty and happiness, and the struggle is hard—almost harder than I can bear."

"Do not send me from you," he said, turning upon me a face so changed with the struggle of

his mind that I would not have recognized him. "You can not. I could not bear it, nor could you. And I am not really an unbeliever. I believe in the divine essence all around us: the majesty of God awes us in the lightning; the stars are the mildness of his eyes; he smiles up to us from the flowers round our feet; the glory of his presence shines up from the departing sun; and, Katy, he shines into our hearts in that love that never can be quenched—dearest, I know you love me too well to think it ever can be."

This, and more too, he said, with his eyes fixed on mine in that gaze which I had never resisted. He pleaded his love for me; he told me that I had promised that nothing should divide us; he said that if I failed him he would be alone in the world, with no one to love him or that he could love; and with my heart too frozen for tears, I listened to his words, with my mind striving vainly to be firm, like one that is beaten against by the waves of the sea. He spoke with impetuous force, and I felt that he was bearing me with him. As I cast about for power to do right, the words of the promise came to my mind. "In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He shall direct thy paths." And I called for strength to Him who is a very present help. It came to me, and I rose up and stood before him.

"Ashton," I said, "it is giving up my life to give you up. Do not speak to me. My heart pleads as strongly as your words. Oh! Ashton, I see nothing but darkness all around me. I can not tell you to pray. You can not pray to an idea; and when will cease the restless tossing on that dark and troubled sea, into which, rudderless, you have launched your precious boat? You are afraid I will wish to take my love from you. Oh! Ashton, that is impossible. I would not if I could. Never will I cease to pray that God have mercy on you; but until then we must part, Ashton—it can not be otherwise."

"I thought I knew how you would receive this," said Ashton; "but now I feel that I had hope. Good-by, Katy. I have thought of life with you by my side—a protecting angel to keep my soul from taint. I have thought of guarding you through all the world, and of bearing you close to my heart through every danger. I must learn life anew, Katy. Good-by!"

Unable to speak, I gave him my hand. It was pressed in both of his, and kissed passionately, and he was gone. Gone!—my all of life and love!—gone forever!

Alone—alone! I repeated the word over and over to myself when I stood in my room. So stunned was I that I could feel nothing more. I walked aimlessly up and down, catching a glimpse, as I passed the mirror, of a wild, white face that did not seem my own. I tossed back my hair from my face, and laid my damp, cold hands upon my burning forehead, and smiled with a sort of curiosity at all that I could bear alone; and then I sat down and tried to think. Where was he now? Hurrying through the woods, torn by the grief that I had inflicted. I! how dared I, unworthy as I was, cast away, as

if it had been a worthless thing, the precious love which had honored me above all others. I clasped my hands upon my brow, and cried aloud with such a passion of tears as seemed to tear my life away. Shuddering, I looked forward into life, and saw its dreary barren waste lengthen itself out before me. My heart fainted within me, and I prayed for death. Then my thoughts went back to that first day when I had watched for him in the wood; and I remembered his pale, defiant face, and the fancy that he said had caused it. Now I could interpret his dream, and understand the fearful struggle that had shaken his soul; and he had to bear all with his own strength. Poor Ashton! How much more to be pitied than I, wandering out, as he was about to do, into the world without any love or hope to cheer him; for I knew him too well to think he would soon cease to care for me. I sank down on my bed sobbing and weeping, and calling to God for help to him so noble, yet so deluded, until the heavy sleep of grief rendered me for a time insensible.

Again from the sad story of my life I lift the veil: As near the close of a dim and dreary day, a watery gleam illumines all the landscape, and shows the falling rain, the heavy mist, and the drenched and beaten flowers. Three years have passed since Ashton went away—years such as leave the form bowed, and take the light of youth from the eyes; years in which were pressed upon my shrinking spirit all

“The hope, and the fear, and the sorrow;
All the aching of heart, the restless, unsatisfied longing;
All the dull, deep pain, and constant anguish of patience.”
And now the end was coming.

On a summer evening I sat in a room in a little wayside inn far away from my old home. The sunlight, streaming through the window, flushed with a roseate glow every object in the little room; and the branches outside, stirred by faint breezes, cast their waving shadows on the wall. On the couch beside which I sat lay the sleeping form of a sick man. Calm and still he lay as a sleeping infant—he that I loved so deeply—with the pleasant sunlight falling on his face, and the evening stillness gathering in the room: but as I looked on his flushed cheek, his parched lip, and the rich golden curls that lay matted on his hot brow, I thought of the past weeks that I had passed by his bedside, when I had watched him tossing to and fro in the delirium of fever, and listened to his wild ravings; I thought of the many times he had called me to him with passionate entreaties; and when I took his burning hands in mine, and bent over him, how his deep, blue, glittering eyes would wander vacantly over my face, killing me with their wild unconsciousness. Truly I had gone through deep waters—the floods went over my soul.

But amidst all there was joy at my heart, and hope, that seemed to others nothing but madness. For on my heart lay a letter from Ashton, the first I had received from him since

our parting. It made me happy, although it brought the news of his illness, for it told me that he had become a Christian.

These were its contents:

“Come to me, Katy, I am ill, very ill; I was on my way to you when this sickness came, but now, dear, you must come to me. If it should be God’s will that I should never see your face again in this world, thank Him for one thing, dearest—your prayers for me have been answered; we shall meet in heaven, if not on earth.”

This was brought to me three weeks ago by a hasty messenger, and half an hour after I had read it I was on my way to him, accompanied by my father. It was a long journey, and when I reached its end he was delirious. And as yet he had not recognized me.

Again I took the letter out and read it by the failing light. Although its words were so familiar that I could have repeated them every one, I was never weary of reading the blessed assurance they conveyed to me; and I felt that the God who had been so merciful would yet continue his goodness.

Still I sat there by the bedside, and still Ashton slept on, until twilight fell and shadows began to creep into the room. The crimson had died away from the western sky, and one large, fair star glittered above, like a brilliant eye above a faintly-flushing cheek. At length I rose and went to the window, and kneeling down by it, and leaning my head upon my hands, I looked out upon the happy, quiet earth; and prayer came into my heart, filling it with love, and my eyes with tears, and welling up to my lips in these words: “Oh, Thou who dost not willingly afflict, and who pitiest us even as a father pitieth his children, take not the light of my life from me; let me yet be happy in this world, if it be Thy will!”

Deeper fell the shadows around me, and the stars shone out more brightly above. I closed the window softly, and lighted the lamp upon the table, and, sitting down, waited hopefully for Ashton’s waking.

Hush! was that my name, that low, faint whisper? Yes; there it comes again.

“Katy.”

In a moment I was by his side.

“Katy, love, how I have longed for you!”

This music met my ear; the dear eyes looked into mine with recognition and love; the weak, wasted hands clasped mine; a load of grief seemed lifted from my heart, and I wept tears of thankfulness and joy. I was about to call my father, who had retired, that he might see what I believed such a happy change, but Ashton would not let me.

“Stay with me a little while,” he said; “I want to look into your face, it is so long since I have seen it. And I have much to say to you. My poor little flower, how wasted and wan you look! and it was I that brought all this sorrow upon you! it was I that took all your brightness and bloom away!”

"Hush!" I answered; "they will all come back now when you are well. You will come back with us to Hemlock Hollow, and we will be very happy. We will never part again, Ashton."

But Ashton's face did not echo back the hope and joy that I felt met him in mine. There was neither joy nor sorrow in it; nothing but a perfect calm, with a shade of pity in the deep eyes as they met mine.

"Yes, dear, we must part," he said, solemnly; "but the decision does not rest with either of us now. A higher power parts us—a power that you will find strength to submit to, darling. The separation will be short, we shall soon meet again; and now do not go from me or call any one. Let me die with your true arms round me; your loving lips against mine."

His words fell upon my heart like a doom of death, shattering all my bright hopes.

"Oh, Ashton, do not speak those dreadful words," I cried out in terror; "they are not true, I will not believe it; you must not go and leave me in the world alone. The fever is gone now, and you will get well; I could not bear to lose you now, when I had begun to hope that all my sorrow was over. Oh, Ashton, I will not let you die!"

"They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat. For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters: and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes." Katy, will you let me go to be among them—to live in the light of God for evermore?"

I listened to Ashton as he spoke these words, my heart torn with fierce agony.

"I am greatly changed since we parted, Katy. Now I know that whatever God orders for us must be best. He is more kind, and wise, and loving than I can even imagine him to be. What seems to us hard only seems so because we do not know. Dear love, can you not trust in him?"

"Since I lost you, Katy," Ashton went on, "I have been very unhappy; but about six months ago it seemed as if I could no longer bear my life. All my hopes and plans failed. My aims were not those of any other; they were wild and visionary, without foundation or end. So I gave up them and the world, and drew back into myself. Then a wild, intense longing for you rose in my mind, driving out every other thought. Many a time I have been about to set out to see you once again, if but for a moment; but each time the knowledge of the suffering it would cause you kept me back. Often I have dreamed that I felt the touch of your hand upon my forehead, or your cheek against mine, and waking to find it only a delusion, I have risen, and wandered out into the woods, and lain all night upon the ground, in my dark agony, calling upon your name, with a wild, despairing hope that you would in some way hear and answer me. At last, for no other reason than be-

cause it had felt the touch of your hands, I began to read your little Bible that you gave me long ago, soon after we first met. It was long after that ere peace came; but it came at last, after a dark and dreadful season; and now, Katy—"

His white lips were parted, his brow was damp, his eyes fixed themselves upon mine; I wound my arms round him, holding him against me, and calling his name in words of passionate grief; then our lips met in one last, long kiss, and so his spirit fled.

Some time after—I do not know how long—my father came and found us so, I seeming as cold and lifeless as he who leaned against me. They took me away, back to Hemlock Hollow, where the fever laid its hand upon me, and for weeks my life was despaired of. But it was God's will that I should recover. Surely he knows best, and I have striven to be content.

It is not many years since, yet already my hair begins to be silvered with gray, and strangers that see me by chance fancy me an old woman. My father is dead, and I am quite alone in the old house. Often on summer nights, among the hemlocks, a breath not human seems to touch my cheek, and a loving presence seems to close around me, with heavenly whispers of consolation. I know the time will not be long now until I shall see him in that heavenly city, with the light of God upon his brow, and shall walk in peace beside him where the weary are at rest.

WILLIAM PITT.

BY LORD MACAULAY.

WILLIAM PITT, the second son of William Pitt, Earl of Chatham, and of Lady Hester Grenville, daughter of Hester, Countess Temple, was born on the 28th of May, 1759. The child inherited a name which, at the time of his birth, was the most illustrious in the civilized world, and was pronounced by every Englishman with pride, and by every enemy of England with mingled admiration and terror. During the first year of his life every month had its illuminations and bonfires, and every wind brought some messenger charged with joyful tidings and hostile standards. In Westphalia the English infantry won a great battle which arrested the armies of Louis the Fifteenth in the midst of a career of conquest: Boscawen defeated one French fleet on the coast of Portugal: Hawke put to flight another in the Bay of Biscay: Johnson took Niagara: Amherst took Ticonderoga: Wolfe died by the most enviable of deaths under the walls of Quebec: Clive destroyed a Dutch armament in the Hoogley, and established the English supremacy in Bengal: Coote routed Lally at Wandewash, and established the English supremacy in the Carnatic. The nation, while loudly applauding the successful warriors, considered them all, on sea and on land, in Europe, in America, and in Asia, merely as instruments which received their direction

from one superior mind. It was the great William Pitt, the great commoner, who had vanquished French marshals in Germany, and French admirals on the Atlantic; who had conquered for his country one great empire on the frozen shores of Ontario, and another under the tropical sun near the mouths of the Ganges. It was not in the nature of things that popularity such as he at this time enjoyed should be permanent. That popularity had lost its gloss before his children were old enough to understand that their father was a great man. He was at length placed in situations in which neither his talents for administration nor his talents for debate appeared to the best advantage. The energy and decision which had eminently fitted him for the direction of war were not needed in time of peace. The lofty and spirit-stirring eloquence, which had made him supreme in the House of Commons, often fell dead on the House of Lords. A cruel malady racked his joints, and left his joints only to fall on his nerves and on his brain. During the closing years of his life, he was odious to the court, and yet was not on cordial terms with the great body of the opposition. Chatham was only the ruin of Pitt, but an awful and majestic ruin, not to be contemplated by any man of sense and feeling without emotions resembling those which are excited by the remains of the Parthenon and of the Coliseum. In one respect the old statesman was eminently happy. Whatever might be the vicissitudes of his public life, he never failed to find peace and love by his own hearth. He loved all his children, and was loved by them; and, of all his children, the one of whom he was fondest and proudest was his second son.

The child's genius and ambition displayed themselves with a rare and almost unnatural precocity. At seven, the interest which he took in grave subjects, the ardor with which he pursued his studies, and the sense and vivacity of his remarks on books and on events, amazed his parents and instructors. One of his sayings of this date was reported to his mother by his tutor. In August, 1776, when the world was agitated by the news that Mr. Pitt had become Earl of Chatham, little William exclaimed, "I am glad that I am not the eldest son. I want to speak in the House of Commons like papa." A letter is extant in which Lady Chatham, a woman of considerable abilities, remarked to her lord, that their younger son at twelve had left far behind him his elder brother, who was fifteen. "The fineness," she wrote, "of William's mind makes him enjoy with the greatest pleasure what would be above the reach of any other creature of his small age." At fourteen the lad was in intellect a man. Hayley, who met him at Lyme in the summer of 1773, was astonished, delighted, and somewhat overawed, by hearing wit and wisdom from so young a mouth. The poet, indeed, was afterward sorry that his shyness had prevented him from submitting the plan of an extensive literary work, which he was then meditating, to the judgment of this extraordinary boy. The

boy, indeed, had already written a tragedy, bad of course, but not worse than the tragedies of his friend. This piece is still preserved at Chevening, and is in some respects highly curious. There is no love. The whole plot is political; and it is remarkable that the interest, such as it is, turns on a contest about a regency. On one side is a faithful servant of the Crown, on the other an ambitious and unprincipled conspirator. At length the King, who had been missing, reappears, resumes his power, and rewards the faithful defender of his rights. A reader who should judge only by internal evidence, would have no hesitation in pronouncing that the play was written by some Pittite poetaster at the time of the rejoicings for the recovery of George the Third in 1789.

The pleasure with which William's parents observed the rapid development of his intellectual powers was alloyed by apprehensions about his health. He shot up alarmingly fast; he was often ill, and always weak; and it was feared that it would be impossible to rear a stripling so tall, so slender, and so feeble. Port wine was prescribed by his medical advisers; and it is said that he was at fourteen accustomed to take this agreeable physic in quantities which would, in our abstemious age, be thought much more than sufficient for any full-grown man. This regimen, though it would probably have killed ninety-nine boys out of a hundred, seems to have been well suited to the peculiarities of William's constitution; for at fifteen he ceased to be molested by disease, and, though never a strong man, continued, during many years of labor and anxiety, of nights passed in debate and of summers passed in London, to be a tolerably healthy one. It was probably on account of the delicacy of his frame that he was not educated like other boys of the same rank. Almost all the eminent English statesmen and orators to whom he was afterward opposed or allied—North, Fox, Shelburne, Windham, Grey, Wellesley, Grenville, Sheridan, Canning—went through the training of great public schools. Lord Chatham had himself been a distinguished Etonian; and it is seldom that a distinguished Etonian forgets his obligations to Eton. But William's infirmities required a vigilance and tenderness such as could be found only at home. He was therefore bred under the paternal roof. His studies were superintended by a clergyman named Wilson; and those studies, though often interrupted by illness, were prosecuted with extraordinary success. Before the lad had completed his fifteenth year his knowledge both of the ancient languages and of mathematics was such as very few men of eighteen then carried up to college. He was therefore sent, toward the close of the year 1773, to Pembroke Hall, in the University of Cambridge. So young a student required much more than the ordinary care which a college tutor bestows on undergraduates. The governor, to whom the direction of William's academical life was confided, was a bachelor of arts named Pretymann, who had been

senior wrangler in the preceding year, and who, though not a man of prepossessing appearance or brilliant parts, was eminently acute and laborious, a sound scholar, and an excellent geometer. At Cambridge, Pretyman was, during more than two years, the inseparable companion, and indeed almost the only companion, of his pupil. A close and lasting friendship sprang up between the pair. The disciple was able, before he completed his twenty-eighth year, to make his preceptor Bishop of Lincoln and Dean of St. Paul's; and the preceptor showed his gratitude by writing a *Life of the disciple*, which enjoys the distinction of being the worst biographical work of its size in the world.

Pitt, till he graduated, had scarcely one acquaintance, attended chapel regularly morning and evening, dined every day in hall, and never went to a single evening party. At seventeen he was admitted, after the bad fashion of those times, by right of birth, without any examination, to the degree of Master of Arts. But he continued during some years to reside at college, and to apply himself vigorously, under Pretyman's direction, to the studies of the place, while mixing freely in the best academic society.

The stock of learning which Pitt laid in during this part of his life was certainly very extraordinary. In fact, it was all that he ever possessed; for he very early became too busy to have any spare time for books. The work in which he took the greatest delight was Newton's *Principia*. His liking for mathematics, indeed, amounted to a passion, which, in the opinion of his instructors, themselves distinguished mathematicians, required to be checked rather than encouraged. The acuteness and readiness with which he solved problems was pronounced by one of the ablest of the moderators, who in those days presided over the disputations in the schools and conducted the examinations of the Senate House, to be unrivaled in the University. Nor was the youth's proficiency in classical learning less remarkable. In one respect, indeed, he appeared to disadvantage when compared with even second-rate and third-rate men from public schools. He had never, while under Wilson's care, been in the habit of composing in the ancient languages; and he therefore never acquired that knack of versification which is sometimes possessed by clever boys whose knowledge of the language and literature of Greece and Rome is very superficial. It would have been utterly out of his power to produce such charming elegiac lines as those in which Wellesley bade farewell to Eton, or such Virgilian hexameters as those in which Canning described the pilgrimage to Mecca. But it may be doubted whether any scholar has ever, at twenty, had a more solid and profound knowledge of the two great tongues of the old civilized world. The facility with which he penetrated the meaning of the most intricate sentences in the Attic writers astonished veteran critics. He had set his heart on being intimately acquainted with all the extant po-

etry of Greece, and was not satisfied till he had mastered Lycophron's *Cassandra*, the most obscure work in the whole range of ancient literature. This strange rhapsody, the difficulties of which have perplexed and repelled many excellent scholars, "he read," says his preceptor, "with an ease at first, which, if I had not witnessed, I should have thought beyond the compass of human intellect."

To modern literature Pitt paid comparatively little attention. He knew no living language except French, and French he knew very imperfectly. With a few of the best English writers he was intimate, particularly with Shakspeare and Milton. The debate in *Pandemonium* was, as it well deserved to be, one of his favorite passages; and his early friends used to talk, long after his death, of the just emphasis and the melodious cadence with which they had heard him recite the incomparable speech of Belial. He had indeed been carefully trained from infancy in the art of managing his voice—a voice naturally clear and deep-toned. His father, whose oratory owed no small part of its effect to that art, had been a most skillful and judicious instructor. At a later period the wits of Brookes's, irritated by observing, night after night, how powerfully Pitt's sonorous elocution fascinated the rows of country gentlemen, reproached him with having been "taught by his dad on a stool."

His education, indeed, was well adapted to form a great parliamentary speaker. One argument often urged against those classical studies which occupy so large a part of the early life of every gentleman bred in the south of our island is that they prevent him from acquiring a command of his mother tongue, and that it is not unusual to meet with a youth of excellent parts who writes Ciceronian Latin prose and Horatian Latin *Alcaics*, but who would find it impossible to express his thoughts in pure, perspicuous, and forcible English. There may, perhaps, be some truth in this observation. But the classical studies of Pitt were carried on in a peculiar manner, and had the effect of enriching his English vocabulary, and of making him wonderfully expert in the art of constructing correct English sentences. His practice was to look over a page or two of a Greek or Latin author, to make himself master of the meaning, and then to read the passage straight forward into his own language. This practice, begun under his first teacher, Wilson, was continued under Pretyman. It is not strange that a young man of great abilities, who had been exercised daily in this way during ten years, should have acquired an almost unrivaled power of putting his thoughts, without premeditation, into words well-selected and well-arranged.

Of all the remains of antiquity, the orations were those on which he bestowed the most minute examination. His favorite employment was to compare harangues on opposite sides of the same question, to analyze them, and to observe which of the arguments of the first speak-

er were refuted by the second, which were evaded, and which were left untouched. Nor was it only in books that he at this time studied the art of parliamentary fencing. When he was at home he had frequent opportunities of hearing important debates at Westminster; and he heard them, not only with interest and enjoyment, but with a close, scientific attention resembling that with which a diligent pupil at Guy's Hospital watches every turn of the hand of a great surgeon through a difficult operation. On one of these occasions Pitt, a youth whose abilities were as yet known only to his own family, and to a small knot of college friends, was introduced on the steps of the throne in the House of Lords to Fox, who was his senior by eleven years, and who was already the greatest debater, and one of the greatest orators, that had appeared in England. Fox used afterward to relate that, as the discussion proceeded, Pitt repeatedly turned to him and said, "But surely, Mr. Fox, that might be met thus;" or, "Yes; but he lays himself open to this retort." What the particular criticisms were, Fox had forgotten; but he said that he was much struck at the time by the precocity of a lad who, through the whole sitting, seemed to be thinking only how all the speeches on both sides could be answered.

One of the young man's visits to the House of Lords was a sad and memorable era in his life. He had not quite completed his nineteenth year, when, on the 7th of April, 1778, he attended his father to Westminster. A great debate was expected. It was known that France had recognized the independence of the United States. The Duke of Richmond was about to declare his opinion that all thought of subjugating those states ought to be relinquished. Chatham had always maintained that the resistance of the colonies to the mother country was justifiable. But he conceived, very erroneously, that on the day on which their independence should be acknowledged the greatness of England would be at an end. Though sinking under the weight of years and infirmities, he determined, in spite of the entreaties of his family, to be in his place. His son supported him to a seat. The excitement and exertion were too much for the old man. In the very act of addressing the peers, he fell back in convulsions. A few weeks later his corpse was borne, with gloomy pomp, from the Painted Chamber to the Abbey. The favorite child and namesake of the deceased statesman followed the coffin as chief mourner, and saw it deposited in the transept where his own was destined to lie.

His elder brother, now Earl of Chatham, had means sufficient, and barely sufficient, to support the dignity of the peerage. The other members of the family were poorly provided for. William had little more than three hundred a year. It was necessary for him to follow a profession. He had already begun to eat his terms. In the spring of 1780 he came of age. He then quitted Cambridge, was called to the bar, took chambers in Lincoln's Inn, and joined the western circuit.

In the autumn of that year a general election took place; and he offered himself as a candidate for the university; but he was at the bottom of the poll. It is said that the grave doctors who then sat, robed in scarlet, on the benches of Golgotha, thought it great presumption in so young a man to solicit so high a distinction. He was, however, at the request of a hereditary friend, the Duke of Rutland, brought into Parliament by Sir James Lowther for the borough of Appleby.

The dangers of the country were at that time such as might well have disturbed even a constant mind. Army after army had been sent in vain against the rebellious colonists of North America. On pitched fields of battle the advantage had been with the disciplined troops of the mother country. But it was not on pitched fields of battle that the event of such a contest could be decided. An armed nation, with hunger and the Atlantic for auxiliaries, was not to be subjugated. Meanwhile, the House of Bourbon, humbled to the dust a few years before by the genius and vigor of Chatham, had seized the opportunity of revenge. France and Spain were united against us, and had recently been joined by Holland. The command of the Mediterranean had been for a time lost. The British flag had been scarcely able to maintain itself in the British Channel. The northern powers professed neutrality; but their neutrality had a menacing aspect. In the East, Hyder had descended on the Carnatic, had destroyed the little army of Baillie, and had spread terror even to the ramparts of Fort St. George. The discontents of Ireland threatened nothing less than civil war. In England the authority of the government had sunk to the lowest point. The King and the House of Commons were alike unpopular. The cry for parliamentary reform was scarcely less loud and vehement than in the autumn of 1830. Formidable associations, headed, not by ordinary demagogues, but by men of high rank, stainless character, and distinguished ability, demanded a revision of the representative system. The populace, emboldened by the impotence and irresolution of the government, had recently broken loose from all restraint, besieged the chambers of the Legislature, hustled peers, hunted bishops, attacked the residences of ambassadors, opened prisons, burned and pulled down houses. London had presented during some days the aspect of a city taken by storm; and it had been necessary to form a camp among the trees of St. James's Park.

In spite of dangers and difficulties, abroad and at home, George the Third, with a firmness which had little affinity with virtue or with wisdom, persisted in his determination to put down the American rebels by force of arms; and his ministers submitted their judgment to his. Some of them were probably actuated merely by selfish cupidity; but their chief, Lord North, a man of high honor, amiable temper, winning manners, lively wit, and excellent talents both for business and for debate, must be acquitted of all sordid

motives. He remained at a post from which he had long wished and had repeatedly tried to escape, only because he had not sufficient fortitude to resist the entreaties and reproaches of the King, who silenced all arguments by passionately asking whether any gentleman, any man of spirit, could have the heart to desert a kind master in the hour of extremity.

The opposition consisted of two parties which had once been hostile to each other, and which had been very slowly, and, as it soon appeared, very imperfectly reconciled, but which at this conjuncture seemed to act together with cordiality. The larger of these parties consisted of the great body of the Whig aristocracy. Its head was Charles, Marquis of Rockingham, a man of sense and virtue, and in wealth and parliamentary interest equaled by very few of the English nobles, but afflicted with a nervous timidity which prevented him from taking a prominent part in debate. In the House of Commons the adherents of Rockingham were led by Fox, whose dissipated habits and ruined fortunes were the talk of the whole town, but whose commanding genius, and whose sweet, generous, and affectionate disposition extorted the admiration and love of those who most lamented the errors of his private life. Burke, superior to Fox in largeness of comprehension, in extent of knowledge, and in splendor of imagination, but less skilled in that kind of logic and in that kind of rhetoric which convince and persuade great assemblies, was willing to be the lieutenant of a young chief who might have been his son.

A smaller section of the opposition was composed of the old followers of Chatham. At their head was William, Earl of Shelburne, distinguished both as a statesman and as a lover of science and letters. With him were leagued Lord Camden, who had formerly held the great seal, and whose integrity, ability, and constitutional knowledge commanded the public respect; Barré, an eloquent and acrimonious declaimer; and Dunning, who had long held the first place at the English bar. It was to this party that Pitt was naturally attracted.

On the 26th of February, 1781, he made his first speech in favor of Burke's plan of economical reform. Fox stood up at the same moment, but instantly gave way. The lofty yet animated deportment of the young member, his perfect self-possession, the readiness with which he replied to the orators who had preceded him, the silver tones of his voice, the perfect structure of his unpremeditated sentences, astonished and delighted his hearers. Burke, moved even to tears, exclaimed, "It is not a chip of the old block; it is the old block itself." "Pitt will be one of the first men in Parliament," said a member of the opposition to Fox. "He is so already," answered Fox, in whose nature envy had no place. It is a curious fact, well remembered by some who were very recently living, that soon after this debate Pitt's name was put up by Fox at Brookes's.

On two subsequent occasions during that ses-

sion Pitt addressed the House, and on both fully sustained the reputation which he had acquired on his first appearance. In the summer, after the prorogation, he again went the western circuit, held several briefs, and acquitted himself in such a manner that he was highly complimented by Buller from the bench, and by Dunning at the bar.

On the 27th of November the Parliament re-assembled. Only forty-eight hours before had arrived tidings of the surrender of Cornwallis and his army; and it consequently became necessary to rewrite the royal speech. Every man in the kingdom, except the King, was now convinced that it was mere madness to think of conquering the United States. In the debate on the report of the address, Pitt spoke with even more energy and brilliancy than on any former occasion. He was warmly applauded by his allies; but it was remarked that no person on his own side of the house was so loud in eulogy as Henry Dundas, the Lord Advocate of Scotland, who spoke from the ministerial ranks. That able and versatile politician distinctly foresaw the approaching downfall of the government with which he was connected, and was preparing to make his own escape from the ruin. From that night dates his connection with Pitt, a connection which soon became a close intimacy, and which lasted till it was dissolved by death.

About a fortnight later, Pitt spoke in the committee of supply on the army estimates. Symptoms of dissension had begun to appear on the treasury bench. Lord George Germaine, the Secretary of State, who was especially charged with the direction of the war in America, had held language not easily to be reconciled with declarations made by the first lord of the treasury. Pitt noticed the discrepancy with much force and keenness. Lord George and Lord North began to whisper together; and Welbore Ellis, an ancient placeman, who had been drawing salary almost every quarter since the days of Henry Pelham, bent down between them to put in a word. Such interruptions sometimes discompose veteran speakers. Pitt stopped, and, looking at the group, said, with admirable readiness, "I shall wait till Nestor has composed the dispute between Agamemnon and Achilles."

After several defeats, or victories hardly to be distinguished from defeats, the ministry resigned. The King, reluctantly and ungraciously, consented to accept Rockingham as first minister. Fox and Shelburne became secretaries of state. Lord John Cavendish, one of the most upright and honorable of men, was made chancellor of the exchequer. Thurlow, whose abilities and force of character had made him the dictator of the House of Lords, continued to hold the great seal.

To Pitt was offered, through Shelburne, the vice-treasurership of Ireland, one of the easiest and most highly paid places in the gift of the Crown; but the offer was, without hesitation, declined. The young statesman had resolved to accept no post which did not entitle him to a

seat in the cabinet; and, a few days later, he announced that resolution in the House of Commons. It must be remembered that the cabinet was then a much smaller and more select body than at present. We have seen cabinets of sixteen. In the time of our grandfathers a cabinet of ten or eleven was thought inconveniently large. Seven was a usual number. Even Burke, who had taken the lucrative office of paymaster, was not in the cabinet. Many therefore thought Pitt's declaration indecent. He himself was sorry that he had made it. The words, he said in private, had escaped him in the heat of speaking; and he had no sooner uttered them than he would have given the world to recall them. They, however, did him no harm with the public. The second William Pitt, it was said, had shown that he had inherited the spirit as well as the genius of the first. In the son, as in the father, there might perhaps be too much pride; but there was nothing low or sordid. It might be called arrogance in a young barrister, living in chambers on three hundred a year, to refuse a salary of five thousand a year, merely because he did not choose to bind himself to speak or vote for plans which he had no share in framing; but surely such arrogance was not very far removed from virtue.

Pitt gave a general support to the administration of Rockingham, but omitted, in the mean time, no opportunity of courting that ultra-Whig party which the persecution of Wilkes and the Middlesex election had called into existence, and which the disastrous events of war, and the triumph of republican principles in America, had made formidable both in numbers and in temper. He supported a motion for shortening the duration of Parliaments. He made a motion for a committee to examine into the state of the representation, and, in the speech by which that motion was introduced, avowed himself the enemy of the close boroughs, the strongholds of that corruption to which he attributed all the calamities of the nation, and which, as he phrased it in one of those exact and sonorous sentences of which he had a boundless command, had grown with the growth of England and strengthened with her strength, but had not diminished with her diminution, or decayed with her decay. On this occasion he was supported by Fox. The motion was lost by only twenty votes in a house of more than three hundred members. The reformers never again had so good a division till the year 1831.

The new administration was strong in abilities, and was more popular than any administration which had held office since the first year of George the Third, but was hated by the King, hesitatingly supported by the Parliament, and torn by internal dissensions. The chancellor was disliked and distrusted by almost all his colleagues. The two secretaries of state regarded each other with no friendly feeling. The line between their departments had not been traced with precision; and there were consequently jealousies, encroachments, and complaints. It

was all that Rockingham could do to keep the peace in his cabinet; and before the cabinet had existed three months Rockingham died.

In an instant all was confusion. The adherents of the deceased statesman looked on the Duke of Portland as their chief. The King placed Shelburne at the head of the treasury. Fox, Lord John Cavendish, and Burke, immediately resigned their offices; and the new prime minister was left to constitute a government out of very defective materials. His own parliamentary talents were great; but he could not be in the place where parliamentary talents were most needed. It was necessary to find some member of the House of Commons who could confront the great orators of the opposition; and Pitt alone had the eloquence and the courage which were required. He was offered the great place of chancellor of the exchequer, and he accepted it. He had scarcely completed his twenty-third year.

The parliament was speedily prorogued. During the recess a negotiation for peace, which had been commenced under Rockingham, was brought to a successful termination. England acknowledged the independence of her revolted colonies; and she ceded to her European enemies some places in the Mediterranean, and in the Gulf of Mexico. But the terms which she obtained were quite as advantageous and honorable as the events of the war entitled her to expect, or as she was likely to obtain by persevering in a contest against immense odds. All her vital parts, all the real sources of her power remained uninjured. She preserved even her dignity; for she ceded to the House of Bourbon only part of what she had won from that house in previous wars. She retained her Indian empire undiminished; and, in spite of the mightiest efforts of two great monarchies, her flag still waved on the rock of Gibraltar. There is not the slightest reason to believe that Fox, if he had remained in office, would have hesitated one moment about concluding a treaty on such conditions. Unhappily that great and most amiable man was, at this crisis, hurried by his passions into an error which made his genius and his virtues, during a long course of years, almost useless to his country.

He saw that the great body of the House of Commons was divided into three parties, his own, that of North, and that of Shelburne; that none of those three parties was large enough to stand alone; that, therefore, unless two of them united, there must be a miserably feeble administration, or, more probably, a rapid succession of miserably feeble administrations, and this at a time when a strong government was essential to the prosperity and respectability of the nation. It was then necessary and right that there should be a coalition. To every possible coalition three were objections. But of all possible coalitions that to which there were the fewest objections was undoubtedly a coalition between Shelburne and Fox. It would have been generally applauded by the followers of both. It might have been made without any sacrifice of public principle on

the part of either. Unhappily, recent bickerings had left in the mind of Fox a profound dislike and distrust of Shelburne. Pitt attempted to mediate, and was authorized to invite Fox to return to the service of the Crown. "Is Lord Shelburne," said Fox, "to remain prime minister?" Pitt answered in the affirmative. "It is impossible that I can act under him," said Fox. "Then negotiation is at an end," said Pitt; "for I can not betray him." Thus the two statesmen parted. They were never again in a private room together.

As Fox and his friends would not treat with Shelburne, nothing remained to them but to treat with North. That fatal coalition, which is emphatically called "The Coalition," was formed. Not three quarters of a year had elapsed since Fox and Burke had threatened North with impeachment, and had described him, night after night, as the most arbitrary, the most corrupt, the most incapable of ministers. They now allied themselves with him for the purpose of driving from office a statesman with whom they can not be said to have differed as to any important question. Nor had they even the prudence and the patience to wait for some occasion on which they might, without inconsistency, have combined with their old enemies in opposition to the government. That nothing might be wanting to the scandal, the great orators who had, during seven years, thundered against the war, determined to join with the authors of that war in passing a vote of censure on the peace.

The Parliament met before Christmas, 1782. But it was not till January, 1783, that the preliminary treaties were signed. On the 17th of February they were taken into consideration by the House of Commons. There had been, during some days, floating rumors that Fox and North had coalesced; and the debate indicated but too clearly that those rumors were not unfounded. Pitt was suffering from indisposition: he did not rise till his own strength and that of his hearers were exhausted; and he was consequently less successful than on any former occasion. His admirers owned that his speech was feeble and petulant. He so far forgot himself as to advise Sheridan to confine himself to amusing theatrical audiences. This ignoble sarcasm gave Sheridan an opportunity of retorting with great felicity. "After what I have seen and heard to-night," he said, "I really feel strongly tempted to venture on a competition with so great an artist as Ben Jonson, and to bring on the stage a second Angry Boy." On a division, the address proposed by the supporters of the government was rejected by a majority of sixteen.

But Pitt was not a man to be disheartened by a single failure, or to be put down by the most lively repartee. When, a few days later, the opposition proposed a resolution directly censuring the treaties, he spoke with an eloquence, energy, and dignity which raised his fame and popularity higher than ever. To the coalition of Fox and North he alluded in language which drew forth tumultuous applause from his follow-

ers. "If," he said, "this ill-omened and unnatural marriage be not yet consummated, I know of a just and lawful impediment; and, in the name of the public weal, I forbid the bans."

The ministers were again left in a minority, and Shelburne consequently tendered his resignation. It was accepted; but the King struggled long and hard before he submitted to the terms dictated by Fox, whose faults he detested, and whose high spirit and powerful intellect he detested still more. The first place at the board of treasury was repeatedly offered to Pitt; but the offer, though tempting, was steadfastly declined. The young man, whose judgment was as precocious as his eloquence, saw that his time was coming, but was not come, and was deaf to royal importunities and reproaches. His Majesty, bitterly complaining of Pitt's faint-heartedness, tried to break the coalition. Every art of seduction was practiced on North, but in vain. During several weeks the country remained without a government. It was not till all devices had failed, and till the aspect of the House of Commons became threatening, that the King gave way. The Duke of Portland was declared first lord of the treasury. Thurlow was dismissed. Fox and North became secretaries of state, with power ostensibly equal. But Fox was the real prime minister.

The year was far advanced before the new arrangements were completed; and nothing very important was done during the remainder of the session. Pitt, now seated on the opposition bench, brought the question of parliamentary reform a second time under the consideration of the Commons. He proposed to add to the House at once a hundred county members and several members for metropolitan districts, and to enact that every borough of which an election committee should report that the majority of voters appeared to be corrupt should lose the franchise. The motion was rejected by 293 votes to 149.

After the prorogation, Pitt visited the Continent for the first and last time. His traveling companion was one of his most intimate friends, a young man of his own age, who had already distinguished himself in Parliament by an engaging natural eloquence, set off by the sweetest and most exquisitely modulated of human voices, and whose affectionate heart, caressing manners, and brilliant wit, made him the most delightful of companions, William Wilberforce. That was the time of Anglo-mania in France; and at Paris the son of the great Chatham was absolutely hunted by men of letters and women of fashion, and forced, much against his will, into political disputation. One remarkable saying which dropped from him during this tour has been preserved. A French gentleman expressed some surprise at the immense influence which Fox, a man of pleasure, ruined by the dice-box and the turf, exercised over the English nation. "You have not," said Pitt, "been under the wand of the magician."

In November, 1783, the Parliament met again.

The government had irresistible strength in the House of Commons, and seemed to be scarcely less strong in the House of Lords, but was, in truth, surrounded on every side by dangers. The King was impatiently waiting for the moment at which he could emancipate himself from a yoke which galled him so severely that he had more than once seriously thought of retiring to Hanover; and the King was scarcely more eager for a change than the nation. Fox and North had committed a fatal error. They ought to have known that coalitions between parties which have long been hostile can succeed only when the wish for coalition pervades the lower ranks of both. If the leaders unite before there is any disposition to union among the followers, the probability is that there will be a mutiny in both camps, and that the two revolted armies will make a truce with each other, in order to be revenged on those by whom they think that they have been betrayed. Thus it was in 1783. At the beginning of that eventful year North had been the recognized head of the old Tory party, which, though for a moment prostrated by the disastrous issue of the American war, was still a great power in the state. To him the clergy, the universities, and that large body of country gentlemen whose rallying cry was "Church and King," had long looked up with respect and confidence. Fox had, on the other hand, been the idol of the Whigs, and of the whole body of Protestant dissenters. The coalition at once alienated the most zealous Tories from North, and the most zealous Whigs from Fox. The university of Oxford, which had marked its approbation of North's orthodoxy by electing him chancellor, the city of London, which had been, during two and twenty years, at war with the Court, were equally disgusted. Squires and rectors, who had inherited the principles of the cavaliers of the preceding century, could not forgive their old leader for combining with disloyal subjects in order to put a force on the sovereign. The members of the Bill of Rights Society and of the Reform Associations were enraged by learning that their favorite orator now called the great champion of tyranny and corruption his noble friend. Two great multitudes were at once left without any head, and both at once turned their eyes on Pitt. One party saw in him the only man who could rescue the King; the other saw in him the only man who could purify the Parliament. He was supported on one side by Archbishop Markham, the preacher of divine right, and by Jenkinson, the captain of the Pretorian band of the King's friends; on the other side by Jebb and Priestley, Sawbridge and Cartwright, Jack Wilkes and Horne Tooke. On the benches of the House of Commons, however, the ranks of the ministerial majority were unbroken; and that any statesman would venture to brave such a majority was thought impossible. No prince of the Hanoverian line had ever, under any provocation, ventured to appeal from the representative body to the constituent body. The ministers,

therefore, notwithstanding the sullen looks and muttered words of displeasure with which their suggestions were received in the closet, notwithstanding the roar of obloquy which was rising louder and louder every day from every corner of the island, thought themselves secure.

Such was their confidence in their strength that, as soon as the Parliament had met, they brought forward a singularly bold and original plan for the government of the British territories in India. What was proposed was that the whole authority, which till that time had been exercised over those territories by the East India Company, should be transferred to seven commissioners, who were to be named by Parliament, and were not to be removable at the pleasure of the Crown. Earl Fitzwilliam, the most intimate personal friend of Fox, was to be chairman of this board, and the eldest son of North was to be one of the members.

As soon as the outlines of the scheme were known, all the hatred which the coalition had excited burst forth with an astounding explosion. The question which ought undoubtedly to have been considered as paramount to every other was, whether the proposed change was likely to be beneficial or injurious to the thirty millions of people who were subject to the Company? But that question can not be said to have been even seriously discussed. Burke, who, whether right or wrong in the conclusions to which he came, had at least the merit of looking at the subject in the right point of view, vainly reminded his hearers of that mighty population whose daily rice might depend on a vote of the British Parliament. He spoke, with even more than his wonted power of thought and language, about the desolation of Rohilcund, about the spoliation of Benares, about the evil policy which had suffered the tanks of the Carnatic to go to ruin; but he could scarcely obtain a hearing. The contending parties, to their shame it must be said, would listen to none but English topics. Out of doors the cry against the ministry was almost universal. Town and country were united. Corporations exclaimed against the violation of the charter of the greatest corporation in the realm. Tories and Democrats joined in pronouncing the proposed board an unconstitutional body. It was to consist of Fox's nominees. The effect of his bill was to give, not to the Crown, but to him personally, whether in office or in opposition, an enormous power, a patronage sufficient to counterbalance the patronage of the Treasury and of the Admiralty, and to decide the elections for fifty boroughs. He knew, it was said, that he was hateful alike to King and people; and he had devised a plan which would make him independent of both. Some nicknamed him Cromwell, and some Carlo Khan. Wilberforce, with his usual felicity of expression, and with very unusual bitterness of feeling, described the scheme as the genuine offspring of the coalition, as marked with the features of both its parents, the corruption of one and the violence of the other. In

spite of all opposition, however, the bill was supported in every stage by great majorities, was rapidly passed, and was sent up to the Lords. To the general astonishment, when the second reading was moved in the Upper House, the opposition proposed an adjournment, and carried it by eighty-seven votes to seventy-nine. The cause of this strange turn of fortune was soon known. Pitt's cousin, Earl Temple, had been in the royal closet, and had there been authorized to let it be known that his Majesty would consider all who voted for the bill as his enemies. The ignominious commission was performed, and instantly a troop of lords of the bedchamber, of bishops who wished to be translated, and of Scotch peers who wished to be re-elected, made haste to change sides. On a later day the Lords rejected the bill. Fox and North were immediately directed to send their seals to the palace by their under secretaries; and Pitt was appointed first lord of the treasury and chancellor of the exchequer.

The general opinion was that there would be an immediate dissolution. But Pitt wisely determined to give the public feeling time to gather strength. On this point he differed from his kinsman Temple. The consequence was, that Temple, who had been appointed one of the secretaries of state, resigned his office forty-eight hours after he had accepted it, and thus relieved the new government from a great load of unpopularity; for all men of sense and honor, however strong might be their dislike of the India Bill, disapproved of the manner in which that bill had been thrown out. Temple carried away with him the scandal which the best friends of the new government could not but lament. The fame of the young Prime Minister preserved its whiteness. He could declare with perfect truth that, if unconstitutional machinations had been employed, he had been no party to them.

He was, however, surrounded by difficulties and dangers. In the House of Lords, indeed, he had a majority; nor could any orator of the opposition in that assembly be considered as a match for Thurlow, who was now again chancellor, or for Camden, who cordially supported the son of his old friend Chatham. But in the other House there was not a single eminent speaker among the official men who sat round Pitt. His most useful assistant was Dundas, who, though he had not eloquence, had sense, knowledge, readiness, and boldness. On the opposite benches was a powerful majority, led by Fox, who was supported by Burke, North, and Sheridan. The heart of the young minister, stout as it was, almost died within him. He could not once close his eyes on the night which followed Temple's resignation. But, whatever his internal emotions might be, his language and deportment indicated nothing but unconquerable firmness and haughty confidence in his own powers. His contest against the House of Commons lasted from the 17th of December, 1783, to the 8th of March, 1784. In sixteen divisions the opposition triumphed. Again and again the

King was requested to dismiss his ministers. But he was determined to go to Germany rather than yield. Pitt's resolution never wavered. The cry of the nation in his favor became vehement and almost furious. Addresses assuring him of public support came up daily from every part of the kingdom. The freedom of the city of London was presented to him in a gold box. He went in state to receive this mark of distinction. He was sumptuously feasted in Grocers' Hall; and the shopkeepers of the Strand and Fleet Street illuminated their houses in his honor. These things could not but produce an effect within the walls of Parliament. The ranks of the majority began to waver; a few passed over to the enemy; some skulked away; many were for capitulating while it was still possible to capitulate with the honors of war. Negotiations were opened with the view of forming an administration on a wide basis, but they had scarcely been opened when they were closed. The opposition demanded, as a preliminary article of the treaty, that Pitt should resign the treasury; and with this demand Pitt steadfastly refused to comply. While the contest was raging the clerkship of the pells, a sinecure place for life, worth three thousand a year, and tenable with a seat in the House of Commons, became vacant. The appointment was with the chancellor of the exchequer; nobody doubted that he would appoint himself; and nobody could have blamed him if he had done so; for such sinecure offices had always been defended on the ground that they enabled a few men of eminent abilities and small incomes to live without any profession, and to devote themselves to the service of the state. Pitt, in spite of the remonstrances of his friends, gave the pells to his father's old adherent, Colonel Barré, a man distinguished by talent and eloquence, but poor and afflicted with blindness. By this arrangement a pension which the Rockingham administration had granted to Barré was saved to the public. Never was there a happier stroke of policy. About treaties, wars, expeditions, tariffs, budgets, there will always be room for dispute. The policy which is applauded by half the nation may be condemned by the other half. But pecuniary disinterestedness every body comprehends. It is a great thing for a man who has only three hundred a year to be able to show that he considers three thousand a year as mere dirt beneath his feet, when compared with the public interest and the public esteem. Pitt had his reward. No minister was ever more rancorously libeled; but even when he was known to be overwhelmed with debt, when millions were passing through his hands, when the wealthiest magnates of the realm were soliciting him for marquises and garters, his bitterest enemies did not dare to accuse him of touching unlawful gain.

At length the hard fought fight ended. A final remonstrance, drawn up by Burke with admirable skill, was carried on the 8th of March by a single vote in a full House. Had the experiment been repeated the supporters of the co-

alition would probably have been in a minority. But the supplies had been voted; the Mutiny Bill had been passed; and the Parliament was dissolved.

The popular constituent bodies all over the country were in general enthusiastic on the side of the new government. A hundred and sixty of the supporters of the coalition lost their seats. The first lord of the treasury himself came in at the head of the poll for the University of Cambridge. His young friend, Wilberforce, was elected knight of the great shire of York, in opposition to the whole influence of the Fitzwilliams, Cavendishes, Dundases, and Saviles. In the midst of such triumphs Pitt completed his twenty-fifth year. He was now the greatest subject that England had seen during many generations. He domineered absolutely over the cabinet, and was the favorite at once of the sovereign, of the Parliament, and of the nation. His father had never been so powerful, nor Walpole, nor Marlborough.

This narrative has now reached a point, beyond which a full history of the life of Pitt would be a history of England, or rather of the whole civilized world; and for such a history this is not the proper place. Here a very slight sketch must suffice; and in that sketch prominence will be given to such points as may enable a reader who is already acquainted with the general course of events to form a just notion of the character of the man on whom so much depended.

If we wish to arrive at a correct judgment of Pitt's merits and defects, we must never forget that he belonged to a peculiar class of statesmen, and that he must be tried by a peculiar standard. It is not easy to compare him fairly with such men as Ximenes and Sully, Richelieu and Oxenstiern, John De Witt and Warren Hastings. The means by which those politicians governed great communities were of quite a different kind from those which Pitt was under the necessity of employing. Some talents, which they never had any opportunity of showing that they possessed, were developed in him to an extraordinary degree. In some qualities, on the other hand, to which they owe a large part of their fame, he was decidedly their inferior. They transacted business in their closets, or at boards where a few confidential councilors sat. It was his lot to be born in an age and in a country in which parliamentary government was completely established; his whole training from infancy was such as fitted him to bear a part in parliamentary government; and from the prime of his manhood to his death all the powers of his vigorous mind were almost constantly exerted in the work of parliamentary government. He accordingly became the greatest master of the whole art of parliamentary government that has ever existed, a greater than Montague or Walpole, a greater than his father Chatham or his rival Fox, a greater than either of his illustrious successors, Canning and Peel.

Parliamentary government, like every other

contrivance of man, has its advantages and its disadvantages. On the advantages there is no need to dilate. The history of England during the hundred and seventy years which have elapsed since the House of Commons became the most powerful body in the state, her immense and still growing prosperity, her freedom, her tranquillity, her greatness in arts, in sciences, and in arms, her maritime ascendancy, the marvels of her public credit, her American, her African, her Australian, her Asiatic empires sufficiently prove the excellence of her institutions. But those institutions, though excellent, are assuredly not perfect. Parliamentary government is government by speaking. In such a government the power of speaking is the most highly prized of all the qualities which a politician can possess; and that power may exist, in the highest degree, without judgment, without fortitude, without skill in reading the characters of men or the signs of the times, without any knowledge of the principles of legislation or of political economy, and without any skill in diplomacy or in the administration of war. Nay, it may well happen that those very intellectual qualities which give a peculiar charm to the speeches of a public man may be incompatible with the qualities which would fit him to meet a pressing emergency with promptitude and firmness. It was thus with Charles Townshend. It was thus with Windham. It was a privilege to listen to those accomplished and ingenious orators. But in a perilous crisis they would have been found far inferior in all the qualities of rulers to such a man as Oliver Cromwell, who talked nonsense, or as William the Silent, who did not talk at all. When parliamentary government is established, a Charles Townshend or a Windham will almost always exercise much greater influence than such men as the great Protector of England, or as the founder of the Batavian commonwealth. In such a government parliamentary talent, though quite distinct from the talents of a good executive or judicial officer, will be a chief qualification for executive and judicial office. From the Book of Dignities a curious list might be made out of chancellors ignorant of the principles of equity, and first lords of the admiralty ignorant of the principles of navigation, of colonial ministers who could not repeat the names of the colonies, of lords of the treasury who did not know the difference between funded and unfunded debt, and of secretaries of the India board who did not know whether the Mahrattas were Mohammedans or Hindoos. On these grounds some persons, incapable of seeing more than one side of a question, have pronounced parliamentary government a positive evil, and have maintained that the administration would be greatly improved if the power, now exercised by a large assembly, were transferred to a single person. Men of sense will probably think the remedy very much worse than the disease, and will be of opinion that there would be small gain in exchanging Charles Townshend and Windham for

the Prince of the Peace, or the poor slave and dog Steenie.

Pitt was emphatically the man of parliamentary government, the type of his class, the minion, the child, the spoiled child, of the House of Commons. For the House of Commons he had a hereditary, an infantine love. Through his whole boyhood the House of Commons was never out of his thoughts, or out of the thoughts of his instructors. Reciting at his father's knee, reading Thucydides and Cicero into English, analyzing the great Attic speeches on the Embassy and on the Crown, he was constantly in training for the conflicts of the House of Commons. He was a distinguished member of the House of Commons at twenty-one. The ability which he had displayed in the House of Commons made him the most powerful subject in Europe before he was twenty-five. It would have been happy for himself and for his country if his elevation had been deferred. Eight or ten years, during which he would have had leisure and opportunity for reading and reflection, for foreign travel, for social intercourse and free exchange of thought on equal terms with a great variety of companions, would have supplied what, without any fault on his part, was wanting to his powerful intellect. He had all the knowledge that he could be expected to have; that is to say, all the knowledge that a man can acquire while he is a student at Cambridge, and all the knowledge that a man can acquire when he is first lord of the treasury and chancellor of the exchequer. But the stock of general information which he brought from college, extraordinary for a boy, was far inferior to what Fox possessed, and beggarly when compared with the massy, the splendid, the various treasures laid up in the large mind of Burke. After Pitt became minister he had no leisure to learn more than was necessary for the purposes of the day which was passing over him. What was necessary for those purposes such a man could learn with little difficulty. He was surrounded by experienced and able public servants. He could at any moment command their best assistance. From the stores which they produced his vigorous mind rapidly collected the materials for a good parliamentary case: and that was enough. Legislation and administration were with him secondary matters. To the work of framing statutes, of negotiating treaties, of organizing fleets and armies, of sending forth expeditions, he gave only the leavings of his time and the dregs of his fine intellect. The strength and sap of his mind were all drawn in a different direction. It was when the House of Commons was to be convinced and persuaded that he put forth all his powers.

Of those powers we must form our estimate chiefly from tradition; for of all the eminent speakers of the last age Pitt has suffered most from the reporters. Even while he was still living critics remarked that his eloquence could not be preserved, that he must be heard to be appreciated. They more than once applied to

him the sentence in which Tacitus describes the fate of a senator whose rhetoric was admired in the Augustan age: "*Haterii canorum illud et profluens cum ipso simul exstinctum est.*" There is, however, abundant evidence that nature had bestowed on Pitt the talents of a great orator; and those talents had been developed in a very peculiar manner; first by his education, and secondly by the high official position to which he rose early, and in which he passed the greater part of his public life.

At his first appearance in Parliament he showed himself superior to all his contemporaries in command of language. He could pour forth a long succession of round and stately periods, without premeditation, without ever pausing for a word, without ever repeating a word, in a voice of silver clearness, and with a pronunciation so articulate that not a letter was slurred over. He had less amplitude of mind and less richness of imagination than Burke, less ingenuity than Windham, less wit than Sheridan, less perfect mastery of dialectical fence, and less of that highest sort of eloquence which consists of reason and passion fused together, than Fox. Yet the almost unanimous judgment of those who were in the habit of listening to that remarkable race of men placed Pitt, as a speaker, above Burke, above Windham, above Sheridan, and not below Fox. His declamation was copious, polished, and splendid. In power of sarcasm he was probably not surpassed by any speaker, ancient or modern; and of this formidable weapon he made merciless use. In two parts of the oratorical art which are of the highest value to a minister of state he was singularly expert. No man knew better how to be luminous or how to be obscure. When he wished to be understood he never failed to make himself understood. He could with ease present to his audience, not perhaps an exact or profound, but a clear, popular, and plausible view of the most extensive and complicated subject. Nothing was out of place; nothing was forgotten; minute details, dates, sums of money, were all faithfully preserved in his memory. Even intricate questions of finance, when explained by him, seemed clear to the plainest man among his hearers. On the other hand, when he did not wish to be explicit—and no man who is at the head of affairs always wishes to be explicit—he had a marvelous power of saying nothing in language which left on his audience the impression that he had said a great deal. He was at once the only man who could open a budget without notes, and the only man who, as Windham said, could speak that most elaborately evasive and unmeaning of human compositions, a King's speech, without premeditation.

The effect of oratory will always, to a great extent, depend on the character of the orator. There perhaps never were two speakers whose eloquence had more of what may be called the race, more of the flavor imparted by moral qualities, than Fox and Pitt. The speeches of Fox owe a great part of their charm to that warmth and softness of heart, that sympathy with human suf-

fering, that admiration for every thing great and beautiful, and that hatred of cruelty and injustice, which interest and delight us even in the most defective reports. No person, on the other hand, could hear Pitt without perceiving him to be a man of high, intrepid, and commanding spirit, proudly conscious of his own rectitude and of his own intellectual superiority, incapable of the low vices of fear and envy, but too prone to feel and to show disdain. Pride, indeed, pervaded the whole man, was written in the harsh, rigid lines of his face, was marked by the way in which he walked, in which he sat, in which he stood, and, above all, in which he bowed. Such pride, of course, inflicted many wounds. It may confidently be affirmed that there can not be found, in all the ten thousand invectives written against Fox, a word indicating that his demeanor had ever made a single personal enemy. On the other hand, several men of note who had been partial to Pitt, and who to the last continued to approve his public conduct and to support his administration, Cumberland, for example, Boswell, and Matthias, were so much irritated by the contempt with which he treated them, that they complained in print of their wrongs. But his pride, though it made him bitterly disliked by individuals, inspired the great body of his followers in Parliament and throughout the country with respect and confidence. They took him at his own valuation. They saw that his self-esteem was not that of an upstart, who was drunk with good luck and with applause, and who, if fortune turned, would sink from arrogance into abject humility. It was that of the magnanimous man so finely described by Aristotle in the *Ethics*, of the man who thinks himself worthy of great things, being in truth worthy. It sprang from a consciousness of great powers and great virtues, and was never so conspicuously displayed as in the midst of difficulties and dangers which would have unnerved and bowed down any ordinary mind. It was closely connected, too, with an ambition which had no mixture of low cupidity. There was something noble in the cynical disdain with which the mighty minister scattered riches and titles to right and left among those who valued them, while he spurned them out of his own way. Poor himself, he was surrounded by friends on whom he had bestowed three thousand, six thousand, ten thousand a year. Plain Mister himself, he had made more lords than any three ministers that had preceded him. The garter, for which the first dukes in the kingdom were contending, was repeatedly offered to him, and offered in vain.

The correctness of his private life added much to the dignity of his public character. In the relations of son, brother, uncle, master, friend, his conduct was exemplary. In the small circle of his intimate associations he was amiable, affectionate, even playful. They loved him sincerely; they regretted him long; and they would hardly admit that he who was so kind and gentle with them, could be stern and haughty with others. He indulged, indeed, somewhat too

freely in wine, which he had early been directed to take as a medicine, and which use had made a necessary of life to him. But it was very seldom that any indication of undue excess could be detected in his tones or gestures; and, in truth, two bottles of port were little more to him than two dishes of tea. He had, when he was first introduced into the clubs of Saint James's Street, shown a strong taste for play; but he had the prudence and the resolution to stop before this taste had acquired the strength of habit. From the passion which generally exercises the most tyrannical dominion over the young he possessed an immunity, which is probably to be ascribed partly to his temperament, and partly to his situation. His constitution was feeble: he was very shy; and he was very busy. The strictness of his morals furnished such buffoons as Peter Pindar and Captain Morris with an inexhaustible theme for merriment of no very delicate kind. But the great body of the middle class of Englishmen could not see the joke. They warmly praised the young statesman for commanding his passions, and for covering his frailties, if he had frailties, with decorous obscurity, and would have been very far indeed from thinking better of him if he had vindicated himself from the taunts of his enemies by taking under his protection a Nancy Parsons or a Marianne Clark.

No part of the immense popularity which Pitt long enjoyed is to be attributed to the eulogies of wits and poets. It might have been naturally expected that a man of genius, of learning, of taste, an orator whose diction was often compared to that of Tully, the representative, too, of a great university, would have taken a peculiar pleasure in befriending eminent writers, to whatever political party they might have belonged. The love of literature had induced Augustus to heap benefits on Pompeians, Somers to be the protector of nonjurors, Harley to make the fortunes of Whigs. But it could not move Pitt to show any favor even to Pittites. He was doubtless right in thinking that, in general, poetry, history, and philosophy ought to be suffered, like calico and cutlery, to find their proper price in the market, and that to teach men of letters to look habitually to the state for their recompense is bad for the state and bad for letters. Assuredly nothing can be more absurd or mischievous than to waste the public money in bounties, for the purpose of inducing people who ought to be weighing out grocery or measuring out drapery, to write bad or middling books. But, though the sound rule is that authors should be left to be remunerated by their readers, there will, in every generation, be a few exceptions to this rule. To distinguish these special cases from the masses is an employment well worthy of the faculties of a great and accomplished ruler; and Pitt would assuredly have had little difficulty in finding such cases. While he was in power, the greatest philologist of the age, his own contemporary at Cambridge, was reduced to earn a livelihood by the lowest literary drudg-

ery, and to spend in writing squibs for the *Morning Chronicle* years to which we might have owed an all but perfect text of the whole tragic and comic drama of Athens. The greatest historian of the age, forced by poverty to leave his country, completed his immortal work on the shores of Lake Leman. The political heterodoxy of Porson, and the religious heterodoxy of Gibbon, may perhaps be pleaded in defense of the minister by whom those eminent men were neglected. But there were other cases in which no such excuse could be set up. Scarcely had Pitt obtained possession of unbounded power, when an aged writer of the highest eminence, who had made very little by his writings, and who was sinking into the grave under a load of infirmities and sorrows, wanted five or six hundred pounds to enable him, during the winter or two which might still remain to him, to draw his breath more easily in the soft climate of Italy. Not a farthing was to be obtained; and before Christmas the author of the English Dictionary and of the Lives of the Poets had gasped his last in the river fog and coal smoke of Fleet Street. A few months after the death of Johnson appeared the Task, incomparably the best poem that any Englishman then living had produced—a poem, too, which could hardly fail to excite, in a well-constituted mind, a feeling of esteem and compassion for the poet, a man of genius and virtue, whose means were scanty, and whom the most cruel of all the calamities incident to humanity had made incapable of supporting himself by vigorous and sustained exertion. Nowhere had Chatham been praised with more enthusiasm, or in verse more worthy of the subject, than in the Task. The son of Chatham, however, contented himself with reading and admiring the book, and left the author to starve. The pension which, long after, enabled poor Cowper to close his melancholy life, unmolested by duns and bailiffs, was obtained for him by the strenuous kindness of Lord Spencer. What a contrast between the way in which Pitt acted toward Johnson, and the way in which Lord Grey acted toward his political enemy Scott, when Scott, worn out by misfortune and disease, was advised to try the effect of the Italian air! What a contrast between the way in which Pitt acted toward Cowper, and the way in which Burke, a poor man and out of place, acted toward Crabbe! Even Dundas, who made no pretensions to literary taste, and was content to be considered as a hard-headed and somewhat coarse man of business, was, when compared with his eloquent and classically educated friend, a Mæcenas or a Leo. Dundas made Burns an exciseman, with seventy pounds a year; and this was more than Pitt, during his long tenure of power, did for the encouragement of letters. Even those who may think that it is, in general, no part of the duty of a government to reward literary merit, will hardly deny that a government which has much lucrative church preferment in its gift, is bound, in distributing that preferment, not to overlook divines whose writings have rendered great service to the cause of

religion. But it seems never to have occurred to Pitt that he lay under any such obligation. All the theological works of the numerous bishops whom he made and translated are not, when put together, worth fifty pages of the *Horæ Paulinæ*, of the *Natural Theology*, or of the *Views of the Evidences of Christianity*. But on Paley the all-powerful minister never bestowed the smallest benefice. Artists Pitt treated as contemptuously as writers. For painting he did simply nothing. Sculptors, who had been selected to execute monuments voted by Parliament, had to haunt the ante-chambers of the treasury during many years before they could obtain a farthing from him. One of them, after vainly soliciting the minister for payment during fourteen years, had the courage to present a memorial to the King, and thus obtained tardy and ungracious justice. Architects, it was absolutely necessary to employ; and the worst that could be found seemed to have been employed. Not a single fine public building of any kind or in any style was erected during his long administration. It may be confidently affirmed that no ruler whose abilities and attainments would bear any comparison with his has ever shown such cold disdain for what is excellent in arts and letters.

His first administration lasted seventeen years. That long period is divided by a strongly marked line into two almost exactly equal parts. The first part ended and the second began in the autumn of 1792. Throughout both parts Pitt displayed in the highest degree the talents of a parliamentary leader. During the first part he was a fortunate, and, in many respects, a skillful administrator. With the difficulties which he had to encounter during the second part he was altogether incapable of contending; but his eloquence and his perfect mastery of the tactics of the House of Commons concealed his incapacity from the multitude.

The eight years which followed the general election of 1784 were as tranquil and prosperous as any eight years in the whole history of England. Neighboring nations which had lately been in arms against her, and which had flattered themselves that, in losing her American colonies, she had lost a chief source of her wealth and of her power, saw, with wonder and vexation, that she was more wealthy and more powerful than ever. Her trade increased. Her manufactures flourished. Her exchequer was full to overflowing. Very idle apprehensions were generally entertained that the public debt, though much less than a third of the debt which we now bear with ease, would be found too heavy for the strength of the nation. Those apprehensions might not, perhaps, have been easily quieted by reason. But Pitt quieted them by a juggle. He succeeded in persuading first himself, and then the whole nation, his opponents included, that a new sinking fund, which, so far as it differed from former sinking funds, differed for the worst, would, by virtue of some mysterious power of propagation belonging to money,

put into the pocket of the public creditor great sums not taken out of the pocket of the tax-payer. The country, terrified by a danger which was no danger, hailed with delight and boundless confidence a remedy which was no remedy. The minister was almost universally extolled as the greatest of financiers. Meanwhile both the branches of the House of Bourbon found that England was as formidable an antagonist as she had ever been. France had formed a plan for reducing Holland to vassalage. But England interposed, and France receded. Spain interrupted by violence the trade of our merchants with the regions near the Oregon. But England armed, and Spain receded. Within the island there was profound tranquillity. The King was, for the first time, popular. During the twenty-three years which had followed his accession he had not been loved by his subjects. His domestic virtues were acknowledged. But it was generally thought that the good qualities by which he was distinguished in private life were wanting to his political character. As a sovereign, he was resentful, unforgiving, stubborn, cunning. Under his rule the country had sustained cruel disgraces and disasters; and every one of those disgraces and disasters was imputed to his strong antipathies, and to his perverse obstinacy in the wrong. One statesman after another complained that he had been induced by royal caresses, entreaties, and promises to undertake the direction of affairs at a difficult conjuncture, and that as soon as he had, not without sullyng his fame and alienating his best friends, served the turn for which he was wanted, his ungrateful master began to intrigue against him, and to canvass against him. Grenville, Rockingham, Chatham, men of widely different characters, but all three upright and high-spirited, agreed in thinking that the prince under whom they had successively held the highest place in the government was one of the most insincere of mankind. His confidence was reposed, they said, not in those known and responsible counselors to whom he had delivered the seals of office, but in secret advisers who stole up the back stairs into his closet. In Parliament his ministers, while defending themselves against the attacks of the opposition in front, were perpetually, at his instigation, assailed on the flank or in the rear by a vile band of mercenaries who called themselves his friends. These men constantly, while in possession of lucrative places in his service, spoke and voted against bills which he had authorized the first lord of the treasury or the secretary of state to bring in. But from the day in which Pitt was placed at the head of affairs there was an end of secret influence. His haughty and aspiring spirit was not to be satisfied with the mere show of power. Any attempt to undermine him at court, any mutinous movement among his followers in the House of Commons, was certain to be at once put down. He had only to tender his resignation; and he could dictate his own terms. For he, and he alone, stood between the King

and the coalition. He was therefore little less than mayor of the palace. The nation loudly applauded the King for having the wisdom to repose entire confidence in so excellent a minister. His Majesty's private virtues now began to produce their full effect. He was generally regarded as the model of a respectable country gentleman, honest, good-natured, sober, religious. He rose early: he dined temperately: he was strictly faithful to his wife: he never missed church: and at church he never missed a response. His people heartily prayed that he might long reign over them; and they prayed the more heartily because his virtues were set off to the best advantage by the vices and follies of the Prince of Wales, who lived in close intimacy with the chiefs of the opposition.

How strong this feeling was in the public mind appeared signally on one great occasion. In the autumn of 1788 the King became insane. The opposition, eager for office, committed the great indiscretion of asserting that the heir-apparent had, by the fundamental laws of England, a right to be Regent with the full powers of royalty. Pitt, on the other hand, maintained it to be the constitutional doctrine that, when a sovereign is, by reason of infancy, disease, or absence, incapable of exercising the regal functions, it belongs to the estates of the realm to determine who shall be the vicegerent, and with what portion of the executive authority such vicegerent shall be intrusted. A long and violent contest followed, in which Pitt was supported by the great body of the people with as much enthusiasm as during the first months of his administration. Tories with one voice applauded him for defending the sick-bed of a virtuous and unhappy sovereign against a disloyal faction and an undutiful son. Not a few Whigs applauded him for asserting the authority of Parliaments and the principles of the revolution, in opposition to a doctrine which seemed to have too much affinity with the servile theory of indefeasible hereditary right. The middle class, always zealous on the side of decency and the domestic virtues, looked forward with dismay to a reign resembling that of Charles II. The palace, which had now been during thirty years the pattern of an English home, would be a public nuisance, a school of profligacy. To the good King's repast of mutton and lemonade, dispatched at three o'clock, would succeed midnight banquets, from which the guests would be carried home speechless. To the backgammon-board at which the good King played for a little silver with his equerries, would succeed faro tables, from which young patricians who had sat down rich would rise up beggars. The drawing-room, from which the frown of the Queen had repelled a whole generation of frail beauties, would now be again what it had been in the days of Barbara Palmer and Louisa de Querouaille. Nay, severely as the public reprobated the Prince's many illicit attachments, his one virtuous attachment was reprobated more severely still. Even in grave and pious circles his Protestant mistresses gave less

scandal than his Popish wife. That he must be Regent nobody ventured to deny. But he and his friends were so unpopular that Pitt could, with general approbation, propose to limit the powers of the Regent by restrictions to which it would have been impossible to subject a prince beloved and trusted by the country. Some interested men, fully expecting a change of administration, went over to the opposition. But the majority, purified by these desertions, closed its ranks, and presented a more firm array than ever to the enemy. In every division Pitt was victorious. When, at length, after a stormy interregnum of three weeks, it was announced, on the very eve of the inauguration of the Regent, that the King was himself again, the nation was wild with delight. On the evening of the day on which his Majesty resumed his functions a spontaneous illumination, the most general that had ever been seen in England, brightened the whole vast space from Highgate to Tooting, and from Hammersmith to Greenwich. On the day on which he returned thanks in the cathedral of his capital all the horses and carriages within a hundred miles of London were too few for the multitudes which flocked to see him pass through the streets. A second illumination followed, which was even superior to the first in magnificence. Pitt with difficulty escaped from the tumultuous kindness of an innumerable multitude which insisted on drawing his coach from St. Paul's Church-yard to Downing Street. This was the moment at which his fame and fortune may be said to have reached the zenith. His influence in the closet was as great as that of Carr or Villiers had been. His dominion over the Parliament was more absolute than that of Walpole or Pelham had been. He was, at the same time, as high in the favor of the populace as ever Wilkes or Sacheverell had been. Nothing did more to raise his character than his noble poverty. It was well known that, if he had been dismissed from office, after more than five years of boundless power, he would hardly have carried out with him a sum sufficient to furnish the set of chambers in which, he cheerfully declared, he meant to resume the practice of the law. His admirers, however, were by no means disposed to suffer him to depend on daily toil for his daily bread. The voluntary contributions which were awaiting his acceptance in the city of London alone would have sufficed to make him a rich man. But it may be doubted whether his haughty spirit would have stooped to accept a provision so honorably earned and so honorably bestowed.

To such a height of power and glory had this extraordinary man risen at twenty-nine years of age. And now the tide was on the turn. Only ten days after the triumphant procession to St. Paul's, the States-General of France, after an interval of a hundred and seventy-four years, met at Versailles.

The nature of the great Revolution which followed was long very imperfectly understood in this country. Burke saw much further than

any of his contemporaries; but whatever his sagacity desecrated was refracted and discolored by his passions and his imagination. More than three years elapsed before the principles of the English administration underwent any material change. Nothing could as yet be milder or more strictly constitutional than the minister's domestic policy. Not a single act indicating an arbitrary temper or a jealousy of the people could be imputed to him. He had never applied to Parliament for any extraordinary powers. He had never used with harshness the ordinary powers intrusted by the constitution to the executive government. Not a single state prosecution which would even now be called oppressive had been instituted by him. Indeed, the only oppressive state prosecution instituted during the first eight years of his administration was that of Stockdale, which is to be attributed, not to the government, but to the chiefs of the opposition. In office, Pitt had redeemed the pledges which he had, at his entrance into public life, given to the supporters of parliamentary reform. He had, in 1785, brought forward a judicious plan for the improvement of the representative system, and had prevailed on the King, not only to refrain from talking against that plan, but to recommend it to the Houses in a speech from the throne.* This attempt failed; but there can be little doubt that, if the French Revolution had not produced a violent reaction of public feeling, Pitt would have performed, with little difficulty and no danger, that great work which, at a later period, Lord Grey could accomplish only by means which, for a time, loosened the very foundations of the commonwealth. When the atrocities of the slave-trade were first brought under the consideration of Parliament, no abolitionist was more zealous than Pitt. When sickness prevented Wilberforce from appearing in public, his place was most efficiently supplied by his friend the minister. A humane bill, which mitigated the horrors of the middle passage, was, in 1788, carried by the eloquence and determined spirit of Pitt, in spite of the opposition of some of his own colleagues; and it ought always to be remembered to his honor that, in order to carry that bill, he kept the Houses sitting, in spite of many murmurs, long after the business of the government had been done, and the appropriation act passed. In 1791 he cordially concurred with Fox in maintaining the sound constitutional doctrine, that an impeachment is not terminated by a dissolution. In the course of the same year the two great rivals contended side by side in a far more important cause. They are fairly entitled to divide the high honor of having added to our statute-book the inestimable law which places the liberty of the press under the protection of juries. On one occasion, and one alone,

* The speech with which the King opened the session of 1785 concluded with an assurance that His Majesty would heartily concur in every measure which could tend to secure the true principles of the constitution. These words were at the time understood to refer to Pitt's Reform Bill.

Pitt, during the first half of his long administration, acted in a manner unworthy of an enlightened Whig. In the debate on the test act, he stooped to gratify the master whom he served, the university which he represented, and the great body of clergymen and country gentlemen on whose support he rested, by talking, with little heartiness, indeed, and with no asperity, the language of a Tory. With this single exception, his conduct from the end of 1783 to the middle of 1792 was that of an honest friend of civil and religious liberty.

Nor did any thing, during that period, indicate that he loved war, or harbored any malevolent feeling against any neighboring nation. Those French writers who have represented him as a Hannibal, sworn in childhood by his father to bear eternal hatred to France, as having, by mysterious intrigues and lavish bribes, instigated the leading Jacobins to commit those excesses which dishonored the Revolution, as having been the real author of the first coalition, know nothing of his character or of his history. So far was he from being a deadly enemy to France, that his laudable attempts to bring about a closer connection with that country by means of a wise and liberal treaty of commerce, brought on him the severe censure of the opposition. He was told in the House of Commons that he was a degenerate son, and that his partiality for the hereditary foes of our island was enough to make his great father's bones stir under the pavement of the Abbey.

And this man, whose name, if he had been so fortunate as to die in 1792, would now have been associated with peace, with freedom, with philanthropy, with temperate reform, with mild and constitutional administration, lived to associate his name with arbitrary government, with harsh laws harshly executed, with alien bills, with gagging bills, with suspensions of the habeas corpus act, with cruel punishments inflicted on some political agitators, with unjustifiable prosecutions instituted against others, and with the most costly and most sanguinary wars of modern times. He lived to be held up to obloquy as the stern oppressor of England, and the indefatigable disturber of Europe. Poets, contrasting his earlier with his later years, likened him sometimes to the apostle who kissed in order to betray, and sometimes to the evil angels who kept not their first estate. A satirist of great genius introduced the fiends of Famine, Slaughter, and Fire, proclaiming that they had received their commission from One whose name was formed of four letters, and promising to give their employer ample proofs of gratitude. Famine would gnaw the multitude till they should rise up against him in madness. The demon of Slaughter would impel them to tear him from limb to limb. But Fire boasted that she alone could reward him as he deserved, and that she would cling round him to all eternity. By the French press and the French tribune every crime that disgraced and every calamity that afflicted France was ascribed to the monster Pitt and his guineas. While the Jacobins were dom-

inant, it was he who had corrupted the Gironde, who had raised Lyons and Bordeaux against the convention, who had suborned Paris to assassinate Lepelletier, and Cecilia Regnault to assassinate Robespierre. When the Thermidorian reaction came, all the atrocities of the Reign of Terror were imputed to him. Collot D'Herbois and Fouquier Thinvillle had been his pensioners. It was he who had hired the murderers of September, who had dictated the pamphlets of Marat and the Carmagnoles of Barrere, who had paid Lebon to deluge Arras with blood, and Carrier to choke the Loire with corpses.

The truth is, that he liked neither war nor arbitrary government. He was a lover of peace and freedom, driven, by a stress against which it was hardly possible for any will or any intellect to struggle, out of the course to which his inclinations pointed, and for which his abilities and acquirements fitted him, and forced into a policy repugnant to his feelings and unsuited to his talents.

The charge of apostasy is grossly unjust. A man ought no more to be called an apostate because his opinions alter with the opinions of the great body of his contemporaries than he ought to be called an Oriental traveler because he is always going round from west to east with the globe and every thing that is upon it. Between the spring of 1789 and the close of 1792 the public mind of England underwent a great change. If the change of Pitt's sentiments attracted peculiar notice it was not because he changed more than his neighbors; for in fact he changed less than most of them; but because his position was far more conspicuous than theirs—because he was, till Bonaparte appeared, the individual who filled the greatest space in the eyes of the inhabitants of the civilized world. During a short time the nation, and Pitt, as one of the nation, looked with interest and approbation on the French Revolution. But soon vast confiscations, the violent sweeping away of ancient institutions, the domination of clubs, the barbarities of mobs maddened by famine and hatred, produced a reaction here. The Court, the nobility, the gentry, the clergy, the manufacturers, the merchants; in short, nineteen-twentieths of those who had good roofs over their heads and good coats on their backs, became eager and intolerant Antijacobins. This feeling was at least as strong among the minister's adversaries as among his supporters. Fox in vain attempted to restrain his followers. All his genius, all his vast personal influence, could not prevent them from rising up against him in general mutiny. Burke set the example of revolt; and Burke was in no long time joined by Portland, Spencer, Fitzwilliam, Loughborough, Carlisle, Malmesbury, Windham, Elliot. In the House of Commons the followers of the great Whig statesman and orator diminished from about a hundred and sixty to fifty. In the House of Lords he had but ten or twelve adherents left. There can be no doubt that there would have been a similar mutiny on the ministerial benches if Pitt had obsti-

nately resisted the general wish. Pressed at once by his master and by his colleagues, by old friends and by old opponents, he abandoned, slowly and reluctantly, the policy which was dear to his heart. He labored hard to avert the European war. When the European war broke out he still flattered himself that it would not be necessary for this country to take either side. In the spring of 1792 he congratulated Parliament on the prospect of long and profound peace, and proved his sincerity by proposing large remissions of taxation. Down to the end of that year he continued to cherish the hope that England might be able to preserve neutrality. But the passions which raged on both sides of the Channel were not to be restrained. The republicans who ruled France were inflamed by a fanaticism resembling that of the Mussulmans, who, with the Koran in one hand and the sword in the other, went forth, conquering and converting, eastward to the Bay of Bengal, and westward to the Pillars of Hercules. The higher and middle classes of England were animated by a zeal not less fiery than that of the Crusaders who raised the cry of *Deus vult* at Clermont. The impulse which drove the two nations to a collision was not to be arrested by the abilities or by the authority of any single man. As Pitt was in front of his fellows, and towered high above them, he seemed to lead them. But in fact he was violently pushed on by them, and, had he held back but a little more than he did, would have been thrust out of their way or trampled under their feet.

He yielded to the current: and from that day his misfortunes began. The truth is, that there were only two consistent courses before him. Since he did not choose to oppose himself, side by side with Fox, to the public feeling, he should have taken the advice of Burke, and should have availed himself of that feeling to the full extent. If it was impossible to preserve peace, he should have adopted the only policy which could lead to victory. He should have proclaimed a Holy War for religion, morality, property, order, public law, and should have thus opposed to the Jacobins an energy equal to their own. Unhappily he tried to find a middle path; and he found one which united all that was worst in both extremes. He went to war; but he would not understand the peculiar character of that war. He was obstinately blind to the plain fact that he was contending against a state which was also a sect; and that the new quarrel between England and France was of quite a different kind from the old quarrels about colonies in America and fortresses in the Netherlands. He had to combat frantic enthusiasm, boundless ambition, restless activity, the wildest and most audacious spirit of innovation; and he acted as if he had to deal with the harlots and fops of the old Court at Versailles, with Madame de Pompadour and the Abbé de Bernis. It was pitiable to hear him, year after year, proving to an admiring audience that the wicked republic was exhausted, that she could not hold out, that her credit was gone, that her assignats were not worth more

than the paper of which they were made; as if credit was necessary to a government of which the principle was rapine, as if Alboin could not turn Italy into a desert till he had negotiated a loan at five per cent., as if the exchequer bills of Attila had been at par. It was impossible that a man who so completely mistook the nature of a contest could carry on that contest successfully. Great as Pitt's abilities were, his military administration was that of a driver. He was at the head of a nation engaged in a struggle for life and death, of a nation eminently distinguished by all the physical and all the moral qualities which make excellent soldiers. The resources at his command were unlimited. The Parliament was even more ready to grant him men and money than he was to ask for them. In such an emergency, and with such means, such a statesman as Richelieu, as Louvois, as Chatham, as Wellesley, would have created in a few months one of the finest armies in the world, and would soon have discovered and brought forward generals worthy to command such an army. Germany might have been saved by another Blenheim; Flanders recovered by another Ramillies; another Poitiers might have delivered the Royalist and Catholic provinces of France from a yoke which they abhorred, and might have spread terror even to the barriers of Paris. But the fact is, that, after eight years of war, after a vast destruction of life, after an expenditure of wealth far exceeding the expenditure of the American war, of the Seven Years' War, of the war of the Austrian Succession, and of the war of the Spanish Succession united, the English army, under Pitt, was the laughing-stock of all Europe. It could not boast of one single brilliant exploit. It had never shown itself on the Continent but to be beaten, chased, forced to re-embark, or forced to capitulate. To take some sugar island in the West Indies, to scatter some mob of half-naked Irish peasants, such were the most splendid victories won by the British troops under Pitt's auspices.

The English navy no mismanagement could ruin. But during a long period whatever mismanagement could do was done. The Earl of Chatham, without a single qualification for high public trust, was made, by fraternal partiality, first lord of the admiralty, and was kept in that great post during two years of a war in which the very existence of the state depended on the efficiency of the fleet. He continued to doze away and trifle away the time which ought to have been devoted to the public service, till the whole mercantile body, though generally disposed to support the government, complained bitterly that our flag gave no protection to our trade. Fortunately he was succeeded by George Earl Spencer, one of those chiefs of the Whig party who, in the great schism caused by the French Revolution, had followed Burke. Lord Spencer, though inferior to many of his colleagues as an orator, was decidedly the best administrator among them. To him it was owing that a long and gloomy succession of days of fasting, and,

most emphatically, of humiliation, was interrupted, twice in the short space of eleven months, by days of thanksgiving for great victories.

It may seem paradoxical to say that the incapacity which Pitt showed in all that related to the conduct of the war is, in some sense, the most decisive proof that he was a man of very extraordinary abilities. Yet this is the simple truth. For assuredly one-tenth part of his errors and disasters would have been fatal to the power and influence of any minister who had not possessed, in the highest degree, the talents of a parliamentary leader. While his schemes were confounded, while his predictions were falsified, while the coalitions which he had labored to form were falling to pieces, while the expeditions which he had sent forth at enormous cost were ending in rout and disgrace, while the enemy against whom he was feebly contending was subjugating Flanders and Brabant, the electorate of Mentz and the electorate of Treves, Holland, Piedmont, Liguria, Lombardy, his authority over the House of Commons was constantly becoming more and more absolute. There was his empire. There were his victories, his Lodi and his Arcola, his Rivoli and his Marengo. If some great misfortune, a pitched battle lost by the allies, the annexation of a new department to the French republic, a sanguinary insurrection in Ireland, a mutiny in the fleet, a panic in the city, a run on the bank, had spread dismay through the ranks of his majority, that dismay lasted only till he rose from the treasury bench, drew up his haughty head, stretched his arm with commanding gesture, and poured forth, in deep and sonorous tones, the lofty language of inextinguishable hope and inflexible resolution. Thus, through a long and calamitous period, every disaster that happened without the walls of Parliament was regularly followed by a triumph within them. At length he had no longer an opposition to encounter. Of the great party which had contended against him during the first eight years of his administration, more than one half now marched under his standard, with his old competitor the Duke of Portland at their head; and the rest had, after many vain struggles, quitted the field in despair. Fox had retired to the shades of St. Anne's Hill, and had there found, in the society of friends whom no vicissitude could estrange from him, of a woman whom he tenderly loved, and of the illustrious dead of Athens, of Rome, and of Florence, ample compensation for all the misfortunes of his public life. Session followed session with scarcely a single division. In the eventful year 1799, the largest minority that could be mustered against the government was twenty-five.

In Pitt's domestic policy there was at this time assuredly no want of vigor. While he offered to French Jacobinism a resistance so feeble that it only encouraged the evil which he wished to suppress, he put down English Jacobinism with a strong hand. The habeas corpus act was repeatedly suspended. Public meetings were placed under severe restraints. The government

obtained from Parliament power to send out of the country aliens who were suspected of evil designs; and that power was not suffered to be idle. Writers who propounded doctrines adverse to monarchy and aristocracy were proscribed and punished without mercy. It was hardly safe for a republican to avow his political creed over his beef-steak and his bottle of port at a chop-house. The old laws of Scotland against sedition, laws which were considered by Englishmen as barbarous, and which a succession of governments had suffered to rust, were now furbished up and sharpened anew. Men of cultivated minds and polished manners were, for offenses which at Westminster would have been treated as mere misdemeanors, sent to herd with felons at Botany Bay. Some reformers, whose opinions were extravagant, and whose language was intemperate, but who had never dreamed of subverting the government by physical force, were indicted for high treason, and were saved from the gallows only by the righteous verdicts of juries. This severity was at the time loudly applauded by alarmists whom fear had made cruel, but will be seen in a very different light by posterity. The truth is, that the Englishmen who wished for a revolution were, even in number, not formidable, and, in every thing but number, a faction utterly contemptible, without arms, or funds, or plans, or organization, or leader. There can be no doubt that Pitt, strong as he was in the support of the great body of the nation, might easily have repressed the turbulence of the discontented minority by firmly yet temperately enforcing the ordinary law. Whatever vigor he showed during this unfortunate part of his life, was vigor out of place and season. He was all feebleness and languor in his conflict with the foreign enemy who was really to be dreaded, and reserved all his energy and resolution for the domestic enemy, who might safely have been despised.

One part only of Pitt's conduct during the last eight years of the eighteenth century deserves high praise. He was the first English minister who formed great designs for the benefit of Ireland. The manner in which the Roman Catholic population of that unfortunate country had been kept down during many generations seemed to him unjust and cruel; and it was scarcely possible for a man of his abilities not to perceive that, in a contest against the Jacobins, the Roman Catholics were his natural allies. Had he been able to do all that he wished, it is probable that a wise and liberal policy would have averted the rebellion of 1798. But the difficulties which he encountered were great, perhaps insurmountable; and the Roman Catholics were, rather by his misfortune than by his fault, thrown into the hands of the Jacobins. There was a third great rising of the Irishry against the Englishry, a rising not less formidable than the risings of 1641 and 1689. The Englishry remained victorious; and it was necessary for Pitt, as it had been necessary for Oliver Cromwell and William of Orange before him, to consider how the victory should be used. It is only just to his memory

to say that he formed a scheme of policy, so grand and so simple, so righteous and so humane, that it would alone entitle him to a high place among statesmen. He determined to make Ireland one kingdom with England, and, at the same time, to relieve the Roman Catholic laity from civil disabilities, and to grant a public maintenance to the Roman Catholic clergy. Had he been able to carry these noble designs into effect, the Union would have been a Union indeed. It would have been inseparably associated in the minds of the great majority of Irishmen with civil and religious freedom; and the old Parliament in College Green would have been regretted only by a small knot of discarded jobbers and oppressors, and would have been remembered by the body of the nation with the loathing and contempt due to the most tyrannical and the most corrupt assembly that had ever sat in Europe. But Pitt could execute only one half of what he had projected. He succeeded in obtaining the consent of the Parliaments of both kingdoms to the Union; but that reconciliation of races and sects, without which the Union could exist only in name, was not accomplished. He was well aware that he was likely to find difficulties in the closet. But he flattered himself that, by cautious and dexterous management, those difficulties might be overcome. Unhappily, there were traitors and sycophants in high place, who did not suffer him to take his own time and his own way, but prematurely disclosed his scheme to the King, and disclosed it in the manner most likely to irritate and alarm a weak and diseased mind. His Majesty absurdly imagined that his coronation-oath bound him to refuse his assent to any bill for relieving Roman Catholics from civil disabilities. To argue with him was impossible. Dundas tried to explain the matter, but was told to keep his Scotch metaphysics to himself. Pitt and Pitt's ablest colleagues resigned their offices. It was necessary that the King should make a new arrangement. But by this time his anger and distress had brought back the malady which had, many years before, incapacitated him for the discharge of his functions. He actually assembled his family, read the coronation-oath to them, and told them that, if he broke it, the Crown would immediately pass to the House of Savoy. It was not until after an interregnum of several weeks that he regained the full use of his small faculties, and that a ministry after his own heart was at length formed.

The materials out of which he had to construct a government were neither solid nor splendid. To that party, weak in numbers, but strong in every kind of talent which was hostile to the domestic and foreign policy of his late advisers, he could not have recourse. For that party, while it differed from his late advisers on every point on which they had been honored with his approbation, cordially agreed with them as to the single matter which had brought on them his displeasure. All that was left to him was to call up the rear rank of the old ministry to form the

front rank of a new ministry. In an age pre-eminently fruitful of parliamentary talents, a cabinet was formed containing hardly a single man who, in parliamentary talents, could be considered as even of the second rate. The most important offices in the state were bestowed on decorous and laborious mediocrity. Henry Addington was at the head of the treasury. He had been an early, indeed a hereditary friend of Pitt, and had by Pitt's influence been placed, while still a young man, in the chair of the House of Commons. He was universally admitted to have been the best speaker that had sat in that chair since the retirement of Onslow. But nature had not bestowed on him very vigorous faculties; and the highly respectable situation which he had long occupied with honor, had rather unfitted than fitted him for the discharge of his new duties. His business had been to bear himself evenly between contending factions. He had taken no part in the war of words; and he had always been addressed with marked deference by the great orators who thundered against each other from his right and from his left. It was not strange that when, for the first time, he had to encounter keen and vigorous antagonists, who dealt hard blows without the smallest ceremony, he should have been awkward and unready, or that the air of dignity and authority which he had acquired in his former post, and of which he had not divested himself, should have made his helplessness laughable and pitiable. Nevertheless, during many months, his power seemed to stand firm. He was a favorite with the King, whom he resembled in narrowness of mind, and to whom he was more obsequious than Pitt had ever been. The nation was put into high good humor by a peace with France. The enthusiasm with which the upper and middle classes had rushed into the war had spent itself. Jacobinism was no longer formidable. Every where there was a strong reaction against what was called the atheistical and anarchical philosophy of the eighteenth century. Bonaparte, now First Consul, was busy in constructing out of the ruins of old institutions a new ecclesiastical establishment and a new order of knighthood. That nothing less than the dominion of the whole civilized world would satisfy his selfish ambition was not yet suspected; nor did even wise men see any reason to doubt that he might be as safe a neighbor as any prince of the House of Bourbon had been. The treaty of Amiens was therefore hailed by the great body of the English people with extravagant joy. The popularity of the minister was for the moment immense. His want of parliamentary ability was, as yet, of little consequence; for he had scarcely any adversary to encounter. The old opposition, delighted by the peace, regarded him with favor. A new opposition had indeed been formed by some of the late ministers, and was led by Grenville in the House of Lords, and by Windham in the House of Commons. But the new opposition could scarcely muster ten votes, and was regarded with no favor by the country. On Pitt

the ministers relied as on their firmest support. He had not, like some of his colleagues, retired in anger. He had expressed the greatest respect for the conscientious scruple which had taken possession of the royal mind; and he had promised his successors all the help in his power. In private his advice was at their service. In Parliament he took his seat on the bench behind them; and, in more than one debate, defended them with powers far superior to their own. The King perfectly understood the value of such assistance. On one occasion, at the palace, he took the old minister and the new minister aside. "If we three," he said, "keep together, all will go well."

But it was hardly possible, human nature being what it is, and, more especially, Pitt and Addington being what they were, that this union should be durable. Pitt, conscious of superior powers, imagined that the place which he had quitted was now occupied by a mere puppet which he had set up, which he was to govern while he suffered it to remain, and which he was to fling aside as soon as he wished to resume his old position. Nor was it long before he began to pine for the power which he had relinquished. He had been so early raised to supreme authority in the state, and had enjoyed that authority so long, that it had become necessary to him. In retirement his days passed heavily. He could not, like Fox, forget the pleasures and cares of ambition in the company of Euripides or Herodotus. Pride restrained him from intimating, even to his dearest friends, that he wished to be again minister. But he thought it strange, almost ungrateful, that his wish had not been divined, that it had not been anticipated, by one whom he regarded as his deputy.

Addington, on the other hand, was by no means inclined to descend from his high position. He was, indeed, under a delusion much resembling that of Abon Hassan in the Arabian tale. His brain was turned by his short and unreal caliphate. He took his elevation quite seriously, attributed it to his own merit, and considered himself as one of the great triumvirate of English statesmen, as worthy to make a third with Pitt and Fox.

Such being the feelings of the late minister and of the present minister, a rupture was inevitable; and there was no want of persons bent on making that rupture speedy and violent. Some of these persons wounded Addington's pride by representing him as a lackey sent to keep a place on the treasury bench till his master should find it convenient to come. Others took every opportunity of praising him at Pitt's expense. Pitt had waged a long, a bloody, a costly, an unsuccessful war. Addington had made peace. Pitt had suspended the constitutional liberties of Englishmen. Under Addington those liberties were again enjoyed. Pitt had wasted the public resources. Addington was carefully nursing them. It was sometimes but too evident that these compliments were not unpleasing to Addington. Pitt became cold and

reserved. During many months he remained at a distance from London. Meanwhile his most intimate friends, in spite of his declarations that he made no complaint, and that he had no wish for office, exerted themselves to effect a change of ministry. His favorite disciple, George Canning, young, ardent, ambitious, with great powers and great virtues, but with a temper too restless and a wit too satirical for his own happiness, was indefatigable. He spoke; he wrote; he intrigued; he tried to induce a large number of the supporters of the Government to sign a round-robin desiring a change; he made game of Addington and of Addington's relations in a succession of lively pasquinades. The minister's partisans retorted with equal acrimony, if not with equal vivacity. Pitt could keep out of the affray only by keeping out of politics altogether; and this it soon became impossible for him to do. Had Napoleon, content with the first place among the sovereigns of the Continent, and with a military reputation surpassing that of Marlborough or of Turenne, devoted himself to the noble task of making France happy by mild administration and wise legislation, our country might have long continued to tolerate a government of fair intentions and feeble abilities. Unhappily, the treaty of Amiens had scarcely been signed when the restless ambition and the insupportable insolence of the First Consul convinced the great body of the English people that the peace so eagerly welcomed was only a precarious armistice. As it became clearer and clearer that a war for the dignity, the independence, the very existence of the nation, was at hand, men looked with increasing uneasiness on the weak and languid cabinet, which would have to contend against an enemy who united more than the power of Lewis the Great to more than the genius of Frederick the Great. It is true that Addington might easily have been a better war minister than Pitt, and could not possibly have been a worse. But Pitt had cast a spell on the public mind. The eloquence, the judgment, the calm and disdainful firmness which he had, during many years, displayed in Parliament, deluded the world into the belief that he must be eminently qualified to superintend every department of politics; and they imagined, even after the miserable failures of Dunkirk, of Quiberon, and of the Helder, that he was the only statesman who could cope with Bonaparte. This feeling was nowhere stronger than among Addington's own colleagues. The pressure put on him was so strong that he could not help yielding to it: yet, even in yielding, he showed how far he was from knowing his own place. His first proposition was that some insignificant nobleman should be first lord of the treasury and nominal head of the administration, and that the real power should be divided between Pitt and himself, who were to be secretaries of state. Pitt, as might have been expected, refused even to discuss such a scheme, and talked of it with bitter mirth. "Which secretaryship was offered to you?" his friend Wilber-

force asked. "Really," said Pitt, "I had not the curiosity to inquire." Addington was frightened into bidding higher. He offered to resign the treasury to Pitt, on condition that there should be no extensive change in the government. But Pitt would listen to no such terms. Then came a dispute such as often arises after negotiations orally conducted, even when the negotiators are men of strict honor. Pitt gave one account of what had passed; Addington gave another; and though the discrepancies were not such as necessarily implied any intentional violation of truth on either side, both were greatly exasperated.

Meanwhile the quarrel with the First Consul had come to a crisis. On the 16th of May, 1803, the King sent a message calling on the House of Commons to support him in withstanding the ambitious and encroaching policy of France, and on the 22d the House took the message into consideration.

Pitt had now been living many months in retirement. There had been a general election since he had spoken in Parliament, and there were two hundred members who had never heard him. It was known that on this occasion he would be in his place, and curiosity was wound up to the highest point. Unfortunately, the short-hand writers were, in consequence of some mistake, shut out on that day from the gallery; so that the newspapers contained only a very meagre report of the proceedings. But several accounts of what passed are extant; and of those accounts the most interesting is contained in an unpublished letter written by a very young member, John William Ward, afterward Earl of Dudley. When Pitt rose he was received with loud cheering. At every pause in his speech there was a burst of applause. The peroration is said to have been one of the most animated and magnificent ever heard in Parliament. "Pitt's speech," Fox wrote, a few days later, "was admired very much, and very justly. I think it was the best he ever made in that style." The debate was adjourned; and on the second night Fox replied in an oration which, as the most zealous Pittites were forced to acknowledge, left the palm of eloquence doubtful. Addington made a pitiable appearance between the two great rivals; and it was observed that Pitt, while exhorting the Commons to stand resolutely by the executive government against France, said not a word indicating esteem or friendship for the prime minister.

War was speedily declared. The First Consul threatened to invade England at the head of the conquerors of Belgium and Italy, and formed a great camp near the Straits of Dover. On the other side of those Straits the whole population of our island was ready to rise up as one man in defense of the soil. At this conjuncture, as at some other great conjunctures in our history—the conjuncture of 1660, for example, and the conjuncture of 1688—there was a general disposition among honest and patriotic men to forget old quarrels, and to regard as a friend every person

who was ready, in the existing emergency, to do his part toward the saving of the state. A coalition of all the first men in the country would, at that moment, have been as popular as the coalition of 1783 had been unpopular. Alone in the kingdom the King looked with perfect complacency on a cabinet in which no man superior to himself in genius was to be found; and was so far from being willing to admit all his ablest subjects to office, that he was bent on excluding them all.

A few months passed before the different parties which agreed in regarding the government with dislike and contempt came to an understanding with each other. But in the spring of 1804 it became evident that the weakest of ministries would have to defend itself against the strongest of oppositions; an opposition made up of three oppositions, each of which would, separately, have been formidable from ability, and which, when united, were also formidable from number. The party which had opposed the peace, headed by Grenville and Windham, and the party which had opposed the renewal of the war, headed by Fox, concurred in thinking that the men now in power were incapable of either making a good peace or waging a vigorous war. Pitt had, in 1802, spoken for peace against the party of Grenville, and had, in 1803, spoken for war against the party of Fox. But of the capacity of the cabinet, and especially of its chief, for the conduct of great affairs, he thought as meanly as either Fox or Grenville. Questions were easily found on which all the enemies of the government could act cordially together. The unfortunate first lord of the treasury, who had, during the earlier months of his administration, been supported by Pitt on one side and by Fox on the other, now had to answer Pitt and to be answered by Fox. Two sharp debates, followed by close divisions, made him weary of his post. It was known, too, that the Upper House was even more hostile to him than the Lower, that the Scotch representative peers wavered, that there were signs of mutiny among the bishops. In the cabinet itself there was discord, and, worse than discord, treachery. It was necessary to give way: the ministry was dissolved; and the task of forming a government was intrusted to Pitt.

Pitt was of opinion that there was now an opportunity, such as had never before offered itself, and such as might never offer itself again, of uniting in the public service, on honorable terms, all the eminent talents of the kingdom. The passions to which the French Revolution had given birth were extinct. The madness of the innovator and the madness of the alarmist had alike had their day. Jacobinism and Anti-jacobinism had gone out of fashion together. The most liberal statesman did not think that season propitious for schemes of parliamentary reform; and the most conservative statesman could not pretend that there was any occasion for gagging bills and suspensions of the habeas corpus act. The great struggle for independence and

national honor occupied all minds; and those who were agreed as to the duty of maintaining that struggle with vigor might well postpone to a more convenient time all disputes about matters comparatively unimportant. Strongly impressed by these considerations, Pitt wished to form a ministry including all the first men in the country. The treasury he reserved for himself; and to Fox he proposed to assign a share of power little inferior to his own.

The plan was excellent; but the King would not hear of it. Dull, obstinate, unforgiving, and at that time half mad, he positively refused to admit Fox into his service. Any body else, even men who had gone as far as Fox, or further than Fox, in what his Majesty considered as Jacobinism—Sheridan, Grey, Erskine—should be graciously received; but Fox never. During several hours Pitt labored in vain to reason down this senseless antipathy. That he was perfectly sincere there can be no doubt; but it was not enough to be sincere—he should have been resolute. Had he declared himself determined not to take office without Fox, the royal obstinacy would have given way, as it gave way, a few months later, when opposed to the immutable resolution of Lord Grenville. In an evil hour Pitt yielded. He flattered himself with the hope that, though he consented to forego the aid of his illustrious rival, there would still remain ample materials for the formation of an efficient ministry. That hope was cruelly disappointed. Fox entreated his friends to leave personal considerations out of the question, and declared that he would support, with the utmost cordiality, an efficient and patriotic ministry from which he should be himself excluded. Not only his friends, however, but Grenville, and Grenville's adherents, answered with one voice that the question was not personal; that a great constitutional principle was at stake, and that they would not take office while a man eminently qualified to render service to the commonwealth was placed under a ban merely because he was disliked at court. All that was left to Pitt was to construct a government out of the wreck of Addington's feeble administration. The small circle of his personal retainers furnished him with a very few useful assistants, particularly Dundas, who had been created Viscount Melville, Lord Harrowby, and Canning.

Such was the inauspicious manner in which Pitt entered on his second administration. The whole history of that administration was of a piece with the commencement. Almost every month brought some new disaster or disgrace. To the war with France was soon added a war with Spain. The opponents of the minister were numerous, able, and active. His most useful coadjutors he soon lost. Sickness deprived him of the help of Lord Harrowby. It was discovered that Lord Melville had been guilty of highly culpable laxity in transactions relating to public money. He was censured by the House of Commons, driven from office, ejected from the privy council, and impeached of high crimes

and misdemeanors. The blow fell heavy on Pitt. It gave him, he said in Parliament, a deep pang; and, as he uttered the word pang, his lip quivered; his voice shook; he paused; and his hearers thought that he was about to burst into tears. Such tears shed by Eldon would have moved nothing but laughter. Shed by the warm-hearted and open-hearted Fox, they would have moved sympathy, but would have caused no surprise. But a tear from Pitt would have been something portentous. He suppressed his emotion, however, and proceeded with his usual majestic self-possession.

His difficulties compelled him to resort to various expedients. At one time Addington was persuaded to accept office with a peerage; but he brought no additional strength to the government. Though he went through the form of reconciliation, it was impossible for him to forget the past. While he remained in place he was jealous and punctilious; and he soon retired again. At another time Pitt renewed his efforts to overcome his master's aversion to Fox; and it was rumored that the King's obstinacy was gradually giving way. But, meanwhile, it was impossible for the minister to conceal from the public eye the decay of his health and the constant anxiety which gnawed at his heart. His sleep was broken. His food ceased to nourish him. All who passed him in the park, all who had interviews with him in Downing Street, saw misery written in his face. The peculiar look which he wore during the last months of his life was often pathetically described by Wilberforce, who used to call it the Austerlitz look.

Still the vigor of Pitt's intellectual faculties, and the intrepid haughtiness of his spirit, remained unaltered. He had staked every thing on a great venture. He had succeeded in forming another mighty coalition against the French ascendancy. The united forces of Austria, Russia, and England might, he hoped, oppose an insurmountable barrier to the ambition of the common enemy. But the genius and energy of Napoleon prevailed. While the English troops were preparing to embark for Germany, while the Russian troops were slowly coming up from Poland, he, with rapidity unprecedented in modern war, moved a hundred thousand men from the shores of the ocean to the Black Forest, and compelled a great Austrian army to surrender at Ulm. To the first faint rumors of this calamity Pitt would give no credit. He was irritated by the alarms of those around him. "Do not believe a word of it," he said; "it is all a fiction." The next day he received a Dutch newspaper containing the capitulation. He knew no Dutch. It was Sunday, and the public offices were shut. He carried the paper to Lord Malmesbury, who had been minister in Holland; and Lord Malmesbury translated it. Pitt tried to bear up, but the shock was too great; and he went away with death in his face.

The news of the battle of Trafalgar arrived four days later, and seemed for a moment to revive him. Forty-eight hours after that most

glorious and most mournful of victories had been announced to the country came the Lord Mayor's Day, and Pitt dined at Guildhall. His popularity had declined. But on this occasion the multitude, greatly excited by the recent tidings, welcomed him enthusiastically, took off his horses in Cheapside, and drew his carriage up King Street. When his health was drunk, he returned thanks in two or three of those stately sentences of which he had a boundless command. Several of those who heard him laid up his words in their hearts; for they were the last words that he ever uttered in public: "Let us hope that England, having saved herself by her energy, may save Europe by her example."

This was but a momentary rally. Austerlitz soon completed what Ulm had begun. Early in December Pitt had retired to Bath, in the hope that he might there gather strength for the approaching session. While he was languishing there on his sofa arrived the news that a decisive battle had been fought and lost in Moravia, that the coalition was dissolved, that the Continent was at the feet of France. He sank down under the blow. Ten days later he was so emaciated that his most intimate friends hardly knew him. He came up from Bath by slow journeys, and on the 11th of January, 1806, reached his villa at Putney. Parliament was to meet on the 21st. On the 20th was to be the Parliamentary dinner, at the house of the first lord of the treasury, in Downing Street; and the cards were already issued. But the days of the great minister were numbered. The only chance for his life, and that a very slight chance, was, that he should resign his office and pass some months in profound repose. His colleagues paid him very short visits, and carefully avoided political conversation. But his spirit, long accustomed to dominion, could not, even in that extremity, relinquish hopes which every body but himself perceived to be vain. On the day on which he was carried into his bedroom at Putney the Marquis Wellesley, whom he had long loved, whom he had sent to govern India, and whose administration had been eminently able, energetic, and successful, arrived in London, after an absence of eight years. The friends saw each other once more. There was an affectionate meeting, and a last parting. That it was a last parting, Pitt did not seem to be aware. He fancied himself to be recovering, talked on various subjects cheerfully, and with an unclouded mind, and pronounced a warm and discerning eulogium on the Marquis's brother Arthur. "I never," he said, "met with any military man with whom it was so satisfactory to converse." The excitement and exertion of this interview were too much for the sick man. He fainted away; and Lord Wellesley left the house, convinced that the close was fast approaching.

And now members of Parliament were fast coming up to London. The chiefs of the opposition met for the purpose of considering the course to be taken on the first day of the session. It was easy to guess what would be the

language of the King's speech, and of the address which would be moved in answer to that speech. An amendment condemning the policy of the government had been prepared, and was to have been proposed in the House of Commons by Lord Henry Petty, a young nobleman who had already won for himself that place in the esteem of his country which, after the lapse of more than half a century, he still retains. He was unwilling, however, to come forward as the accuser of one who was incapable of defending himself. Lord Grenville, who had been informed of Pitt's state by Lord Wellesley, and had been deeply affected by it, earnestly recommended forbearance; and Fox, with characteristic generosity and good-nature, gave his voice against attacking his now helpless rival. "*Sunt lacrymæ rerum*," he said, "*et mentem mortalia tangunt*." On the first day, therefore, there was no debate. It was rumored that evening that Pitt was better. But on the following morning his physicians pronounced that there were no hopes. The commanding faculties of which he had been too proud were beginning to fail. His old tutor and friend, the Bishop of Lincoln, informed him of his danger, and gave such religious advice and consolation as a confused and obscured mind could receive. Stories were told of devout sentiments fervently uttered by the dying man. But these stories found no credit with any body who knew him. Wilberforce pronounced it impossible that they could be true: "Pitt," he added, "was a man who said less than he thought on such topics." It was asserted in many after-dinner speeches, Grub Street elegies, and academic prize poems and prize declamations, that the great minister died exclaiming, "Oh, my country!" This is a fable; but it is true that the last words which he uttered, while he knew what he said, were broken exclamations about the alarming state of public affairs. He ceased to breathe on the morning of the 23d of January, 1806, the twenty-fifth anniversary of the day in which he first took his seat in Parliament. He was in his forty-seventh year, and had been, during near nineteen years, first lord of the treasury, and undisputed chief of the administration. Since parliamentary government was established in England, no English statesmen has held supreme power so long. Walpole, it is true, was first lord of the treasury during more than twenty years, but it was not till Walpole had been some time first lord of the treasury that he could be properly called prime minister.

It was moved in the House of Commons that Pitt should be honored with a public funeral and a monument. The motion was opposed by Fox in a speech which deserves to be studied as a model of good taste and good feeling. The task was the most invidious that ever an orator undertook; but it was performed with a humanity and delicacy which were warmly acknowledged by the mourning friends of him who was gone. The motion was carried by 288 votes to 89.

The 22d of February was fixed for the funeral.

The corpse having lain in state during two days in the Painted Chamber, was borne with great pomp to the northern transept of the Abbey. A splendid train of princes, nobles, bishops, and privy councilors followed. The grave of Pitt had been made near to the spot where his great father lay, near also to the spot where his great rival was soon to lie. The sadness of the assistants was beyond that of ordinary mourners. For he whom they were committing to the dust had died of sorrows and anxieties of which none of the survivors could be altogether without a share. Wilberforce, who carried the banner before the hearse, described the awful ceremony with deep feeling. As the coffin descended into the earth, he said, the eagle face of Chatham from above seemed to look down with consternation into the dark house which was receiving all that remained of so much power and glory.

All parties in the House of Commons readily concurred in voting forty thousand pounds to satisfy the demands of Pitt's creditors. Some of his admirers seemed to consider the magnitude of his embarrassments as a circumstance highly honorable to him; but men of sense will probably be of a different opinion. It is far better, no doubt, that a great minister should carry his contempt of money to excess, than that he should contaminate his hands with unlawful gain. But it is neither right nor becoming in a man to whom the public has given an income more than sufficient for his comfort and dignity, to bequeath to that public a great debt, the effect of mere negligence and profusion. As first lord of the treasury and chancellor of the exchequer, Pitt never had less than six thousand a year, besides an excellent house. In 1792 he was forced by his royal master's friendly importunity to accept for life the office of Warden of the Cinque Ports, with near four thousand a year more. He had neither wife nor child: he had no needy relations: he had no expensive tastes: he had no long election bills. Had he given but a quarter of an hour a week to the regulation of his household, he would have kept his expenditure within bounds. Or, if he could not spare even a quarter of an hour a week for that purpose, he had numerous friends, excellent men of business, who would have been proud to act as his stewards. One of those friends, the chief of a great commercial house in the city, made an attempt to put the establishment in Downing Street to rights; but in vain. He found that the waste of the servants'-hall was almost fabulous. The quantity of butcher's meat charged in the bills was nine hundredweight a week. The consumption of poultry, of fish, of tea, was in proportion. The character of Pitt would have stood higher if, with the disinterestedness of Pericles and of De Witt, he had united their dignified frugality.

The memory of Pitt has been assailed, times innumerable, often justly, often unjustly; but it has suffered much less from his assailants than from his eulogists. For, during many years, his name was the rallying cry of a class of men with whom, at one of those terrible conjunctures which

confound all ordinary distinctions, he was accidentally and temporarily connected, but to whom, on almost all great questions of principle, he was diametrically opposed. The haters of parliamentary reform called themselves Pittites, not choosing to remember that Pitt made three motions for parliamentary reform, and that though he thought that such a reform could not safely be made while the passions excited by the French Revolution were raging, he never uttered a word indicating that he should not be prepared at a more convenient season to bring the question forward a fourth time. The toast of Protestant ascendancy was drunk on Pitt's birthday by a set of Pittites, who could not but be aware that Pitt had resigned his office because he could not carry Catholic Emancipation. The defenders of the Test Act called themselves Pittites, though they could not be ignorant that Pitt had laid before George the Third unanswerable reasons for abolishing the Test Act. The enemies of free trade called themselves Pittites, though Pitt was far more deeply imbued with the doctrines of Adam Smith than either Fox or Grey. The very negro-drivers invoked the name of Pitt, whose eloquence was never more conspicuously displayed than when he spoke of the wrongs of the negro. This mythical Pitt, who resembles the genuine Pitt as little as the Charlemagne of Ariosto resembles the Charlemagne of Eginhard, has had his day. History will vindicate the real man from calumny disguised under the semblance of adulation, and will exhibit him as what he was, a minister of great talents, honest intentions, and liberal opinions, pre-eminently qualified, intellectually and morally, for the part of a parliamentary leader, and capable of administering with prudence and moderation the government of a prosperous and tranquil country; but unequal to surprising and terrible emergencies, and liable, in such emergencies, to err grievously, both on the side of weakness and on the side of violence.

A WRETCHED NIGHT.

I HAD seen the last on my list of patients for that day, and coming home, wearied out with a hard day's work, had put on slippers and dressing-gown and flung myself at length on my sofa, drawn up in front of a glowing anthracite fire, just in the humor for a comfortable perusal of the last *Harper's*, when suddenly I heard a loud ring from my office door-bell.

Now, I being a physician of several years' standing in New York, a ring at my door-bell was not a thing of such singularity as to require to be noted in print. Neither was it in any way remarkable that it should occur at that hour of the night; for it is a peculiar idiosyncrasy of all persons who wish a doctor that they should obstinately choose the most inconvenient hours possible for him. Statistics show that more persons are born during the night than in the day-time. My friend and medical brother, Cynicus, says it is because the hours generally considered as prop-

er for work being over, they have nothing else to do but to turn their attention to being born. But upon this point he and I do not agree. My belief is, that each one, anticipating the usage he is going to receive in this world, and ashamed to acknowledge that he wishes to form another item among the billion other items then existing, prefers to steal in clandestinely, like a thief, under the cover of darkness, than appear, like an honest man, in the bright sunlight. Neither was a ring generally such an unwelcome sound to my ears that I should speak of it; for the loud, clanging jingle usually foretold a cheerful rattle from a much more valuable metal in my own pocket. But, as I said before, I was excessively tired; I was then very comfortable; and lastly, it was terribly cold and stormy outside.

It was for these reasons that I rose so reluctantly and went to the door. I found there a diminutive specimen of an Irish girl, whose face seemed familiar to me.

"Please, Sir, will you come up to the Triangle House?"

"Who for?" I asked, rather sharply.

"For Mr. Normanby, Sir."

"Does he want me at once?"

"He didn't say he did; but Mr. Dyer, who has the next room to his, told me to go for you and tell you to come right away."

"What is the matter now?"

"If you please, Sir, he has had another of them times, Sir, and made so much trouble they didn't know what to do with him."

"Well, little girl, run home and say I will be there in a few minutes."

The peculiarly bad English of the expression, "them times," used by the little girl, would probably have been perfectly unintelligible to the majority of persons had they been standing there in my place; but I comprehended her meaning at once. Mr. Normanby, the person whom I had been summoned to see, was one of my best patients, that is, best in its signification of pecuniarily beneficial to me. He was rich, often employed me, paid regularly—in fact, was a man by no means to be neglected. But best, considered as the superlative of good, and in its relation to himself, he was not. He was a bachelor; had lived a gay, free life as a young man; and now, at the age of fifty, had returned to New York, and, living at a hotel, devoted the whole of his attention to killing his time. This he had not found such an easy task as it would seem; and missing the stimulation of the excitement and dissipation of his youth, he had endeavored to supply its place by the effects of alcohol. He was now a confirmed drunkard; but not one of those stupid guzzlers who intoxicate themselves each day from necessity or mere force of habit; there was a method, a reasoned system, about his debauchery, upon which he prided himself, as showing, as he asserted, that he still had command over himself. It was his custom, on the first of each month, to begin to drink—not in company with others, and led on by the contagious example of convivial companions, but alone,

and with the express purpose of getting himself drunk as rapidly as possible. Large amounts were required to do this; and day after day, as the effects of his inebriety wore away, the stimulation was repeated. The result was, that, generally by the fourth day after the commencement of his orgie, his nervous system broke down under this excessive excitement, and an attack of *delirium tremens* ensued. Under treatment and careful nursing, together with a good constitution, this was usually recovered from in two days. With the loss, therefore, of about twelve weeks out of each year, he was enabled to appear before the world, as a useless, but apparently respectable citizen.

I knew previously that my patient had commenced his accustomed monthly stimulation; therefore the words "them times" showed me plainly what was the matter with him, and what I was to be called upon to do.

The distance from my house to the hotel being quite short, but a few minutes had elapsed before I was in the chamber of my patient. I found several persons—boarders in the hotel—collected in his room, engaged in unavailing attempts to restrain the uninterrupted stream of garrulity which all persons in his condition are prone to indulge in, or holding him down by force each time he attempted to rise and leave the room. As would be expected from the means used, they succeeded in exciting him still more by their attentions, and by their constant replies to his questions. I at once requested all of them to leave the room except Mr. Dyer, the gentleman before referred to, who, in addition to being a personal friend of Mr. Normanby's, was known to me as a sensible, trustworthy man, from having, several times before, assisted me on occasions similar to this.

My first business, after their departure, was to examine the patient. I found him in a much more wild and excited state than ordinarily under his attacks. It was evident that he had taken much more than his usual amount of stimulant, and had continued it for a longer period, the reactive excitement was consequently proportionally greater. Still, however, there was nothing in his condition that portended more than a temporary trouble to him, or showed need of extra care from myself; and as uniformly before perfect quiet and silence had sufficed to dissipate the paroxysms, and simple abstinence and judicious nursing had been all that were needed after them, I apprehended nothing untoward or different at this time, and looked forward to a return to my book with perhaps only a couple of hours' detention.

At my request, and after very little urging, my patient was induced to lie down upon the bed with his clothes on, as I found him. When seated at his side I commenced a process of quiet reasoning with him, which I had always before found so soothing and efficacious. His room, situated in the fourth story of the hotel, was about twelve feet square—what is ordinarily called a hall bedroom, that is, it was the width of the

main entry of the house. Its only door, which opened in the direction of the length of the entry, and facing the flight of stairs to the story above, was placed directly at the head of the bed. Opposite the bed, upon the other side of the door, stood the bureau. The sole window to the room fronted the foot of the bed and the door.

Much more readily than I expected his delirium and restless excitement seemed to vanish, and in the course of half an hour he lay so quietly upon his back, with his eyes closed, and breathing with such regularity that I made up my mind I had deceived myself a little in his case, and that his extra excitability had been occasioned by the presence of so many persons in the room. So tranquil did he become that, at about ten o'clock, Mr. Dyer, remarking that there seemed no necessity for his remaining longer, bade me good-night and retired to his room, which was but a short distance down the entry. It was agreed, however, between us, that before my departure I should call at his room, when, if I considered it necessary, he would take my place and stay in the room with his friend the rest of the night, or, at all events, would remain up and within hearing, so as to render any assistance which might be required.

A few minutes later, and I also rose to leave. Going for my hat, which was upon a chair by the window, I turned my back for a moment upon the bed. As I did so the creaking of the bedstead attracted my attention, and I turned suddenly round. With his back to the door, his face deadly pale, and expressing the most settled determination, his eyes shining with the peculiar green, almost phosphorescent glare of the wildest insanity, stood my late quiet and tractable patient. But one moment was allowed me for this hasty glance, when opening the drawer of the bureau immediately at his right hand, he took from it a small case, and almost before I could realize his movements was brandishing in each hand an open razor.

There is no instrument in the world which has always seemed to me so blood-thirsty and terrible, or inspires me with such a nervous dread when about to use it, as a razor. This may arise from the frequent cases I have seen of perversions of its use to purposes of suicide, or from its deadly power as compared with its legitimate, simple, and innocent use. But a thrill has always been sent through me on seeing it held open in a person's hand, when no sensation of the kind would be experienced from seeing a sword, dagger, or knife in the same position.

It would convey no idea of my feelings to say that I was horrified at this sight. Neither could it be said that I was frightened, for though by no means a bold man I experienced no sensation like what I call fear. The predominant idea, as I remember it, was wonder, or rather surprise. The shock was too sudden, too unexpected, for me to feel either alarm or horror. His change from the position of perfect repose to that of full life and action—from the corpse-like stillness of a sleeper to the violent, quick, sharp movements

of a person under the wildest nervous excitement—was so remarkable, so *bizarre*, as it were, that I can express my feelings no better than by saying that I tried to guess what he would probably do next. The thought of preventing him from doing as he wished never flashed through my mind, for though a person notoriously collected in trying occasions, and having already experienced my full share of perils, and though by springing forward I could have seized and perhaps prevented his opening his razor-case, it never occurred to me to move, but I stood like a statue looking at him.

For full five minutes we stood silent and motionless, intently watching each other. At last in a voice which, by its unnatural distinctness and calm, cool intonation, as it was, forced through his compressed teeth, seemed other than his own, he broke the stillness, which was getting to be absolutely painful.

"Doctor," he said, "sit down there!" pointing to the chair by the window.

I did not stir. Undecided exactly what to do, or what might be his next movement, and not liking to turn my back to him in order to comply with his request, I continued in the same position as before. Again that order came in its curt, icy distinctness from his jaws, which seemed absolutely not to move while he pronounced the words. But this time it was sharper, more of a command than a request; still I did not alter my posture.

One half minute passed and he came toward me. It seemed to me that he did not walk but absolutely glided over the floor, so elastic and cat-like were his movements. With irresistible force, with his hand placed upon my breast, he pushed me toward the chair, while the very intensity of his wild power and determination were revealed as he absolutely hissed into my ear for the third time his command, "Doctor, you *must* take that chair!" Then for the first time, as breast to breast we stood, so that I could look directly into his eye, a feeling of terror seized me. In a moment I fully realized his own immense moral and physical power, and my own helplessness. All the fractional fears which one ordinarily experiences in the course of a lifetime seemed in that second condensed into an aggregation of horror of which I had no conception. There stood my patient, forcing me slowly back, with his left hand holding one razor, placed against my chest just below my throat, while the other razor was held but a few inches from my chin. His face was deadly pale. His lips, compressed and perfectly bloodless, were flecked with foam which bubbled up under his full, deep expirations. Occasionally a slight spasmodic tremor passed over them, but except this sign of life his countenance was as impassive and immovable as the face of the dead, or a statue cut from marble. I could not then have called aloud even had I wished it. I was fascinated, quelled by the cold, unearthly gleam which shot from his eyes as effectually as if I had been looking upon the head of Medusa. Perfectly powerless in his hands, I quietly fol-

lowed the impulsion given my body, and seated myself in the chair.

"Sit up straight—so!" was the next order given by him, he at the same time suiting the action of his own body to the word. "Now fold your arms. There, now hold up your head!"

These commands were given by him as he stood directly in front of me, and were obeyed with a most commendable degree of alacrity. But the position was by no means comfortable. The chair in which I was seated was at all times, from its angularity and hardness, a fair model for a stool of repentance; but trussed up as I then was, my body erect as a ramrod, my chin at an angle of forty-five degrees, it became to me the most torturing of anxious seats.

After running his eyes slowly over my whole person, and apparently satisfied with my appearance and posture, my patient returned to his post with his back to the door. A dreary silence ensued upon this last movement—not a word was said or a motion made by either party for, it seemed to me, an hour. At last he again turned to me and said, "You can't go from here to-night, Doctor; I want you—I shall not let you go—you must stay here with me." As none of these happened to be questions, and as the consultation of my convenience did not seem to be uppermost in his thoughts, and as I could do no more than mildly suggest that I thought him rather unreasonable, and should be very happy to go, I said not a word but continued to stare diligently at the blank white surface of the opposite wall.

Time rolled on. The seconds, long as they seemed, grew into minutes, and these into hours; but still I sat in the same position, and motionless at his post stood my sentinel at the door. The most vivid imagination can not picture how oppressive was that perfect stillness. Except when some small piece of plastering fell rattling down upon the inside of the wall, or the creaking of the signs as they swung in the strong wintry wind, and the ceaseless, regular dropping of the rain from the roof upon an awning below, not a sound broke that dreadful silence for hours. The slightest movement on my part sufficed to throw him into a violent excitement—evidenced by the quick start of his whole body—and to bring upon me a look which made my blood run cold. Once only during this long period did he himself vary the monotony, and this interlude was not of such a character as to induce a wish for its repetition. Inspired, apparently, with some sudden and uncontrollable whim, he rushed toward me and commenced a Terpsichorean exhibition which completely put to the blush the most diabolical war-dance ever devised by a Camanche Indian, or the polka infernale in *Le Ciel et L'Enfer*. He darted forward, and then back; he leaped, like an ape, almost over my head; he whirled around on his own axis, like a spinning dervish—at the same time slowly circumnavigating me—with such rapidity that I could scarcely see the outlines of his form. During all this unpleasant display the razors were

being flaunted in every direction, over and about every part of my person. Occasionally he would seize my arm, and, raising it, would pass one quickly round it, as if performing an imaginary amputation. Then he would divert his attention to my face and neck, carrying his razor so close to my throat that I could almost feel the clear cut through the air as it brushed by, almost touching my skin. Then it was brandished close to my eyes, and I was ideally shaved over and over again. But he seemed to devote the greater part of his attention to a small bald spot upon the top and back of my head. What he did I could not tell, but I often felt his hand upon it, and occasionally the cold side of the razor was laid flat upon the skin. Probably he looked upon me as some brother monk, and considering the tonsorial operation performed there by nature as radically defective, pictured to himself the way to give it geometrical regularity.

It would be impossible to describe what I suffered during those hours. My nervous system was strung to the highest pitch of intensity, and yet the necessary means for relieving it by some slight physical movement and change of posture was debarred me. Could I have walked, risen from the chair, or even freely moved my arms or head, it would not have been so intolerable, but repeated attempts showed me the danger of any experiments. At times I felt that I should go mad myself. I remember when the maniac waltz was at its height, laughing at its gayety, and feeling a strong inclination to rise and join in the insane revel. I revolved over in my mind projects of what wild things I would do when once again on my feet and at liberty. But this delirium was but temporary, and I continually roused myself from it by a strong exercise of my will. But most I feared that I should faint; several times I experienced that peculiar reeling, *curve-motion* sensation in the head which is the sure premonition of insensibility; and I shivered with fright as I thought what might occur if once I lay motionless and senseless in his power.

During one of the involuntary movements which either my nervous condition sometimes occasioned, or in order to give some support to my hand, I introduced it under the breast of my coat upon my vest. The amount of relief which I experienced by this simple act is indescribable, for, unseen by my watchful custodian, under the cover of the lappet of my coat I could move my fingers freely. I twisted them, I opened and clenched my hand, I pressed it against my body. This thing acted upon me as if new life had been given—as a full draught of wine to an exhausted and famished traveler. I felt more bold, more confident, better prepared to wait the result of my singular adventure.

It was during one of these movements of my hand that I all at once touched a cigar in my watch-pocket, which I then remembered I had placed there just before leaving home for use on my way back. At the same time that this occurred to me, I recollected that I had also put some matches into the same pocket. Slowly

and cautiously I drew first the cigar from its resting-place, and immediately after the matches. Then, with a degree of boldness which I now can hardly account for, I steadily withdrew my hand and carried the cigar to my mouth. More than this. I afterward, with no more than a slight motion, ignited the match and then the cigar. What words can express the relief afforded me by that one *smoke*! No lazy Turk, as reclining on his silken divan he inhaled through his gorgeous narghileh the fragrant Latakiah, ever realized it. No Baboo, worth countless lacs, imbibed deep draughts from his favorite hookah with such pleasure. No kanaster-loaded meersch-chaum ever presented such attractions to a German student. Never did fine-cut and vulgar clay bring such a perfect sense of comfort to a tired hunter. It was the acme of intense and exquisite enjoyment. I smoked slowly, with long intervals between each inspiration. I dallied with the vapor as it slowly passed from my mouth and nostrils; I did not puff it, nor use up the weed—like many a health—by excess of fiery excitement, but allowed it gradually to consume away its life with no more stimulation than was needed to keep up the proper vitality. I was longer smoking that cigar than I suppose ever any one was before. But what impressed me as the most singular was the little notice taken of my action by my jailer. There was a start, and a slight movement forward, when I began; but he soon subsided into his customary apathetic indifference.

During the latter portion of the time of my smoking I had noticed that my patient was talking, mumbling unconnectedly to himself, as I supposed. He would turn his head toward the door and whisper something, which, at the distance I sat, I could not hear. He had continued this for some time, when, suddenly turning toward me, he ordered me, in the same terribly imperious way as before, to rise and lie down upon the bed. Glad of any excuse for moving my tired limbs, I rose at once, and, dutiful as any well-managed child, went and laid myself down as he directed. In this position my head, when on the pillow, was brought close to his body, and within a very few inches of the door, luckily for me, of that side upon which was the lock.

The interruption occasioned by my change of locality once over, the same monotonous silence was resumed. After a few minutes, however, Mr. Normanby again relapsed into his former apparently dreaming condition, and commenced anew his low muttering. But I was now essentially more advantageously situated. My posture was easier. I found, also, I could, by moving slowly, change into any position I wished. Moreover, I was near enough to him to almost hear what he was whispering. To discover this I now gave my whole attention, and strained my hearing so as to be able to form into some connected sentence the few disjointed words which I could make out. Although not very successful in this effort, I soon learned the tenor

of what was passing in his mind. I found, by the lapse of time which he allowed between each sentence, and the careful way in which he turned his ear to the door, he supposed there was a person upon the outside, and that he was holding a conversation with him through the key-hole. It required no great effort of ingenuity on my part to make out that he thought that this person wished to enter. This was no sooner settled to my satisfaction than, putting together the few words I could overhear, I almost intuitively comprehended his thoughts, and prepared a plan of action. He supposed this person upon the outside wished to see me and tell me something; and what I heard were his answers to all the expostulations and requests to be admitted to do so.

I instantly felt I was saved, and confident as if already free, experienced the most perfect relief and self-possession. I began, at first, in low and whispered, but gradually in louder, tones to suggest questions and make replies to what I supposed his objections. Following the inflection of my voice, he quickly modulated his own to correspond, and soon we were holding an animated conversation at the ordinary colloquial pitch. During the time this had been in progress I had gradually worked myself to the edge of the bed, and had slid down one of the heavy hair pillows, which I firmly grasped in my right hand.

No great length of time was required to make an arrangement. He finally agreed that the door should be opened a few inches, and that through this aperture the *great unknown* was to give me the information which he wished. My plan was to seize the door the instant it was opened, press my jailer firmly back against the wall by suddenly throwing it open to its full extent, fell him, if possible or necessary, with the pillow, and then, darting from the bed and room, spring into the room of Mr. Dyer, and at once close the door.

This was done on the instant; but I had over-calculated my own strength, when, lying in such a constrained position, and had not allowed enough for that with which he was gifted naturally, increased by the addition of the almost superhuman power of delirium. The result was, that, though springing with all my force against him, I found it like pushing against a rock. I could not open the door more than two feet, much less succeed in forcing him far back with it, or in upsetting him. I had but bare space and time to clear myself through the door before he stood ready for pursuit. I saw at once that I could not delay long enough to open the door of the next room, nor have an opportunity to close it even if once in. But one course was left—to mount the stairs to the story above. Up these I bounded, four at a jump, as if impelled from a mortar. I scarce knew the effort I was making, so extraordinary was the rapidity with which I flew. On reaching the top I saw a long entry before me, down which I rushed, knowing that life hung on the time that was made, but

entirely ignorant how close my pursuer might be in my rear. As I ran down the entry I noticed, from the echoing sound of my own footsteps, that I was alone: he had not followed me; but still I was afraid to pause. At the end of the entry I found an open door-way, through which I darted, and then found myself in a species of lumber-room. Behind a barrel in one corner I at once ensconced myself, and, trembling with terror and my exertions, waited for what was to be the next act.

But all remained still. Not a sound was to be heard. I looked at my watch. It was a quarter past five. From ten o'clock—more than seven hours—I had been in a condition of greater mental agony than in the keenest efforts of my imagination I had ever pictured.

What to do now was the next question. It was not safe to remain there, for he might ascend at any moment; and yet I feared to move, for I knew nothing about the house, and whether there was another stairway by which I could descend. Taking off my boots, which I held in my hand as an offensive weapon in case of attack, I proceeded softly out into the entry. My examination soon showed me that there was no supplementary stairway. I tried the doors of all the rooms on each side of the entry. They were firmly locked. The room in which I then was had no door; in fact, it was a mere recess in the entry. I walked to the head of the stairs and looked over. The door of the room at the foot of the stairs, where I had been so long incarcerated, was closed. The house was still as death. With trembling, hesitating steps, prepared each instant for flight, I commenced the descent. I safely reached the foot, passed the dreaded door, and in a minute was in the room of Mr. Dyer, with the door firmly bolted behind me. He was lying, fully dressed, upon the outside of the bed, sound asleep, but was instantly awakened by the noise of my entrance. My hysterical condition, and feeble attempts at description, although not conveying a full idea of what had happened, soon gave him sufficient insight to consult with me and advise what should be done.

It was obvious to both of us that, in his condition, Mr. Normanby could not be left in his room alone, with such deadly weapons at his command. We decided, therefore, that we must, in some way, gain an entrance and disarm him. To suddenly burst in the door, rush in, and, each seizing an arm, hold him down by main force, was the first plan. But this entailed great danger, both to him and ourselves; for we had no means of knowing that he was not then standing prepared for just such an attack, and ready to use the razors on himself or the first to enter. Besides, it required a great degree of courage to face a powerful man like him, fully armed, and ready to commit any atrocity. It was finally agreed that we should try the effects of quiet reasoning and persuasion, and reserve violence as a last resort, and when better prepared by additional assistance. Before going on this dangerous errand I took the precaution of fortifying

myself with a heavy oaken chair, while my friend, who was to lead the van, armed himself with a large cane, and, as a buckler against the razors, with a pillow from the bed. With no inapt resemblance to the knight of Mancha and his faithful squire (and certainly my sensations were those of that worthy on more than one occasion) we sallied out.

On reaching the door we knocked, and receiving no reply, turned the handle. It was firmly fastened. But, as response to the attempt, the question came as to what was wanted. Our request for admittance was denied, on the ground that the occupant was in bed and going to sleep. And, truly enough, standing upon the chair and looking through the small window over the door, I discovered my dreaded enemy snugly tucked up in bed and apparently fulfilling what he asserted.

Returning to our starting-place we held a second council of war. Nothing now seemed left for us but to break down the door, and rushing to throw ourselves upon him as he lay, each, if possible, seizing an arm. But at this juncture prudence dictated a suggestion. The performance of such a feat would necessitate much noise, which would, most assuredly, alarm the whole house, and in the confusion there was no knowing what might happen. I therefore proposed that it should be done deliberately—as it were, legally. That is, my friend was to go down, waken the keeper of the hotel, and inform him of what had occurred; while I was to go into the street and find some of the police, provided I did not have to hunt too much over all the upper wards.

In pursuance of this object we both descended, Mr. Dyer passing along the second story, while I went down to the office in the story below. Not a soul was awake; even the watchman was dozing in some out-of-the-way nook, at least none was visible. I traversed the marble-tiled floor of the office, reached the outside door, and had just stepped my foot upon the sidewalk, when, at that moment, I heard a loud, unearthly, piercing scream, the rushing sound of some heavy body falling through the air, a dull, sickening *squelch*—and there, upon the sidewalk, at my very feet, spattering me with his blood and brains, lay the bleeding, mangled body of the cause of my wretched night. He had thrown himself from the fourth-story window. I sprang to his side, raised his hand—there was a feeble flutter at the wrist, a cessation, and he was dead.

Does any one wonder why I can neither shave myself nor allow another to perform the operation?

A few days after the accident and the interment I found, one day, on my return to my office, a small package lying upon my table, accompanied with the following note:

"NEW YORK, February, 1859.

"MY DEAR SIR,—On settling up my brother's estate, to my great surprise, and consequent annoyance, I found that his extravagant habits during the past few years, together with an unfortunate investment which he had made in a company for manufacturing razors, had left

him completely bankrupt. Indeed, there is nothing whatever to settle even a fraction of his debts. I regret exceedingly that your bill will have to be included in the general presentation of all claims against him. Feeling deeply, however, the kindness which you have always shown him, particularly in the last trying moments, I have taken the liberty of withdrawing from the sale of his effects the case of gold-mounted razors which I herewith send. They are two model ones, made by his factory for the Great Exposition, and I trust you will find them pleasant to use.

"With respect, I remain truly yours,

"EDWARD NORMANBY.

"KOSMOS VIATOR, M.D."

THE VIRGINIANS.

BY W. M. THACKERAY.



CHAPTER LXXII.

(FROM THE WARRINGTON MS.) IN WHICH MY LADY IS ON THE TOP OF THE LADDER.

LOOKING across the fire, toward *her* accustom'd chair, who has been the beloved partner of my hearth during the last half of my life, I often ask (for middle-aged gentlemen have the privilege of repeating their jokes, their questions, their stories) whether two young people ever were more foolish and imprudent than we were, when we married, as we did, in the year before the old King's death? My son, who has taken some prodigious leaps in the heat of his fox-hunting, says he surveys the gaps and rivers which he so crossed safely over, with terror afterward, and astonishment at his own fool-hardiness in making such desperate ventures; and yet there is no more eager sportsman in the two counties than Miles. He loves his amusement so much that he cares for no other. He has broken his collar-bone, and had a hundred tumbles (to his mother's terror); but so has his father (thinking, perhaps, of a copy of verse, or his speech at

Quarter Sessions) been thrown over his old mare's head, who has slipped on a stone, as they were both dreaming along a park road at four miles an hour; and Miles's reckless sport has been the delight of his life, as my marriage has been the blessing of mine; and I never think of it but to thank Heaven. Mind, I don't set up my worship as an example: I don't say to all young folks, "Go and marry upon twopence a year;" or people would look very black at me at our vestry-meetings; but my wife is known to be a desperate match-maker; and when Hodge and Susan appear in my justice-room with a talk of allowance, we urge them to spend their half-crown a week at home, add a little contribution of our own, and send for the vicar.

Now, when I ask a question of my dear oracle, I know what the answer will be; and hence, no doubt, the reason why I so often consult her. I have but to wear a particular expression of face, and my Diana takes her reflection from it. Suppose I say, "My dear, don't you think the moon was made of cream-cheese to-night?" She will say, "Well, papa, it did look very like cream-cheese, indeed—there's nobody like you for droll similes." Or, suppose I say, "My love, Mr. Pitt's speech was very fine, but I don't think he is equal to what I remember his father." "Nobody was equal to my Lord Chatham," says my wife. And then one of the girls cries, "Why, I have often heard our Papa say, Lord Chatham was a charlatan!" On which Mamma says, "How like she is to her aunt Hetty!"

As for Miles, *Tros Tyriusve* is all one to him. He only reads the sporting announcements in the Norwich paper. So long as there is good scent, he does not care about the state of the country. I believe the rascal has never read my poems, much more my tragedies (for I mentioned Pocahontas to him the other day, and the dunce thought she was a river in Virginia); and with respect to my Latin verses, how can he understand them, when I know he can't construe Corderius? Why this note-book lies publicly on the little table at my corner of the fireside, and any one may read in it who will take the trouble of lifting my spectacles off the cover; but Miles never hath. I insert in the loose pages caricatures of Miles, jokes against him; but he never knows nor heeds them. Only once, in place of a neat drawing of mine, in China-ink, representing Miles asleep after dinner, and which my friend Bunbury would not disown, I found a rude picture of myself going over my mare Sultana's head, and entitled "The Squire on Horseback, or Fish out of Water." And the fellow to roar with laughter, and all the girls to titter, when I came upon the page! My wife said she never was in such a fright as when I went to my book; but I can bear a joke against myself, and have heard many, though (strange to say for one who has lived among some of the chief wits of the age) I never heard a good one in my life. Never mind, Miles, though thou art not a wit, I love thee none the worse (there never was any love lost between two wits in a family); though

thou hast no great beauty, thy mother thinks thee as handsome as Apollo, or His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, who was born in the very same year. Indeed, she always thinks Coates's picture of the Prince is very like her eldest boy, and has the print in her dressing-room to this very day.*

In that same year, with what different prospects my Lord Esmond, Lord Castlewood's son, likewise appeared to adorn the world! My Lord C. and his humble servant had already come to a coolness at that time, and, Heaven knows! my honest Miles's godmother, at his entrance into life, brought no gold pap-boats to his christening! Matters have mended since, *Laus Deo*—*Laus Deo*, indeed! for I suspect neither Miles nor his father would ever have been able to do much for themselves, and by their own wits.

Castlewood House has quite a different face now from that venerable one which it wore in the days of my youth, when it was covered with the wrinkles of time, the scars of old wars, the cracks and blemishes which years had marked on its hoary features. I love best to remember it in its old shape, as I saw it when young Mr. George Warrington went down, at the owner's invitation, to be present at his lordship's marriage with Miss Lydia Van den Bosch—"an American lady of noble family of Holland," as the county paper announced her ladyship to be. Then the towers stood as Warrington's grandfather the Colonel (the Marquis, as Madam Esmond would like to call her father) had seen them. The woods (thinned not a little to be sure) stood, nay, some of the self-same rooks may have cawed over them, which the Colonel had seen threescore years back. His picture hung in the hall, which might have been his, had he not preferred love and gratitude to wealth and worldly honor; and Mr. George Esmond Warrington (that is, Egomet Ipse who write this page down), as he walked the old place, pacing the long corridors, the smooth dew-spangled terraces, and cool darkling avenues, felt a while as if he was one of Mr. Walpole's cavaliers with ruff, rapier, buff-coat, and gorget, and as if an Old Pretender, or a Jesuit emissary in disguise, might appear from behind any tall tree-trunk round about the mansion, or antique carved cupboard within it. I had the strangest, saddest, pleasantest, old-world fancies as I walked the place; I imagined tragedies, intrigues, serenades, escaladoes, Oliver's Roundheads battering the towers, or bluff Hal's Beef-eaters pricking over the plain before the castle. I was then courting a certain young lady (Madam, your ladyship's eyes had no need of spectacles then, and on the brow above them there was never a

wrinkle or a silver hair), and I remember I wrote a ream of romantic description, under my Lord Castlewood's franks, to the lady who never tired of reading my letters then. She says I only send her three lines now, when I am away in London or elsewhere. 'Tis that I may not fatigue your old eyes, my dear!

Mr. Warrington thought himself authorized to order a genteel new suit of clothes for my lord's marriage, and with Mons. Gumbo in attendance made his appearance at Castlewood a few days before the ceremony. I may mention that it had been found expedient to send my faithful Sady home on board a Virginia ship. A great inflammation attacking the throat and lungs, and proving fatal in very many cases, in that year of Wolfe's expedition, had seized and well-nigh killed my poor lad, for whom his native air was pronounced to be the best cure. We parted with an abundance of tears, and Gumbo shed as many when his master went to Quebec; but he had attractions in this country and none for the military life, so he remained attached to my service. We found Castlewood House full of friends, relations, and visitors. Lady Fanny was there upon compulsion, a sulky bridesmaid. Some of the virgins of the neighborhood also attended the young Countess. A bishop's widow herself, the Baroness Beatrix brought a holy brother-in-law of the bench from London to tie the holy knot of matrimony between Eugene Earl of Castlewood and Lydia Van den Bosch, spinster; and for some time before and after the nuptials the old house in Hampshire wore an appearance of gayety to which it had long been unaccustomed. The country families came gladly to pay their compliments to the newly-married couple. The lady's wealth was the subject of every body's talk, and no doubt did not decrease in the telling. Those naughty stories which were rife in town, and spread by her disappointed suitors there, took some little time to travel into Hampshire; and when they reached the country found it disposed to treat Lord Castlewood's wife with civility, and not inclined to be too curious about her behavior in town. Suppose she had jilted this man, and laughed at the other? It was her money they were anxious about, and she was no more mercenary than they. The Hampshire folks were determined that it was a great benefit to the country to have Castlewood House once more open, with beer in the cellars, horses in the stables, and spits turning before the kitchen fires. The new lady took her place with great dignity, and 'twas certain she had uncommon accomplishments and wit. Was it not written in the marriage advertisements that her ladyship brought her noble husband seventy thousand pounds? *On a beaucoup d'esprit* with seventy thousand pounds. The Hampshire people said this was only a small portion of her wealth. When the grandfather should fall, ever so many plums would be found on that old tree.

That quiet old man and keen reckoner began quickly to put the dilapidated Castlewood ac-

* Note, in a female hand: "My son is *not* a spendthrift, nor a breaker of women's hearts, as some gentlemen are; but that he was *exceeding* like H.R.H. when they were both babies, is most certain, the Duchess of Ancaster having herself remarked him in St. James's Park, where Gumbo and my poor Molly used often to take him for an airing. Th. W."



MASTER MILES WARRINGTON.

counts in order, of which long neglect, poverty, and improvidence had hastened the ruin. The business of the old gentleman's life now, and for some time henceforth, was to advance, improve, mend my lord's finances; to screw the rents up

where practicable; to pare the expenses of the establishment down. He could, somehow, look to every yard of worsted-lace on the footmen's coats, and every pound of beef that went to their dinner. A watchful old eye noted every flagon

of beer which was fetched from the buttery, and marked that no waste occurred in the larder. The people were fewer, but more regularly paid; the liveries were not so ragged, and yet the tailor had no need to dun for his money; the gardeners and grooms grumbled, though their wages were no longer overdue; but the horses fattened on less corn, and the fruit and vegetables were ever so much more plentiful—so keenly did my lady's old grandfather keep a watch over the household affairs, from his lonely little chamber in the turret.

These improvements, though here told in a paragraph or two, were the affairs of months and years at Castlewood; where, with thrift, order, and judicious outlay of money (however, upon some pressing occasions, my lord might say he had none), the estate and household increased in prosperity. That it was a flourishing and economical household no one could deny; not even the dowager lady and her two children, who now seldom entered within Castlewood gates, my lady considering them in the light of enemies—for who, indeed, would like a step-mother-in-law? The little reigning Countess gave the dowager battle, and routed her utterly and speedily. Though educated in the colonies, and ignorant of polite life during her early years, the Countess Lydia had a power of language and a strength of will that all had to acknowledge who quarreled with her. The dowager and my Lady Fanny were no match for the young American: they fled from before her to their jointure house in Kensington, and no wonder their absence was not regretted by my lord, who was in the habit of regretting no one whose back was turned. Could Cousin Warrington, whose hand his lordship pressed so affectionately on coming and parting, with whom Cousin Eugene was so gay and frank and pleasant when they were together, expect or hope that his lordship would grieve at his departure, at his death, at any misfortune which could happen to him, or any souls alive? Cousin Warrington knew better. Always of a skeptical turn, Mr. W. took a grim delight in watching the peculiarities of his neighbors, and could like this one even though he had no courage and no heart. Courage? Heart? What are these to you and me in the world? A man may have private virtues as he may have half a million in the funds. What we *du monde* expect is, that he should be lively, agreeable, keep a decent figure, and pay his way. Colonel Esmond, Warrington's grandfather (in whose history and dwelling-place Mr. W. took an extraordinary interest), might once have been owner of this house of Castlewood, and of the titles which belonged to its possessor. The gentleman often looked at the Colonel's grave picture as it still hung in the saloon, a copy or *replika* of which piece Mr. Warrington fondly remembered in Virginia.

"He must have been a little touched here," my lord said, tapping his own tall, placid forehead.

There are certain actions simple and common

with some men which others can not understand, and deny as utter lies, or deride as acts of madness.

"I do you the justice to think, cousin," says Mr. Warrington to his lordship, "that you would not give up any advantage for any friend in the world."

"Eh! I am selfish; but am I more selfish than the rest of the world?" asks my lord, with a French shrug of his shoulders and a pinch out of his box. Once, in their walks in the fields, his lordship happening to wear a fine scarlet coat, a cow ran toward him; and the ordinarily languid nobleman sprang over a stile with the agility of a school-boy. He did not conceal his tremor or his natural want of courage. "I dare say you respect me no more than I respect myself, George," he would say, in his candid way, and begin a very pleasant sardonical discourse upon the fall of man, and his faults and shortcomings; and wonder why Heaven had not made us all brave, and tall, and handsome, and rich? As for Mr. Warrington, who very likely loved to be king of his company (as some people do), he could not help liking this kinsman of his, so witty, graceful, polished, high-placed in the world—so utterly his inferior. Like the animal in Mr. Sterne's famous book, "Do not beat me," his lordship's look seemed to say, "but if you will, you may." No man, save a bully and coward himself, deals hardly with a creature so spiritless.



CHAPTER LXXIII.

WE KEEP CHRISTMAS AT CASTLEWOOD. 1759.

WE know, my dear children, from our favorite fairy story-books, how at all christenings and marriages some one is invariably disappointed, and vows vengeance; and so need not wonder that good Cousin Will should curse and rage energetically at the news of his brother's engagement with the colonial heiress. At first, Will

fled the house, in his wrath, swearing he would never return. But nobody, including the swearer, believed much in Master Will's oaths; and this unrepentant prodigal, after a day or two, came back to the paternal house. The fumes of the marriage-feast allured him: he could not afford to resign his knife and fork at Castlewood table. He returned, and drank and ate there in token of revenge. He pledged the young bride in a bumper, and drank perdition to her under his breath. He made responses of smothered maledictions as her father gave her away in the chapel and my lord vowed to love, honor, and cherish her. He was not the only grumbler respecting that marriage, as Mr. Warrington knew: he heard, then and afterward, no end of abuse of my lady and her grandfather. The old gentleman's city friends, his legal adviser, the Dissenting clergyman at whose chapel they attended on their first arrival in England, and poor Jack Lambert, the orthodox young divine, whose eloquence he had fondly hoped had been exerted over her in private, were bitter against the little lady's treachery, and each had a story to tell of his having been enslaved, encouraged, jilted, by the young American. The lawyer, who had had such an accurate list of all her properties, estates, moneys, slaves, ships, expectations, was ready to vow and swear that he believed the whole account was false; that there was no such place as New York or Virginia; or at any rate, that Mr. Van den Bosch had no land there; that there was no such thing as a Guinea trade, and that the negroes were so many black falsehoods invented by the wily old planter. The Dissenting pastor moaned over his stray lambling—if such a little, wily, mischievous monster could be called a lamb at all. Poor Jack Lambert ruefully acknowledged to his mamma the possession of a lock of black hair, which he bedewed with tears, and apostrophized in quite unclerical language; and as for William Esmond, he, with the shrieks and curses in which he always freely indulged, even at Castlewood, under his sister-in-law's own pretty little nose, when under any strong emotion, called Acheron to witness, that out of that region there did not exist such an artful young devil as Miss Lydia. He swore that she was an infernal female Cerberus, and called down all the wrath of this world and the next upon his swindling rascal of a brother, who had cajoled him with fair words, and filched his prize from him.

"Why," says Mr. Warrington (when Will expatiated on these matters with him), "if the girl is such a she-devil as you describe her, you are all the better for losing her. If she intends to deceive her husband, and to give him a dose of poison, as you say, how lucky for you you are not the man! You ought to thank the gods, Will, instead of cursing them for robbing you of such a fury, and can't be better revenged on Castlewood than by allowing him her sole possession."

"All this was very well," Will Esmond said; but—not unjustly, perhaps—remarked that his

brother was not the less a scoundrel for having cheated him out of the fortune which he expected to get, and which he had risked his life to win, too.

George Warrington was at a loss to know how his cousin had been made so to risk his precious existence (for which, perhaps, a rope's-end had been a fitting termination), on which Will Esmond, with the utmost candor, told his kinsman how the little *Cerbera* had actually caused the meeting between them, which was interrupted somehow by Sir John Fielding's men; how she was always saying that George Warrington was a coward for ever sneering at Mr. Will, and the latter doubly a poltroon for not taking notice of his kinsman's taunts; how George had run away and nearly died of fright in Braddock's expedition; and "Deuce take me," says Will, "I never was more surprised, cousin, than when you stood to your ground so coolly in Tottenham-Court-Fields yonder, for me and my second offered to wager that you would never come!"

Mr. Warrington laughed, and thanked Mr. Will for this opinion of him.

"Though," says he, "cousin, 'twas lucky for me the constables came up, or you would have whipped your sword through my body in another minute. Didn't you see how clumsy I was as I stood before you? And you actually turned white and shook with anger!"

"Yes, curse me!" says Mr. Will (who turned very red this time), "that's my way of showing my rage; and I was confoundedly angry with you, cousin! But now 'tis my brother I hate, and that little devil of a countess—a countess! a pretty countess, indeed!" And, with another rumbling cannonade of oaths, Will saluted the reigning member of his family.

"Well, cousin," says George, looking him queerly in the face, "you let me off easily, and, I dare say, I owe my life to you, or at any rate a whole waistcoat, and I admire your forbearance and spirit. What a pity that a courage like yours should be wasted as a mere court usher! You are a loss to his Majesty's army. You positively are!"

"I never know whether you are joking or serious, Mr. Warrington," growls Will.

"I should think very few gentlemen would dare to joke with *you*, cousin, if they had a regard for their own lives or ears!" cries Mr. Warrington, who loved this grave way of dealing with his noble kinsman, and used to watch, with a droll interest, the other choking his curses, grinding his teeth because afraid to bite, and smothering his cowardly anger.

"And you should moderate your expressions, cousin, regarding the dear countess and my lord, your brother," Mr. Warrington resumed. "Of you they always speak most tenderly. Her ladyship has told me every thing."

"What *every thing*?" cries Will, aghast.

"As much as women ever *do* tell, cousin. She owned that she thought you had been a little *épris* with her. What woman can help liking a man who has admired her?"

"Why she hates you, and says you were wild about her, Mr. Warrington!" says Mr. Esmond.

"*Spretæ injuria formæ*, cousin!"

"For me—what's for me?" asks the other.

"I never did care for her, and hence, perhaps, she does not love me. Don't you remember that case of the wife of the Captain of the Guard?"

"Which Guard?" asks Will.

"My Lord Potiphar," says Mr. Warrington.

"Lord who? My Lord Falmouth is Captain of the Yeomen of the Guard, and my Lord Berkeley of the Pensioners. My Lord Hobart had 'em before. Suppose you haven't been long enough in England to know who's who, cousin!" remarks Mr. William.

But Mr. Warrington explained that he was speaking of a Captain of the Guard of the King of Egypt, whose wife had persecuted one Joseph for not returning her affection for him. On which Will said that, as for Egypt, he believed it was a confounded long way off, and that if Lord Whatdyecall's wife told lies about him, it was like her sex, who he supposed were the same every where.

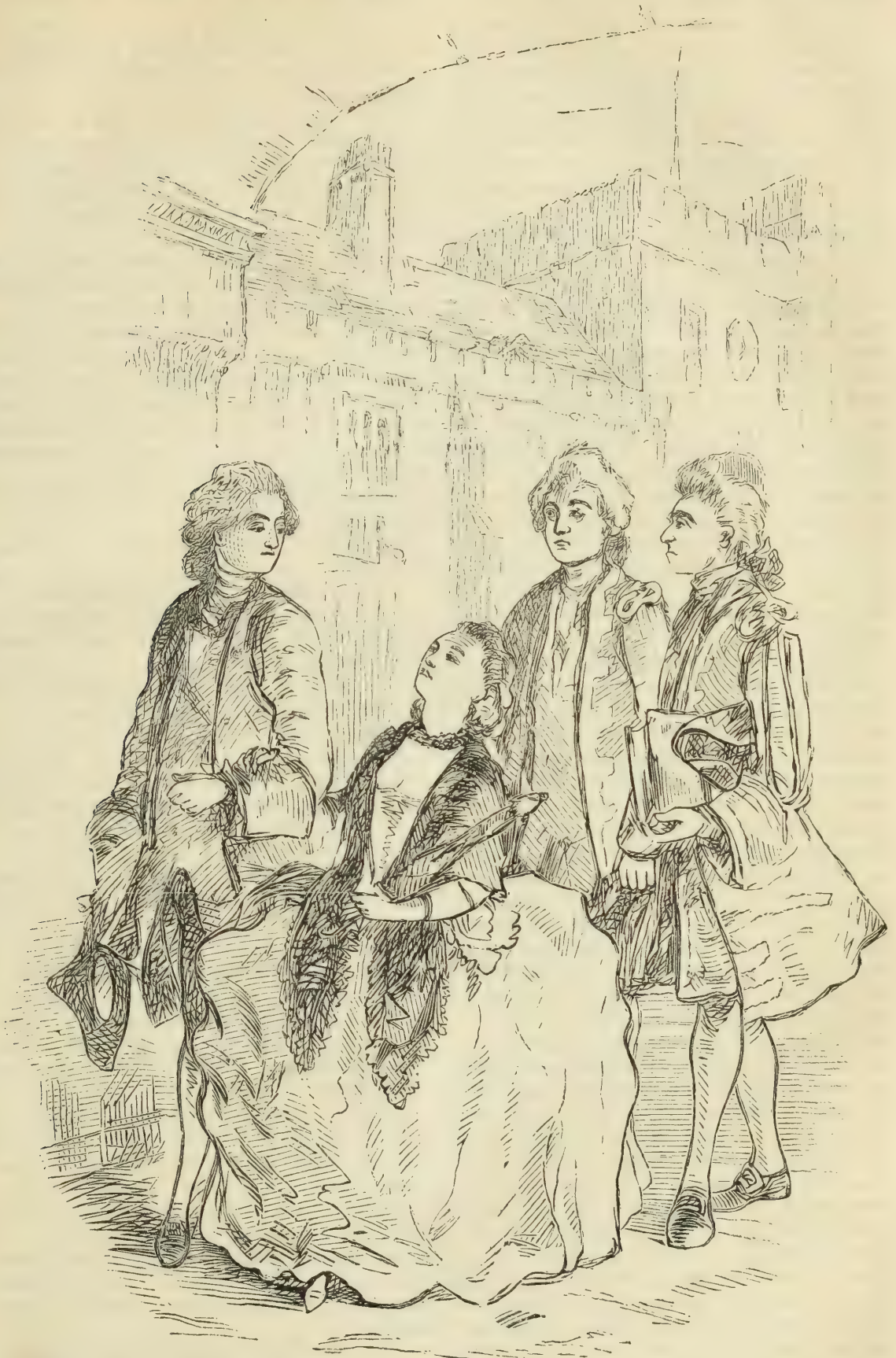
Now the truth is, that when he paid his marriage visit to Castlewood, Mr. Warrington had heard from the little countess her version of the story of differences between Will Esmond and herself. And this tale differed, in some respects, though he is far from saying it is more authentic than the ingenuous narrative of Mr. Will. The lady was grieved to think how she had been deceived in her brother-in-law. She feared that his life about the Court and town had injured those high principles which all the Esmonds are known to be born with; that Mr. Will's words were not altogether to be trusted; that a loose life and pecuniary difficulties had made him mercenary, blunted his honor, perhaps even impaired the high chivalrous courage "which we Esmonds, cousin," the little lady said, tossing her head, "which we Esmonds most always possess—leastways, you and me, and my lord, and my cousin Harry have it, I know!" says the Countess. "Oh, Cousin George! and must I confess that I was led to doubt of yours, without which a man of ancient and noble family like ours isn't worthy to be called a man! I shall try, George, as a Christian lady, and the head of one of the first families in this kingdom and the whole world, to forgive my brother William for having spoke ill of a member of our family, though a younger branch and by the female side, and made me for a moment doubt of you. He did so. Perhaps he told me ever so many bad things you had said of me."

"I, my dear lady!" cries Mr. Warrington.

"Which he *said* you said of me, cousin, and I hope you didn't, and heartily pray you didn't; and I can afford to despise 'em. And he paid me his court, that's a fact; and so have others, and that I'm used to; and he might have prospered better than he did, perhaps (for I did not know my dear lord, nor come to vally his great and eminent qualities, as I do out of the fullness of this grateful heart now!), but, oh! I

found William was deficient in courage, and no man as wants that can ever have the esteem of Lydia Countess of Castlewood, no more he can! He said 'twas you that wanted for spirit, cousin, and angered me by telling me that you was always abusing of me. But I forgive you, George, that I do! And when I tell you that it was he was afraid—the mean skunk!—and actually sent for them constables to prevent the match between you and he, you wouldn't wonder I wouldn't vally a feller like that—no, not that much!" and her ladyship snapped her little fingers. "I say, *noblesse oblige*, and a man of our family who hasn't got courage, I don't care not this pinch of snuff for him—there, now, I don't! Look at our ancestors, George, round these walls! Haven't the Esmonds always fought for their country and king? Is there one of us that, when the moment arrives, ain't ready to show that he's an Esmond and a nobleman? If my eldest son was to show the white feather, 'My Lord Esmond!' I would say to him (for that's the second title in our family), 'I disown your lordship!'" And so saying, the intrepid little woman looked round at her ancestors, whose effigies, depicted by Lely and Kneller, figured round the walls of her drawing-room at Castlewood.

Over that apartment, and the whole house, domain, and village, the new countess speedily began to rule with an unlimited sway. It was surprising how quickly she learned the ways of command; and if she did not adopt those methods of precedence usual in England among great ladies, invented regulations for herself, and promulgated them, and made others submit. Having been bred a Dissenter, and not being over-familiar with the Established Church service, Mr. Warrington remarked that she made a blunder or two during the office (not knowing, for example, when she was to turn her face toward the east—a custom not adopted, I believe, in other Reforming churches besides the English); but between Warrington's first bridal visit to Castlewood and his second, my lady had got to be quite perfect in that part of her duty, and sailed into chapel on her cousin's arm, her two footmen bearing her ladyship's great prayer-book behind her, as demurely as that delightful old devotee with her lackey in Mr. Hogarth's famous picture of "Morning," and as if my Lady Lydia had been accustomed to have a chaplain all her life. She seemed to patronize not only the new chaplain, but the service and the church itself, as if she had never in her own country heard a Ranter in a barn. She made the oldest established families in the country—grave baronets and their wives-worthy squires of twenty descents, who rode over to Castlewood to pay the bride and bridegroom honor—know their distance, as the phrase is, and give her the *pas*. She got an old heraldry book; and a surprising old maiden lady from Winton, learned in politeness and genealogies, from whom she learned the court etiquette (as the old Winton lady had known it in Queen Anne's time), and ere long she jabbered



A GREAT LADY.

gules and sables, bends and saltires, not with correctness always, but with a wonderful volubility and perseverance. She made little progresses to the neighboring towns in her gilt coach and six, or to the village in her chair, and asserted a quasi-regal right of homage from her tenants and other clodpoles. She lectured the parson on his divinity; the bailiff on his farming; instructed the astonished housekeeper how to preserve and pickle; would have taught the

great London footmen to jump behind the carriage, only it was too high for her little ladyship to mount; gave the village gossips instructions how to nurse and take care of their children long before she had one herself; and as for physic, Madam Esmond in Virginia was not more resolute about her pills and draughts than Miss Lydia, the earl's new bride. Do you remember the story of the Fisherman and the Genie, in the Arabian Nights? So one wondered with regard to this lady, how such a prodigious genius could have been corked down into such a little bottle as her body. When Mr. Warrington returned to London after his first nuptial visit, she brought him a little present for her young friends in Dean Street, as she called them (Theo being older, and Hetty scarce younger than herself), and sent a trinket to one and a book to the other—G. Warrington always vowing that Theo's present was a doll, while Hetty's share was a nursery-book with words of one syllable. As for Mr. Will, her younger brother-in-law, she treated him with a maternal gravity and tenderness, and was in the habit of speaking of and to him with a protecting air, which was infinitely diverting to Warrington, although Will's usual curses and blasphemies were sorely increased by her behavior.

As for old age, my lady Lydia had little respect for that accident in the life of some gentlemen and gentlewomen; and, once the settlements were made in her behalf, treated the ancient Van den Bosch and his large periwig with no more ceremony than Dinah her black attendant, whose great ears she would pinch, and whose woolly pate she would pull without scruple, upon offense given—so at least Dinah told Gumbo, who told his master. All the household tremble before my lady the countess: the housekeeper, of whom even my lord and the dowager had been in awe; the pampered London footmen, who used to quarrel if they were disturbed at their cards, and grumbled as they swilled the endless beer, now stepped nimbly about their business when they heard her ladyship's call; even old Lockwood, who had been gate-porter for half a century or more, tried to rally his poor old wandering wits when she came into his lodge to open his window, inspect his wood-closet, and turn his old dogs out of doors. Lockwood bared his old bald head before his new mistress, turned an appealing look toward his niece, and vaguely trembled before her little ladyship's authority. Gumbo, dressing his master for dinner, talked about Elisha (of whom he had heard the chaplain read in the morning), "and his bald head and de boys who call um names, and de bars eat em up, and serve um right," says Gumbo. But as for my lady, when discoursing with her cousin about the old porter, "Pooh, pooh! Stupid old man!" says she; "past his work, he and his dirty old dogs! They are as old and ugly as those old fish in the pond!" (Here she pointed to two old monsters of carp that had been in a pond in Castlewood gardens for centuries, according to tradition, and had their

backs all covered with a hideous gray mould.) "Lockwood must pack off; the work-house is the place for him; and I shall have a smart, good-looking, tall fellow in the lodge that will do credit to our livery."

"He was my grandfather's man, and served him in the wars of Queen Anne," interposed Mr. Warrington. On which my lady cried, petulantly, "O Lord! Queen Anne's dead, I suppose, and we ain't a going into mourning for her."

This matter of Lockwood was discussed at the family dinner, when her ladyship announced her intention of getting rid of the old man.

"I am told," demurely remarks Mr. Van den Bosch, "that, by the laws, poor servants and poor folks of all kinds are admirably provided in their old age here in England. I am sure I wish we had such an asylum for our folks at home, and that we were eased of the expense of keeping our old hands."

"If a man can't work he ought to go!" cries her ladyship.

"Yes, indeed, and that's a fact!" says grandpapa.

"What! an old servant?" asks my lord.

"Mr. Van den Bosch possibly was independent of servants when he was young," remarks Mr. Warrington.

"Greased my own boots, opened my own shutters, sanded and watered my own—"

"Sugar, Sir?" says my lord.

"No; floor, son-in-law!" says the old man, with a laugh; "though there is such tricks in grocery-stores, saving your ladyship's presence."

"La, pa! what should I know about stores and groceries?" cries her ladyship.

"He! Remember stealing the sugar, and what came on it, my dear ladyship?" says grandpapa.

"At any rate, a handsome well-grown man in our livery will look better than that shriveled old porter creature!" cries my lady.

"No livery is so becoming as old age, madam, and no lace as handsome as silver hairs," says Mr. Warrington. "What will the county say if you banish old Lockwood?"

"Oh! if you plead for him, Sir, I suppose he must stay. Hadn't I better order a couch for him out of my drawing-room, and send him some of the best wine from the cellar?"

"Indeed your ladyship couldn't do better," Mr. Warrington remarked, very gravely.

And my lord said, yawning, "Cousin George is perfectly right, my dear. To turn away such an old servant as Lockwood would have an ill-look."

"You see those mouldy old carps are, after all, a curiosity, and attract visitors," continues Mr. Warrington, gravely. "Your ladyship must allow this old wretch to remain. It won't be for long. And you may then engage the tall porter. It is very hard on us, M. Van den Bosch, that we are obliged to keep our old negroes when they are past work. I shall sell that rascal Gumbo in eight or ten years."

"Don't tink you will, master!" says Gumbo, grinning.

"Hold your tongue, Sir! He doesn't know English ways, you see, and perhaps thinks an old servant has a claim on his master's kindness," says Mr. Warrington.

The next day, to Warrington's surprise, my lady absolutely did send a basket of good wine to Lockwood, and a cushion for his arm-chair.

"I thought of what you said, yesterday, at night when I went to bed; and guess you know the world better than I do, cousin; and that it's best to keep the old man, as you say."

And so this affair of the Porter's lodge ended, Mr. Warrington wondering within himself at this strange little character out of the West, with her *naïveté* and simplicities, and a heartlessness would have done credit to the most battered old dowager who ever turned trumps in St. James's.

"You tell me to respect old people. Why? I don't see nothin' to respect in the old people I know," she said to Warrington. "They ain't so funny, and I'm sure they ain't so handsome. Look at grandfather; look at Aunt Bernstein. They say she was a beauty once! That picture painted from her! I don't believe it, no-how. No one shall tell me that I shall ever be as bad as that! When they come to that, people oughtn't to live. No, that they oughtn't."

Now, at Christmas, Aunt Bernstein came to pay her nephew and niece a visit, in company with Mr. Warrington. They traveled at their leisure in the Baroness's own landau; the old lady being in particular good health and spirits, the weather delightfully fresh and not too cold; and, as they approached her paternal home, Aunt Beatrice told her companion a hundred stories regarding it and old days. Though often lethargic, and not seldom, it must be confessed, out of temper, the old lady would light up at times, when her conversation became wonderfully lively, her wit and malice were brilliant, and her memory supplied her with a hundred anecdotes of a by-gone age and society. Sure, 'tis hard with respect to Beauty that its possessor should not have even a life-enjoyment of it, but be compelled to resign it after, at the most, some forty years' lease. As the old woman prattled of her former lovers and admirers (her auditor having much more information regarding her past career than her ladyship knew of), I would look in her face, and, out of the ruins, try to build up in my fancy a notion of her beauty in its prime. What a homily I read there! How the courts were grown with grass, the towers broken, the doors ajar, the fine gilt saloons tarnished, and the tapestries cobwebbed and torn! Yonder dilapidated palace was all alive once with splendor and music, and those dim windows were dazzling and blazing with light! What balls and feasts were once here, what splendor and laughter! I could see lovers in waiting, crowds in admiration, rivals furious. I could imagine twilight assignations, and detect intrigues, though the curtains were close and

drawn. I was often minded to say to the old woman as she talked, "Madam, I know the story was not as you tell it, but so and so"—(I had read at home the history of her life, as my dear old grandfather had wrote it); and my fancy wandered about in her, amused and solitary, as I had walked about our father's house at Castlewood, meditating on departed glories, and imagining ancient times.

When Aunt Bernstein came to Castlewood, her relatives there, more I think on account of her own force of character, imperiousness, and sarcastic wit, than from their desire to possess her money, were accustomed to pay her a great deal of respect and deference, which she accepted as her due. She expected the same treatment from the new countess, whom she was prepared to greet with special good humor. The match had been of her making. "As you, you silly creature, would not have the heiress," she said, "I was determined she should not go out of the family," and she laughingly told of many little schemes for bringing the marriage about. She had given the girl a coronet and her nephew a hundred thousand pounds. Of course she should be welcome to both of them. She was delighted with the little Countess's courage and spirit in routing the Dowager and Lady Fanny. Almost always pleased with pretty people on her first introduction to them, Madame Bernstein *raffoléd* of her niece Lydia's bright eyes and lovely little figure. The marriage was altogether desirable. The old man was an obstacle, to be sure, and his talk and appearance somewhat too homely. But he will be got rid of. He is old and in delicate health. "He will want to go to America, or perhaps farther," says the Baroness, with a shrug. "As for the child, she had great fire and liveliness, and a Cherokee manner which is not without its charm," said the pleased old Baroness. "Your brother had it—so have you, Master George! *Nous la formerons, cette petite*. Eugene wants character and vigor, but he is a finished gentleman, and between us we shall make the little savage perfectly presentable." In this way we discoursed on the second afternoon as we journeyed toward Castlewood. We lay at the King's Arms at Bagshot the first night, where the Baroness was always received with profound respect, and thence drove post to Hexton, where she had written to have my lord's horses in waiting for her; but these were not forthcoming at the inn, and after a couple of hours we were obliged to proceed with our Bagshot horses to Castlewood.

During this last stage of the journey I am bound to say the old aunt's testy humor returned, and she scarce spoke a single word for three hours. As for her companion, being prodigiously in love at the time, no doubt he did not press his aunt for conversation, but thought unceasingly about his Dulcinea, until the coach actually reached Castlewood Common, and rolled over the bridge before the house.

The housekeeper was ready to conduct her ladyship to her apartments. My lord and lady

were both absent. She did not know what had kept them, the housekeeper said, heading the way.

"Not that door, my lady!" cries the woman, as Madame de Bernstein put her hand upon the door of the room which she had always occupied. That's her ladyship's room now. This way," and our aunt followed, by no means in increased good-humor. I do not envy her maids when their mistress was displeased. But she had cleared her brow before she joined the family, and appeared in the drawing-room before supper-time with a countenance of tolerable serenity.

"How d'ye do, Aunt?" was the Countess's salutation. "I declare, now, I was taking a nap when your ladyship arrived! Hope you found your room fixed to your liking!"

Having addressed three brief sentences to the astonished old lady, the Countess now turned to her other guests, and directed her conversation to them. Mr. Warrington was not a little diverted by her behavior, and by the appearance of surprise and wrath which began to gather over Madame Bernstein's face. "*La petite*," whom the Baroness proposed to "form," was rather a rebellious subject, apparently, and proposed to take a form of her own. Looking once or twice rather anxiously toward his wife, my lord tried to atone for her pertness toward his aunt by profuse civility on his own part; indeed, when he so wished, no man could be more courteous or pleasing. He found a score of agreeable things to say to Madame Bernstein. He warmly congratulated Mr. Warrington on the glorious news which had come from America, and on his brother's safety. He drank a toast at supper to Captain Warrington. "Our family is distinguishing itself, cousin," he said; and added, looking with fond significance toward his Countess, "I hope the happiest days are in store for us all."

"Yes, George!" says the little lady. "You'll write and tell Harry that we are all very much pleased with him. This action at Quebec is a most glorious action; and now we have turned the French king out of the country, shouldn't be at all surprised if we set up for ourselves in America."

"My love, you are talking treason," cries Lord Castlewood.

"I am talking reason, anyhow, my lord. I've no notion of folks being kept down and treated as children forever!"

George! Harry! I protest I was almost as much astonished as amused. "When my brother hears that your ladyship is satisfied with his conduct, his happiness will be complete," I said, gravely.

Next day, when talking beside her sofa, where she chose to lie in state, the little Countess no longer called her cousin "George," but "Mr. George," as before; on which Mr. George laughingly said she had changed her language since the previous day.

"Guess I did it to tease old Madam Buzwig," says her ladyship. "She wants to treat me as a child, and do the grandmother over me. I

don't want no grandmothers, I don't. I'm the head of this house, and I intend to let her know it. And I've brought her all the way from London in order to tell it her, too! La! how she did look when I called you George! I might have called you George—only you had seen that little Theo first, and liked her best, I suppose."

"Yes, I suppose I like her best," says Mr. George.

"Well, I like you because you tell the truth. Because you was the only one of 'em in London who didn't seem to care for my money, though I was downright mad and angry with you once, and with myself too, and with that little sweetheart of yours, who ain't to be compared to me, I know she ain't."

"Don't let us make the comparison, then!" I said, laughing.

"I suppose people must lie on their beds as they make 'em," says she, with a little sigh. "Dare say Miss Theo is very good, and you'll marry her and go to Virginia, and be as dull as we are here. We were talking of Miss Lambert, my lord, and I was wishing my cousin joy. How is old Goody to-day? What a supper she did eat last night and drink!—drink like a dragon! No wonder she has got a headache, and keeps her room. Guess it takes her ever so long to dress herself."

"You, too, may be feeble when you are old, and require rest and wine to warm you!" says Mr. Warrington.

"Hope I sha'n't be like *her* when I'm old, anyhow!" says the lady. "Can't see why I am to respect an old woman, because she hobbles on a stick, and has shaky hands, and false teeth!" And the little heathen sank back on her couch, and showed twenty-four pearls of her own.

"Law!" she adds, after gazing at both her hearers through the curled lashes of her brilliant dark eyes. "How frightened you both look! My lord has already given me ever so many sermons about old Goody. You are both afraid of her: and I ain't, that's all. Don't look so scared at one another! I ain't a-going to bite her head off. We shall have a battle, and I intend to win. How did I serve the Dowager, if you please, and my Lady Fanny, with their high and mighty airs, when they tried to put down the Countess of Castlewood in her own house, and laugh at the poor American girl? We had a fight, and which got the best of it, pray? Me and Goody will have another, and when it is over, you will see that we shall both be perfect friends!"

When at this point of our conversation, the door opened and Madam Beatrix, elaborately dressed according to her wont, actually made her appearance, I, for my part, am not ashamed to own that I felt as great a panic as ever coward experienced. My lord, with his profoundest bows and blandest courtesies, greeted his aunt and led her to the fire, by which my lady (who was already hoping for an heir to Castlewood) lay reclining on her sofa. She did not attempt to rise, but smiled a greeting to her venerable

guest. And then, after a brief talk, in which she showed a perfect self-possession, while the two gentlemen blundered and hesitated with the most dastardly tremor, my lord said:

"If we are to look for those pheasants, cousin, we had better go now."

"And I and aunt will have a cozy afternoon. And you will tell me about Castlewood in the old times? Won't you, Baroness?" says the new mistress of the mansion.

O les lâches que les hommes! I was so frightened that I scarce saw any thing, but vaguely felt that Lady Castlewood's dark eyes were following me. My lord gripped my arm in the corridor, we quickened our paces till our retreat became a disgraceful run. We did not breathe freely till we were in the open air in the courtyard, where the keepers and the dogs were waiting.

And what happened? I protest, children, I don't know. But this is certain; if your mother had been a woman of the least spirit, or had known how to scold for five minutes during as many consecutive days of her early married life, there would have been no more humble, hen-pecked wretch in Christendom than your father. When Parson Blake comes to dinner, don't you see how, at a glance from his little wife, he puts his glass down and says, "No, thank you, Mr. Gumbo," when old Gum brings him wine? Blake wore a red coat before he took to black, and walked up Breeds Hill with a thousand bullets whistling round his ears, before ever he saw our Bunker Hill in Suffolk. And the fire-eater of the 43d now dare not face a glass of old port-wine! 'Tis his wife has subdued his courage. The women can master us, and did they know their own strength, were invincible.

Well, then, what happened I know not on that disgraceful day of panic when your father fled the field, nor dared to see the heroines engage; but when we returned from our shooting, the battle was over. America had revolted, and conquered the mother country.

CHAPTER LXXIV.

NEWS FROM CANADA.

OUR Castlewood relatives kept us with them till the commencement of the new year, and after a fortnight's absence (which seemed like an age to the absurd and infatuated young man) he returned to the side of his charmer. Madame de Bernstein was not sorry to leave the home of her father. She began to talk more freely as we got away from the place. What passed during that interview in which the battle royal between her and her niece occurred, she never revealed. But the old lady talked no more of forming *cette petite*, and, indeed, when she alluded to her, spoke in a nervous, laughing way, but without any hostility toward the young Countess. Her nephew Eugene, she said, was doomed to be hen-



pecked for the rest of his days: that she saw clearly. A little order brought into the house would do it all the good possible. The little old vulgar American gentleman seemed to be a shrewd person, and would act advantageously as a steward. The Countess's mother was a convict, she had heard, sent out from England, where, no doubt, she had beaten hemp in most of the jails; but this news need not be carried to the town-crier; and, after all, in respect to certain kind of people, what mattered what their birth was? The young woman would be honest for her own sake now: was shrewd enough, and would learn English presently; and the name to which she had a right was great enough to get her into any society. A grocer, a smuggler, a slave-dealer, what mattered Mr. Van den Bosch's pursuit or previous profession? The Countess of Castlewood could afford to be any body's daughter, and as soon as my nephew produced her, says the old lady, it is our duty to stand by her.

The ties of relationship binding Madame de Bernstein strongly to her nephew, Mr. Warrington hoped that she would be disposed to be equally affectionate to her niece; and spoke of his visit to Mr. Hagan and his wife, for whom he entreated her aunt's favor. But the old lady was obdurate regarding Lady Maria; begged that her name might never be mentioned, and immediately went on for two hours talking about no one else. She related a series of anecdotes regarding her niece, which, as this book lies open *virginibus puerisque* to all the young people of the family, I shall not choose to record. But this I will say of the kind creature, that if she sinned, she was not the only sinner of the fam-

ily; and if she repented, that others will do well to follow her example. Hagan, 'tis known after he left the stage, led an exemplary life, and was remarkable for elegance and eloquence in the pulpit. His lady adopted extreme views, but was greatly respected in the sect which she joined; and when I saw her last, talked to me of possessing a peculiar spiritual illumination, which I strongly suspected at the time to be occasioned by the too free use of liquor; but I remember when she and her husband were good to me and mine, at a period when sympathy was needful, and many a Pharisee turned away.

I have told how easy it was to rise and fall in my fickle aunt's favor, and how each of us brothers, by turns, was embraced and neglected. My turn of glory had been after the success of my play. I was introduced to the town-wits; held my place in their company tolerably well; was pronounced to be pretty well-bred by the Macaronis and people of fashion, and might have run a career among them had my purse been long enough; had I chose to follow that life; had I not loved at that time a pair of kind eyes better than the brightest orbs of the Gunnings or Chudleighs, or all the painted beauties of the Ranelagh ring. Because I was fond of your mother, will it be believed, children, that my tastes were said to be low, and deplored by my genteel family? So it was, and I know that my godly Lady Warrington and my worldly Madame Bernstein both laid their elderly heads together and lamented my way of life. "Why, with his name, he might marry any body," says meek Religion, who had ever one eye on heaven, and one on the main chance. "I meddle with no man's affairs, and admire genius, says uncle; but it is a pity you consort with those poets and authors, and that sort of people, and that, when you might have had a lovely creature, with a hundred thousand pounds, you let her slip and make up to a country-girl without a penny-piece."

"But if I had promised her, uncle?" says I.

"Promise, promise! these things are matters of arrangement and prudence, and demand a careful look-out. When you first committed yourself with little Miss Lambert, you had not seen the lovely American lady whom your mother wished you to marry, as a good mother naturally would. And your duty to your mother, nephew—your duty to the Fifth Commandment, would have warranted your breaking with Miss L., and fulfilling your excellent mother's intentions regarding Miss—— What was the Countess's Dutch name? Never mind. A name is nothing; but a plumb, Master George, is something to look at! Why, I have my dear little Miley at a dancing-school with Miss Barwell, nabob Barwell's daughter, and I don't disguise my wish that the children may contract an attachment which may endure through their lives! I tell the nabob so. We went from the House of Commons one dancing-day and saw them. 'Twas beautiful to see the young things walking a minuet together! It brought tears into my

eyes, for I have a feeling heart, George, and I love my boy!"

"But if I prefer Miss Lambert, uncle, with two-pence to her fortune, to the Countess, with her hundred thousand pounds?"

"Why then, Sir, you have a singular taste, that's all," says the old gentleman, turning on his heel and leaving me. And I could perfectly understand his vexation at my not being able to see the world as he viewed it.

Nor did my Aunt Bernstein much like the engagement which I had made, or the family with which I passed so much of my time. Their simple ways wearied, and perhaps annoyed, the old woman of the world, and she no more relished their company than a certain person (who is not so black as he is painted) likes holy water. The old lady chafed at my forever dangling at my sweet-heart's lap. Having risen mightily in her favor, I began to fall again: and once more Harry was the favorite, and his brother, Heaven knows, not jealous.

He was now our family hero. He wrote us brief letters from the seat of war, where he was engaged, Madame Bernstein caring little at first about the letters or the writer, for they were simple, and the facts he narrated not over-interesting. We had early learned in London the news of the action on the glorious 1st of August at Minden, where Wolfe's old regiment was one of the British six which helped to achieve the victory on that famous day. At the same hour, the young General lay in his bed, in sight of Quebec, stricken down by fever, and perhaps rage and disappointment, at the check which his troops had just received.

Arriving in the St. Lawrence in June, the fleet which brought Wolfe and his army had landed them on the last day of the month on the Island of Orleans, opposite which rises the great cliff of Quebec. After the great action in which his General fell, the dear brother who accompanied the chief wrote home to me one of his simple letters, describing his modest share in that glorious day, but added nothing to the many descriptions already wrote of the action of the 13th of September, save only I remember he wrote, from the testimony of a brother aid-de-camp who was by his side, that the General never *spoke at all* after receiving his death-wound; so that the phrase which has been put into the mouth of the dying hero may be considered as no more authentic than an oration of Livy or Thucydides.

From his position on the island, which lies in the great channel of the river to the north of the town, the General was ever hungrily on the look-out for a chance to meet and attack his enemy. Above the city and below it he landed—now here and now there; he was bent upon attacking wherever he saw an opening. 'Twas surely a prodigious fault on the part of the Marquis of Montcalm to accept a battle from Wolfe on equal terms, for the British General had no artillery, and when we had made our famous scalade of the heights, and were on the plains of

Abraham, we were a little nearer the city, certainly, but as far off as ever from being within it.

The game that was played between the brave chiefs of those two gallant little armies, and which lasted from July until Mr. Wolfe won the crowning hazard in September, must have been as interesting a match as ever eager players engaged in. On the very first night after the landing (as my brother has narrated it) the sport began. At midnight the French sent a flaming squadron of fire-ships down upon the British ships which were discharging their stores at Orleans. Our seamen thought it was good sport to tow the fire-ships clear of the fleet, and ground them on the shore where they burned out.

As soon as the French commander heard that our ships had entered the river, he marched to Beauport in advance of the city and there took up a strong position. When our stores and hospitals were established, our General crossed over from his island to the left shore, and drew nearer to his enemy. He had the ships in the river behind him, but the whole country in face of him was in arms. The Indians in the forest seized our advanced parties as they strove to clear it, and murdered them in horrible tortures. The French were as savage as their Indian friends. The Montmorenci River rushed between Wolfe and the enemy. He could neither attack these nor the city behind them.

Bent on seeing whether there was no other point at which his foe might be assailable, the General passed round the town of Quebec and skirted the left shore beyond. Every where it was guarded, as well as in his immediate front, and having run the gauntlet of the batteries up and down the river, he returned to his post at Montmorenci. On the right of the French position, across the Montmorenci River, which was fordable at low tide, was a redoubt of the enemy. He would have that. Perhaps, to defend it, the French chief would be forced out from his lines, and a battle be brought on. Wolfe determined to play these odds. He would fetch over the body of his army from the Island of Orleans, and attack from the St. Lawrence. He would time his attack, so that, at shallow water, his lieutenants, Murray and Townsend, might cross the Montmorenci, and, at the last day of July, he played this desperate game.

He first, and General Monckton, his second in command (setting out from Point Levi, which he occupied), crossed over the St. Lawrence from their respective stations, being received with a storm of shot and artillery as they rowed to the shore. No sooner were the troops landed than they rushed at the French redoubt without order, were shot down before it in great numbers, and were obliged to fall back. At the preconcerted signal the troops on the other side of the Montmorenci advanced across the river in perfect order. The enemy even evacuated the redoubt, and fell back to their lines; but from these the assailants were received with so severe a fire that an impression on them was hopeless, and the General had to retreat.

That battle of Montmorenci (which my brother Harry and I have fought again many a time over our wine) formed the dismal burden of the first dispatch from Mr. Wolfe which reached England, and plunged us all in gloom. What more might one expect of a commander so rash? What disasters might one not foretell? Was ever scheme so wild as to bring three great bodies of men, across broad rivers, in the face of murderous batteries, merely on the chance of inducing an enemy strongly intrenched and guarded to leave his position and come out and engage us? 'Twas the talk of the town. No wonder grave people shook their heads, and prophesied fresh disaster. The General, who took to his bed after this failure, shuddering with fever, was to live barely six weeks longer, and die immortal! How is it, and by what, and whom, that Greatness is achieved? Is Merit—is Madness the patron? Is it Frolic or Fortune? Is it Fate that awards successes and defeats? Is it the Just Cause that ever wins? How did the French gain Canada from the savage, and we from the French, and after which of the conquests was the right time to sing *Te Deum*? We are always for implicating Heaven in our quarrels, and causing the gods to intervene whatever the *nodus* may be. Does Broughton, after pommeling and beating Slack, lift up a black eye to Jove and thank him for the victory? And if ten thousand boxers are to be so heard, why not one? And if Broughton is to be grateful, what is Slack to be?

"By the list of disabled officers (many of whom are of rank) you may perceive, Sir, that the army is much weakened. By the nature of this river the most formidable part of the armament is deprived of the power of acting, yet we have almost the whole force of Canada to oppose. In this situation there is such a choice of difficulties, that I own myself at a loss how to determine. The affairs of Great Britain, I know, require the most vigorous measures; but then the courage of a handful of brave men should be exerted only where there is some hope of a favorable event. The admiral and I have examined the town with a view to a general assault: and he would readily join in this or any other measure for the public service; but I can not propose to him an undertaking of so dangerous a nature, and promising so little success. . . . I found myself so ill, and am still so weak, that I begged the general officers to consult together for the public utility. They are of opinion that they should try by conveying up a corps of 4000 or 5000 men (which is nearly the whole strength of the army, after the points of Levi and Orleans are put in a proper state of defense) to draw the enemy from their present position, and bring them to an action. I have acquiesced in their proposal, and we are preparing to put it into execution."

So wrote the General (of whose noble letters it is clear *our* dear scribe was not the author or secretary) from his head-quarters at Montmorenci Falls on the 2d day of September; and on the 14th of October following, the *Rodney* cutter arrived with the sad news in England. The at-

tack had failed, the chief was sick, the army dwindling, the menaced city so strong that assault was almost impossible; "the only chance was to fight the Marquis of Montcalm upon terms of less disadvantage than attacking his intrenchments, and, if possible, to draw him from his present position." Would the French chief, whose great military genius was known in Europe, fall into such a snare? No wonder there were pale looks in the City at the news, and doubt and gloom wheresoever it was known.

Three days after this first melancholy intelligence came the famous letters announcing that wonderful consummation of Fortune with which Mr. Wolfe's wonderful career ended. If no man is to be styled happy till his death, what shall we say of this one? His end was so glorious that I protest not even his mother nor his mistress ought to have deplored it, or at any rate have wished him alive again. I know it is a hero we speak of; and yet I vow I scarce know whether in the last act of his life I admire the result of genius, invention, and daring, or the boldness of a gambler winning surprising odds. Suppose his ascent discovered a half hour sooner, and his people, as they would have been assuredly, beaten back? Suppose the Marquis of Montcalm not to quit his intrenched lines to accept that strange challenge? Suppose these points—and none of them depend upon Mr. Wolfe at all—and what becomes of the glory of the young hero, of the great minister who discovered him, of the intoxicated nation which rose up frantic with self-gratulation at the victory? I say, what fate is it that shapes our ends, or those of nations? In the many hazardous games which my Lord Chat-ham played, he won this prodigious one. And as the greedy British hand seized the Canadas, it let fall the United States out of its grasp.

To be sure this wisdom *d'après coup* is easy. We wonder at this man's rashness now the deed is done, and marvel at the other's fault. What generals some of us are upon paper! what repartees come to our mind when the talk is finished! and, the game over, how well we see how it should have been played! Writing of an event at a distance of thirty years, 'tis not difficult now to criticise and find fault. But at the time when we first heard of Wolfe's glorious deeds upon the plains of Abraham—of that army marshaled in darkness and carried silently up the midnight river—of those rocks scaled by the intrepid leader and his troops—of that miraculous security of the enemy, of his present acceptance of our challenge to battle, and of his defeat on the open plain by the sheer valor of his conqueror—we were all intoxicated in England by the news. The whole nation rose up and felt itself the stronger for Wolfe's victory. Not merely all men engaged in the battle, but those at home who had condemned its rashness, felt themselves heroes. Our spirit rose as that of our enemy faltered. Friends embraced each other when they met. Coffee-houses and public places were thronged with people eager to talk the news. Courtiers rushed to the King

and the great minister by whose wisdom the campaign had been decreed. When he showed himself, the people followed him with shouts and blessings. People did not deplore the dead warrior, but admired his *euthanasia*. Should James Wolfe's friends weep and wear mourning, because a chariot had come from the skies to fetch him away? Let them watch with wonder, and see him departing, radiant; rising above us superior. To have a friend who had been near or about him was to be distinguished. Every soldier who fought with him was a hero. In our fond little circle I know 'twas a distinction to be Harry's brother. We should not in the least wonder but that he, from his previous knowledge of the place, had found the way up the heights which the British army took, and pointed it out to his General. His promotion would follow as a matter of course. Why, even our uncle Warrington wrote letters to bless Heaven and congratulate me and himself upon the share Harry had had in the glorious achievement. Our Aunt Beatrix opened her house and received company upon the strength of the victory. I became a hero from my likeness to my brother. As for Parson Sampson, he preached such a sermon that his auditors (some of whom had been warned by his reverence of the coming discourse) were with difficulty restrained from huzzaing the orator, and were mobbed as they left the chapel. "Don't talk to me, madam, about grief," says General Lambert to his wife, who, dear soul, was for allowing herself some small indulgence of her favorite sorrow on the day when Wolfe's remains were gloriously buried at Greenwich. "If our boys could come by such deaths as James's, you know you wouldn't prevent them from being shot, but would scale the Abraham heights to see the thing done! Wouldst thou mind dying in the arms of victory, Charley?" he asks of the little hero from the Chartreux. "That I wouldn't," says the little man; "and the doctor gave us a holiday, too."

Our Harry's promotion was insured after his share in the famous battle, and our aunt announced her intention of purchasing a company for him.

CHAPTER LXXV.

THE COURSE OF TRUE LOVE.

HAD your father, young folks, possessed the commonest share of prudence, not only would this chapter of his history never have been written, but you yourselves would never have appeared in the world to plague him in a hundred ways: to shout and laugh in the passages when he wants to be quiet at his books; to wake him when he is dozing after dinner, as a healthy country gentleman should; to mislay his spectacles for him, and steal away his newspaper when he wants to read it; to ruin him with tailors' bills, mantua-makers' bills, tutors' bills, as you all of you do; to break his rest of nights when you have the impudence to fall ill, and when he would sleep undisturbed, but that your silly mo-



ther will never be quiet for half an hour; and when Joan can't sleep, what use, pray, is there in Darby putting on his night-cap? Every trifling ailment that any one of you has had, has scared her so that I protest I have never been tranquil; and, were I not the most long-suffering creature in the world, would have liked to be rid of the whole pack of you. And now, forsooth, that you have grown out of childhood, long petticoats, chicken-pox, small-pox, hooping-cough, scarlet fever, and the other delectable accidents of puerile life, what must that unconscionable woman propose but to arrange the south rooms as a nursery for possible grandchildren, and set up the Captain with a wife, and make him marry early because we did! He is too fond, she says, of Brookes's and Goose-tree's when he is in London. She has the perversity to hint that, though an entrée to Carlton House may be very pleasant, 'tis very dangerous for a young gentleman: and she would have Miles live away from temptation, and sow his wild oats, and marry, as we did. Marry! my dear creature, we had no business to marry at all! By the laws of common prudence and duty, I ought to have backed out of my little engagement with Miss Theo (who would have married somebody else), and taken a rich wife. Your Uncle John was a parson and couldn't fight, poor Charley was a boy at school, and your grandfather was too old a man to call me to account with sword and pistol. I repeat, there never was a more foolish match in the world than ours, and our relations were perfectly right in being angry with us. What are relations made for, indeed, but to be angry and find fault? When Hester marries, do you mind, Master George, to quarrel with her if she does not take a husband of your selecting. When George has got his living, after being senior wrangler and

fellow of his college, Miss Hester, do you toss up your little nose at the young lady he shall fancy. As for you, my little Theo, I can't part with you.* You must not quit your old father; for he likes you to play Haydn to him, and peel his walnuts after dinner.

While they had the blessing (forsooth!) of meeting, and billing and cooing every day, the two young people, your parents, went on in a fools' paradise, little heeding the world round about them, and all its tattle and meddling. Rinaldo was as brave a warrior as ever slew Turk, but you know he loved dangling in Armida's garden. Pray, my Lady Armida, what did you mean by flinging your spells over me in youth, so that not glory, not fashion, not gaming-tables, not the society of men of wit in whose way I fell, could keep me long from your apron-strings, or out of reach of your dear simple prattle? Pray, my dear, what used we to say to each other during those endless hours of meeting? I never went to sleep after dinner then. Which of us was so witty? Was it I or you? And how came it our conversations were so delightful? I remember that year I did not even care to go and see my Lord Ferrers tried and hung, when all the world was running after his lordship. The King of Prussia's capital was taken; had the Austrians and Russians been encamped round the Tower there could scarce have been more stir in London: yet Miss Theo and her young gentleman felt no inordinate emotion of pity or indignation. What to us was the fate of Leipzig or Berlin? The truth is, that dear old house in Dean Street was an enchanted garden of delights. I have been as idle since, but never as happy. Shall we order the post-chaise, my dear, leave the children to keep house, and drive up to London and see if the old lodgings are still to be let? And you shall sit at your old place in the window, and wave a little handkerchief as I walk up the street. Say what we did was imprudent. Would we not do it over again? My good folks, if Venus had walked into the room and challenged the apple, I was so infatuated, I would have given it to your mother. And had she had the choice, she would have preferred her humble servant in a threadbare coat to my Lord Clive with all his diamonds.

Once, to be sure, and for a brief time in that year, I had a notion of going on the highway in order to be caught and hung as my Lord Ferrers; or of joining the King of Prussia, and requesting some of his Majesty's enemies to knock my brains out; or of enlisting for the India service, and performing some desperate exploit which should end in my bodily destruction. Ah, me! that was indeed a dreadful time! Your mother scarce

* On the blank leaf opposite this paragraph is written, in a large, girlish hand:

"I never intend to go.—THEODOSIA.

"Nor I.—HESTER."

They both married, as I see by the note in the Family Bible—Miss Theodosia Warrington to Joseph Clinton, son of the Rev. Joseph Blake, and himself subsequently Master of Rodwell Regis Grammar School; and Miss Hester Mary, in 1804, to Captain F. Handyman. R.N.—Ed.

dares speak of it now, save in a whisper of terror; or think of it—it was such cruel pain. She was unhappy years after on the anniversary of the day, until one of you was born on it. Suppose we had been parted: what had come to us? What had my lot been without her? As I think of that possibility the whole world is a blank. I do not say were we parted now. It has pleased God to give us thirty years of union. We have reached the autumn season. Our successors are appointed and ready; and that one of us who is first called away knows the survivor will follow ere long. But we were actually parted in our youth: and I tremble to think what *might* have been, had not a dearest friend brought us together.

Unknown to myself, and very likely meaning only my advantage, my relatives in England had chosen to write to Madam Esmond in Virginia, and represent what they were pleased to call the folly of the engagement I had contracted. Every one of them sang the same song: and I saw the letters, and burned the whole cursed pack of them years afterward when my mother showed them to me at home in Virginia. Aunt Bernstein was forward with her advice. A young person, with no wonderful good looks, of no family, with no money—was ever such an imprudent connection, and ought it not for dear George's sake to be broken off? She had several eligible matches in view for me. With my name and prospects, 'twas a shame I should throw myself away on this young lady; her sister ought to interpose—and so forth.

My Lady Warrington must write, too, and in her peculiar manner. Her ladyship's letter was garnished with Scripture texts. She dressed her worldliness out in phylacteries. She pointed out how I was living in an unworthy society of player-folks, and the like people, who she could not say were absolutely without religion (Heaven forbid!), but who were deplorably worldly. She would not say an artful woman had *inveigled me for her daughter*, having in vain tried to captivate my younger brother. She was far from saying any harm of the young woman I had selected; but at least this was certain, Miss L. had no fortune or expectations, and her parents might naturally be anxious to compromise me. She had taken counsel, etc., etc. She had sought for guidance where it was, etc. Feeling what her *duty* was, she had determined to speak. Sir Miles, a man of excellent judgment in the affairs of this world (though he knew and sought a better), fully agreed with her in opinion, nay, desired her to write, and entreat her sister to interfere, that the ill-advised match should not take place.

And who besides must put a little finger into the pie but the new Countess of Castlewood? She wrote a majestic letter to Madam Esmond, and stated, that having been placed by Providence at the head of the Esmond family, it was her duty to communicate with her kinswoman, and warn her to break off this marriage. I believe the three women laid their heads together

previously; and, packet after packet, sent off their warnings to the Virginian lady.

One raw April morning, as Corydon goes to pay his usual duty to Phillis, he finds, not his charmer with her dear smile as usual ready to welcome him, but Mrs. Lambert, with very red eyes, and the General as pale as death. "Read this, George Warrington!" says he, as his wife's head drops between her hands; and he puts a letter before me, of which I recognized the handwriting. I can hear now the sobs of the good Aunt Lambert, and to this day the noise of fire-irons stirring a fire in a room overhead gives me a tremor. I heard such a noise that day in the girls' room where the sisters were together. Poor gentle child! Poor Theo!

"What can I do after this, George, my poor boy?" asks the General, pacing the room with desperation in his face.

I did not quite read the whole of Madam Esmond's letter, for a kind of sickness and faintness came over me; but I fear I could say some of it now by heart. Its style was good, and its actual words temperate enough, though they only implied that Mr. and Mrs. Lambert had inveigled me into the marriage; that they knew such a union was unworthy of me; that (as Madam E. understood) they had desired a similar union for her younger son, which project, unluckily for him, perhaps, was given up when it was found that Mr. Henry Warrington was not the inheritor of the Virginian property. If Mr. Lambert was a man of spirit and honor, as he was represented to be, Madam Esmond scarcely supposed that, after her representations, he would persist in desiring this match. She would not lay commands upon her son, whose temper she knew; but for the sake of Miss Lambert's own reputation and comfort, she urged that the dissolution of the engagement should come from *her* family, and not from the just unwillingness of Rachel Esmond Warrington of Virginia.

"God help us, George!" the General said, "and give us all strength to bear this grief, and these charges which it has pleased your mother to bring! They are hard, but they don't matter now. What is of most importance, is to spare as much sorrow as we can to my poor girl. I know you love her so well, that you will help me and her mother to make the blow as tolerable as we may to that poor gentle heart. Since she was born she has never given pain to a soul alive, and 'tis cruel that she should be made to suffer." And as he spoke he passed his hand across his dry eyes.

"It was my fault, Martin! It was my fault!" weeps the poor mother.

"Your mother spoke us fair, and gave her promise," said the father.

"And do you think I will withdraw mine?" cried I; and protested, with a thousand frantic vows, what they knew full well, "that I was bound to Theo before Heaven, and that nothing should part me from her."

"She herself will demand the parting. She is a good girl, God help me! and a dutiful.

She will not have her father and mother called schemers, and treated with scorn. Your mother knew not, very likely, what she was doing, but 'tis done. You may see the child, and she will tell you as much. Is Theo dressed, Molly? I brought the letter home from my office last evening after you were gone. The women have had a bad night. She knew at once by my face that there was bad news from America. She read the letter quite firmly. She said she would like to see you and say Good-by. Of course, George, you will give me your word of honor not to try and see her afterward. As soon as my business will let me we will get away from this, but mother and I think we are best all together. 'Tis you, perhaps, had best go. But give me your word, at any rate, that you will not try and see her. We must spare her pain, Sir! We must spare her pain!" And the good man sate down in such deep anguish himself that I, who was not yet under the full pressure of my own grief, actually felt his, and pitied it. It could not be that the dear lips I had kissed yesterday were to speak to me only once more. We were all here together; loving each other, sitting in the room where we met every day; my drawing on the table by her little work-box; she was in the chamber up stairs; she must come down presently.

Who is this opens the door? I see her sweet face. It was like our little Mary's when we thought she would die of the fever. There was even a smile upon her lips. She comes up and kisses me. "Good-by, dear George!" she says. Great Heaven! An old man sitting in this room—with my wife's work-box opposite, and she but five minutes away, my eyes grow so dim and full that I can't see the book before me. I am three-and-twenty years old again. I go through every stage of that agony. I once had it sitting in my own post-chaise, with my wife actually by my side. Who dared to sully her sweet love with suspicion? Who had a right to stab such a soft bosom? Don't you see my ladies getting their knives ready, and the poor child baring it? My wife comes in. She has been serving out tea or tobacco to some of her pensioners. "What is it makes you look so angry, papa?" she says. "My love!" I say, "it is the thirteenth of April." A pang of pain shoots across her face, followed by a tender smile. She has undergone the martyrdom, and in the midst of the pang comes a halo of forgiveness. I can't forgive; not until my days of dotage come, and I cease remembering any thing. "Hal will be home for Easter; he will bring two or three of his friends with him from Cambridge," she says. And straightway she falls to devising schemes for amusing the boys. When is she ever occupied but with plans for making others happy?

A gentleman sitting in spectacles before an old ledger, and writing down pitiful remembrances of his own condition, is a quaint and ridiculous object. My corns hurt me, I know, but I suspect my neighbor's shoes pinch him too. I am not going to howl much over my own

grief, or enlarge at any great length on this one. Many another man, I dare say, has had the light of his day suddenly put out, the joy of his life extinguished, and has been left to darkness and vague torture. I have a book I tried to read at this time of grief—Howel's Letters—and when I come to the part about Prince Charles in Spain, up starts the whole tragedy alive again. I went to Brighthelmstone, and there, at the inn, had a room facing the east, and saw the sun get up ever so many mornings, after blank nights of wakefulness, and smoked my pipe of Virginia in his face. When I am in that place by chance, and see the sun rising now, I shake my fist at him, thinking, O orient Phoebus, what horrible grief and savage wrath have you not seen me suffer! Though my wife is mine ever so long, I say I am angry just the same. Who dared, I want to know, to make us suffer so? I was forbidden to see her. I kept my promise, and remained away from the house: that is, after that horrible meeting and parting. But at night I would go and look at her window, and watch the lamp burning there; I would go to the Chartreux (where I knew another boy), and call for her brother, and gorge him with cakes and half-crowns. I would meanly have her elder brother to dine, and almost kiss him when he went away. I used to breakfast at a coffee-house in Whitehall, in order to see Lambert go to his office: and we would salute each other sadly, and pass on without speaking. Why did not the women come out? They never did. They were practicing on her, and persuading her to try and forget me. Oh! the weary, weary days! Oh! the maddening time! At last a doctor's chariot used to draw up before the General's house every day. Was she ill? I fear I was rather glad she was ill. My own suffering was so infernal that I greedily wanted her to share my pain. And would she not? What grief of mine has it not felt, that gentlest and most compassionate of hearts? What pain would it not suffer to spare mine a pang?

I sought that doctor out. I had an interview with him. I told my story, and laid bare my heart to him, with an outburst of passionate sincerity which won his sympathy. My confession enabled him to understand his young patient's malady; for which his drugs had no remedy or anodyne. I had promised not to see her, or go to her: I had kept my promise. I had promised to leave London: I had gone away. Twice, thrice I went back and told my sufferings to him. He would take my fee now and again, and always receive me kindly, and let me speak. Ah, how I clung to him! I suspect he must have been unhappy once in his own life, he knew so well and gently how to succor the miserable.

He did not tell me how dangerously, though he did not disguise from me how gravely and seriously, my dearest girl had been ill. I told him every thing—that I would marry her, and brave every chance and danger; that, without her, I was a man utterly wrecked and ruined,

and cared not what became of me. My mother had once consented, and had now chosen to withdraw her consent, when the tie between us had been, as I held, drawn so closely together, as to be paramount to all filial duty.

"I think, Sir, if your mother heard you, and saw Miss Lambert, she would relent," said the doctor. Who was my mother to hold me in bondage; to claim a right of misery over me; and to take this angel out of my arms?

"He could not," he said, "be a message-carrier between young ladies who were pining and young lovers on whom the sweet-heart's gates were shut; but so much he would venture to say that he had seen me, and was prescribing for me, too." Yes, he *must* have been unhappy once himself. I saw him, you may be sure, on the very day when he had kept his promise to me. He said she seemed to be comforted by hearing news of me.

"She bears her suffering with an angelical sweetness. I prescribe Jesuit's bark which she takes; but I am not sure the hearing of you has not done more good than the medicine." The women owned afterward that they had never told the General of the doctor's new patient.

I know not what wild expressions of gratitude I poured out to the good doctor for the comfort he brought me. His treatment was curing two unhappy sick persons. 'Twas but a drop of water, to be sure; but then a drop of water to a man raging in torment. I loved the ground he trod upon, blessed the hand that took mine, and had felt *her* pulse. I had a ring with a pretty cameo head of Hercules on it. 'Twas too small for his finger, nor did the good old man wear such ornaments. I made him hang it to his watch-chain, in hopes that she might see it, and recognize that the token came from me. How I fastened upon Spencer at this time (my friend of the Temple who also had an unfortunate love-match), and walked with him from my apartments to the Temple, and he back with me to Bedford Gardens, and our talk was forever about our women! I dare say I told every body my grief. My good landlady and Betty the housemaid pitied me. My son Miles, who, for a wonder, has been reading in my MS., says, "By

Jove, Sir, I didn't know you and my mother were took in this kind of way. The year I joined I was hit very bad myself. An infernal little jilt that threw me over for Sir Craven Oaks of our regiment. I thought I should have gone crazy." And he gives a melancholy whistle, and walks away.

The General had to leave London presently on one of his military inspections, as the doctor casually told me; but, having given my word that I would not seek to present myself at his house, I kept it, availing myself, however, as you may be sure, of the good physician's leave to visit him, and have news of his dear patient. His accounts of her were far from encouraging. "She does not rally," he said. "We must get her back to Kent again, or to the sea." I did not know then that the poor child had begged and prayed so piteously not to be moved, that her parents, divining, perhaps, the reason of her desire to linger in London, and feeling that it might be dangerous not to humor her, had yielded to her entreaty, and consented to remain in town.

At last one morning I came, pretty much as usual, and took my place in my doctor's front-parlor, whence his patients were called in their turn to his consulting-room. Here I remained, looking heedlessly over the books on the table and taking no notice of any person in the room, which speedily emptied itself of all, save me and one lady who sate with her vail down. I used to stay till the last, for Osborn, the doctor's man, knew my business, and that it was not my own illness I came for.

When the room was empty of all save me and the lady, she puts out two little hands, cries in a voice which made me start, "Don't you know me, George?" And the next minute I have my arms round her, and kissed her as heartily as ever I kissed in my life, and gave way to a passionate outgush of emotion the most refreshing, for my parched soul had been in rage and torture for six weeks past, and this was a glimpse of heaven.

Who was it, children? You think it was your mother whom the doctor had brought to me? No. It was Hetty.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

UNITED STATES.

SINCE the adjournment of Congress no events of special political importance have occurred.—In Utah new difficulties have taken place. Judge Cradlebaugh had received information which satisfied him that crimes of the highest grade had been committed by leading Mormons. Among these were the slaughter, in September, 1857, of a party of 150 emigrants on their way to California, besides several aggravated murders. Upon opening Court at Provo, he found that there was no jail or other place for the safe-keeping of prisoners; he then applied to General Johnston for a detachment of troops to act as a guard. The presence of these troops occasioned great dissatis-

faction among the inhabitants; and the Mayor and Common Council of Provo demanded their removal. The Judge refused to accede to this demand; and, the court being opened, called the attention of the Grand Jury to the crimes which he alleged had been perpetrated in their midst. The Jury found a bill against an Indian; but refused to take any action upon the charges against the Mormons advanced by the Judge. He called them before him, and addressed to them a violent speech. "The Court," he said, "took the unusual course of calling your attention to particular crimes. It told you of the murder of young Jones and his mother, and the pulling down their house over them, and making

that their tomb. It told you of the murder of the Parrishes, father and son; and of Potter and Forbes, almost within sight of this court-house. It has had occasion to issue bench warrants to arrest persons connected with the Parrish murders, and has had them brought before it and examined. The testimony presents an unparalleled condition of affairs. It seems that the whole community were engaged in committing that crime; and there seems to have been a combined effort on the part of the community to screen the murderers from punishment. When officers attempt to arrest persons charged with crime, they are unable to do so; they are secreted; witnesses are secreted or intimidated." These allegations are supported by specific charges, proving, in the opinion of the Judge, that these murders were committed by authority, and by persons who are now public officers. "These facts," said the Judge, "show that this community does not desire to have its criminals punished. If it expects that this Court is to be used by this community as a means of protecting it against the peccadillos of Gentiles and Indians, while it will not punish its own murderers, such expectation will not be realized. When this people manifest a disposition to punish their own high offenders, it will be time to enforce the law also for their protection. If this court can not bring you to a sense of your duty, it can at least turn the savages in custody loose upon you." The Grand Jury were then discharged, and the Indian prisoners set at liberty. In the mean time the Mormons had sent memorials to Governor Cumming, protesting against the presence of the troops at Provo. The Governor requested General Johnston to remove them. He refused; whereupon the Governor issued a proclamation protesting against "the present military movement, and also against all movements of troops incompatible with the letter and spirit of the instructions received by me for my guidance while Governor of the Territory of Utah." It is understood that the President strongly disapproves of the course of Judge Cradlebaugh, and sustains Governor Cumming in his controversy with General Johnston.—The Legislature of *Massachusetts* proposed the following amendment to the Constitution of that State: "No person of foreign birth shall be entitled to vote, or shall be eligible to office, unless he shall have resided within the jurisdiction of the United States for two years subsequent to his naturalization, and shall be otherwise qualified, according to the Constitution and laws of this Commonwealth; *provided* that this amendment shall not affect the rights which any person of foreign birth possessed at the time of adoption thereof; and *provided further* that it shall not affect the rights of any child of a citizen of the United States, born during the temporary absence of the parent therefrom." This amendment was submitted to the people, May 9. The vote was very light, but the amendment was adopted by a considerable majority, and now forms a part of the Constitution of the State.—The trial of Daniel E. Sickles for the killing of Philip Barton Key commenced at Washington on the 4th of April, and occupied eighteen days, three of which were occupied in empanneling the jury. The fact of the homicide was not denied. The real defense was "justifiable homicide;" though a technical plea of "insanity" was put in, under which conclusive proof of the guilty intercourse between Key and Mrs. Sickles was admitted. After a brief absence, the jury brought in a verdict of "Not Guilty."

SOUTHERN AMERICA.

In *Mexico* another turn of the wheel has placed Miramon again in the ascendant. Having abandoned his projected attack upon Vera Cruz, he set out for the capital, which was surrounded by the forces of the "Liberals," who, on the 2d of April, made an attempt to enter the city, which though unsuccessful greatly dispirited the enemy. On the 8th General Marquez succeeded in breaking through, bringing a reinforcement of 1000 men, and an attack was at once planned upon the besiegers. This took place on the 11th of April, and after a sharp conflict the "Liberals" were driven from their strong position at Tacubaya. An indiscriminate slaughter ensued of all who were unable to effect their escape. At this moment Miramon, returning from Vera Cruz, who with a few troops had forced his way through the enemy's lines at Orizaba, entered the city. He formally protested against the recognition by the United States of the Juarez Government, dismissed our consul, Mr. Black, and instituted violent measures against his enemies. Still his party holds only the capital and a few other cities, the greater portion of the country being in possession of the "Liberals." Meanwhile the English are threatening the Mexican ports on the Pacific and on the Gulf. The English Minister insists on the full payment of all the claims of his countrymen, and has instructed the commander of the fleet at Vera Cruz to demand \$1,500,000 from the Custom-house, and in case of refusal to pay this sum, to bombard the city.

EUROPE.

There is no reason to doubt that the war has commenced, though at our latest dates, which come down to April 30, there is no intelligence of actual hostilities. In accepting the Russian proposition for a Congress, the Austrian Minister said that, in the opinion of his Government, the whole difficulty lay in the system of foreign relations followed by Sardinia; and to put an end to this and prevent its return was the task reserved to the Powers called upon to uphold social order. The British Government, with the concurrence of the French, presented to Austria the following four points as bases of negotiation:

"(1.) To determine the means by which peace may be maintained between Austria and Sardinia. (2.) To establish how the evacuation of the Roman States by the French and Austrian troops could be best effected. (3.) To examine whether it is suitable to introduce reforms into the internal administration of those States, and of the other States of Italy whose administration should offer defects that should tend evidently to create a permanent and dangerous state of trouble and discontent, and what such reforms should be. (4.) To substitute for the treaties between Austria and the Duchies a confederation of the States of Italy between themselves for their mutual protection, internal and external."

The Austrian Government professed to be willing to accept these bases, with certain modifications, but insisted upon the immediate disarming of Sardinia. This was unanimously objected to by the other Powers; whereupon Austria proposed, as a substitute, a general and immediate disarmament of all the Powers. The British Cabinet proposed that the principle of this disarmament should be admitted, and its execution be regulated by a commission, in which Sardinia should be represented; and that the Italian States should be admitted to sit in the Congress of the Five Powers. This proposition was accepted by France, Russia, and Prussia; Sardinia also declared itself ready to conform. Austria refused to admit Sardinia to any participation in the Congress, but insisted that she should at once disarm. To this

the other Powers would not agree. Austria then cut the matter short by sending an ultimatum to Sardinia, dated the 21st of April, peremptorily demanding the disbanding of her Italian volunteers; giving her three days for reply, announcing that an evasive answer would be considered a refusal; and in the event of her refusal, threatening immediate hostilities. Simultaneously with this demand 80,000 troops were dispatched to Italy, in addition to the number already there. The King of Sardinia refused to comply with this demand, summoned the Chambers, who unanimously upheld him, and invested him with dictatorial power. Three divisions of the Austrian army, said to be 120,000 strong, upon the 26th of April, crossed the Ticino and invaded the Sardinian territory.—Throughout Italy there is a strong feeling in favor of Sardinia. Early in April the officers of the army of Tuscany presented themselves before the Grand Duke, stating that the only way to prevent the revolt of the troops was for him to unite with Piedmont. The Duke, by the advice of his Ministers, sent for the Marquis of Lajatico and asked him to form a new administration, with a view to granting the reforms demanded. The Marquis refused to undertake the task except on condition that the Grand Duke should abdicate, an alliance be formed with Sardinia, and war be declared against Austria. The Grand Duke refused, and immediately left his dominions.—Upon the receipt at Paris of the tidings of the Austrian demand upon Sardinia, Count Walewski presented to the Legislative body a manifesto drawn up by order of the Emperor. After giving an account of the proceedings that had taken place, the manifesto concludes thus: "In presence of this state of things, if Sardinia is menaced, if, as every thing leads it to be presumed, her territory is invaded, France can not hesitate to respond to the appeal of a nation, her ally, to which she is bound by common interests and traditional sympathies, regenerated by a recent confraternity in arms, and by the union contracted between the two reigning Houses."

Austria by this sudden movement evidently hopes to crush the Sardinian army at a blow, before the arrival of the French troops. In an official manifesto, dated April 29, the Emperor sets forth the necessity of the war with Sardinia, appeals to the patriotism of his subjects, and hopes for the assistance of the kindred German race, who are connected with Austria by origin and common danger. Prussia and the other German States are also arming, avowedly, however, only for defense. Previous to the last step on the part of Austria, the Prussian Minister of Foreign Affairs made a statement to the Chamber of Deputies in which he said: "The placing of three *corps d'armée* of the Prussian army on a war-footing, and in readiness for war, has been resolved upon by the Federal Diet. Besides our own safety, we must keep in view the safety of Germany; the more so, because another great German Power is on the brink of war. But the present condition of warlike preparation is essentially defensive, and with this object Prussia, in concert with her German Federal associates, is armed on all sides. Above all things she adheres to the principle that the interest of Germany is also the interest of Prussia." Subsequent to the Austrian attack upon Sardinia, the Prussian Government put forth a cautiously-worded statement, from which, however, its present feeling may be inferred. "This news," it says, "has been additionally surprising to the Government from the

fact that they had neglected no means for making Austria understand what grave responsibilities would attach to the adoption by her of an isolated line of policy." For the present, at least, it seems evident that Austria can not look for any assistance from the German powers. It is also reported, though upon grounds not wholly reliable, that Russia has entered into a secret treaty with France, by which she engages to declare war upon Austria within fifteen days after she enters Sardinia. The sudden precipitation of hostilities by Austria seems to have taken the French Government by surprise. But troops were at once hurried toward Italy by land and sea. Those who were making the passage of the Alps are reported to have met with great difficulties, the Mount Cenis road being obstructed by snow, which thousands of laborers were engaged in clearing away.

In *Great Britain* the Government sustained a defeat on the Reform Bill, Lord John Russell's resolution having been carried by a vote, 330 to 291, leaving the Ministers in a minority of 39. Lord Palmerston said, however, that this vote should not be regarded as one of censure, but merely as enumerating principles upon which a Reform Bill ought to be based. The Ministers took some days to decide upon their course; whether to resign their offices or to dissolve Parliament, and try the result of a new election. They finally decided upon the latter course, partly from the wish to obtain the distinct opinion of the country upon their general policy, and partly because they thought that a change of administration at the present time would strongly militate against the prospect of preserving the peace of Europe. The dissolution would take place as soon as the business necessary to be transacted was accomplished. Meanwhile the Government made an exposé of the state of foreign affairs, the negotiations for a general Congress being still pending. The most notable feature of this exposé was the concluding statement of the Earl of Derby, that if this last attempt at negotiation failed, England should cease from all further attempts at mediation, remain entirely aloof from the quarrel, and leave to the other powers the responsibility of lighting up the flames of war in Europe.—The prorogation of Parliament took place on the 19th of April. The Queen's speech, which was read by the Lord Chancellor, stated that the dissolution was rendered necessary by the difficulties experienced in carrying on the public business of the country, as indicated by the fact that within a little more than a year two successive administrations had failed to retain the confidence of the House of Commons; the dissolution of Parliament would enable the people to express, in the mode prescribed by the Constitution, their opinion on the state of public affairs. The election of the members of the new Parliament commenced on the 30th of April.—The tidings of the Austrian advance into Sardinia, and the reported alliance between France and Russia, caused a financial panic. Stocks of every description were depreciated. English consols and the India loan fell at once from 4 to 6 per cent. The depreciation of funds in England alone amounted in three days to £80,000,000. During that time there were 47 failures of members of the Stock Exchange. Foreign stocks were still more depreciated. Russian 4½ per cents. declined from 100 to 87; Sardinian from 81 to 65; Turkish 6 per cents. from 93 to 57; Austrian 5 per cents. were as low as 49.

Literary Notices.

Memoir of Theophilus Parsons, by his son, THEOPHILUS PARSONS. (Published by Ticknor and Fields.) The late Chief Justice Parsons, of Massachusetts, was one of the most eminent men of his day, not less in literary attainments and political influence than in juridical distinction. He was a man of rare and potent individuality, singularly self-centred, wholly indifferent to popular applause, carving out his own path in life by dint of strenuous resolution, with the one mastering passion of love of knowledge, apparently tempered only by devotion to duty. It is now but little short of half a century since his death, but his memory is among the freshest and brightest of the traditions of Massachusetts. For the first time we now have a worthy record of his character and position, from the pen of the distinguished professor of law in Harvard University, who inherits the legal learning as well as the name of his illustrious father. His book is a model of biographical writing, no less remarkable for its transparent clearness of expression and simplicity of statement than for the mingled tenderness, reverence, and love of truth which mark the treatment of the subject.

Theophilus Parsons was the son of the minister of Byfield, Massachusetts, where he was born, February 24, 1750. After fitting for college at Dummer Academy, in that town, he entered at Cambridge in 1765, and graduated, in regular course, in 1769. His college career presents no feature of extraordinary promise, though he is represented as having been an insatiable student, and in the habit, after learning his lesson, to turn for amusement, with equal relish, to the last new novel, or to a mathematical problem. Soon after receiving his degree he began to teach a school at Falmouth, as the city of Portland was then called, at the same time pursuing the study of law, and commencing practice in 1774. After the burning of that town by the British, in October of the next year, he returned to Byfield, and subsequently opened an office in Newburyport, where for twenty years he maintained his position as the head of the Essex County bar. In 1800 he removed to Boston, residing there until his death, in the autumn of 1813. Before his removal he had gained an extensive practice in all the New England States, as well as in all parts of Massachusetts.

As a lawyer, Mr. Parsons was distinguished for the brevity of his arguments and his avoidance of rhetorical appeals. He was usually not much more than half an hour in addressing a jury. He was naturally fluent, and possessed an uncommon gift of rich and varied expression; but he habitually abstained from impassioned statements, believing that eloquence was a great hinderance to a lawyer, and of no great value any where. It was his opinion that he who has a fame for eloquence, or who shows that he trusts to it, rouses the jury at once against him. Nor did he permit himself so far to become interested in his cases as to identify himself with his clients, and make their cause his own. His manner, though not vehement, was earnest and energetic. He used but little gesture; and his voice, though not loud, was pleasant and persuasive. The testimony to his legal pre-eminence from his contemporaries is unanimous and emphatic. It may be summed up in the language of his successor, Chief Justice Parker, in

the admirable tribute delivered at the opening of the Supreme Court in Boston, after the decease of Judge Parsons: "Twenty-six years ago, when I, with others of my age, were pupils in the profession of the law, we saw our masters call this man into their councils, and yield implicit confidence to his opinions. Among men eminent themselves, and by many years his seniors, we saw him by common consent take the lead. I do not disparage others by placing him at their head. They were great men, but he was a wonderful man. His enemies designated him by an appellation which, from its appropriateness, became a just compliment—the Giant of the Law. He was regarded by those lawyers with whom I have been conversant as the living oracle of the law. His transmitted opinions carried with them authority sufficient to settle controversies and terminate litigation."

As a judge, Chief Justice Parsons was distinguished for his remarkable dispatch of business no less than for the sagacity of his opinions; and, as some thought, his too vigorous carriage toward the bar. He insisted on a rigid adherence to legal forms; was intolerant of all looseness of statement and inaccuracy of pleading; and would never permit counsel to waste the time of the Court and the jury by the arguing of irrelevant or unimportant points. His general popularity as a Judge was quite unparalleled, in spite of his peremptory bearing toward the bar. The people, doubtless, liked to see him snub the great lawyers, while they cherished the highest confidence both in his ability and his integrity.

But his elevated juridical position was not permitted to interfere with his devotion to liberal studies and the cultivation of exact scholarship. His universal and ardent desire for knowledge was the ruling passion of his life. The indulgence of it constituted nearly all his enjoyment. Whenever he was thrown into the company of any person who had any special and peculiar information, he never rested until he was master of it himself. Every mechanic who was employed about the house became the object of the closest study and observation. They were often heard to say that he seemed to understand their doings, and their tools, and the whole rationale of their business, better than they did themselves. There was no manufacture or mechanical business established within his reach which he did not thoroughly examine. His leading taste, however, was for books. His library, for that day, was a very large one. It contained between five and six thousand volumes, the greater part of them imported, and all nicely bound and cared for. He read with marvelous rapidity. For fifty years he was always reading and writing when not obliged to be doing something else. There were weeks and months in succession when he passed nearly two-thirds of his day with books and papers. To his contemporaries his knowledge seemed almost marvelous. The late Mr. John Lowell—himself one of the ablest and most eminent men of his day—was accustomed to remark that while Judge Parsons knew more law than any other man, he knew more of every thing else than of law. The law was the only subject he seemed to study from a sense of duty; he never went to it for amusement; but when he had done with the law what was necessary

for the moment, he turned for refreshment to any thing else, and seemed equally at home every where else. Among the many subjects which fell within his cognizance his favorite studies were Greek, the physical sciences, and mathematics. With all his devotion to severer studies, he also read much history and many novels.

In private and domestic life Chief Justice Parsons was a model of excellence. He brought up his family in a strict observance of the ordinances and exercises of religion. No inducement could tempt him to attend to any professional business on Sunday, even so far as to express an opinion in cases of peculiar urgency. On Saturday night his books and papers were put away, and his table cleared; and though he passed all his home hours on Sundays, as on other days, in reading and writing, the books he chose were not those of his week days. He required and expected the same thing of his family. Not only must the light reading of the week be given up, but the books themselves must be put out of sight. He was thoroughly domestic in all his habits. He rarely went into company, either to dinner or in the evening; never attended public meetings; and was a decided foe to the parade and pageantry of popular celebrations. His office was in his dwelling-house—an unusual thing in Boston—where he spent the whole day; but his evenings were invariably passed in the large common sitting-room, a small table placed near his chair by the fireside, well furnished with the evening's supply of books. There he sat, always reading—seldom writing in the evening, or out of his office—but never disturbed by any noise or frolic which might be going on. If any body, young or old, appealed to him, he was always ready to answer; and sometimes would join in a game or play, and then return to his books. His house was the constant resort of the most cultivated persons in Boston society of that day, and few strangers of note visited the town without being introduced to his acquaintance. Few enjoyed society more than he did; but it was almost exclusively society that came to him, and found him in his own home. The world outside had little charm for him; and indeed, so far as taste and enjoyment were concerned, he seemed to take little cognizance of it.

The circumstances of his death were of rather a striking character. He was in the enjoyment of his usual health until the summer of 1813. He then began to suffer from general debility of his system. In the early part of the autumn his symptoms became more aggravated; he suffered from great discomfort and uneasiness in the head; gradually he grew lethargic, although his senses were unimpaired; but in a few days his sleepiness deepened, and when he spoke it was as one in a dream. After he could no longer control his thoughts his mind went back to his duties and his business, and responded unconsciously to his condition, as death drew near to close his earthly career. When he spoke it was as a judge, giving answers and directions as if still on the bench. At last, after a suspense of all speech so long that it was supposed by the friends around his bed that they should never hear his voice again, he suddenly revived, and with perfect distinctness spoke, for the last time on earth, that formula which he had used hundreds of times: "Gentlemen of the jury, the case is closed, and in your hands. You will please retire and agree upon your verdict."

The public are greatly the debtors of Professor Parsons for the lucid, vigorous, and unaffected manner in which he has portrayed the character and revived the memory of one of the most illustrious ornaments of a past age.

Mosaics, by the author of "Salad for the Solitary." (Published by Charles Scribner.) The author of this agreeable volume, Mr. Frederic Saunders (whose name is attached to an introductory "Epistle to the Reader"), brings to its composition an extensive range of reading, often in an unusual and curious direction—a taste for whatever is rare and dainty in literature—a generous and catholic appreciation of different forms of thought and expression—an instinctive power of adaptation to popular sympathies—and no little experience in the details of literary handicraft. His previous works, of the same general character as the present, have had a wide circulation, and have won many approving testimonies on both sides of the Atlantic. Without being a servile imitator of the elder Disraeli, he follows in his path, gaining from the broad fields which they each have traversed many a precious conquest, and illustrating his treasures by an appropriate vein of original remark. Among the topics which are treated in this volume are "Youth and Age," "The Human Face Divine," "The Witchery of Wit," "Single Blessedness," "The Magic of Music," and others not less interesting. The felicitous nicety with which he has combined the wise and witty sayings of favorite writers with his own quaint reflections, forming from the most various and often opposite materials an admirably rounded essay, fully justifies the title of the work and the pretensions of the author to the dignity, not of an artisan, but of an artist. We only regret that a volume of such genuine merit, and consisting of such a miscellaneous collection of attractive passages, should be left with no key to its contents in the shape of an index. Such an omission, whether owing to the negligence of the author, the economy of the publisher, or the indifference of both to the convenience of the reader, is inexcusable, and greatly detracts from the value of the publication.

Wall Street to Cashmere. A Journal of Five Years in Asia, Africa, and Europe, by JOHN B. IRELAND. (Published by S. A. Rollo and Co.) Without making any important contributions to the general stock of information in regard to his extended route of travel, Mr. Ireland jots down the events of the passing day in a journal primarily intended for the family circle, and makes the reader fully acquainted with the various details of his personal experience. It is much to his credit that he seldom indulges in an attempt at descriptive writing, and contents himself with the plain, unvarnished record of his progress from place to place. If his work is meagre in statement it does not offend by pretension. The volume is profusely illustrated by engravings copied from the author's original sketches, and is issued in an uncommonly sumptuous style of typography.

Among the popular novels of the past month we may mention *Love Me Little, Love Me Long*, by CHARLES READE, one of his characteristic productions, marked by great dramatic power and lively delineation; *Gerald Fitzgerald*, by CHARLES LEVER, a historical romance of the last century; and *The Bertrams*, by ANTHONY TROLLOPE, evincing the author's rare power of combined pathos and satire. (Published by Harper and Brothers.)

Editor's Table.

HOW WE EXHAUST LIFE.

IF a railroad or steamboat disaster causes the slaughter of a score or two of people, we Americans fall into spasms of indignation, and threaten all sorts of frightful visitations on the reckless offenders. But it generally turns out that the preservation of life is, with us, more of a passion than a principle. The violent ebullition of feeling works itself off; culprits go unpunished; and the fearful evil reserves itself for another occasion of wholesale murder. These accidents show something more than bad official management. If they often implicate captains, conductors, and companies as insensible to their responsibilities, they also evince a similar insensibility on the part of the public to the sacredness of human life. The fact is, that we hold life as a cheap thing. Shrewd as we Yankees are at other bargains, we rarely put life into one scale and "value received" into the other; but we trade, speculate, and gamble the chances of existence as if it were quite a trifle whether we lost or won.

There are times and circumstances when men, in obedience to some lofty principle or noble impulse, may generously offer up their life on the altar of patriotism or philanthropy. But the worth of such an offering mainly consists in the value attached to what they sacrifice, and it is surrendered only because a higher duty than self-preservation controls them. The ordinary instinct of our nature in relation to life is intensely strong, and, if rightly disciplined, will impart its virtue to our estimate of every thing connected with its care and protection. For this mighty instinct is not within us for seasons of danger alone, but should attend us at each moment as the sovereign over every habit, pursuit, and inclination.

One of the most pernicious of our evils is the excessive facility with which we exhaust life. There is no end to our ingenuity in devising plans to wear it out. We treat life as a thing to be tortured. Molochs and Juggernauts supply fiery arms and ponderous wheels to consume and crush it. We eat up life; we drink it; we roast and fry it; we burn it in furnaces; we blow it away in vociferous talking; we rattle it to pieces over rough streets, and turn it into steam to rush along highways. Our muscles have as much put on them as if they were tougher than buffalo hides, and our nerves are charged with electricity enough to report the news of a continent through the cable of an Atlantic telegraph. Nature made the heart a quiet force-pump, and we use it as a furious fire-engine. Men hurry past us in the street, and we hear their palpitations as though the emergency of life were on them. We beat ostriches and alligators on diet. Their skill in managing oyster-shells and pine-knots is fairly outwitted. Our modes of living render summer hotter and winter colder. Diseases de-

pendent on a disregard of the laws of temperature and diet multiply doctors by thousands annually, and patients transcend all statistics. A man without dyspepsia, and a woman exempt from neuralgia, would surpass any museum of small wonders. Then, too, our cares and excitements. We will not have repose. It is banished from the fireside, from the pillow, and from the Sabbath; and these three great agencies of calm and refreshing beauty have the heart of Heaven torn out of them. There is but one symbol of repose in our midst, and that is the grave. And what a landscape of their own these graves make! Life and death must always appear in strong contrast. The homes of the dead, scarcely rising above the earth, must be far more emblematic of lowliness and rest than the towering structures of the worldly ambitious; but why should the graves of our country be such a rebuke to our stormy, rushing life? Why, when all their associations should be so tranquilizing, should American burial-places be mainly suggestive of images and thoughts that so painfully remind us of folly and sin in our modes of living?

The impetuous haste with which we live is one of the marked facts of the day. We are in an everlasting hurry to be or to do something. If our young men go to college, they quit study about the time that they are fit to begin. The necessary result is that our systems of education come far short of effecting their ends; and in no country under heaven, considering the machinery employed, is there so much defective development. There is no continuity of habit; indeed habit, in our land, so far from growing into a man, and fitting him all over like his skin, is a mere outside garment, changed at will. Female education is even worse. We make poor scholars and poorer women by superficializing their intellectual pursuits over a surface that it would take a young Methuselah's lifetime to measure; and then dismiss them into life with a taste for every thing except the domestic fireside and its homely duties. The same eager passion runs into business. We will not wait on time. To-day and to-morrow are all that are known on 'change and in the counting-room. Our young people talk of age with disgust, and thus betray the deep-rooted aversion, amounting almost to an American characteristic, to growing old. If a fortune of a million were offered to nine-tenths of our people on condition that they should regularly and persistently labor until sixty years of age, they would reject it as supremely ridiculous. What would be the use of it then? Splendid houses, costly equipages, great dinners, and fashionable soirées would have no mastering power over the precious eyes of other persons; and unless they could be vanquished the whole affair would be voted a dead failure. But a still worse feature of this vice of haste is in over-indulgence in pleasure

early in life. Talk as we may of the rapid growth of our people in their morbid passion for money, our young population have taken this fast age, in all its length and breadth, into their capacious receptacle of pleasure. They must circumnavigate the social world in their gay pinnaces—streamers flying and music playing—before they are twenty-five. Now this irrational method of living is bad enough in view of health, influence, and usefulness; but it is fatal beyond redemption to happiness itself. If men and women intend to lead an animal life, or a life one remove above it—if they do aim to philosophize sensualism into a creed and refine it into an elegant art—pray let them have brute sense enough to wait for the mature development of animal tastes and sensibilities. Let them at least be full-grown men and women. There is some hope then that they may be recovered from the slavery of the senses. Folly and dissipation may bring satiety; and substantial nerves may perchance leave an open path for better thoughts to reach the heart. But this modern Americanism of crowding sixty years of moderate pleasure into twenty of intense excitement, leaving nothing at mature life to freshen sensation, and dooming an intellectual and moral nature to feed on the stale leavings of old banquetings, is the last extreme of wasteful and wicked prodigality.

Editor's Easy Chair.

THE Easy Chair greets its hundreds of thousands of friends upon the commencement of the nineteenth volume of *Harper's New Monthly Magazine*. In the volume just closed the only foreign authors whose articles have been printed in these pages were Charles Lamb and Thackeray. The beautiful tale of the latter, "The Virginians," of which the Chair will have something to say farther on, is now coming to an end; while in an early number of the *Magazine* several letters of Charles Lamb, never before published, will appear.

Any Chair might be proud both of such a constituency as ours and of such co-workers. Every month a *Magazine* is prepared which finds its way into every corner of the land, and we think we are right in saying, is every where welcomed with sincere good-will. It was founded upon the principle of supplying the best and most popular current literature, and it justifies its promise by nine years of performance, which are now familiar to its readers. It claimed from the beginning that a *Monthly Magazine* of entertainment and instruction could be issued which should avoid the discussion of political and sectarian questions, and converse with its readers upon those other topics in which all are interested, and which are in themselves interesting. During nine years of almost unequalled political excitement it has faithfully pursued that course, and its circulation has shown that it had not mistaken the grounds upon which it proceeded.

Of course it did not quarrel with any body or any publication that preferred a different course. In fact no periodical was ever more obstinately good-humored or had so few quarrels as *Harper's Magazine*. When one of its contemporaries rather sharp-

ly criticised it, it replied in the best spirit in the world, and doggedly declined to have any hard words or ill-feeling.

It has been roughly assailed for minding its own business, and for conducting itself according to its own principles and not those of somebody else. It has been nicknamed, and pelted with falsehoods and insinuations; but it has answered only by nailing the falsehood whenever it has thought fit to answer at all.

And all the while it has been steadily growing in the respect and affection of the American people, to whom it has introduced at the earliest moment some of the finest works in the literature of the language, including, with the sketches and poems and drawings of many of our own most noted authors and artists, the later stories of Dickens, Thackeray, Bulwer, Mrs. Gaskell, and Charles Reade.

The Easy Chair rolls itself along the three-columned list upon the cover with great complacency. It bows to all its companions with respect and gratitude. It points out their names with pride and pleasure to its friends and readers. It believes that a friendship so founded is not likely to decay, and, you good reader! a word in your ear.

Do you like *Harper's Magazine*? Not comparing it with others, but simply upon its own merits, do you like it? and your family, do they all find in it something useful and amusing? Then look carefully at the "Terms" upon the cover, and you will find that there is an extra copy, gratis, for every club of ten subscribers.

Why should you not have that extra copy?

In the present number of the *Magazine* appears the nineteenth part of Thackeray's "Virginians," one of the most elaborate and careful and exquisite pictures of English life a hundred years ago that has ever been painted by pencil or pen.

It has received very various criticism. In some of the earlier chapters there were allusions to Washington that were not read with favor by Washington's countrymen; and yet we earnestly advise every body to read those chapters again in the volume when it appears, that they may see, in a cooler moment, how much mistaken they were in supposing that the spirit of the author in speaking of Washington was not perfectly loyal and honorable.

Thackeray introduces other celebrated historical names—Dr. Franklin, Dr. Johnson, Lord Chesterfield, General Braddock, and King George the Second, with several of his Court. He dwells most tenderly, however, upon General Wolfe, the hero of Quebec, who comes almost into the inner circle of the story, and with whom in part eighteen Mr. Harry Warrington sails away to America.

The fashionable watering-place life in England a century since is most carefully and characteristically detailed in the account of Tunbridge Wells—and the London fashionable life of the same period is treated in the course of the hero's adventures.

The novel is interesting, philosophically, as illustrating completely the style of romance which depends upon the delineation of character for its interest rather than on the progress and development of a story. It is unquestionably the higher kind of novel—but equally without question it is less popular. There is something a little childish in mere story-telling, as if the unexpected sequence of events could so deeply interest a thoughtful mind as the delicate and exhaustive analysis of character: and

yet the novels which excite the most universal interest are of the former kind.

Scott and Bulwer are masters in the art of mere story-telling—in the skill of invention. Miss Austen, also, always arranged a pretty tale, in which commonplace puppets enact a drama of the proprieties. The interest in Miss Austen's books arises almost exclusively from the delicate manipulation of people who are in themselves very uninteresting, and whose actions are only important because they tend to the catastrophe. Dickens always begins bravely and excites interest in the very first chapter; then he takes to elaborating his characters and filling up his space with occasional melodramatic touches until the interest rises again toward the conclusion, and he emerges from the story with the double honor of a plot and a skillful picturing of character.

In the older novelists, Fielding and Smollett, the plot was of minor importance. We remember characters in them, and not stories. They were books of adventure, and Tom Jones, Partridge, Parson Adams, Amelia, Roderick Random, and Count Fathom, are memorable, mainly, as types of character, and not as parts of a story. Scott happily combines the two tendencies. But in Scott's stories there is less pure plot than happy conjunction of character and event. Thus in the "Antiquary," which is perhaps the most symmetrical and satisfactory of all his works, the plot proper, or the course of the loves of Mr. Lovel and Miss Wardour, is of very secondary importance to the play of the characters of Jonathan Oldbuck, Sir Arthur, Edie Ochiltree, Dousterswivel, and the Mucklebackits, and the scene of the rescue at the cliff, the digging in the ruin, and the funeral of Steenie.

Bulwer is the arch-plotter. It is almost as hard to read one of his novels, and tell the story correctly afterward, as it is to follow with intelligence an Italian opera. His very last performance, "What will he do with it?" which every body has been reading, and which the Easy Chair faithfully read as it was published in *Harper's Weekly*, it confesses its inability to explain. You must give your whole mind to Bulwer if you want to understand just how it all goes. To the feeble mind of the Easy Chair it all goes like a Chinese puzzle.

Miss Brontë is a genuine story-teller. "Jane Eyre" is full of that alluring interest which the novel-reader feels as the sweetest excitement. So in "Villette" the main point is the relation of Lucy Snowe and Emanuel. Will she marry him? Did he come home? Those are the questions.

Thackeray incontinently throws plot overboard. And yet his genealogies are dreadful. How many hundred times the reader must have wondered over the precise relationship of the Esmond and Castlewood people! But when he comes to the story all is as smooth as the feeblest Easy Chair could wish. "Vanity Fair" is constructed upon the principle of "Tom Jones." It might be called, "Vanity Fair; or, the Adventures of a Woman." The plot is simply the doings of Mrs. Rebecca Crawley.

What is the novel of "The Newcomes" but a picture of English social life thirty years ago? Through the delightful chapters we follow the fortunes of many people, seeing the spectacle of fine society, but keeping our eyes mainly fixed upon Clive Newcome and his cousin Ethel. We wonder, as we wonder in the houses of our friends and the society in which we move, whether they will marry each other. We hope they will. But we are not surprised when Rosey becomes Mrs. Clive; for people that seem to

us to be made for each other do not always seem so made to Plutus, god of marriage in the *haut ton*. At the very end of the book good little Rosey conveniently departs this life, and the gallant widower—does what? There! there! you foolish children—have it as you will: have them marry each other, if you insist upon it. But I wash my hands of the silly business, says Mr. Arthur Pendennis, editor of "The Newcomes."

That is to say, the Thackeray novels are essays on the philosophy of society by a shrewd observer, of a sad, sweet temperament, stung into indignant satire by shams of every kind, and humorous with kindly sarcasm. They delineate the play of daily life, and of common, but not uninteresting, characters. They deal in no surprises, no scenes, no melodrama and red lights of any kind. And hence they address the highest faculties and the best audience; for their interest springs from their fidelity to nature, and the genial skill with which that fidelity is carried into the minutest details.

This is the charm which makes "The Newcomes" the finest novel of society ever written, and which gives to "The Virginians" an interest which the eager novel-reader may deny, but which he will confess as he becomes less eager and more experienced.

That he deals with poor specimens of humanity is a misstatement so old that it is stale. Is Colonel Newcome a poor specimen of humanity? In the whole range of fiction let a more exquisite portrait of a nobler man be produced. Is Dobbin a poor specimen? Let every man count among his friends those who would so sacrifice a life. Is Colonel Lambert a poor specimen? They are all of the heartiest, honestest stuff of which men are made.

And why recall the tender, noble, sweet things he has said of women? There are the pictures of Becky, indeed, and Madame de Bernstein, and Lady Kew. But there are also Laura, and Lady Esmond, and Madame de Florac, and a homage of the heart to goodness and tenderness every where implied, which is quite as impressive as any thing expressed.

"The Virginians" will be finished by Christmas. Then open it and read it. It will be long, so take plenty of time to it. And when you lay it down, confess if you have not a clearer conception of the life of that day, and a more gentle charity with the life of all days, than you had before; whether the book has not made you feel that a great novelist has a great responsibility as a public teacher, and that he best fulfills that function who, by showing us plainly the necessary results of certain character, teaches us to look sharply for the beams in our own eyes.

It is not fair that the Easy Chair should omit all notice of the annual exhibition of the Academy of Design, in which it was whilom wont to wander with its friends, pointing out to the more distant ones in the shadow of the Rocky Mountains, and those who hear the dash of waters in the Mexican Gulf, the pictures which those of us who are nearer annually admire.

The newspapers used to make a great talk about the pictures, but they do less of it now. They have a notice or two. They recognize their old favorites and the new aspirants of promise. But, unhappily, the painters deny that the critics know any thing about pictures, and the public cares nothing for what either of them say.

And yet no man whose pursuits are in any manner æsthetic or artistic, who carves statues, builds houses, paints pictures, or writes books, but may greatly benefit even by the sharpest sneer of criticism. He need not believe every thing that is said, but he need not surely disbelieve it. When a man has completed a work he can, in a measure, separate himself from it, and estimate it with the eyes of a stranger. He can see how this might have been changed, how that might have been improved. The inspiration of genius, if he fortunately have it, does not extend to every touch, to every letter and line, but only to the whole work. Does the young writer, who is so nervous if a sentence be stricken out from his MS. by an editor, not remember that he struck out twenty sentences himself while he was writing it?

We can give the insolence of criticism the go-by, but in every savage onslaught, however tasteless and reckless, there may be enough found to be of service. Take the jewel out of the head and let the toad hop.

In the Exhibition this year the picture which attracted the most general observation was by Johnson, and was called *Negro Life at the South*. The scene is in a city. You see the back of a brick house, and by its side is the rickety old shed, moss-covered, dilapidated, and in universal decay, of the Negro Quarters. From the back gate of the yard of the neighboring house two young white girls are eagerly stepping out to look at the scene. In the centre sits an old negro on some movable steps thrumming a banjo and singing. Near by is Aunty, his wife, squatting on the ground, and holding the hands of a long-legged young negro, who is dancing. One girl is looking curiously at the young women coming in; and leaning upon a heavy kitchen table, in the left foreground, a stalwart negro youth is whispering to a Mulatto girl, who is very pretty, and stands gracefully playing with a couple of parsnips, her ears and heart listening to the wooer. A cat is just jumping in through a window above, all the glass of which is broken; and at a corresponding window a black woman holds a black baby out over the shed to hear the music and to enjoy the scene. The children and women are careless and gay; the man singing to the banjo has a more serious expression. The huge fire-place is under the shed, and all kinds of rubbish, broken tools, and other conveniences lie upon the ground and are hung up against the wall. The picture is conceived with great spirit, and painted with Dutch fidelity. It is the spirit of Teniers applied to an aspect of American life, but it has a significance which none of Teniers's pictures ever had. This work of Johnson's was immediately sold for \$1200 upon the opening of the Exhibition, so that we need not suppose ourselves to be altogether indifferent to art and its interests.

Upon the whole the Exhibition this year indicates a more various range of subject, but with less individual excellence than in some former years. The proportion of portraits is not so overpowering. The landscapes are more uniformly excellent, and the *genre* pictures, or those which represent incident, like those of Johnson, are more abundant and much more promising than ever before.

It is most interesting to watch the development of the artists from year to year; to select some name which stands against a success in this catalogue, and recur to it next April. It reminds you of the busy labor, of the earnest longing, of the high resolve. Sometimes you see that it is hopeless,

that the faculty does not equal the instinct, and that as there are many poetasters but few poets, so there are many aspirants but few artists. Again you mark the sure, if slow, progress, until at last the amateur or the student flowers into the artist and master.

Yet among our most noted painters the superiority was early indicated. Church and Kensett, our two masters of landscape among the younger men, have greatly improved from year to year, but their eminence has always been recognized. So with Elliott, Hicks, Huntington, Baker, and Gray, their skill in portraiture may have increased gradually, but they have long been acknowledged chiefs of their department. William Page, too, our greatest colorist, was noted twenty years ago for the excellence he has since developed.

Among the new names this year that of Gay is perhaps the most promising. He is a pupil of Troyen's in Paris, and has recently removed to New York from Boston, where he has left admirable specimens of his power.

Mr. Stillman is our Pre-Raphaelite, and his *Twilight* of this year is the best picture we have seen from him. He shows also an interesting sketch of morning at Camp Maple in the Adirondack, where we have small full-lengths of Emerson, Agassiz, Lowell, Judge Hoar, and other famous philosophers and poets who pic-niced in the woods last summer.

It is altogether a pleasant day when the Academy opens its doors. There is then no retreat for an hour more soothing than the company of the pictures. There is so much more of them than appears, so much in them that the artist did not know he was putting there. The eye of the dreamer lights upon one of them, and lo! it is a colored cloud of magic bearing him away. Like the "swallow flying, flying South," he floats away until the soft splendor of Italian days, and the romance that comes with youth and youthful association fall around him like light from heaven. Once more he sees what shall not be seen again—once more he hears what has long since gone silent forever. In the cold dim gallery of Tenth Street Sorrento and Sicily return, and the artist who painted a fancy has quickened the magnificent memory of reality.

THE Easy Chair's friend, the farmer of Long Island, whose elegy on George Steers will be remembered, has sent other verses, some upon the taking of Cuba, for which we can find no room, and this letter to the Easy Chair, which must be printed here:

"TO MR. EASY CHAIR

- "I thank you Sincerely good Mr. easy Chair
And for saying amen. my gratitude you Share
And if I can do . any good to my fellow men
I will not shrink from duty and useing of my pen
- "You say their literary character is peculiar by your letter
Consider my not having the advantage to be taught better
I have not been much to school and am humble bred
So you have it natural as it comes in my head
- "I will own up I am one of the poor human nators
And raise corn cabbage and Peach blow potatoes
I will entertain you well with a hearty good will
If you will come and see . on prospect Hill
- "If you come I can take you . out
On my farm and . let you fish for trout
For on my place if you wish to use your hook
I have a mill pond and a well stocked brook

"If you ever come to see me and to sport and fish
Please come on a week day for that my wish
For the doctrine and precepts of my poem say
We must remember and keep Holy the sabbath day

"Yours BLOODGOOD H. CUTTER—Little Neck."

A LATE writer, speaking of Douglas Jerrold, says that he was intellectually, and as a purely literary man, ruined by his connection with a newspaper. The writer claims that the inevitable effect of the drudgery of a journal is intellectual deterioration. If it be true, it is a very serious fact. It is especially a serious fact for us in this country. So we can not use this moment more profitably than in considering if it be true.

Let us begin learnedly!

Printing is probably the most useful of human inventions. When steam is added to it, and a democratic system of society, what do we have?

We have universal education and immense multiplication of the means of communicating intelligence.

At last we have the daily newspaper, such as we know it, and, still farther on, we have the journal taking the place of books. We have genius and scholarship conversing with the world in serial numbers, in magazines, in quarterlies, in daily or weekly journals. Are their performances less excellent than they would be if published otherwise?

Of course the incessant daily drudgery of a newspaper, the scissoring, the itemizing, the constant occupation with things of no moment in themselves, the mere editorial mechanism of a daily newspaper is devastating to intellectual freshness, almost to intellectual morality. To such a worker events are important only as they are susceptible of being presented. Every thing rank and horrible gives a sensation, but only a reflected sensation from the probable effect upon the public. Events, in themselves sad or splendid or inspiring, are only matter for a paragraph, and honor, decency, good sense, morality, accuracy may be spared, if only something spicy, something brilliant, something to make the eye stare and the tongue talk, be produced. In the mind of such a worker life loses its bloom, and faith in men gradually perishes. This is the hack of the editorial rooms—a literary hack: more miserable—is he not?—than any other. And if he have no genius, he ends there.

But the editor, properly speaking, the man who is not sold to a party or an interest of any kind, but stands firmly on his own feet to say what he thinks, is there any thing necessarily mentally injurious in his position?

His great duty is to express his opinion of current questions in the simplest and strongest way. And that he would do in private conversation constantly. What is his pen but the tongue with which he addresses hundreds of thousands instead of two or three people?

If Douglas Jerrold was forced by circumstances to become a mere drudge, then he was injured undoubtedly, but not because the drudgery was in a newspaper office. The result would have been the same any where. In a grocer's shop or in the East India House.

There certainly was never a man compelled by circumstances to toil harder for his bread than Charles Lamb. Is there any sweeter, fresher strain in literature than his? And what does his career show? Simply the wisdom of choice in drudgery. If a man must drudge, let him choose a direction most alien from his sympathy and tastes. Then he comes

to his natural work with a mind all the more elastic because bent in a new direction. It would not be fair to say, because Lamb was so far a mechanical drudge, that therefore business tended to intellectual deterioration. Is it any more so to insist that, because there is drudgery in a newspaper office, therefore the life of an editor is pernicious to intellectual development?

The article in question speaks of Goldsmith and others as men who had advantages denied to Jerrold. But is not Goldsmith the very man of all men who disproves the theory? He was in every sense, and the most bitter sense, a drudge—a literary drudge: as such he wrote his histories and scores of other performances.

But the poems? But the "Vicar of Wakefield?"

Why, they are the very proofs that a drudge of the kind mentioned is not shorn of his power. If Oliver Goldsmith, fighting for his dinner with his pen, could write the "Vicar of Wakefield," why should our sympathy be solicited for Douglas Jerrold on the ground that, being obliged to do literary drudgery, he could not write great and permanent works?

It is the old truth. If a man has Vicars in him, Vicars will come out of him. If you set a horse of the sun to drawing potatoes, when he has finished his task he will spread his wings and float splendid over the dusty field. You may deny it. The Easy Chair may be just as reluctant to confess it as you. But let us both look at history, and what do we see? We see that Goldsmith was none the less a poet because he was a drudge, and Byron none the more so because he was not. If Dr. Johnson had been made a Duke, and the rent of vast estates had been poured into his pocket, should we have had any more or better Ramblers, or Rasselas, or Dictionaries?

The truth undoubtedly is that Douglas Jerrold made just the mark which his talents authorized. He was a cynical wit, and the reputation of wit is always disproportioned. Wit promises something that it never fulfills. It flashes, but it does not light. When therefore such a glare is suddenly seen, the exclamation is natural, "What a pity it was not turned to the uses of illumination!"

How could it be? It was a meteor.

The student of Jerrold's life, therefore, should not feel that fate, or circumstances, or any thing else, deprived him of his just meed. There is no reason to believe that he would have done differently from other literary men. If more opportunity had been given him, he would probably have squandered it, or have done the kind of work he did without peculiar opportunity. Charles Dickens was a newspaper reporter. But newspaper drudgery did not smother him. He had no more chance than the hardest worker on any journal in New York or London. But he was not a meteor. He was a star. Therefore he does not flash; he shines. Therefore he flames in the forehead of the morning sky.

Who believes longer in the mute inglorious Milton? How can Milton be mute or inglorious? How can Goldsmith help writing the "Vicar," or Dickens "Pickwick," or Johnson "Rasselas?"

Of course, drudgery in itself is made no pleasanter by these facts, nor does it follow that if a young man only drudges long enough and hard enough he will write memorable books. But these considerations do serve to abate the fervor of that deprecation of drudgery, which seems to imply that potential great men are tied down to desks in all editorial rooms.

No, no. Douglas Jerrold and his friends ought to feel that he had all the fame he earned, and that there is no very valid reason for supposing he would have earned more, even had he been released from the newspaper.

There is a greater man than he of whom the same kind of deprecatory complaint is made. There is Samuel Taylor Coleridge. "Oh!" is the universal exclamation about him. Oh! if he had only concentrated himself, and not eaten opium, and been methodical, and had common sense. Oh! if Coleridge had only not been Coleridge what a Titan of literary performance Coleridge would have been!

THE Easy Chair's particular friend the Lounger of *Harper's Weekly* has handed him a letter from J. T. M., Port Gibson, Mississippi, demanding to know whether "a late writer in *Harper's Magazine* has any right to appropriate to an unworthy branch of convivial æsthetics the baptismal and lawful name of Mr. Hughes's science?"

The name is Aristology, or, according to Mr. Henry Hughes, corresponding member of the New Orleans Academy of Science, who lectured before that body in March, 1858, "that branch of Philology whose end is the Perfection of the English Language—Aristologic formulas."

J. T. M. has sent to the Lounger, who has duly shown it to the Easy Chair, a report of the second of Mr. Hughes's lectures. A few extracts shall be given to throw a little light upon the subject.

"The importance of philology has never yet had a scientific appreciation. But when we consider the dumb beasts, when we deem that the royal lion's sceptre is not more in his poniard tusks than in his monarch voice, and that the nightingale, although his darling rose is near, well may be as sad as sweet, because his mad, magic throat is not a speaking-trump to the brightening roses of the sky, or to the thrilled and flushing blooms which star the mead, but a mere flute for inexpressive music; that man alone is a speaking animal; that without speech there can be no civilization; that without speech there can be no christianization, no books, no Bible, no Revelation; that thousands of languages have lived, and that thousands have died; that some, like tameless, gaunt, and rough barbarians, have, under but a wasting monument of clay, been deeply buried and tearlessly forgotten; that some have, in fragrant linen and lasting spices, been mummied, and after young and beautiful islands, daughters of the earthquake, had in a wild travail whose throes were breakers, the shudders and spasms of the sea, been born from the round bosom of the mother ocean, and after crumbling crags had turned into river-banks, dank deltas, and windy beaches, fleecy with commerce in the boll or shuck, these unummied languages, far from their cradle and their grave, have been unpacked, unwrapped, and set on the thrones of lore, in the temple of knowledge, to be dead teachers of the living; that some languages whose great hearts now have ceased their funeral drumming, but whose still and shrouded forms not yet beneath the valley's clod, are so beautiful and statuesque,

"So coldly sweet, so deadly fair,
We start, that soul is wanting there;
For there's the loveliness in death,
That parts not quite with parting breath,
But Beauty, with that fearful bloom,
That hue which haunts it to the tomb;"

when we consider, I say, that the biography of some words is the history of a nation; of others, the proof of a theory, and of others, the settlement of a right; that questions between nations, questions of blood and tears are often questions of words, that words are memory's urn, and judgment's rule, and reason's dagger, we well may agree that Christ himself should be called the Word, and that when God said, 'Let there be light,' the miracle of the speaking was greater than the miracle of the lighting."

The whole lecture cries aloud to be inserted, but the Easy Chair will be as temperate as possible.

"But if our English, or rather our American, shall spring forward and career toward its manifest destiny, it will sooner or later be the prattle of the children of all races, and the palaver of the savages of all jungles, the text of all historic treaties, the eloquence of all high debates, the interpreter alike of Mongolian, Malayan, and Caucasian wanderers, the lexicon of the savans of all sciences, earth's vernacular, the world's tongue, and worthy to be not the holy prophets' withering, wearied, and dying tongue, though strong, too weak to bear its awful load, but to be the true Bible tongue—Revelation's second body, Revelation translated and transfigured, Revelation not in her tent but in her temple; not God's ideas in Hebrew, jewels strewn in sand, pearls sleeping in rough shells, apples of gold in pictures of iron; but God's ideas mounted in English, diamonds set in moulded, rasped, and crystal splendor, pearls in their proper rings, apples of gold in pictures of silver."

This is all introductory. But we presently reach lucid scientific postulates.

Thus:

"As Sufficiency, or the Least Possible, is perfection, ACCENT in the English language ought to be abolished, because superfluous."

The Easy Chair trusts that is clear to the dullest, and adds, in conclusion, the whole system of formulas:

"1. Progress is the development of Comparison by Prefixation, and the envelopment of Comparison by Inflection and Dissimilation.

"2. Progress is the development of Plurality by Suffixation, and the envelopment of Plurality by Dissimilation and Derivation.

"3. Progress is the envelopment of Conventional Gender.

"4. Progress is the development of Real Gender by Suffixation, but the envelopment of Real Gender by Derivation and Dissimilation.

"5. Progress is the envelopment of Case by Inflection.

"6. Progress is the regulation of Irregular and of Defective Verbs.

"7. Progress is to develop the Past tense in the Indicative active, and the Past Participle by the regular suffix only, and to develop Auxiliary Verbs."

This is Mr. Hughes's Aristologic system, and upon hearing of it the Easy Chair immediately called "a late writer in *Harper's Magazine*" to account for his use of the word aristology as applied to "a branch of convivial esthetics." This he most promptly and courteously did; and the Easy Chair submits to J. T. M. that "a late writer" has fully justified himself, and must be acquitted of all malicious intention of appropriation.

"DEAR EASY CHAIR,—Thomas Walker, at one time a popular magistrate in London (City), wrote and published from May 20, 1835, to his death next year, a serial which he called 'The Original,' and in which he discussed 'the ways and means to acquire and retain good health.' He began a series of articles on 'the art of dining,' the first of which he prefaces with this sentence: 'According to the lexicon the Greek for Dinner is *Ariston*; and therefore, for the convenience of the terms, and without entering into any inquiries, critical or antiquarian, I call the art of dining Aristology, and those who study it aristologists.

Yours truly,

"A LATE WRITER IN HARPER'S MAGAZINE."

ANDROMEDA complains that her opinion of the Easy Chair is shaken. "Heretofore I have had a great respect for your venerable self, and like the rest of the world have delighted to help supply the lubricating oil, the fresh padding, and the new lining." All that is changed. Andromeda asserts that

she pines under the silence of the Chair. She says, "Perhaps you never got my paper." Why not have thought of that before the reproaches? The paper was never received.

Our Foreign Bureau.

A SOFT day of spring; a light haze is hanging over Montmartre; the gray roofs of the Tuileries are mellowed to the eye in the summer glow; and the sentinel at the palace gate retreats within the shadow of the archway. All the garden is feathery with the white tufts of the chestnut blossoms above, and green with the parterres below, and blotched crimson and scarlet with the rejoicing bloom of verbenas. Children, and soldiers, and women, and idlers cross and recross, and loiter and gambol; and a hurdy-gurdy is grinding out music on the quay below. The Seine is full and yellow, and washes the trunks of the poplars that are eastward of the palace bridge. The bathing-houses are panting and smoking through their heated pipes, and through the sheeted awnings we can catch glimpses of the swimmers making the first plunges of the summer.

Easter season is promising great blaze of flowers and sunshine: how enjoy it better than by strolling down the quay eastward, past the book-stalls, where dingy old men, in tattered paletots, dust their lettered rubbish—past the smoked courts and columns of the palace of the Institute—past the flying hammers and the proud entablature of the Mint, to the Pont Neuf—to the island on which the towers of Notre Dame look down like twin hunchbacks—to the northern shore, where are shops of all sorts of photographic fixtures—to the dark shadows of the prison-house with its extinguisher turrets; and then—on to the open pavement which fronts the clock-tower of the Palace of Justice, where are—flowers in multitude?

We have made a long period of it—and why not? It is a walk of a mile, and memories of Mazarin, and Louis XIV., and poor prisoned Antoinette, and the grouped Girondins (of the *Conciergerie* dungeons) assail us as we go. But once arrived at the Market of Flowers (for so is named the open pavement we spoke of), May is blooming in our eye. Red daisies and white; tremulous, shaking bells of fuschias, odorous hyacinths, nodding daffodils, sparkling primrose, luscious purple of velvety pansies, ineffable perfume of blue double-violets, proud stalks of diclytra, bending under great wealth of pink and white, and, last of all, the ox-eye daisy of America, lifting its white and yellow from green mesh of plaited leaves, and without perfume, still redolent of—home. If any *Harper* readers are packing their trunks for summer travel in the European world, let them remember to visit the flower-markets of Paris—not merely the showy one which belongs to the booths under the wing of the Madeleine, or to the other booths which are near to the great Chateau des Fleurs far up the Boulevard, but the last and most serviceable of all, which is near to the Palace of Justice, upon the old Island of the Cité.

And only a little way beyond it the visitor may come upon the best seed-shops of the world; he may cull from the savings of Vilmorin and Andrieux—names not known, perhaps, at home, save in such gatherings as the "Farmers' Club," but worthy to be known as intelligent and loving cultivators of all new things—every where. And this reminds us (shall we stop to mention it?) that Vilmorin has

latterly given formal abnegation of the old notion that grain had been started from Egyptian seed found in old mummy cases. His experience shows that no grain we know in our days, however rigidly guarded, will retain its reproductive vitality more than ten years. He doubts earnestly the thousands of years alleged for the mummy grain.

Another horticultural fact of importance has latterly been communicated to the Imperial Horticultural Society by M. Robert: to wit, that under certain conditions of stunted growth, trees are immensely improved by stripping them of their bark; their power of vegetation is greatly increased; and those which did not increase before such operation more than a fiftieth part of an inch in diameter during a year, have been found to grow, after stripping, four or five times that amount.

A large number of trees on the Champs Elysées have latterly been undergoing the operation. We commend the fact to American cultivators, only suggesting that first experiments be not tried upon the Bartlett pears.

We were in the flower-market. Shall we furnish our window with a *jardinière*? Do you know the name? A little rustic tray, with embonments of pine cones and decoration of curious bits of bark, mounted on rustic pedestal of twisted tree-limbs, all covered with protective varnish, and of a size to permit it to stand within our curtains before our northern window. We can purchase and stock it with geraniums, and heather, and daisies, and a presiding fuschia, for a sum which would not buy an evening bouquet, in this season, at home.

We chaffer for it good-humoredly—it is so pleasant idling in the flower-markets; there shall be an ox-eye flower in the middle, to keep in mind the wide pastures of home; there shall be skirting broidery of double-blue violets, to lend their perfume; there shall be a broad-leaved geranium, to hold out its fiery candles of blossom; there shall be a wee cypress of matted prickly leaflets, to intone the gaiety with its deep bass of soberness; there shall be a little courtesying jonquil, and four mated stems of the lily of the valley, to hold up their pearly bells and shake out their sweet incense, like four Roman vestals.

And all, with rustic *jardinière*, we may have for the trifle of fifteen francs. Have you not paid more—doubly, trebly, quadruply—dear other-side reader of ours, for some meagre, late-winter bouquet of *fade* camelias, and illustrative roses, and withered tufts of merchantable laurestina, by which you have expressed your adoration on some sour day of latter March?

Ah, the glory of flowers!

What wealth is in them, of God's promise! Can you wonder that we choose to linger here, in the middle of the Prince City, at the *Marché des Fleurs*?

Yonder the clock-tower of the Palace of Justice, which carries us back a thousand years; here the Seine, brawling with spring music of fields far-spread; and through the haze of a sweet April day, the turrets and spires of the Prince City, repeating traditions of splendor gone!

But a truce to poetry: we are near to the Palace of Justice. Let us go in and see what causes are on trial.

Harsh things have been said of M. Scribe in the *Gazette de Paris*; among other charges no way flattering, it has been alleged that his writings have been the death of poor Gerard de Nerval. Whereupon the great play-writer, grown sensitive in his

age, brings action for defamation against M. Audebrand, the author of the paragraph in question.

M. Audebrand, condemned in the first instance to three months of prison, makes appeal, and secures the witty pleading of M. Frederic Thomas. The Court lends a willing ear to that graceful talk of his. M. Scribe is not the first, nor perhaps the grandest, *littérateur* who has felt the trenchant edge of impassioned criticism. There was Corneille, the author of a certain piece called "The Cid," which Scudery pronounced to be "an enormity—parricidal, incestuous, infamous, fit only to be burned by the hangman."

Does not Monsieur Scribe perceive that he bears reproaches which the great Corneille shares with him? And did the author of "The Cid" bring any action for defamation? And he goes on to draw a charming picture of literary life—its fatigues, its harassments, its jealousies, its honors; and to preach pardon of injuries. All this so wisely and suavely that the prison penalty is reduced to a thousand francs of fine.

Another cause, having literary connection, is that which has grown out of a recent issue of an old book, *Mémoires de Lauzun*. The name should be familiar, for the wild rake who bore it was a generous-hearted, though hair-brained Frenchman; and in our times of need gave up his dalliance about the ladies of the court of Louis XVI., and went over to the American war. There are traditionary stories of his fine face and figure, and his elegant gallantries, floating even to this time in certain towns in New England. That, however, does not concern us now. Like all madcap rakes he had grandiloquent stories to tell of his triumphs—some true, and some untrue; and a score of years since or more these stories were gathered up and put into book shape, all the personalities being pleasantly veiled under an array of X's and Z's.

A modern editor, however, has been more daring, and has given a little piquancy to a trashy book, by printing in full the distinguished names which Lauzun was used to bandy on his lip.

A certain princess, among others, whose grandson—still wearing prince's title, and enjoying princely revenue—does not altogether relish this posthumous attention to the memory of his grandmother. If the Duc de Lauzun took the name of his relative in vain over his cups, he was a villain, and defamed a virtuous woman; and whoso repeats the ribaldry of this old slanderer (the prince claims) is guilty of new defamation; and he demands of French justice suppression of the book.

French justice grants his claim.

We have hearing, too, on these April days, of family quarrels: Thus, C—, pretty, twenty, and only one year a wife, claims divorce and support; she alleges ill-treatment; the terrible mother-in-law is mistress of her house; the wife has no authority, and the husband not only tolerates, but approves this usurpation. He even shows attentions and a respect for the mother which he refuses to the complainant. The court dismisses her claim as frivolous, and commends the filial tenderness of the husband.

The discomfited wife, who has left her home before the matter comes to trial, takes new and ingenious action upon hearing the result: she insists upon right of return, and urges it in such unseemly and noisy way that the indignant husband forcibly ejects her. This offers what ground she covets for a new complaint; she has been thrust ignominiously from her home.

French justice declares that she deserved the ejection, and C—, so pretty and young and rich (as rumor says), is still disconsolate. It is to be feared that she will not remain so.

Another family jar: K—, a Wallachian prince, has a wife who is a Wallachian princess. He, middle-aged, she, young. There are French fashions in Wallachia, and the confessional of the Greek Church on the Danube is no more efficacious in preventing crime than orthodox confessional in Nôtre Dame de Lorette. The Wallachian suspects infidelity, becomes assured of it, but forgives and tries to forget. New criminality forbids, and he brings the young wife, for change of scene, to Paris. (A hopeful place to work such cure!)

The Wallachian princess is no wiser here than at home, and the prince makes appeal to the courts, which is heard and granted; she is condemned (if found) to eighteen months of prison.

K— is free, but sad. To liquidate costs of suit he gives a draft upon his home correspondent; his Paris banker, however, refuses to cash it; he has heard of the failure of the Wallachian house. An upholsterer sends in large account for the decoration of the prince's apartments, demanding instant payment; he has heard bad reports; he believes the prince to be an adventurer. The prince has no money, and goes to the prison of Clichy. He communicates directly with home, trusting to receive, by return mail, means for full reinstatement. But busy rumor (conducted by some adroit manager) has carried to Wallachia a very plausible story of his loss of mind, and already a conservator has been appointed upon his estate. Of course his demands are neglected. In this condition new appeal is made to the French court (its hearing a week since), and the *friponnerie* of the vengeful wife disclosed.

Prince and princess do not live together. We do not mean to assert that all these things come to our ear on a single morning's stroll through the Palace of Justice; but all these and more have occupied public attention and sundry columns of the *Gazette des Tribunaux* during the month last past.

Along the quay, as we stroll back toward the ever-pleasant garden of the Tuileries, we pass under the shadow of the Institute of France. In times gone we have made our readers parties to a session there, when Guizot has spoken or Cousin: what if we stay now to hear M. Dumas, the great chemist? The Chamber of Sciences does not wear this morning, on which we take our survey, its ordinary aspect; there are no illustrative gallipots or retorts. It might be a hall of Art; there are glittering white statuettes of metal, rarely sculptured vases embossed with gold, bacchanalian figures, delicate bas-reliefs that look like frosted silver; and all these are looked upon by an overflowing audience, as if such objects of art were a rarity. They are rare, however, only by reason of their material; they are formed wholly of the newly-discovered metal, *Aluminium*; all this rich, silvery frost-work has been resolved by science out of clay.

M. Dumas, in behalf of the investigators, has been deputed to give a history of the experiments, and to illustrate the results, and to explain the uses.

So far as the beauty and firmness of the material was concerned, in connection with art-work, the vases and the statuary spoke for themselves. But it had been further ascertained that from aluminium could be formed a bronze of greater tenacity than belonged to any known metal. Fire-arms, of small calibre, as well as cannon, had been made capable of bearing a strain beyond any hitherto known. The

inventor proposed to construct, under the direction of the Government, ordnance of the largest size, and to assume himself all risk of breakage. Anvils had been forged of the aluminium bronze capable of withstanding incessant jar and such severe working as rendered ordinary anvils useless in a short time.

The only question remaining in regard to the common introduction of this metal for mechanical purposes, as well as for domestic uses, rests upon the cost of its production. Can it be furnished cheaply? On this point there is, thus far, reserve of opinion.

Monsieur Boussingault is widely known in connection with his scientific inquiries concerning agriculture; he, too, is a member of the Institute, and from time to time fatigues the Chamber with tedious exposition of his theories. His inquiries have latterly been directed toward the capacities and qualities of different soils; and after giving, a short time since, a minute *resumé* of his discoveries, he closed with this charming bit of naïveté: "Confident as I am that I have made discoveries which might be of vast importance to every agriculturist of France, I am equally confident that they will not be accepted, and not, therefore, be of any practical service whatever."

Another item belonging to our mention of the Academy of Science we must not omit. M. Séguier (who he may be we don't know) has introduced to the notice of the Institute a new balance, or weighing-machine, which, by an ingenious contrivance, reduces the old 12-oz. weight to decimal measure, so that a man may read from it his sugars or teas in pounds avoirdupois or in kilogrammes. It is to be hoped that it may serve to familiarize and introduce decimal mensuration every where. It will some day be matter of wonder that a system so simple, so scientific, and so effective as the decimal one should have been in use in France for fifty years before its adoption by the rest of the world.

If we go back now to the courts it will be to bring under notice a scandalous bit of swindling which has latterly provoked very much of inquiry, and which has covered with dishonor what has been heretofore the very honorable and the very fashionable name of Beaumont de Vassy. The initials of the Vicomte have been running through the Continental papers for some two months past, but only latterly has full exposé been made and public trial been had. The history of the swindle would match the most adroit of our Western Railway-bond engineering; and that the Westerners may compare notes with the sporting-men of our gay capital, we subjoin an abstract of the judicial inquiry. The basis of the speculation was a patent for the manufacture of saltpetre; the aim, to sell the same to the War Department for a magnificent sum.

"One Seville, a Belgian (he is now in custody on a charge of forgery), who was interested in the patent, entered, it appeared, into communication with Beaumont Vassy for the purpose of getting the patent, if possible, accepted by the War Department; and after a while the latter wrote this letter to Seville:

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—It is indispensable that you should write me a letter. On this subject I think it useful to ask you, in the probable case in which it may appear to me necessary to bribe some functionaries, whether subaltern or other, in order that they may present the affair in a favorable light to their superiors, or promote its success—whether

your company will authorize me to dispose of a small sum, the amount of which might be fixed in advance, and that amount to be in no case exceeded; for it may be a pure loss, and, after all, the affair, instead of succeeding, as I hope it will, may fail. Would a maximum of from 3000 to 4000 francs, or simply of 3000 francs, appear too much? Bear in mind that it is possible the money may not be needed, or that a few hundred francs may suffice; but we must provide for every thing, and this sort of thing is, it appears, very piquant—as is also the giving of good dinners to the high functionaries of the Ministry.'

"After this letter had been read in court, 'Do you admit that you wrote that letter?' asked the President.

"Yes, Sir; but it was in consequence of conversations I had with Seville. It was he who talked of bribery, and I could not do otherwise.'

"The letter does not appear to confirm what you say.'

"Observe, Sir, that I say, 'if it be necessary;' and I repeat that the letter was written in consequence of previous conversations.'

"Whether it was or not, it speaks of bribery. I will now have a second letter read.'

"It runs thus:

"14th October, 1857. I have just taken the air of the bureau, and my first impressions are very favorable to our enterprise. I fell in with an old sea-wolf, who not only told me what was to be done, but kindly offered to do what would be most disagreeable both to you and me—that is, act on certain personages, subaltern and high-placed, who, it appears, are indispensable. He fixed a price for himself, and I consented to it, though it is rather high. Decidedly I was rather silly, but we learn as we get older. To-morrow and the day after I shall see all the people necessary to the success of the affair. You will understand that I shall not touch the sensible cord until I shall have some one to play the instrument. Two important and influential men of the establishment appeared to me to take into serious consideration the developments I gave. Decidedly I have great hopes; but I see that you are right, and that the manner of proceeding is that which you indicate to me. The sea-wolf spoke to me of M. M——, of whom we conversed. "As to that man," said he, cynically, "he is a big tooth to pull out!" "We have good tools," said I, with a laugh. (Keep all this to yourself.) To-morrow I give a good dinner to two aids-de-camp. In a word, every thing seems to me to be going on well. Send me as quickly as possible the thirty thousand arguments of which you spoke yesterday."

The Vicomte Beaumont de Vassy would have made a good president for the La Crosse and Milwaukee; but while our adroit managers escape, M. Beaumont de Vassy goes to prison for two years, interdiction of all civil rights for ten, and pays a fine of 3000 francs. Yet De Vassy has been Préfet (which is as much as to say Governor of a Territory), he has given masquerade, has kissed the gloved hand of the Empress, and been honored with imperial command to assist at a palace dinner.

If we speak of things literary, it will be, first, of Dumas the Elder, who has not long since returned from his Circassian and Caucasian tour, and who has been delighting himself with the notoriety given by a full Eastern costume. For his notes of travel he

has made no terms with the publishers, and, taking the matter in his own hands, he has determined to issue his new *Impressions de Voyage* in the shape of a daily paper devoted entirely to his observations of travel. A noisy dinner, of forty admiring guests, was given him not long since at the quiet restaurant upon the Square of the Madeleine; at the close of which, every member of the party was presented with a pretty photograph of the conceited but facile author in high Circassian costume.

Theophile Gautier, a man of more delicate genius and higher cultivation, has just now returned from a long visit to St. Petersburg; and though we hear of no dinners, and extraordinary costumes, and street-gazers, his influence upon current criticism and upon art-development will be far more vital and constant than that of M. Dumas.

Meyerbeer has achieved another, and perhaps more brilliant success than ever before, in his *Pardon de Ploermel*, produced at the *Opera Comique*, for the first time on the evening of Monday the 3d April. Never was there a fuller or more appreciative audience, and never a wilder tempest of applause.

The story is slight, rallying about an old-fashioned fête-day which they observe in the retired province of Bretagne. Something about it reminds an American of that strangely beautiful little story of Annette Delarbre which is to be found in the second volume of "Bracebridge Hall."

"On this fête-day of Ploermel, a year gone, Dinorah, the heroine, was to have married her lover Hoel; but falling into misfortunes he leaves the place to seek a certain magician, who is reputed in those parts to be acquainted with a mysterious spot in the neighborhood where a large treasure of gold is buried, and this secret he hopes to obtain. Dinorah, believing herself abandoned, becomes insane, and on her lover's return, on the eve of the fête, she does not recognize him. Hoel has, however, learned where the treasure is concealed, which is in a certain dangerous spot, on the brink of a dreadful abyss, situated near the village, and is only to be reached by crossing a kind of rude bridge, formed of the branch of a blasted tree. Hoel persuades a silly fellow (M. Sainte Foy), named Corentin, to assist him in obtaining the coveted treasure, but when they approach the spot its dreary aspect frightens him so much that he refuses to advance further. To make affairs worse a dreadful storm at this moment breaks over the spot, and adds to the danger of approaching it. While they are discussing the matter, the poor crazy Dinorah, who has no idea of danger, gayly crosses the tottering bridge, when the tree is shattered by lightning, and she is plunged into the watery gulf below. Her lover, of course, rushes to her rescue, and succeeds in saving her life. Needless to add that she recovers her senses, and that the fête or 'pardon' of Ploermel is celebrated by their nuptials, the marriage procession closing the opera."

Of the music, a critic (if you will hear him) writes thus:

"The overture introduces us first to the aerial, rushing passages *en sourdine* and quaintly descriptive bell movement in 6-8 that announces the wanderings of the *chevre magique* in the first act. A foreshadowing of the second act follows with a profusion of finely varied instrumentation, which is interrupted by a stormy stretto, with which is interwoven the hymn to the Virgin, 'Ave Maria,' sung behind the scenes and forming part of the overture with an effect at once novel and sublime. This

lovely chorus, rising in the intervals of the storm, after reaching a fine dramatic climax, subsides into a soft and gentle strain to which the curtain rises. The overture was received with shouts of applause. The piece commences with a fête of the Breton peasants, with chorus in triple time; a charming contrast to the hymn heard in the overture.

* * * * *

"The second, or storm act, is perhaps the best in the opera; at all events, the moonlight forest scene, with its lovely shadow-waltz (which was subsequently hummed in every corridor between the acts) and the echo song, will have few rivals. This last, which was interrupted at every pause with murmurs of delight, was encored *con furore*; their Majesties heartily and conspicuously joining in the thunders of applause by which it was followed. The waltz motivo is one of those ear-haunting fairy snatches of melody that at once charm every hearer and spring in a moment into general popularity. The beautiful transition into 2-4 time, gliding back into the reprise, and the contrast with the wild *De l'oiseau en bocage* bear the genuine stamp of the great German maestro. The storm-scene which forms the finale to the act is most powerful and dramatic, probably, as a display of musical painting, never yet surpassed, though we know what Mendelssohn and other great masters have done in this way. Here the rolling of the thunder, the wind, and the wild elements of the storm are all brought in to form a part of the harmonies descriptive of the fury of the tempest. The enthusiasm of the audience was here raised to a height rarely witnessed, and the singers were recalled by a resistless demand from the entire audience."

THUS far not a breath or a symptom of the war-feeling; but it is not gone. We have not forgotten our last month's outlook upon Turin and Lombardy. The same observer is just now planted in the heart of the country near to the great fortress of Verona, which is the citadel of Lombardy. All the treasures from Milan have latterly been transported thither; and our informant tells us of roads cumbered with baggage and artillery trains moving constantly westward. The bayonets of 150,000 men are bristling beyond the feeble barrier of the Ticino; Peschiera, with its moat and prodigious fortifications, is glutted with troops; the Lago di Garda, a sweet tranquil bit of water, lying near by, carries every hour some echo of the military din.

Is it for little restive Sardinia that all this preparation is made? Is it for better taming of the demoralized Lombards? Or is the *Times* talker true in saying that Fate has prepared for Austria an inevitable struggle with a much stronger adversary than Sardinia? And believing the struggle with the French to be inevitable, does she choose to meet it in the wild fastnesses of Piedmont rather than on the old plains of Austerlitz?

An unfortunate aspect of the Piedmontese affairs is offered just now by the determined opposition of a large part of the Sardinian clergy (Popish) to the movements and opinions of the Liberal party, as represented by Cavour. How far this portion of the clergy, which is most numerous and of course most influential in the rural districts, may succeed in weakening the loyalty of the Savoyard peasantry to the great cause of Italian liberty remains to be seen. It is needless to say that this reserve corps of Church sympathizers find their abettors in all who support the French journal of *L'Univers*, and among the de-

pendents upon the great Roman hierarchy throughout Austria.

Beyond the border line of Sardinia, however, this phase of holy feeling and of mouldy conservatism is unknown: with Lombards, one and all, religion is just now the halo that shines about their promise of freedom; and the quaint, rare stones which, over Lombard church portals, set forth the earnestness of an earlier faith, now shadow faces which beam with the ardor of new-kindled but only earthly hopes.

Poor old mossy, turreted Verona! whose battlements are outstanding types of medieval glory, whose great hulk of the arena joins the times of Tiberius to the tyranny of Hapsburg, and whose silent cypresses against the violet sky of evening are full of sweet whispers of Capulets and Montagues—old Verona is kindled through all her streets, and her humblest houses with the promise of coming battle. Very little plan or purpose of what is to come; only the welcome of changement from such killing and blighting unrest. Ambitions of Visconti and Scaglieri for once count for nothing; and if we may believe the waifs of rumor that reach us, the scions of all the proudest ducal families, whose memories hang by the battlements of Lombard towns like tattered banners, have gone to enroll themselves as privates in the legions of Sardinia.

It would be sad to think that either respect for royal treaties or jealousy of Napoleon should defeat the hopes that are ripening in Italy. Yet it is soberly and sadly true that the rankest republicans and the rankest absolutists are joining forces to compromise the present movement in the Peninsula.

Turning from Italy let us give eye-glance to the condition of affairs in Austria. We know how the troops are moving, we know how Buol and the Duchess Sophia are plotting, but let us look more narrowly into streets and cafés.

It is no such Vienna as the Vienna of 1847. The old rampant, joyous gayety when all the world went at even-tide to eat ices on the glacis, and listen to the sweet music of Strauss, is utterly gone. There is now in place of it all the rigidity and harshness of a military city; there is a fever of wild dissipation, but no heartiness of enjoyment.

The poor are wretchedly poor; and the rich severely and proudly rich. The police are soldiers; the taxes are enormous; and the nationality, notwithstanding all the efforts of the present Government, fearfully heterogeneous. The Court journals print brave words about the nationality of sentiment in relation to the Western imbroglio; but what cares the Hungarian, the Gallician, the Bohemian about the rule of Hapsburg in Italy?

Italy costs far more than it returns; every year of its forcible retention increases exactions in Galicia and on the Lower Danube.

Such opinions you may hear in Vienna coffee-houses if only there be assurance (which is rare) that no *spitzl* are in hearing.

What think you the house-owner may be paying in way of taxes this year of our Lord 1859? Thirty-three per cent. to Government, and 3 per cent. to municipality!

The last loan is quoted at 30 per cent. below par; the Mobilier at 20; and the stock in the Lloyds Austrian, largely supported by the Government, have fallen from 500 florins to 320!

The army, weary of inaction, marches and counter-marches, may indeed welcome war; but its chief officers are unpopular, notably so the General Comte

Grünne, who is the Piers Gaveston of the Emperor.

The bourgeois again, shop-keepers and manufacturers of Vienna, used to a familiar meeting with former Emperors in public places, to a Papa Franzl feeling, are alienated by the haughty air and the military martinetism of Francis Joseph.

Religious intolerance since the establishment of the Concordat is shockingly severe; and rendered all the more distasteful by the necessary alliance just now with such Protestant Courts as those of Prussia and England. An old law against the Jews forbidding their employment of Christian servants has latterly, under favor of the Church authorities, been revived with odious particularity.

Add to these things a secret fear in the popular mind of the attitude of Russia, and a well-grounded impression that no favors are to be looked for from the Autocrat of the North, and judge if this be a people willing and strong for war.

Manufactories of Prague and Brunn are at a stand-still; the old market of Lombardy is largely diminished. The Baron Bruck, who has direction of the Government, has saved the country thus far from bankruptcy; but how far his ability may be competent to continue a supply, in view of the enormous expenditures upon the Sardinian frontier, it is impossible to conjecture.

Emperor Francis Joseph has a bleak year before him.

Editor's Drawer.

THE Drawer has become a fixed fact in the Magazine, if a Drawer may be said to be fixed anywhere; and with this, the June number of 1859, the Magazine, with the Drawer in it, enters on the tenth year of its proud career. There are two very modest requests that the publishers make, and they drop them into the Drawer because every body is sure to read them here. In the first place, namely, that all the readers of this Monthly would become live agents to make all the rest of the world readers also. There are but a few now on the outside of the circle, and the sooner they come in the better for us and them. Get their names, and send them to the publishers forthwith. And, in the second place, the Drawer wishes to be more and more filled with the good things that are flying around generally in the lips and ears of its friends, deserving a wider audience than they find in the social circle and at the dinner-table. Write them out and send them here, and they will make a million merry hearts in a month.

A JERSEY BLUE correspondent says that a very excellent, but not very learned, old gentleman in Newark has been deeply interested in the promotion of Sunday-schools among the blacks of that beautiful city. At a public meeting, a few days ago, he made some remarks about a new enterprise that had recently been started, and spoke as follows:

"In the old Stumptown neighborhood there is a good opening for a school; we have got a colored room and fifty children, most of 'em young, and we want a teacher for a class of girls, mostly females; and we want shoes, either male or female, for the children—most of 'em either boys or girls!"

The old gentleman's appeal was responded to, and a teacher for the female girls, and the male and female shoes were soon found in the colored room.

"YEARS ago," writes a friend, "Mr. Smith

'took' the benefit of the National Bankrupt Act. A widow had a claim of thirty-five dollars against him, which she sued before Justice Lefferts. Popular sympathy was of course with the widow, and against Mr. Smith. On the return day issue was joined. Mr. Smith, confident of success, came into court without counsel, and showed his certificate of bankruptcy. Counsel for plaintiff made some objections to the Act; whereupon his Honor, Justice Lefferts, decided that the Bill was unconstitutional. An execution was immediately issued, and as soon returned unsatisfied. His Honor immediately made out a *mittimus*. Mr. Smith not being versed in the ways of the law, thought if the Court was competent to pronounce a United States law unconstitutional it was competent to commit him, and immediately paid the judgment. So the judgment stands unreversed to this day."

A CURIOUS correspondent writes from the West: "We have some capital constables out here in Illinois. One Dan Withers is a little, withered-up, nervous, spirited son of the Emerald Isle, and has no match in the whole country for collecting bad debts. Having had a summons put into his hands, in which John Timpson was named as defendant, Dan mounted his mule, and set off on his official errand. In due time he returned the summons, the name of John being erased, and that of his good wife inserted in its place. On the back of the paper was written the following:

"November the 18. 1853
Served the within by
reading the same to
the within Name
Defent Miss Timpson
her husband bein
dead she excepted.

"Serves.
Milage 25
Serves 25
Total 50."

APPROPRIATE of the subject of "horse-taming," a correspondent sends the following extract from a work entitled "Pioneer Life; or, Thirty Years a Hunter," written by a Mr. Philip Tomb, and printed some years ago:

"In 1799, my father being at Irving Stephenson's tavern, at the mouth of Pine Creek, Pennsylvania, found a large collection of men there. A horse called the Blue Dun was kept there. It was a very large and powerful horse, and it was with difficulty three men could take it from the stable. My father witnessed the operation and laughed, saying that he could take it from the stable without any assistance. The others disputed this stoutly, saying that the horse would kill him if he attempted it; upon which he offered to bet twenty dollars that he could do it. The bet was taken, and the money staked; when he went in to the horse, he struck him a few times on the flank, completely subdued him, brought him forth, and rode him round, to the surprise of the crowd, and won his money."

LIFE in the new settlements is always full of incident scarcely credited by those who have never traveled out of the ruts of well-ordered society. A correspondent in Nebraska Territory writes:

"We have here a gentleman of the name of Barnes, who is a member of the Territorial Council, and an able lawyer. He was employed by some of the practical followers of 'squatter sovereignty' who

had settled on lands claimed by the corporate authorities of the City of St. John's, to defend their rights before the Land Office. On the application of the city to enter the lands in dispute, a question arose as to the legality of the city charter, which depended upon an election being held in the city; and to prove the election was held in proper form, one of the Judges of the election, a little, dumpy, honest old Irishman, was sworn, who was entirely unacquainted with Barnes, who testified that the election was correctly held, and in proper form. Barnes, with manner and voice intended to disconcert and confuse the Irishman, inquired:

"I want to know how you know that the election was so held, and was correct?"

"Because," said the little old man, "there was a good-for-nothing blackguard, by the name of Barnes, running for the Council, and we kept things straight, so that we beat the scoundrel all to pieces!"

"It is needless to say that the examination closed, and the land entered."

JUDGE MASON, of the District Court, went up into a northern county to hold court. At the hotel stables there was not room for his team; and the obliging landlord, without permission, put them into his neighbor Brown's stable, who finding them there, and not knowing whose team they were, turned them out. Brown was on the jury, and during the session of the court some one informed the Judge that Brown had turned out his horses. The Judge immediately inquired if Mr. Brown was in court? Brown rose to his feet and said he was; when the Judge said, "You will catch my horses and stable them in fifteen minutes, or I will fine you fifty dollars for contempt of court!"

BROTHER JACKSON was a young preacher of the Methodist persuasion, and was called on camp meeting to preach in the afternoon, when the people had the greatest of all their favorite preachers in the morning. Mr. Jackson was very conceited, but this time he was so bothered by the crowd, the confusion in the camp, and his own want of preparation, that he gave out his text and stuck. He tried, but the more he tried the worse for him: he could not get on. At last he had to give in; and turning to one of the preachers on the stand with him, he said, "Brother Williams, please take up the subject and preach for me." The preacher thus called on did as requested, soon caused all parties to forget their embarrassment, and by his well-directed efforts created a lively interest in the subject. Among the rest the discomfited young brother forgot his own embarrassment and mortification, evidently discovered the path of thought for which he had hunted in vain, and became very anxious to make another effort. Sitting very restlessly for some minutes, he could endure no longer. Half rising, he reached forward, pulled Brother W.'s coat-tail, and said, to the excusable but suppressed amusement of many near, who heard him:

"Brother Williams, get down, get down; I can go it now!"

Brother Williams, however, kept on, and closed with one of his best efforts.

THE following story, from a Cayugan correspondent, has been, under various versions, often told before, but is good for all that. This time it has a new locality. Our friend writes:

"In the town of Plattsburg, Clinton County, New

York, something more than a few years ago, while the court was in session, a case was called which involved some very 'nice points' in respect to the character of a rather rough sort of fellow. When judgment was rendered, he was so enraged that he sprang to his feet, and shaking his fist at the Judge, swore that he could buy such a court as that for a peck of beans! The Judge, after roaring a great roar at him, told him he should fine him five dollars for contempt of court. The poor fellow knew not what to do, as he evidently had no such article about him as five dollars in money, and the law in those days pitched a man at once into prison if he could not pay. He turned and begged a lawyer who was sitting near to help him. The lawyer rose, and, addressing the Court, assured the Judge of the fellow's penitence for the offense, and besought him to exercise, if possible, his clemency in the case. The Judge slowly yielded, and expressed a willingness to let it all drop if the fellow would make a humble confession there and at once. Whereupon he arose, and with unmistakable marks of sorrow confessed his sin, and begged to be forgiven. The Judge accordingly said it should end there. The fellow, still standing, repeated the assurance of his sorrow that he had rated such a court so low as to affirm that he 'could buy it for a peck of beans.' 'Twas wrong,' he said, '*all* wrong; but,' said he, 'if I had said *a half bushel*, I wouldn't have taken it back—*never!*'

"IN circumstances not altogether dissimilar, though not at the same place, during the sittings of a court, a couple from 'the upper ten' desired to get married. With a view to having the ceremony done rather extra, they decided on having it performed by the presiding Judge of the court. The 'gentlemen of the bar,' together with many from the upper circles of society, were invited, and other things arranged with a view to some little display. The Judge with becoming gravity entered, accompanied by his associates, breathing freely and calmly, and endeavoring to leave the impression that all would be right when he should be called on to perform. The parties soon entered. After a brief though somewhat painful silence, while the guests were endeavoring to regulate themselves so as to see and hear conveniently, the Judge slowly rose, and addressing the parties, said to them, 'You do, each of you, solemnly swear that the testimony—' Here there was a long pause, the Judge discovering that he was a little under mistake as to the *place*, and some other circumstances. He started again, after clearing his throat: 'You do, each of you, solemnly swear that the verdict you shall render—' Another pause, much longer, and made somewhat more painful by several titters and a giggle or two, which it was evident could not be prevented. He started again, this time bound to be right: 'Now I lay me down to sleep,' said he, with becoming gravity—then paused again; and then pronounced them 'man and wife!' and sat down."

THE gallant army of the United States rarely holds the pen in support of the Drawer; but its aid is always welcome. Here we have a small platoon of good things ordered on to us by an officer on duty in Oregon Territory. He says:

"When Fort Walla Walla was first established, the snow cut off the provision trains from the Dalles. Colonel Steptoe, then in command at Walla Walla, did every thing he could to eke out our rations, and

make our condition comfortable. Every day our eyes were bent toward the distant hills in expectation of the train. About this time an express arrived and brought the news that Congress had adjourned without passing an Army Appropriation Bill, and the possibility of the army being disbanded unpaid. Of course this news created a great deal of talk among the men, who were already reduced to two or three 'small potatoes' per day. There was in one of the companies a half-witted fellow called Jeffrey, and he formed one of a group around the camp-fire roasting their potatoes. After listening for some time to the soldiers' talk, he reached in the hot ashes with his sharpened stick for a potatoe, and very earnestly said,

"Well, boys, I think Uncle Sam's about broke."

"JEFFREY was a son of Erin's green isle, so was the hero of the following, though of a more intelligent stamp:

"Major Haller's command had just been defeated by the Yakima Indians, in the Simcoe valley, and were making the best of their way to the Dalles. Among those who were cut off from the command was one Ferguson, a herder in charge of government cattle, and he was supposed to be killed. The news had reached the Dalles by an Indian express, and an artillery company ordered out to meet and reinforce Major Haller. Private C—— belonged to this artillery company, and on the night in question he chanced to be one of the picket-guard. About ten P.M. he fancied he heard a noise in the wild grass, and called out lustily, 'Who comes there?' Now, be it known that Ferguson had, for a fancied resemblance to the great bard, been nicknamed Shakspeare, and by this name only he was known. It chanced to be this modern Shakspeare who was now crawling on his hands and knees toward the camp, having seen the smoke from an adjacent hill. So, when hailed, he answered, in a scarcely audible voice,

"It's me, Shakspeare!"

"This was too much for C——, for to him Shakspeare was unknown (only the old original one), so he took to his heels; nor did he stop until he reached an officer's tent, when he stammered out,

"Be jabers, me post is haunted! the spirit of Shakspeare sung out to me from the grass, an' his voice was no louder than the wispser of a banshee!"

"Go back, you rascal!" said the exasperated officer; 'don't you know better than to leave your post?'

"Yes, but sure what's the use of sending powther after a ghost, and I couldn't kape out the intruder as I would a nager of an injun!"

"But the sentry was made to go back, and poor Shakspeare was brought into camp and well cared for by the officers. He had barely survived on a diet consisting of wild rose berries. C—— was afterward bantered about the affair, when he answered,

"To the devil with yer mother Shakspeares! didn't I know the ould one was dead before I left Ireland?"

"GENERAL WOOL visited Vancouver, and of course inspected the troops at that post, and all the soldiers' children were out looking at their illustrious fathers and hearing the band play. After inspection, one of them was asked, 'Well, Johnnie, who did you see to-day on the parade?'

"Johnnie, who was about four years old, enumerated all the principal officers that he knew. He

then was asked who was the man with the silver hair.

"Oh, don't you know?" asked he, innocently; 'why, that was *old Uncle Sam himself*!'

"He had heard Uncle Sam constantly mentioned, and the conclusion was very natural, and will do pretty well for an addition to the great host of boyiana."

THE spring was nearly gone when the following beautiful lines were received. They are fresh, however, as violets:

SPRING HAS COME.

BY HENRY CATLEY, U.S.A.

Sweet Spring has come, and once again,
O'er hill and plain,
She lays her soft green carpet down,
Where late the white and chilly snow,
So loth to go,
Leaked off and left the earth so brown.
No icy fetters hold the stream,
The sun's bright beam
Comes dancing o'er it to my feet;
The violets that skirt the bank
Bend down to thank
The laughing stream with kisses sweet.
Beyond the plain the new-leaved wood
Is all aflood
With music from a thousand birds,
While lambkins sporting on the mead,
With velvet tread,
Dodge in and out among the herds.
Sweet Spring has come—season of bloom
And soft perfume—
Season of calm and holy joy.
Mount up, my soul, on wings of love!
Mount up above—
Learn from the birds a song of joy!

AN Eastern correspondent, whose gravity forbids the presumption that he could ever trifle with things sacred, writes to the Drawer that one of the good deacons of the church was praying in meeting for their new minister, who had been recently settled in the parish. The deacon had a very Yankee way of pronouncing some words, and perhaps that had misled him as to the meaning of others, for he prayed for the pastor that he might be *aninted* with holy *ile*, "yea, if it please thee, anint him with the *ile* of Patmos."

The deacon had often heard and read of the Isle of Patmos, and had doubtless always taken it for a very precious oil, which greatly improved the vision of the apostle John. The deacon was not half so well versed in the scripture as Dick Hampton, of whom a Western friend writes:

"I once knew a strange, eccentric Methodist preacher named Dick Hampton. In almost every thing but the Bible Dick was little better than an idiot; but in regard to that holy book his memory was the most tenacious and retentive that I ever met with. Not a passage could be named, from Genesis to Revelation, but he would instantly, from memory alone, give the exact chapter and verse where it might be found. In the course of his peregrinations, Dick was in a merchant's counting-house. The merchant, knowing Dick's familiarity with the Bible, and thinking to have a bit of fun with him, said,

"Dick, do you go to the 4th chapter of Habakkuk and the 10th verse, and you will find these words: 'Arise, O Jupiter, and snuff the moon!'" (The joke lay in the fact that there are but three chapters in Habakkuk.)

"Quick as thought Dick retorted, 'And dost thee

go to the 22d chapter of Revelation and 18th verse, and see what thee will find there.'

"A Bible was immediately procured to see what Dick had directed him to, and, to his dismay, he read, 'For I testify unto every man that heareth the words of the prophecy of this book, if any man shall *add unto* these things, God shall add unto him the plagues that are written in this book.'

"He never ran a tilt with Dick again. And Dick's rebuke is good for many others, as well as for the one who got it."

"ONE touch of Nature makes the world akin, and for years, each month after reading your Drawer, I have felt an almost irresistible impulse to cast my mite into that vast treasury of thanks which you ever have thrust upon you for the successful continuance of the Drawer.

"Our blessing and our pride is bright-eyed Annie. Although a sunny-hearted three years and a half old child, whose merry laughter rings loud and clear, and the music patter of whose feet ever resounds in gallery and hall, yet Annie is marked for her observation and great facility in discriminating. A day or two since, while gratifying that sense which children love to honor, I said, 'Annie, have you eaten?' 'Ma, I have not eat-en, but I'm eat-ing,' was her quick response.

"She is reading a little, and had read 'Do not beg.' In explaining the word 'beg,' I told her if she asked for any thing, it was begging; but if she asked for a thing and gave the money, it was buying. A few days afterward she accompanied me to a store, where I always kept an account. She noticed me closely while making my purchases, but being ever so observant I took no heed of it. On returning home, she said, 'Ma, my book says you must not beg, and you begged Captain B—— for those things, because you asked him for them and did not give him any money.'

"She is a great admirer of music, and all strange sounds are music to her. Thunder she called music, and asked me who played that music. I told her God made it thunder. Since then she always styles thunder 'God's music!'"

"JUDGE DOOLY, of Georgia, has frequently filled a page in your Drawer. Many yet of his pranks are untold. Bob Harper, who lived on Kittle Creek, in Wilkes County, was fined five dollars for fighting during court week.

"Bob was a wag, and said he would have the worth of his money out of the Judge. It happened the Judge was on his circuit (on horseback in those days), and passing by Bob's house on the creek, which was swollen by a heavy rain, he wanted to know if the creek was swimming.

"'I reckon it is,' said Bob, 'you will get a cold bath if you try it.'

"'I'll strip and make my horse swim it if you will go up the creek and bring my clothes over,' said the Judge.

"Off went his nether garments and over went the Judge, his horse not going over his knees—the creek being broad but shallow. As the Judge got over several persons were enjoying the fun from a stone piazza, neither Bob nor his clothing making their appearance. The Judge was wrathful, cold, and shivering.

"Bob was still on his side of the creek, and bawled out, 'Judge, you can have your breeches for five dollars.'

"'Bring them over,' said the Judge; 'I'm sold; you may fight at the next court all the week, and I'll not fine you.'

"The Judge used to tell this joke better than I can. Both he and Bob have long since 'gone over Jordan.'"

"YOUR Wall Street brokers," says a Georgia correspondent, "have a sharp lesson on note-shaving by a simple occurrence in Georgia about forty years since. Jones Adare was a great swapper of horses. He had made a good trade, and got one hundred dollars to boot. His boot was in three notes of hand, due in three annual payments. Feels Arnul was a great shaver of small notes. In these times money was valuable. Feels's usual terms were 25 and 33½ per cent. discount annually. Jones submitted to the latter terms. He said the first note did pretty well, the second, with two-thirds off, was 'right tough,' and when Arnul took the third one and gave him nothing, he thought it was the 'deadest shave' he ever had. It only eventually worked out this fact: Jones kept on trading and having his boot-notes shaved, and now lives hard, on Hard-labor Creek, and Feels is rich and lives in clover.

"About the same time Peter Waltun ran away from school, in Virginia, because he didn't want to learn Arithmetic beyond Multiplication. He said he 'abominated Subtraction and Division; they were hateful rules, and could be learned easy enough without going to school.' Peter practiced the two first, and from a simple overseer became one of the richest planters in middle Georgia. In one of his many keen trades he bought out his neighbor, Henry Seals. Henry had got into a serious trouble and sold his land, stock, negroes, etc., to Peter for \$6000, taking his notes in six annual payments without interest; Peter to have the privilege of taking up any one, or all of them, at any time, at the rate and deduction of 25 per cent. per annum on the amount the note called for. As soon as he got possession he was ready to take up the note at six years after date, with the deduction, which took it all and gave him a credit on the one five years to run of \$500. He said he would be ready annually to do the same.

"I leave to your readers to calculate how much Seals got for his property."

NOR many years since Mr. Wickam was the sheriff of Sabine County, Texas. He was very illiterate, but his popularity secured him the office, the important duties of which were discharged by a deputy. On court day, at Milam, the county seat, the clerk gave him a written list of names to be called at the court-house door. Having a much better voice than his deputy, it was agreed between them that the deputy should stand by and give the names, while the sheriff himself should hold the list and call them off, which he did so coolly and successfully that "George" could not forbear saying, as the last one was called, "Very well done!" but judge of "George's" astonishment, and the ungovernable burst of laughter that was heard all around, when the sheriff called out, at the top of his voice, "Ver-will Dunn! Ver-will Dunn! Ver-will Dunn, Esquire, come into court!"

A CORRESPONDENT over the water sends to the Drawer: "In the fine old city of Bremen, in Germany, there is an ancient church, said to be several hundred years old, and in that ancient church there

is a very remarkable vault, called the 'Blei-Keller' (or Lead Cellar), which possesses wonderful preservative properties. In this vault are some eight or ten human bodies, some of which have been there, as the story runs, for two or three hundred years. These bodies are shown to strangers by an old woman, who gives a history of each one in as glowing terms as though she were describing a beautiful painting or a fine piece of statuary. They are certainly in a most remarkable state of preservation. Animals and birds are also put into this vault, and their preservation is also complete. Of course the 'Blei-Keller' is one of the lions of Bremen, and every stranger is shown the mummies, as they are called. Now to my story:

"Connected with one of our largest and most respectable houses here are two gentlemen named 'Mummy.' A few years ago an Englishman arrived here; and as he was sight-seeing, he told the *commissionaire* at his hotel that he wished to see 'the mummies.' The *commissionaire*, nothing doubting that the Englishman wished to see the principal of the house of that name, drove him to the residence of Mr. Mummy. He inquired for 'the mummies,' and was invited into the parlor. Presently Mr. Mummy made his appearance, and desired to know to what fortuitous circumstance he was indebted for the honor of this visit.

"The Englishman, who had been sitting in perfect astonishment during the interval, and wondering at the elegance and comfort of the surroundings of the mummies, was now fairly thunder-struck.

"'Are you a mummy, Sir?' said he to the polite and smiling merchant standing before him.

"'My name is Mummy, Sir,' replied the merchant.

"'But, Sir,' said he, 'I heard there were some celebrated mummies in this town, Sir, and I wish to see them.'

"'Our house is an old one, Sir, and has very extensive connections; but whether celebrated or not, I can not say.'

"John Bull was getting confusion worse confounded.

"'To be plain with you, Sir, there must be some mistake here. I wish to see the *dead* mummies, not the live ones; and so I have the honor to wish you a good-morning!'

"It is said the *commissionaire* was treated to a specimen of choice Yorkshire as the enraged Englishman bade him drive to the place where dead men were kept, not live ones."

A CAPITAL story is this for our musical readers:

"The Drawer recollects when the beautiful song of 'Rory O'More' was first brought out; it was for a time all the rage. All the girls sung it, and all the boys whistled it. On one occasion, during this mania of Rory, I heard a young boarding-school miss render a part of the song thus:

"'He *poulticed* the *hock*,
And she *salted* it down.'

"It is needless to say that she had only heard it sung at a concert; and considering how most of our singers mouth their words, my little friend made a pretty good stagger at it. Her rendering of the words of the song,

"'He *bold* as the *hawk*,
And she *soft* as the *dawn*,'

might be sung at any of our fashionable concerts, and not one in a thousand would discover the difference. The fun of the thing with our little miss was

that she was perfectly certain she had it right, and sung it so until she accidentally came across the music. Poor Rory was discarded from her music-stand after that."

WHILOM when David Scott presided in the Judicial District now composing the counties of Wayne, Pike, Monroe, and Carbon, in Pennsylvania, Judge D—— was an associate upon the bench. These counties border upon the Delaware River, which is the boundary-line between New Jersey and Pennsylvania. Judge D——, though a man of unblemished integrity and high character, had some eccentricities, and among them a peculiar aversion to "niggers." To use his own words, "He knew all about a nigger; was raised among niggers; and a nigger would be a nigger any way you could fix it." One day a black man was duly convicted of larceny, and called up for sentence. The Judge was performing his arduous duties as an associate in an arm-chair, bare-footed, coat off, and asleep. The President Judge, as is usual in such cases, saw proper to call upon his associates in fixing the penalty to be imposed upon the guilty man; and giving Judge D—— a nudge in the ribs, called his attention to the prisoner at the bar.

"Hold on, Mr. Scott!" said the Judge, "I'll sentence that feller. Nigger, stand up! You've been found guilty of stealing, and ought to be hung; but this being your first offense, the Court is disposed to let you off easily. The sentence of the Court is that you be banished to the State of New Jersey; and may the Lord have mercy upon your soul! The Court gives you five minutes to get to the river, and if ever you are caught upon this side of the Delaware again you shall be hanged! Constable, give the nigger a hundred yards the start, and see that the sentence of the Court is executed!"

The fellow struck a bee line for Jersey, and has never been heard of since. And this is true.

"SQUIRE SAMPHSON is quite a noted lawyer in this part of the State," says a New Hampshire correspondent of the Drawer; "but the time was when he began to practice, and he made a poor fist of it then. Like all aspiring geniuses, he was anxious to test his eloquence by pleading his first cause before a jury. The time came. He went in: got on well for a while; but, drawing toward the close, he wished to be very complaisant to the twelve honest men on the jury benches, but being bothered for a conclusion, he said, 'I leave this case with you. It has been ably argued on both sides; and whatever verdict you render, rest assured of one thing, that it will be perfectly satisfactory to both parties!'"

A WISCONSIN magistrate and a lawyer or two are here presented to the respectful attention of the Drawer's readers:

At a term of a Circuit Court in Wisconsin a case was argued before the Circuit Judge, his Honor Judge Jones, on a motion for a new trial. Counsel for defendant contended that certain testimony should have been admitted, because it was a part of the "*res gestæ*;" and frequent repetition was made of the point that the surrounding facts—the "*res gestæ*"—should, properly, be submitted to the jury. His Honor was observed to take notes. During the recess at noon the counsel, from curiosity, took a peep at the Judge's minutes before his Honor came into the court-room. He found full and legible notes, often repeated, of the point, thus: "Testimony prop-

er—part of *rese jisty*;"—"should have been admitted, as part of *rese jisty*," etc., etc.

MR. NELSON, an eminent lawyer of Wisconsin, was once District-Attorney. The presiding Judge, calling the criminal calendar, or docket, came to "The State v. Peter Luther," an indictment for larceny, where the defendant had died in jail. To the call of this, the District-Attorney (Nelson) responded, "Venue changed by Divine Providence!"

IN the — Circuit is a Scotch Judge. A convicted felon—a deplorably hard-looking and unmistakable Paddy—was brought in to be sentenced.

JUDGE. "What have you to say?"

PAT. "I crave mercy, yer Honor."

JUDGE. "What countryman are you?"

PAT. "A Scotchman, an' plaze yer Honor; dale gintly wi' the likes o' me!"

A perceptible smile spread over the court-room, and the poor fellow got the full term.

IN the beautiful little village of West Berkshire, Vermont, resides Doctor Ball, or the "Old Doctor," as he is familiarly called. The Doctor has been a resident of the place for many years, and is remarkable for his eccentricities and kindness of heart. He has had quite an extensive practice, and like most professional men, is troubled with many delinquent patrons. Among them is one Smith, an Englishman, more generally known as "Black Smith," who, at the time the following incident occurred, was likewise a resident of the same place. He was also remarkable for getting into debt and never getting out, though very profuse in his promises of payment. He was a member of the Church, and a constant attendant at all the meetings. During the winter of 1858 the religious excitement was considerably felt in West Berkshire; meetings were frequently held, which were largely attended by the citizens. One evening, when there was an unusual degree of interest, the Doctor (who, although not a professor, yet frequently speaks in meeting when invitation is given after preaching) arose and talked to the congregation.

After having concluded a feeling exhortation he resumed his seat. Whereupon old Black Smith immediately arose and related his experience, and told of his determination to do as he would be done by, to act upon the square with his neighbors, and perform all the obligations resting upon him.

As soon as he had concluded the Doctor again arose, and with a quickness and earnestness of manner peculiar to him, while he pointed a forefinger at Smith, exclaimed,

"I am glad of it, very glad of it; Mr. Smith I hope that now you will pay me what you owe me!"

There's a whole sermon in that. If religion does not make a man pay his debts, even his small debts, it is of no great account. It will do a man very little good in this world, and none at all in the next.

FROM Georgetown, D. C., we have this funny story of the parson's rogue of a boy:

"The Rev. Dr. Balch, whose memory is still fragrant in the town, where, for more than half a century, he proclaimed Divine truth, was blessed with an unruly set of 'olive branches.' George, a little fellow of between six and eight years, was the ring-leader in fun. One Sabbath, to secure the double object of keeping George quiet and preserve order in the family pew, Dr. Balch took him into the pulpit

with him. The first prayer was uncommonly long. George's patience was exhausted, and in the midst he put on his father's spectacles, which were lying on the pulpit, and opening the hymn-book, said,

"Come, my brethren, while the *prar* is going on, let us sing a *hime*!"

"It is needless to say the '*prar*' did not go on, though doubtless the congregation '*went off*.'"

HERE is a curious but grave operation of a drunken Yankee that is true, and that is the best that can be said of it:

"Tom Smith, a hard drinker, in a half-crazy fit, took it into his head that he was dead, and acting in accordance with this supposition, dug a grave in the old church-yard and lay down in it, waiting for some one to shovel in the dirt. He had prepared a *monument* in the shape of a pine board, on which was chalked his name and the date of his decease, which monument had been set up at the head of the yet unfilled grave. The story having got wind, several persons went at once to the yard, and one who was a bit of a wag, said to his companions, 'Whose is this new grave? who has died lately?' In a moment after, Tom's voice, in tones not *hollow* but husky, was heard from the depths of the grave,

"I say, Jim, can't you read?"

IN the State of New Hampshire the following document was issued by the orderly-sergeant of the town of —, and copies of the same—the document, not the town—were sent to each member of the company:

"You being a member of the company of infantry commanded by Captain Johnson, are hereby notified and warned to appear on parade on the twelfth day of May next, ON or near the house of the said Captain, armed and equipped as the law directs, for inspection and review; there to await further orders.

"T. WILSON, *Sergeant*."

A CORRESPONDENT in the city of Boston writes to the Drawer:

"The late Colonel T— of this city, was a man of rare tact and ability in his profession as an auctioneer. On one occasion, while engaged in the sale of a vessel, he was abruptly interrupted by a Mr. J—, who, with a nasal sound, inquired if the vessel was copper-fastened? The reply was Yes.

"While the sale was progressing the same Mr. J— burst out again: 'Colonel, did I understand you to say this vessel was thoroughly copper-fastened?' The Colonel paused; then looking Mr. J— full in the face, thus addressed him: 'Mr. J—, if a man should ask me if you were an educated man, my answer would be Yes. But if he should ask me if you were a thoroughly educated man, I should say—I am offered ten thousand! I am offered ten thousand!'"

"My aunt" (writes a new correspondent—and the Drawer is always well pleased when new correspondents come in, and quite as well pleased when old ones come again) "is a stately lady, and makes her man-servants and maid-servants toe the mark. John, the Irish gardener, is a lazy dog—smart with his tongue, and nothing else. He had been but a short time in this country when my uncle hired him; and one day this spring John got his feet wet, and at once hastened to the house to get dry stockings. This did not please the industrious notions of his mistress, who accosted him with,

"John, hired men don't come in when they

get their feet wet, in this country, to change their stockings.'

"Indade then they do, ma'am,' replies John, coolly drawing on the dry article.

"But, John, I tell you they do not!"

"Indade I tell you they do, ma'am."

"John!" replies his mistress, somewhat nettled at his contradictions, 'you had better tell me I lie!'

"Indade I don't tell you you lie, ma'am; but I know you're not spakin' the thruth!"

"John was at work in the garden, some distance from the village, the spires of which were in sight. A stranger passing paused, and inquired the distance to the village. John, resting on his hoe, leisurely raised his head, and pointing his finger in the direction of the village, responded, with a knowing wink, 'Yonther is the steeple, you'll plaze me to be afther measurin' it yourself jist!'"

OUR Johnnie is a right smart chance of a boy, four years old. He has a brother just able to go alone. The first time baby managed to walk Johnnie was wonderfully tickled; but filled with fear lest he would forget how, and never do it again, he ran to his mother, and cried out, "Ma! ma! when little children begin to walk do they ever get over it?"

"CONFESSIONS OF A BACHELOR" ON THE BIRTH-DAY OF HIS LADY-LOVE IN MAY.

ONE by one each charm has left me,
Which to life a zest did prove;
E'en thy presence is hereft me—
To behold was but to love.

"What remains," you well may ask me,
"Of that store of mirth and joy,"
With which often I did task thee,
Like a gay and thoughtless boy?

Vanish'd—gone—forever buried,
Little left of all that glee;
Into dark oblivion hurried,
Save whene'er I dream of thee!

Yet what's left both fresh and verdant,
Like this month that hail'd thy birth,
Still perennial, fond, and ardent
Is the thought of all thy worth.

"Whence the source of all this anguish?
What's the cause of this dire change?
Why in solitude thus languish,
When in bliss thy soul might range?"

This the cause which makes me falter—
Living's now so very dear;
Gladly would I wear the halter
WITH TEN THOUSAND SNUG A YEAR!

AN eminent lawyer of Sacramento, Judge R—, attends the courts of Calaveras County, and while instructing in legal lore, often, when occasion requires, pours forth expressions of deepest pathos. On a late trial the homestead of his client was in litigation. To the jury he fervently spoke of the beauties of our homestead law. "Gentlemen," says he, "the Judge, in deciding upon a point of evidence, used the word '*dedicate*.' Dedicate! what hallowed feelings are engendered by that word! It is to holy purposes only we dedicate. We dedicate places of worship, and where works of charity are done; the children of Israel in the wilderness dedicated the ark to the living God; happily do our laws dedicate a home for the wife and children; by these laws a homestead is dedicated to the household gods!"

After the trial the client was called upon to pay the fee, and having no money, Judge R— asked,

as a security, that a mortgage, signed by the wife, be given him upon the property in question. "No," says the client, "*that property must not go into the hands of lawyers; it is dedicated to the household gods!*"

THE following anecdote, told by an eye-witness of the fact, has a moral to it, as all the Drawer's stories have:

The Society of Friends, as is well known, are among the most upright and worthy of the Christian sects. Their mode of public worship is very plain and simple. Divested of all forms and ceremonies, they profess to serve God in spirit and in truth; sometimes in silence, at other times by exhortation or preaching by some one who feels impelled to address them.

Thomas Coles—more familiarly known, from his great amiability and good-nature, as *Tommy Coles*—was a consistent member of this Society. At the delightful village of Glen Cove, Long Island, where he resided, the Episcopal congregation had just erected in their church a very sweet-toned organ, which was the admiration not only of the members but of many others who were attracted to the service by the eloquence of the Rev. Mr. Mallaby, the rector. On some particular occasion our venerable friend, Tommy Coles, took a seat among the congregation, and his opinion of the organ was gathered from the following conversation a few days afterward:

"Friend Mallaby, I am pleased that thee has got such a fine organ in thy church."

"But," said the clergyman, "I thought you were opposed to having an organ in a church."

"So I am," replied Friend Tommy; "but then, if thee worship the Lord by machinery, I would like thee to have a first-rate instrument!"

LAWYERS are sometimes mighty particular. The other day one of these learned and amiable gentlemen was waited upon by a young man who wished his advice, and began by saying,

"My father died and made a will—"

"Is it possible? I never heard of such a thing," answered the lawyer.

"I thought it happened every day," said the young man; "but if there is to be any difficulty about it, I had better give you a fee to attend to the business."

The fee was given, and then the lawyer observed, "Oh, I think I know what you mean. You mean that your father made a will and died. Yes, yes; that must be it."

A RESPECTABLE citizen of the youthful State of Iowa sends to the Drawer a couple of statutes in force in that State.

"Chapter LXXII. of the Acts of 1855 provides, among other things, that 'It shall be the duty of all township and county officers to notify all free negroes who may immigrate to this State to leave the same within three days from the time of said notice; and upon their failure to do so, it shall be the duty of the constable of the proper township, sheriff of the county, marshal, or other police-officer of the town, to arrest such free negro, and take him or her before a justice of the peace or county judge, and it shall be the duty of such justice or judge to fine such free negro the sum of two dollars for each day he may remain in the State after such notice and costs of such prosecution; and to commit such free negro to the jail of the county, or the nearest one thereto until

such fine and costs are paid, or until he will consent to leave the State, *provided it shall be ascertained that he or she is unable to pay such fine or costs.*"

"The same law prescribes an exceedingly lucid method of determining who are free negroes.

"On the trial of any free negro, under this Act, the justice or judge shall determine *from, and irrespective of, his person*, whether the person on trial comes under the denomination of free negro or mulatto."

"Will the Drawer get the opinion of its legal adviser as to the signification of the statute, for the benefit of its readers in Iowa?

"The Solons of the Hawk-eye State, however, were not all in the Legislature of 1851. Here is an Act passed March 13, 1858:

"The first day of the week, commonly called Sunday, the first day of January, the fourth day of July, the twenty-fifth day of December, and any day appointed or recommended by the Governor of this State or the President of the United States as a day of fast or thanksgiving, shall, for all purposes whatsoever, as regards the presenting for payment or acceptance, and of the protesting and giving notice of the dishonor of bills of exchange, bank checks, and promissory notes, be treated and considered *as falling due on the succeeding day.*"

"Over a bridge in the town of Athens, Georgia, is posted the following notice:

"Any person driving over this bridge in a pace faster than a walk shall, if a white person, be fined five dollars; if a negro, receive twenty-five lashes, *half the penalty to be bestowed upon the informer!*"

THE very far West sends the follow clever story:

"Squire Williams has an enormous nose. It speaks for itself when he sneezes, and when it is silent it is the observed of all observers. Nobody knows a bigger nose in all these parts.

"One of our good citizens took home with him, for a present to his boy of six years, a box out of which, when the cover is opened, jumps a figure with a big nose. The father thought Tommy would be frightened by the apparition. The cover was raised, up popped the figure, and Tommy cried, 'The old Squire, as sure as I live!'"

SOME years ago we attended a camp-meeting in Fairfax County, Virginia. While we were sitting, one afternoon, in the tent of our friend, old Squire Briggs, chatting agreeably with his interesting family, a man with a voice like the "bulls of Bashan" commenced, in a tent immediately adjoining the one we were in, a noisy exhortation, which, of course, abruptly finished our conversation. We placed ourselves in an attitude for listening, out of respect to the worthy Squire, who was a "leading man" in the Church.

The roaring speaker, with more zeal than knowledge, loudly extolled the superiority of the Methodist religion—"For," said he, "it has already spread over Urope, Asha, Afri-k, and Merica! Yes," he continued, "it will spread from the North Pole to the South Pole, and from the East Pole to the West Pole!"

While we were endeavoring to maintain our gravity, which was done with the utmost difficulty, all the decorum and propriety we could command was scattered to "*the poles*" by our worthy host exclaiming, in his peculiarly fine voice,

"Why, Brother Bange has got in two more poles *thar* than I ever heard of before!"

Scenes from Master Charley's Love Life.





Fashions for June.

Furnished by Mr. G. BRODIE, 300 Canal Street, New York, and drawn by VOIGT from actual articles of Costume.



FIGURE 1.—DINNER TOILET.—LACE BURNOUS.



FIGURE 2.—TRAVELING COSTUME.

DINNER TOILET.—This coiffure and toilet is adapted to the dining-room or to demi-dress occasions. The robe is a double skirt, grenadine. Some of these have the upper skirt, tunic-wise, open in front. The lighter fabrics of silk or *barège à l'Anglaise* thus made are peculiarly becoming. The Burnous is a Pusher lace, with a deep collar. There are many designs in this style, vying with each other in beauty. One with two flounces is greatly admired. There are shawls of similar make, of exquisite elegance, all equally in vogue.

TRAVELING COSTUME.—Straw flat plainly trimmed with ribbon. Dress of the thinner species of poplin, or any desired material. If preferred, the sleeves may be flowing, being cut to match the design, with gauntlets. The skirt is single.

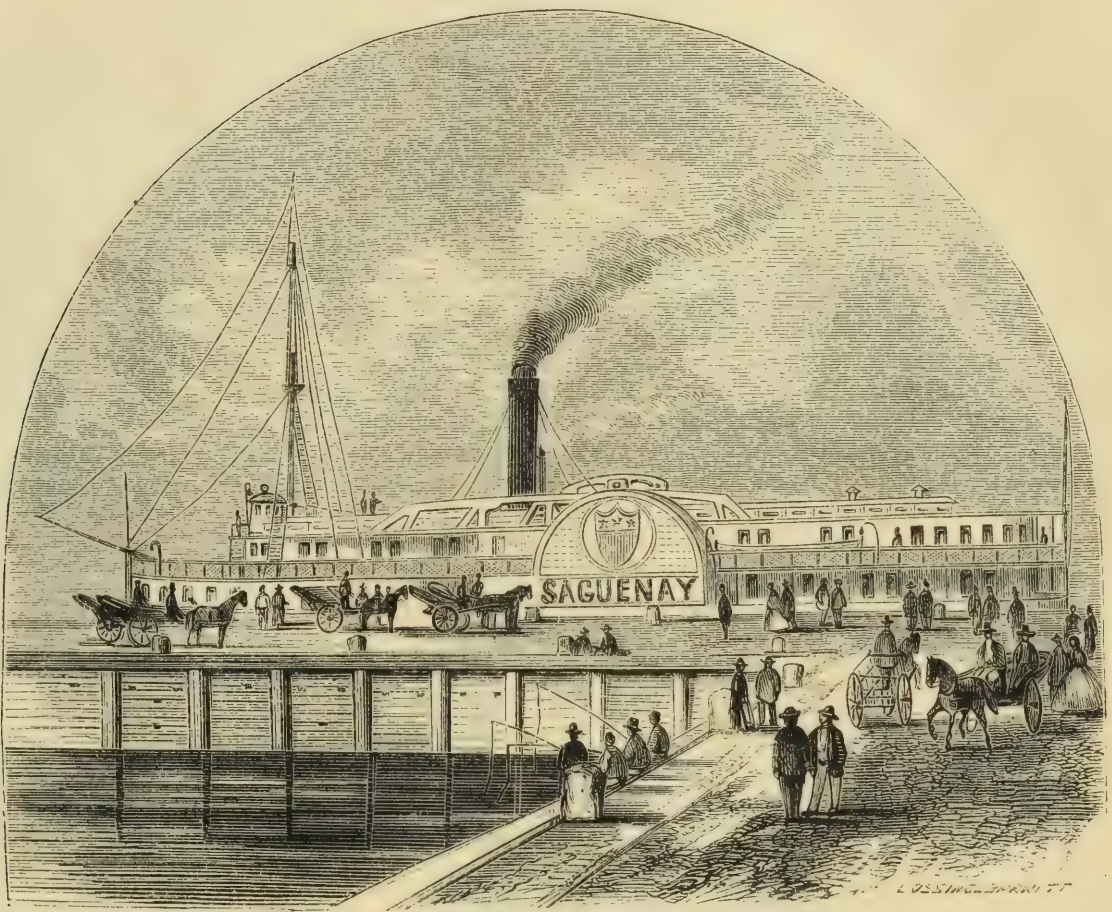
DINNER CAP.—Double frills of black and white lace over a maize ribbon, edged with black; the front and crown are hollow rolls of lace, with lozenges of black, narrow taffeta ribbon; the crown has ruffles to match, and a bow with floats.



FIGURE 3.—DINNER CAP.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. CX.—JULY, 1859.—VOL. XIX.



STEAMER "SAGUENAY" AT RIVIÈRE DU LOUP.

THE SAGUENAY.

I WAS weather-bound in Montreal last year, for nearly three days, by a storm that swept over the St. Lawrence region as severe in power and inclement in temperature as that of the autumnal equinox, although it was mid-summer, and electrographs came from "the States" with information that at that very time the dwellers in Boston, New York, and Philadelphia were enduring the hottest days of the season, the mercury indicating a hundred degrees of heat in the shade. But I was in comfortable, home-like quarters at Coleman's Montreal House, on Custom-house Square, where visitors love to stay, and enjoyed the parlor fire while the storm howled without. At length the tempest ceased; a gentle southwest wind came at daybreak and lifted the cold mist from the bosom of the river; the half-finished Victoria Bridge became plainly visible from my window; pale morning sunbeams struggled through the breaking clouds

that hung over St. Helen's Island, shedding sweet promises of a pleasant day, and at eight o'clock we crossed the river to Longueuil to take the cars for Quebec. My traveling companions were two young ladies who had never before been within the dominions of the British Queen, except to gaze upon Niagara; and every moment brought to them a new experience.

Eight long hours we were upon the journey from one ancient Indian capital to another—from Hochelaga (Montreal) to Stadaconé (Quebec)—and a large part of the route lay through a dead level country, where the eye soon became wearied with monotony. The railway forms an elbow, the "joint" being at Richmond, a modern town on the St. Francis River, where the Quebec branch of the Grand Trunk Railroad joins the main from Montreal to Portland.

From Longueuil far toward Richmond the country is thickly settled by French Canadians, whose whitewashed cottages dot the green landscape in every direction. The first breach in the

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1859, by Harper and Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

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monotony was the crossing of the great bridge that spans the Richelieu River, the outlet of Lake Champlain, near the village of St. Hilaire. I had promised my companions a view of Beloeil Mountain on the right at this place, upon which I remembered to have gazed with delight from the foot of the Richelieu Rapids, at Chambly, ten years before, when the great gilt cross on its summit glittered like a star in the eastern sky. But its lofty head was now hooded in vapor, and we could only see its broad base rising dimly from the plain into the mysterious regions of the clouds. The speed of our train was greater than that of the storm we were pursuing, and we were now rapidly overtaking the laggard mist squadrons in its rear.

Over the same dead level we sped to St. Hyacinthe, a pretty French village, and had the experience of a witty curé, who said he saw "*Une maison, un four, un petit pont—une maison, un four, un petit pont*"—a house, an oven, a bridge—a house, an oven, a bridge—and so on, mile after mile. On leaving St. Hyacinthe we found ourselves in "the bush"—a wilderness of shrub-oaks and evergreens, with here and there a log-house full of children. Out of this we rushed

down an inclined plain between high banks, across a bridge, into the beautiful plain of St. Francis, through which flows a gentle river in the midst of fine culture. A few minutes more and we were at Richmond, where we remained half an hour, and then started for Quebec. The heavens were murky, and very soon we had overtaken the storm. The rain poured copiously, and the many streams over which we shot with arrowy swiftmess were full to the brim. Through a diversified country we traveled on; and at a little before four o'clock in the afternoon we crossed the foaming rapids of the Chaudière a short distance above its magnificent falls, and halted at Point Levi, opposite Quebec. There, in the midst of falling snow, in cold November, 1778, Arnold and his troops, coming suddenly from the wilderness, presented an appalling apparition to the startled inhabitants of the old Canadian capital. There, too, sixteen years before, Wolfe planted those batteries which more than half destroyed the old Lower Town, lying at the confluence of the St. Lawrence and St. Charles.

Over a steamship just in from Liverpool, among boxes and ropes and busy seamen, we



FRENCH HABITANS AT HOME.

clambered, and reached the ferry-boat that was to convey us across the St. Lawrence, in unpleasant plight from the effects of wind and rain, and the treacherous slipperiness of gum shoes, which had laid me prone upon a foot-plank covered with Point Levi mud. We found Russell's omnibus in waiting, and by it we were conveyed to the Albion on Palace Street.

On the morrow "the A No. 1 sea-going steamer *Saguenay*, Captain R. Simard," was to start on its weekly trip to the dark river of the same name, away down the St. Lawrence, some forty leagues below Quebec. The weather appeared so unpropitious that we hesitated; but remembering that we had left sunlight at Montreal, we could not doubt having the same on the morrow at Quebec, as the clouds were hurrying on toward Labrador. So springing into a calèche, I rode to the office of Mr. Laird, the agent of the Company, made arrangements for the trip,

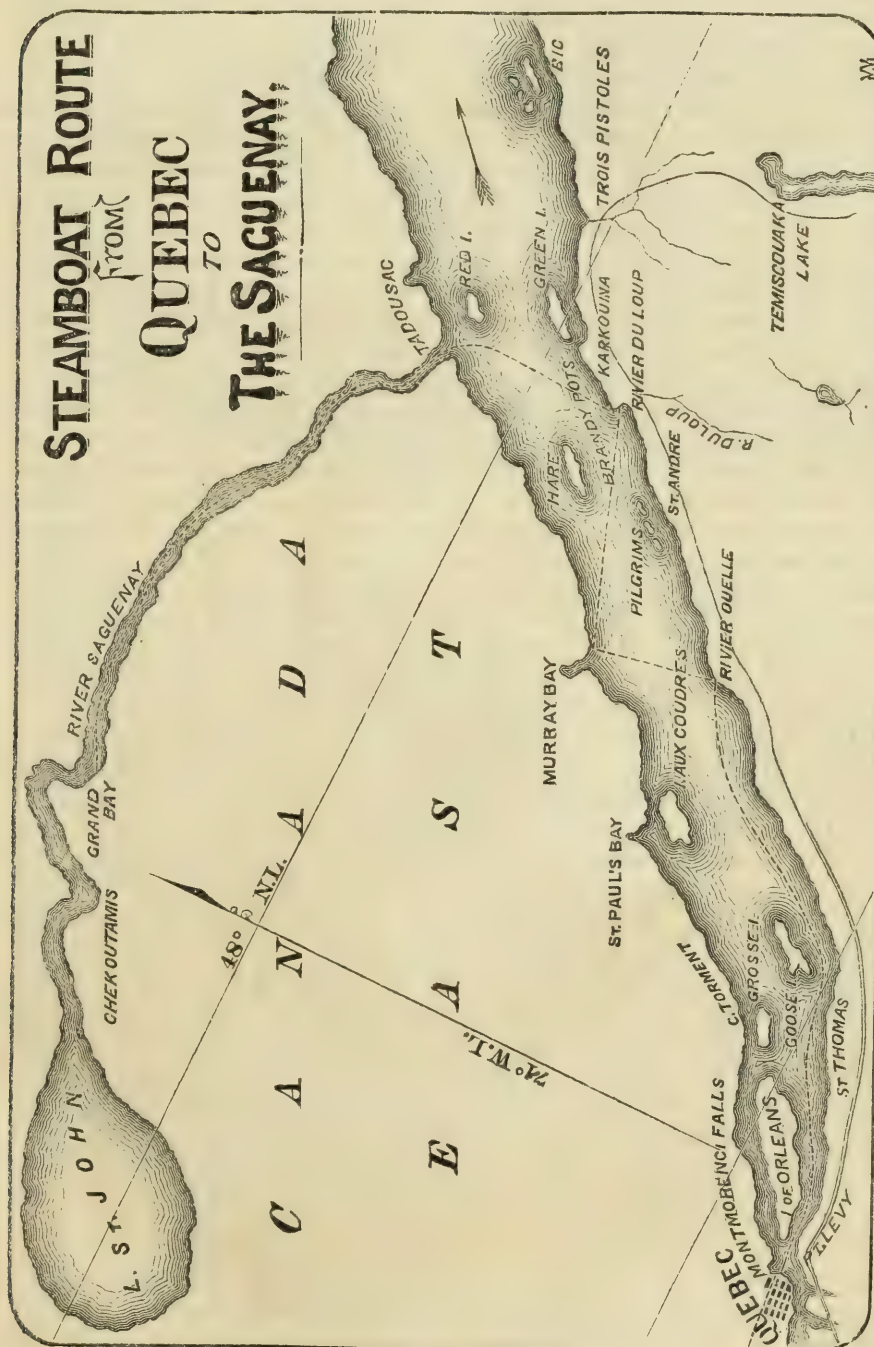
and received a courteous promise that every facility would be afforded me for observing and sketching by Captain Simard.

The morning came with sullen aspect; but before we left, at nine o'clock, the sunbeams, as at Montreal, shot through the clouds, and flecked the river, the city, and the surrounding country with their golden light. The promise of a bright day cheered all on board. There we met some tourists from New York; several priests in their long black cassocks, with pupils of the Quebec Seminary in uniform, just leaving to spend their summer vacation at home; three or four nuns going to places below; a Protestant clergyman from Ottawa; a gentleman of the bar and his family from Montreal; the Seigneur of Murray Bay; Sir St. George Gore, the notable sportsman lately returned from a three years' hunt in the Rocky Mountains, with a part of his attendants; some citizens of Quebec going to the sum-

mer resorts below, and a few *habitans*. These formed a right pleasant company on a stanch and well-appointed steamer, governed by a paragon of a commander in the person of Captain Simard, who had been a voyager upon the St. Lawrence from Quebec to the sea for about a quarter of a century.

Pleasant indeed was the voyage of that day over the broad bosom of the great river. A veil of mist hung in the air and subdued the strong light of the sun; and nearly all day long I sat in front of the pilot's wheel, enjoying the ever-changing scenery, and sketching its features here and there with a quick pencil.

On the left, almost as soon as we departed, we saw the Montmorency Falls in all their distant grandeur, for the stream was full to overflowing. We were soon in the South Channel, skirting along the shores of the beautiful Island of Orleans with its rich farms and gardens, and its quaint villages and churches; while on the southern shore of the river were seen



the high falls of Beaumont, and a country sloping back to the rough mountain ranges that separate the tributaries of the St. Lawrence from the waters of Maine. It is a scene as beautiful as the eye of man ever gazed upon. As far as the vision could reach down that magnificent southern shore the scattered whitewashed farm-houses of the French Canadians, and others clustered in villages, appeared like flocks of sheep. Every where there was a peacefulness of aspect that stirred the spirit of worship within the heart, and left an impression upon the memory like a pleasant dream.

Passing the lower end of Orleans Island the Laurentine Mountains appeared in dark gray mass on the northern shore, with the white clouds lying like fleeces upon their summits, while loftier than all arose Cape Anne and Cape Torment, the latter to the height of almost two thousand feet above tide-water. Soon, on the left, upon the far north shore, was seen the village of St. Anne, and near it, like a white scarf hanging upon a lofty mountain, glittered the falls of the same name. On the southern shore was the ancient village of St. Thomas, now the eastern termination of the Grand Trunk Railway; and before us lay numerous islands, some wooded, some cultivated, and some mere rocky elevations. As we neared two of the most remarkable of the latter, called The Pillars, a dark object, apparently floating upon the water, lay directly in our path. It was the hulk of the ocean steamer *Canadian*, wrecked upon a small rock there on a dark, calm night in May, 1857.

On passing The Pillars the St. Lawrence, there several miles wide, appeared free of islands, and many large class merchant ships and other craft, with all sails spread, were seen going out and coming in upon this great highway of commerce. An hour afterward, while we were dining, our vessel made the first landing at the River Ouelle, almost eighty miles below Quebec, and then crossed over to Murray Bay landing, on the northern shore, where a part of our luggage was left by mistake. At this time the sky was decidedly autumnal in aspect, and a cold wind came from the Saguenay Mountains, seen in the distance; but as we passed Hare Island and approached *Rivière du Loup* landing toward evening, where our boat was to be moored until morning, the whole scene changed to one of beauty not to be adequately described. Some of the most gorgeous aerial effects ever impressed upon the memory were there presented. The declining sun painted the magnificent piles of cumulus clouds that hung in the eastern sky, over the sterile mountains back of Kamouraska, with tints such as no painter's pallet ever bore—purple and gold, rich browns and pearly grays, deep-blue blacks and sea-water greens—all blended in one enchanting display of the wonders of light, seldom vouchsafed to man's vision. At the same time a transparent mist lay near the water, and here and there the phenomena of the mirage were seen in most perfect manifestations; while in the west the pure clear sky, marked by

the "shadowy splendor" of which the poet sung, was flecked with golden clouds. The wonders displayed at the closing of that summer day can never be forgotten by those who saw and appreciated them.

We landed at *Rivière du Loup* at seven in the evening. Our steam-whistle had sent a message to the village, a mile and a half off, and as we neared the long, angular wharf that juts far out from a little promontory called Loup Point, at the mouth of the river, flocks of carts and calèches came hurrying toward us to receive freight and passengers. Many of the company went on shore and walked toward the village, but myself and companions rambled along the beach, where we plucked some beautiful specimens of the blue *fleur de lis*, and espied an Indian encampment near an evergreen thicket. The twilight was short, and a chilling mist, that arose from the water with the swelling of the tide, made a retreat to the boat a wise movement, in which all participated.

The *Rivière du Loup* (River of the Wolf) is the largest tributary of the St. Lawrence on its southern side in that vicinity, and gives the name to the handsome little village at its mouth. At the bridge which spans the stream near the village it is eighty or ninety yards wide, and so shallow that it is scarcely navigable for canoes. Near the village the river is precipitated over a ledge of rocks, forming a very beautiful fall; and all around it is a fine farming country, which gives food to the lumbermen who ply their toil-some business in the wilderness a little back.

The moisture from the storm that had prevailed on the St. Lawrence for almost a week had penetrated every where, and we found the berths in the state-rooms dangerously damp. The obliging steward brought us dry mattresses and flannel blankets, with which I soon made up three comfortable beds at the dark end of the saloon. To make "assurance doubly sure" in guarding against agues, each one of my immediate company swallowed a hot gin sling before retiring. The precaution was effectual.

The boat usually lies at the *Rivière du Loup* until one o'clock in the morning, and then crossing the St. Lawrence reaches the mouth of the Saguenay at dawn, so as to ascend and descend the river during the continuance of daylight. But on that night a heavy fog came, and we slumbered undisturbed until almost sunrise. The mist was then so thick that the vision could not penetrate it the length of the wharf. Ascertaining that we should not leave for some time, I went ashore and made the sketch of the *Saguenay* lying at the wharf, seen at the head of this paper, and then strolled toward the village. The steamer's breakfast bell called me back just as I had reached the bridge, and a coveted visit to the village and falls was denied me.

After breakfast the fog still lay upon land and water, and Captain Simard appointed eleven o'clock as the hour for proceeding on our voyage, if the mist should permit. Several of the passengers immediately took calèches for the



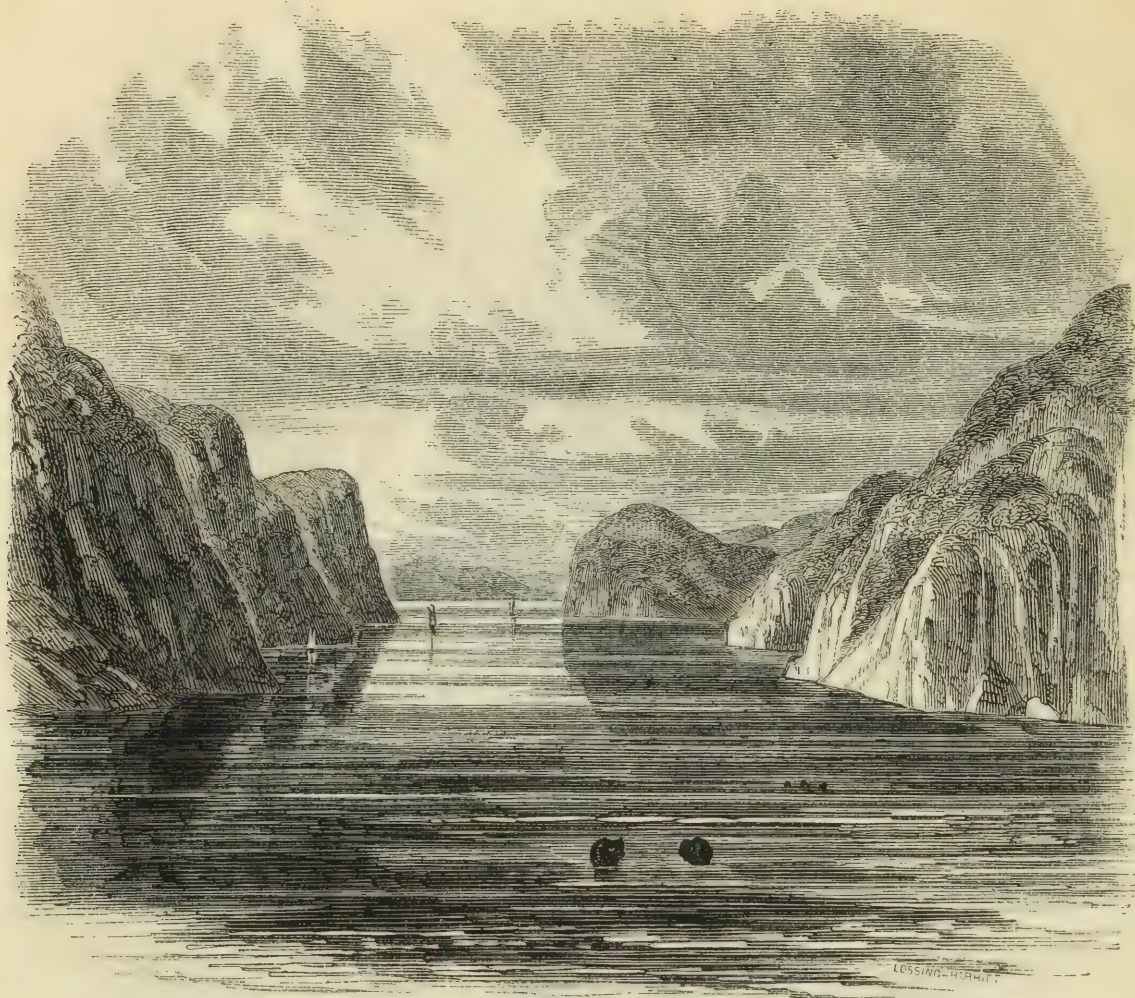
INDIAN ENCAMPMENT AT RIVIÈRE DU LOUP.

village, while some of us visited the Indian encampment that we had espied the evening before. There we found two men and two women, each a little past middle age, and a young girl, daughter of one of them, the whole five occupying one bark-covered wigwam, and engaged in making baskets, bows and arrows, and toy canoes. They were of the Micmac tribe, of pure blood, from the south shore opposite Green Island, an appendage of the Vert Isle Seigniory, in the County of Rimouski, below. There they have a settlement of about sixty men with their families, and cultivate a portion of a township granted to them by Earl Dalhousie when he was Governor of Canada. One of our lady passengers, who lives on Green Island, conversed freely with them in the Micmac tongue and the French language; and the eldest of the Indian women spoke English perfectly. Isaac, the eldest of the two men, was tall and athletic, and owned the largest mouth I ever saw in the possession of a human being. He was dressed in half-Indian, half-French Canadian costume (his suit being drab and his ruffles pink), with a skunk-skin pouch at his side, in which he carried his knife, pipe, tobacco, and money. While he sat fashioning

timber for his baskets I sketched him, and the result created a hearty laugh among the whole swarthy group. I had just finished an outline of the open wigwam, and the old woman in it making small canoes for us, when the bell of the *Saguenay* summoned us to the wharf. Fortunately our canoes were just completed, and bidding the friendly Micmacs *bon matin*, we



18AAG.



ENTRANCE TO THE SAGUENAY.

hastened to the boat, and were soon out upon the St. Lawrence, our faces turned toward the mouth of the dark Saguenay, fifteen miles distant.

It was now near noon. We proceeded a few miles, when the fog came rolling up the St. Lawrence in such dense masses that we were compelled to anchor. There we lay for an hour, when we again moved forward cautiously. No land was visible. Shoals of sand and sunken rocks there abounded, and the lead was heaved continually. Finally, the pilot became uncertain of his whereabouts, when the boom of a heavy gun, fired every half hour during the prevalence of fogs, came from Green Island, and informed him of his relative position. Suddenly, while the lead was being constantly heaved, the engines were reversed and the anchor was cast, for it was evident that we were approaching a shoal.

The fog lay lightly upon the water, but heavier a few feet above it; and as the sun was shining in noonday splendor we seemed to be enveloped in a glowing cloud. In all directions we could see the porpoises turning up their white bellies on the surface of the calm river, and occasionally the black head of a seal would pop out of the water, remain visible a few minutes, as if inquiring the cause of the commotion, and then disappear.

Believing we were near the Red Island light-house, our Captain shouted, and a response came from a few yards off. We were so near that moderately loud voices held conversation between the people at the light-house and the officers of our vessel, yet they could not see each other. For full three hours we lay there, when sudden breezes seemed to start up from all quarters, the fog drifted away, and we proceeded toward the Saguenay. In all this delay we felt a perfect security, for the officers of the boat were so careful and skillful that real danger was out of the question. And it is worthy of remark that, during her voyages for several years, the *Saguenay* has never experienced the slightest accident.

At four o'clock we were under full headway. Mist yet lay upon the bosom of the river, and obscured the landmarks ahead; but Captain Simard, from a lofty position toward our mast-head, overlooked the coverlet of fog, and saw clearly the summits of the hills which flank the entrance to the Saguenay.

As we approached nearer the mouth of the dark river the St. Lawrence appeared deeply tinged with its black waters, and from the rocky gorges through which it flows came a northwest wind cold as our November gales. Great masses of mist were driven here and there over the surface of the river, sometimes enveloping our

vessel for a moment, and then hiding every vestige of the land before us. As the surface of the river grew rougher the heads of seals were seen more frequently, and in the course of five miles we counted no less than thirty, some in groups and some solitary, and always at a respectful distance from our vessel.

The appearance of the shores as we approached the mouth of the Saguenay was strange. On the upper side, and forming the west bank of the river, is White Birch Point—low, level land, and exceedingly rich, with a back-ground of lofty, desolate mountains. From the end of this point a reef of rocks extends out about two miles to a low, sandy island, called *Pointe et Battures aux Allouettes*, on which we saw almost innumerable water-fowl, the vicinity abounding with salmon. On the lower side of the entrance is a sterile, rocky point, called *L'Islet*, dividing the Saguenay from Tadoussac Bay, a little eastward of which two immense alluvial terraces arise. Back of these, and inclosing them like a setting, are lofty mountains of bare rock, sprinkled with a few dwarf spruce-trees, which derive their sustenance from the crevices.

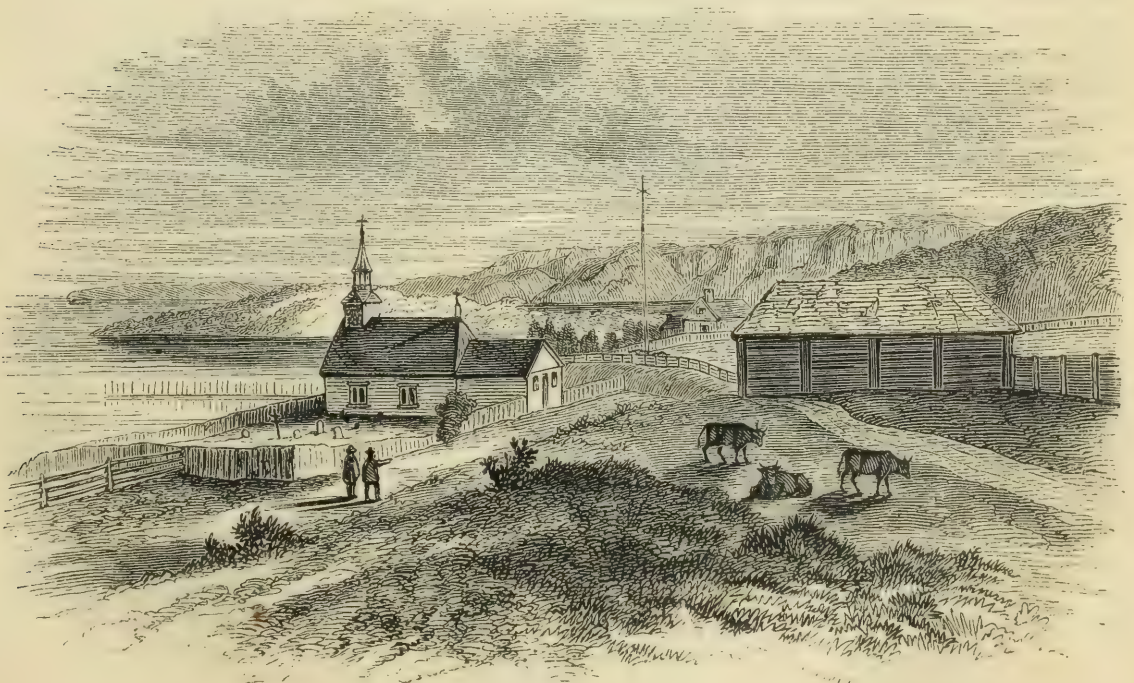
The mouth of the Saguenay was full of vapor, but above it we could see the commencement of those lofty, rocky shores, dismal and sterile, which extend more than sixty miles from its mouth. In the far distance, looking up the river, we could see blue hills rising one above another; and over all floated masses of beautiful clouds, delicately tinted by the beams of the declining sun. At six o'clock (having caught a glimpse of the church spire at Tadoussac a few minutes before) we were moored at *L'Ance à L'Eau*, a small village built upon the rocks in a sheltered cove just within the mouth of the Saguenay, and inhabited chiefly by fishermen and lumbermen.

We had now nearly two hours of daylight be-

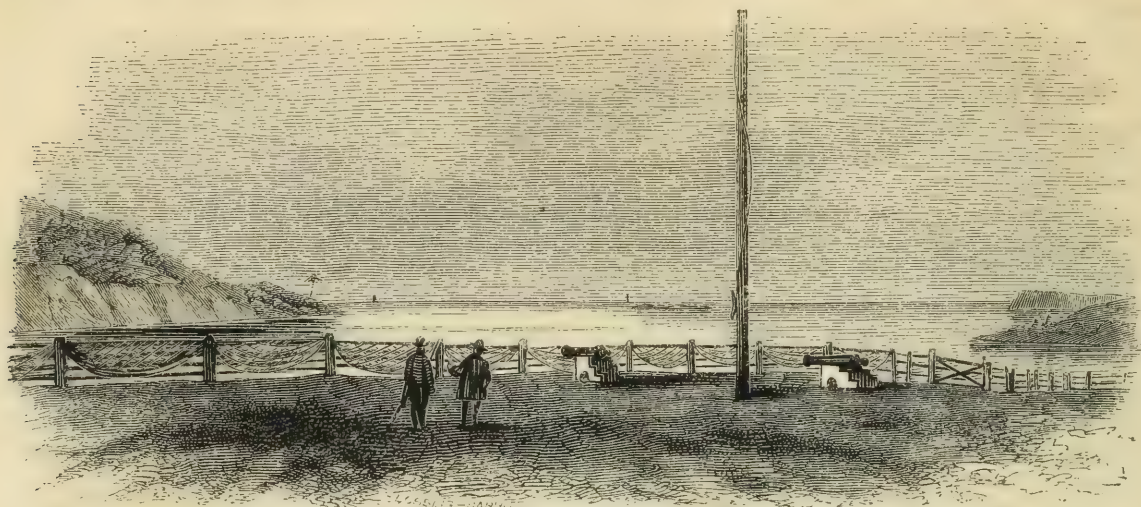
fore us, and I resolved to improve the opportunity so seldom offered to tourists to visit ancient Tadoussac over the hills, three-fourths of a mile distant. Several of the company started with me, but wishing to make a sketch of the old church and any thing else of interest there, I far outstripped them, and had almost completed my first drawing when some of them shouted to me from the bare hill-tops above. The walk was a most interesting one, the pathway leading part of the way along and across a clear mountain stream. At many a point I would gladly have lingered to enjoy the sight of the magnificent panorama spread out around me; but the sun would soon be hidden by the lofty Saguenay Mountains, and pencil-work must be done instantly or not at all.

My first sketch was of the little ancient church, said to be one of the earliest edifices of the kind built by the French in Canada. It is a frame building. The interior is about twenty-five by thirty feet square, with a handsome altar and appurtenances, placed partly in an octagon alcove at the rear. The altar-piece represents the Crucifixion. On the left are two paintings, one of them the portrait of the first priest who visited Canada, and the other a Scripture scene. On the right is a picture representing an angel leading a little child. The roof is arched and painted blue. There is a small gallery at the end opposite the altar, and below are rude wooden benches for the use of the congregation. On one side of the church is a burial-ground, in which are many graves.

Like the church, the congregation at Tadoussac is small, that place being only a station of the Hudson's Bay Company and a salmon fishery, containing the dwelling, store, and warehouse of the Company, and a few other plain residences. *L'Ance à L'Eau* is in the same parish, but furnishes a very few worshippers. A



ANCIENT CHURCH AT TADOUSSAC.



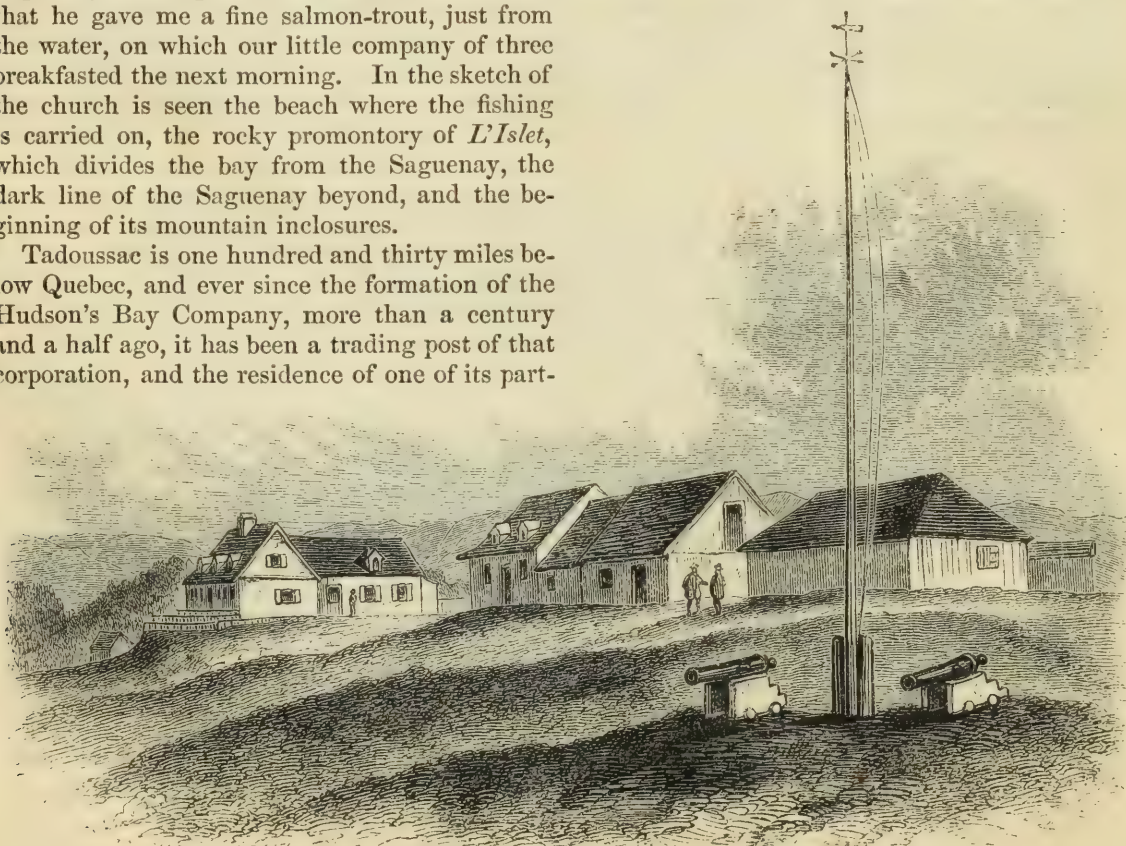
TADOUSSAC BAY.

priest comes there only once a year to say mass, receive confessions, extend absolution, administer the sacraments of marriage and baptism, and collect funds.

The quaint old church stands upon the high alluvial bank, overlooking the beautiful harbor of Tadoussac and its surroundings, and the broad St. Lawrence in front, whose southern shore is in full view in fine weather. The bay is a good salmon-fishing station, and there I found—where are they not found?—an enterprising Yankee named Haskell, from Rockport, Massachusetts, at the head of the fishing establishment. From him I obtained a good deal of information respecting the place and vicinity; and he was so well pleased with my sketch of the bay from the flag-staff, showing his nets in the foreground, that he gave me a fine salmon-trout, just from the water, on which our little company of three breakfasted the next morning. In the sketch of the church is seen the beach where the fishing is carried on, the rocky promontory of *L'Islet*, which divides the bay from the Saguenay, the dark line of the Saguenay beyond, and the beginning of its mountain inclosures.

Tadoussac is one hundred and thirty miles below Quebec, and ever since the formation of the Hudson's Bay Company, more than a century and a half ago, it has been a trading post of that corporation, and the residence of one of its part-

ners and an agent. They have a pleasant one-story dwelling, with other necessary buildings, a flag-staff flanked by two pieces of iron cannon, and a good garden. This, with other cultivated spots on this fine terrace, produces sufficient vegetables for the inhabitants of the post. A little back of the buildings there is a fine growth of beautiful fir-trees. These mark the spot, on the west side of the mountain stream, where fortifications built by the French once stood; and near the flag-staff may be seen the foundations of a building, said to have been the first dwelling built of stone and mortar in Canada. It was once the residence and missionary station of Father Marquette, the explorer of the Mississippi valley. Here, on the 1st of September, 1535, Jaques



HUDSON'S BAY STATION AT TADOUSSAC.



NIGHT SCENE ON THE SAGUENAY RIVER.

Cartier, the discoverer of the St. Lawrence, is supposed first to have set his foot on Canadian soil; and on the same day he entered the mouth of the deep and gloomy Saguenay. He had not then leisure to explore that great tributary, but the huge rocks, dense forests, and immense volume of water that came rolling down with a strong current from the far northwest—the whole forming a scene of sombre magnificence such as he had never beheld—impressed the great navigator and his companions with awe, and an exalted idea of the country they had discovered.

We did not leave *L'Ance à L'Eau* until almost ten o'clock in the evening, when our vessel took advantage of the tide, which here rises twenty feet perpendicular. The twilight had then just faded into night, for we were in quite a high latitude. Soon after supper several of the villagers, with their wives and daughters, came on board, and among them was a fiddler. A space between decks, near the night-cabin, was cleared; and then, for almost two hours, nearly the whole company engaged in the merry exercise of the dance. The tourists were invited down from the saloon, and several of the ladies and gentlemen, with the captain, clerk, pilot, and steward opened the entertainment. Afterward the Ca-

nadians gave specimens of their simple and beautiful dances; and when we took leave of them, and were about to ascend the stairs, one of the Seminary pupils already mentioned took the violin and played "Yankee Doodle" in compliment to us Americans. Altogether, it was a scene of genuine hilarity such as we business-devoured people of the "States" have but little conception of.

When the steamer was fairly under way, with her head up the river, I went upon the promenade deck, and was rewarded with a magnificent spectacle. On each side arose the lofty mountain shores, black, and almost bare; and directly in front was *La Boule* (The Ball), a round mass of primitive granite, rising out of the black bosom of the river more than a thousand feet. Detached clouds were hanging overhead, through which the stars twinkled brightly. On the left the crescent moon appeared just above the mountain summits, and on the right the Northern Lights were streaming up with a splendor seldom seen in lower latitudes. Here and there, along the shore, gleamed the lights of the salmon-fishers, but there was no sign of habitation. With this vision came the thought that more than a thousand feet below us lay the rocky bottom of

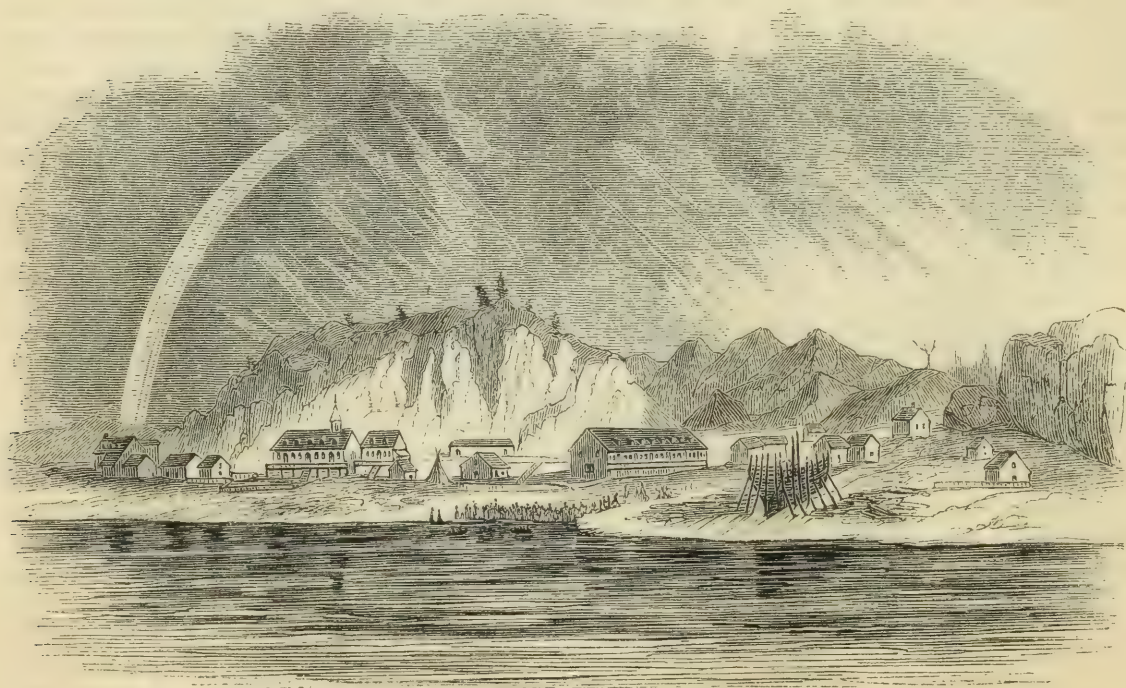
the river, for just within the mouth of the Saguenay the water is seven hundred feet deeper than the St. Lawrence, into which it empties. From this scene, and with such thoughts, I retired to my berth for the night, feeling exceedingly small in the presence of such grand displays of the works of God.

The Saguenay is formed by the junction of two outlets of Lake St. John, a considerable body of water, containing about five hundred square miles of surface, and lying in the wilderness one hundred and thirty miles northwest of Tadoussac. For some distance below the lake the river presents some magnificent cascades, where the water rushes between rocky banks from two hundred to one thousand feet in height. On account of its projecting promontories the course of its navigation below these cascades is quite sinuous. Our observation flatly contradicted the guide-books, which say of the river, "It is perfectly straight, with a sheer precipice on each side, without any winding or projecting bluffs." And long ago the old notions concerning its unnavigable current, immeasurable depths, terrible hurricanes, dangerous rocks, and destructive whirlpools had been proved to be fabulous. Its average width, from its mouth to Ha-ha Bay, a distance of sixty miles, is about one mile. Notwithstanding its great depth its current is very impetuous when the tide is low, and its effects are felt in the St. Lawrence for several miles. More than thirty rivers pour their tributaries into it; and its water is so dark that, to the voyager looking down from his vessel, it appears like ink. It is also very cold; and for several miles up, the cold-blooded seal may be seen feasting upon salmon, where, in earlier times, the walrus of the Arctic regions was found. These were seen by the exploring party of seventy men, under Roberval, who, in eight barks, ascended

the Saguenay in the summer of 1543. Of this voyage the bare fact that one bark and eight men were lost is all the record we have.

We ascended the river to Grand Bay (or Ha-ha Bay) during the darkness, and slept soundly until past two o'clock in the morning, when the sound of busy feet and shouting of the crew put sleep from our eyelids. We arose at half past two, and found the dawn glowing in the east and our vessel just at the entrance to Ha-ha Bay, which has a perfect resemblance to the main channel of the Saguenay, so perfect that inexperienced voyagers have been misled by it. Its name is said to have been given by early voyagers, who, after a rough passage from below, suddenly came upon this calm and perfectly wind-sheltered bay, and, in delight, exclaimed, Ha-ha! Others say that its Indian name, *Hes-kuewaska*, signifies Smiling or Laughing Bay. The anchorage within is good, and in depth and area is sufficient to float a large navy. In its vicinity the lofty mountains begin to disappear, and north of it a fine agricultural country spreads out.

Upon each extremity of Ha-ha Bay is a small village. These contain collectively about one hundred and fifty families, many of them Scotch, but chiefly French Canadians. They have a church, and cultivate much land. Their chief business, however, is the production of lumber. Although in much higher latitude than Quebec, the climate is said to be milder; and Tadoussac Bay is generally open in the spring some three weeks earlier than the harbor of Quebec. These villages lie respectively at the mouths of the Wipuscool and Vasigamenké rivers, two streams which empty into the head of the bay and furnish water-power for saw-mills. These mills, like all others at the mouths of the several tributaries of the Saguenay, are owned by David E. Price, Esq., of Quebec. That gen-



HEAD OF HA-HA BAY.

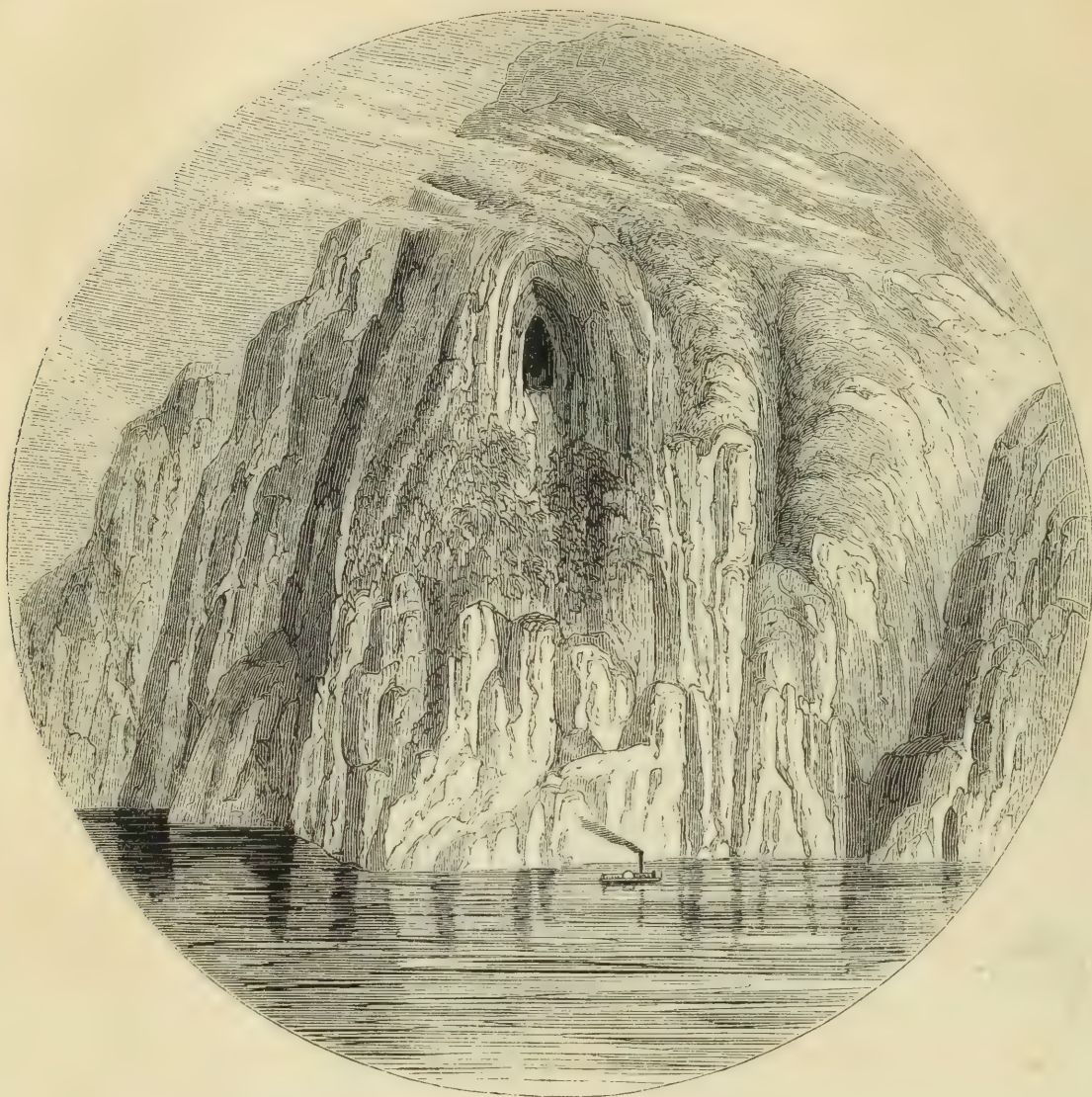


THE PICTURES.

tleman, I was informed, owns upon the Saguenay, St. Lawrence, and other rivers of Canada, thirty-six lumber establishments which give continual employment, winter and summer, to between three and four thousand men. To his enterprise will be properly attributable the extensive commerce that will ultimately float upon the bosom of the Saguenay from Chicoutimi to Tadoussac. It is believed that at the head of Ha-ha Bay will be the grand commercial entrepôt of the Saguenay region.

Our steamer visited only the village on the northern shore of the bay which is represented in the picture. It was just at sunrise when our anchor was cast within a few rods of the beach. A gentle shower had passed, and as the sunlight came over the rugged hills on the east it painted a few rainbows upon a dark cloud in the western sky. Many people gathered upon the shore on our approach, and more than twenty carts and calèches were there to receive the passengers and freight. These were all carried ashore in boats; and a fine gray horse was pushed overboard from the steamer and made to swim to the sandy beach, aided a little by a long halter held by a man in a boat.

We remained at the head of Ha-ha Bay about three quarters of an hour, and then commenced our day voyage down the river to *L'Ance à L'Eau*. It was a voyage that crowded the memory with a host of wonderful perceptions—more wonderful than any I remember to have experienced in the same space of time and distance. On each side of the river arise precipitous mountains, most of them arid and sterile, with occasional openings through which streams flow. We observed one feature of these shores that seemed to refer the mind back to some remote age, when the channel of this river was evidently formed by some tremendous convulsion. Wherever a promontory juts out on one side of the river a corresponding indentation is found upon the opposite shore, and elicits in the mind the inquiry whether this immense chasm was not formed by a sundering of the solid mountains, and the angularities caused by the fracture been worn to roundness by the abrasion of the elements for centuries? Its depth, too, is so remarkable, averaging nearly a thousand feet in the main channel the whole distance of our voyage, and in some places full four thousand feet. Near Cape Eternity it is said that the river has



STATUE POINT.

been fathomed almost a mile without reaching the bottom.

As we came out of Ha-ha Bay, *Cape à L'Est* (East Cape) stood before us on the right, in all its rugged grandeur, presenting, in some places, a perpendicular cliff, and at others immense masses of granite rocks irregularly heaped together, and sparsely dotted with the dwarf spruce, white birch, and pine. Away beyond this, to the northward, looking up the river toward Chicoutimi, we could see the blue mountains of the St. Marguerite range, thirty miles distant, which connect, on the north and east from Lake St. John, with the Hudson's Bay Highlands. This range has never been explored except by a hunter occasionally. The summits, it is estimated by engineers, are, on an average, full three thousand feet above the waters of Lake St. John. They connect with the high range that form the western side of the basin of the lake, and cross the Saguenay some miles above Chicoutimi, where the rapids commence.

Forty miles from the mouth of the Saguenay, on the south side of the river, are the *Tableaux* or Pictures. These are almost perpendicular rocks, smooth and somewhat variegated in color.

They rise from the water to an altitude of several hundred feet, and form the bold and attractive face of the shore, whose summit there is at least a thousand feet above the surface of the water. Across its brow white clouds were floating; and at the foot of the Pictures, and in the dark cove adjoining, were great quantities of water-fowl. Land-birds are rare upon the shores of the Saguenay. Sometimes the ptarmigan, which changes its color like the Canadian hare, is found upon the hills, and one or two varieties of birds not known at Quebec. The most abundant of the water-fowl are the divers. Among these is the *Petit Bonhomme*, a very beautiful-shaped duck, not larger than the snipe, and having the appearance of the wood-duck of Northern New York.

Nearly opposite the *Tableaux* we observed a stream of water pouring down the bald, rocky face of an almost perpendicular cliff from a point several hundred feet above the river. We noticed several of these in the course of the day's voyage, and were told that upon the tops of some of the higher peaks of the Saguenay range there are clear, cold lakes, whose outlets are so considerable as to form most picturesque falls and cascades.



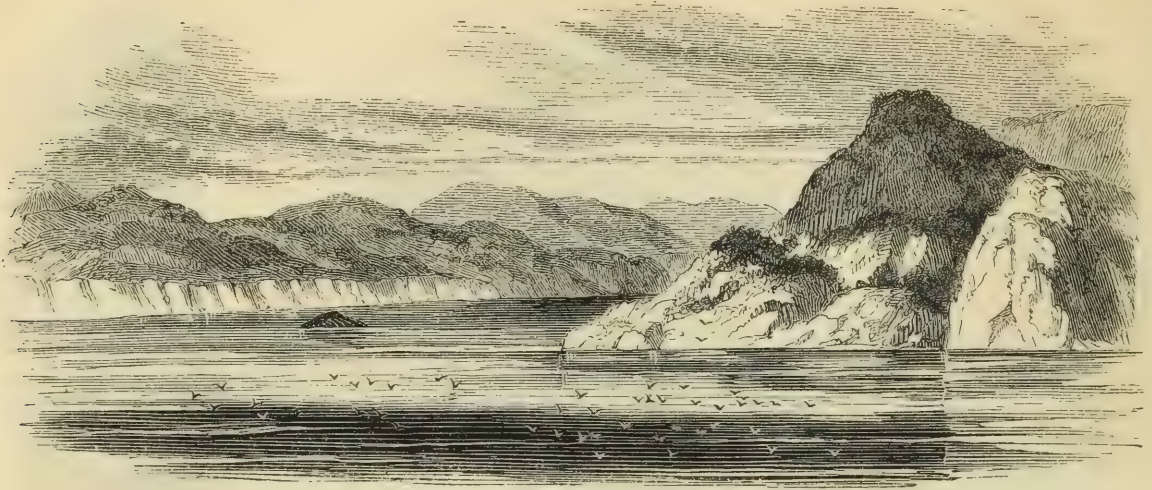
CAPES TRINITY AND ETERNITY.

Five miles further down the river, also on the southern shore, is Statue Point, a high, rocky promontory, upon which, eight hundred feet above the water, is a niche of irregular Gothic form, supposed to be the entrance to a cave. Into that mysterious cavern no human eye has ever gazed. Until within two or three years a light-colored rock stood at the entrance, and had the appearance of a statue from the river, its form resembling that of the human figure. It is believed that the frost with its mighty lever, or the lightning with its shivering stroke, has cast it to the bottom of the river, there more than a thousand feet below its surface.

At this point the most picturesque scenery of the Saguenay, as we approach from above, begins its marvelous displays. From here, all the way to Tadoussac, the mountains on both sides are rocky, rugged, and bare. Nearly eighty years ago fire stripped the hills on the northern shore, from the Ball to East Cape, of the primitive forest; and, more recently, a great portion of that on the southern shore has been destroyed in the same way—some of it so recently that branchless trunks and the rugged rocks are yet black from the effects of the great conflagration.

And now the voyager approaches the most sublime spectacle on the Saguenay, the entrance to Trinity Bay, on the southern shore. Trinity Bay is a large semicircular estuary, perfectly rock-bound, a mile in width at its entrance, where it is flanked by two enormous masses of rock, each rising, almost perpendicularly, eighteen hundred feet above the surface of the river. The northern elevation is called Cape Trinity, because of three distinct peaks which appear along its lofty summit; and the southern one Cape Eternity—the idea being suggested by its seemingly imperishable and ever-enduring material, which is said to be primitive granite—a point of one of the great ribs which form the frame-work of the structure of our globe.

The water at the feet of these capes is said to be equal in depth to the height of the mountains above; and our vessel passed so near the sides of the mighty rocks that we could almost touch the branches of the stunted pines that grow out of the crevices. As we rounded Cape Trinity the boat crept along its base a short distance into the bay, and at one point the enormous cliff appeared to overhang us. The sight inspired all with a feeling of awe not to be de-



ST. JOHN'S BAY.

scribed; and when the boat turned toward the opposite point, and left the immediate presence of this amorphous, tri-headed giant, we breathed freer with a sense of security.

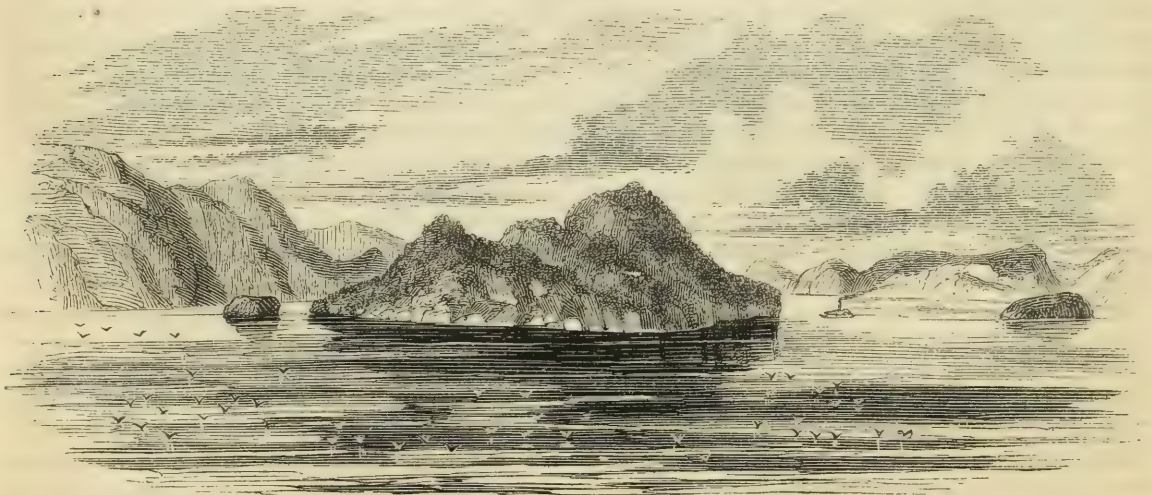
Down from Cape Eternity we saw a glittering cascade tumbling from rocks a thousand feet above us, and then disappearing in some huge cavernous ravine, where it was lost to the eye forever.

In a few minutes we were again awed into silence beneath the shadows of Cape Eternity; and as we looked upon its wall of granite, resting upon the very foundations of the world, and to its lofty summit, whereon the stems of blasted pines, forty feet in height, appeared tiny as bristles, we were made to feel small as dust in the hand of the Almighty. I have stood in the presence of Niagara, and there regarded the voice of man as sacrilegious impertinence; but never have I felt the insignificance of human utterance and human effort as when standing still in the presence of those silent preachers of omnipotence, capes Trinity and Eternity, with the broad heavens above filled with the light, and the unstable waters below deep and black, where darkness eternally broods. It was a lesson of humility long to be remembered.

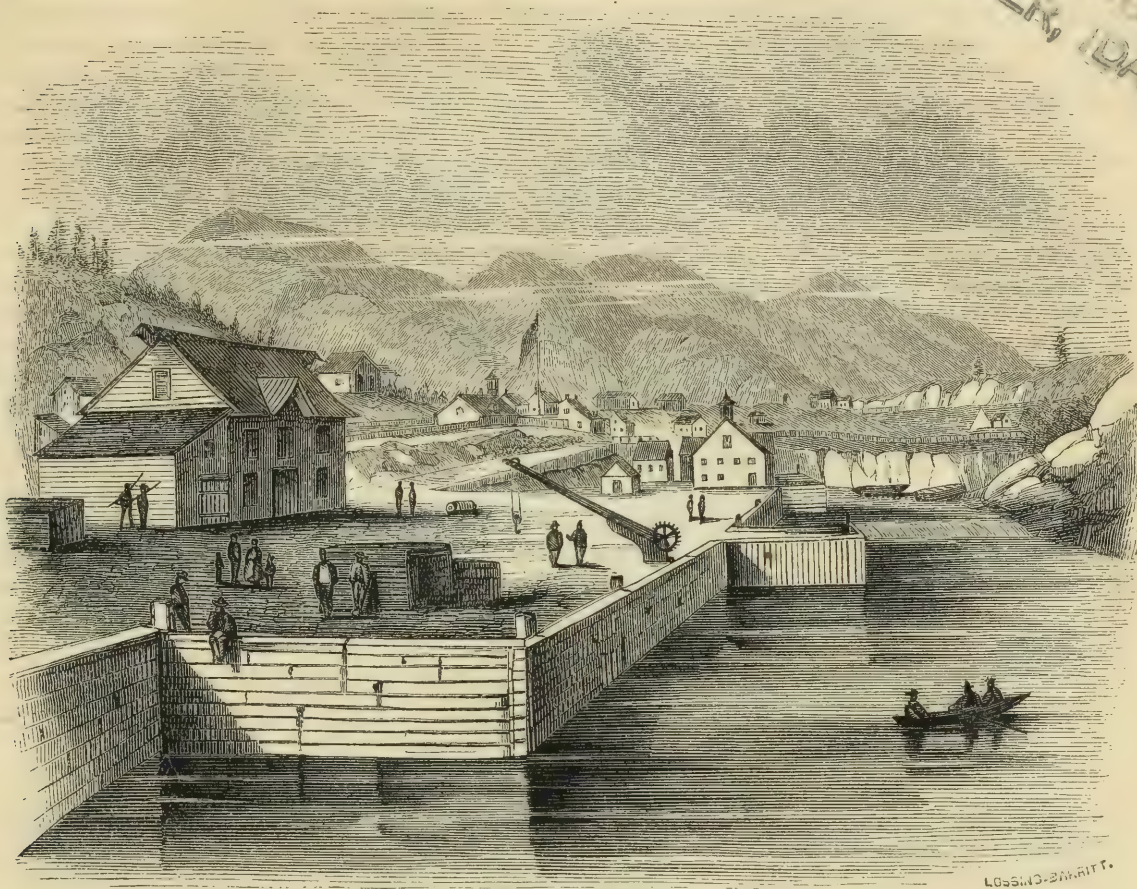
Soon after leaving Trinity Bay we passed St.

John's Bay, which is on the southern shore, about twenty-seven miles from the mouth of the Saguenay. Its entrance is between two and three miles wide, and extends two miles inland. It is completely encompassed with mountains, but along its shores, and upon one or two islands in its waters, there is fine arable land, producing hay in abundance. A considerable river falls into the east side of the bay, after descending along a narrow and fertile valley for some distance, with a rapid current over a rocky bottom. This is one of the principal lumber stations belonging to Mr. Price, and there is also a good fishery at the head of the bay. Near the upper side of the entrance is a lofty, rocky bluff, about twelve hundred feet in height, and in rear of it, at the distance of four or five miles apparently, we saw a waterfall, streaming from near the summit of a still "loftier" mountain.

A little below St. John's Bay we passed the mouth of the Little Saguenay River, one of the principal tributaries of the great river which flow in from the south. It empties into a considerable bay, and at its mouth are saw-mills and a fishing station. Soon afterward we passed the mouth of the St. Marguerite River, which flows in from the north, after having run parallel with the Saguenay for several leagues.



ST. LOUIS ISLAND.



L'ANCE À L'EAU.

In the vicinity of these rivers is St. Louis Island, rocky, rugged, and covered with a thin growth of stunted trees. It lies nearer the southern shore, and at its highest point is three hundred feet above tide-water. This island is about eighteen miles from Tadoussac, and affords the first anchorage for vessels after they leave the mouth of the river. Around it the water is very deep, and, it is said, has been fathomed twelve hundred feet between its western extremity and the rock seen in the picture (looking up the river) a little way from it. The latter rises from the bottom, like an enormous spire, to the height of forty feet above high water. In this vicinity great quantities of the finest salmon-trout are caught. Nearer the northern shore is a nameless island, which we agreed to call *Dome Island*, because of its perfect resemblance to that figure. It rises about one hundred feet at its centre, and is covered with stunted evergreens.

We were now approaching the end of our voyage down the river. The sun was near the meridian, the sky was clear, a few fleeces of mist lingered around the loftier summits of the mountains, the atmosphere was balmy, and every thing gave promise of a delightful afternoon. But as we approached *L'Ance à l'Eau* thick volumes of mist came sweeping around the base of *The Ball*, and we soon found it driving in with a stiff breeze from the St. Lawrence, and filling the mountain gorges. Our prudent Captain resolved not to venture through the intricate channels that lead out of the Saguenay while the fog was

present, and again the whole party went ashore. Fortunately for my special purpose the mist lay only upon the water, and from the steamer's deck I was enabled to make the accompanying sketch of the village of *L'Ance à l'Eau* and its surroundings.

Here we had left Sir St. George Gore and his little party, who had come to the Saguenay not to view its scenery but to enjoy the sports of angling. There they might have them to their hearts' content, for the river abounds with salmon, salmon-trout, pickerel, white-fish, common trout, cod, and herring; and for more notable sport, the porpoise, the sturgeon, and the gibard or bottle-nosed whale, were ready to present themselves. Upon a green plateau, at the head of the cove of *L'Ance à l'Eau*, Sir St. George had pitched his circular tent, and the smoke of his kitchen (a cavity between two huge boulders) was plainly visible from the steamer. Myself and companions proceeded to give him a parting call, and to get a small glimpse of tent life. We were received with great politeness at the door of the tent, and invited in to partake of some refreshments, after a huge dog and a ponderous stove had been expelled to allow free ingress for the ample skirts of the ladies.

The fog detained us at *L'Ance à l'Eau* nearly two hours, and to this accident I was indebted for the opportunity to get a sketch of the village. The steamer seldom tarries there more than half an hour at any time; and but for the fog that detained us upon the St. Lawrence the previous

day, I could not have visited Tadoussac and procured the drawing of the old church there. What to many would have seemed a misfortune was to me a blessing, and I shall always remember that cold fog in mid-summer with gratitude.

Suddenly the southern shore of the St. Lawrence, brilliantly lighted, appeared to a few of us upon the eminence overlooking *L'Islet*. The steamer's bell summoned all on board, and at little past two o'clock we bade adieu to the dark Saguenay and crossed over to *Rivière du Loup*.

There we remained a short time and then departed for Quebec. At Murray Bay we recovered our lost luggage, and at eight o'clock the next morning we were safely landed upon Napoleon wharf, at Quebec, from whence we started three days before.

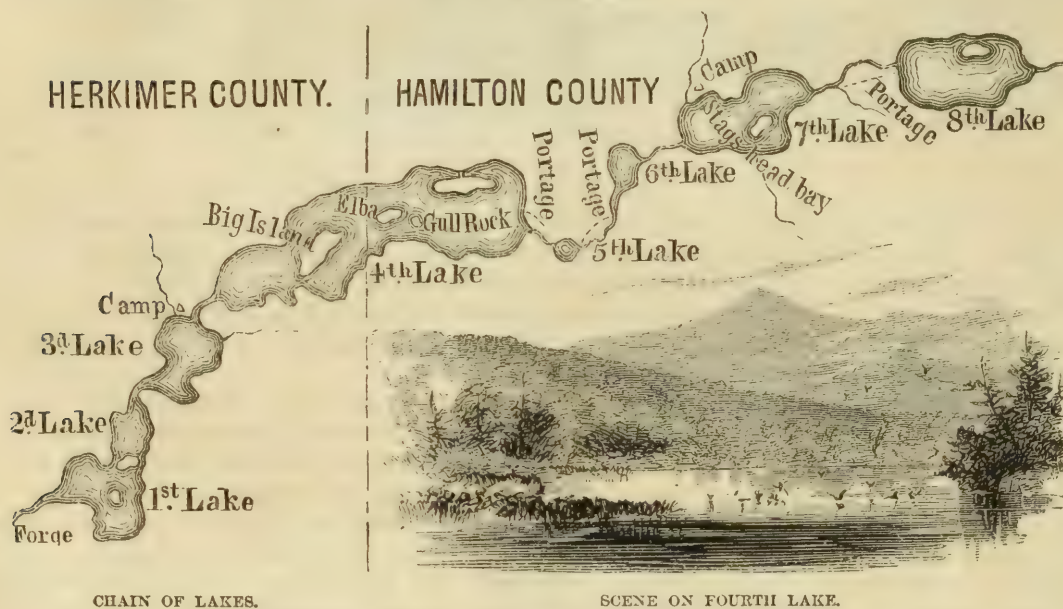
Thus in brief outline with pen and pencil I have endeavored to give an idea of the sensations experienced in a trip to the Saguenay. The few

sketches here given, selected from more than fifty that I made chiefly with hasty pencil from the deck of the steamer during the voyage, convey, in the small space of a magazine page, very inadequate ideas of the beauty and grandeur of the scenery we beheld. It must be seen to be comprehended; and I would most earnestly advise every summer tourist seeking pleasure to follow our example. Every comfort of "bed and board" may be found on the stanch steamer *Saguenay*; and every one who has made the voyage with Captain Simard and Mr. Papineau, his clerk, entertain the most grateful recollections of their polite attentions and skillful management.

One caution to the novice is necessary. After four o'clock in the afternoon, in the Saguenay region, the temperature of the air is like early November in the vicinity of New York. You should be well provided with thick clothing and extra coats and shawls. With these and a cheerful temper the whole trip will be delightful.

A VISIT TO "JOHN BROWN'S TRACT."

BY T. B. THORPE.



CHAIN OF LAKES.

SCENE ON FOURTH LAKE.

"GOD bless the man who invented sleep!" is one of the ejaculatory expressions credited to Sancho Panza; and however much we may be startled at the want of a thorough knowledge of technical theology in the worthy Governor of Barrataria, we are none the less charmed with the good sense which seems to well up from his heart. In the same honest spirit we may, as the denizens of a crowded city, exclaim, "Bless the invention of a short trip into the country!" Hundreds and thousands of our metropolitans voluntarily encourage no cessation from bodily toil, no relief from mental activity, and, as a result, become in due time so dead to the softening influences of delightful leisure and healthful exercise that every thing that is not strictly "business" is rejected and condemned. The happy medium is not to neglect work, yet to find a proper time and place to play. Lost

among the busy haunts of our most crowded thoroughfares are, fortunately, a few men who are known on 'Change as "responsible," and in all business pursuits eminently successful, who cherish a love for nature in spite of these all-soul-killing surroundings, and who, in summer time, go into the forests for recreations rather than to the usual popular resorts, where the deluded victim only adds to the restraints of fashion the inconveniences of uncivilized life.

To two gentlemen, thus wisely constituted, whose portraits grace this article, I am indebted for the suggestion which resulted in a trip to "John Brown's tract"—a world of wilderness, the real character and extent of which I might otherwise have remained ignorant of to the end of my life. Familiar with the primitive forests of the Mississippi, among the solitudes of which I so many years claimed a home, the idea of



MY COMPANION, THE HUNTER.

meeting with primeval wastes that would challenge my admiration within the boundaries of one of the oldest and most highly cultivated "empires" of the Union seemed but the dream of an enthusiast; and with this conviction I made the necessary preparations for our adventure. The result was, that I found a vast wilderness—a wild as free from cultivation as any spot to be met with on our continent—and that lying within the limits of the State of New York.

"John Brown's tract" reaches into Lewis and Hamilton, but the largest part is in Herkimer County. It is, superficially, some twenty miles square. Nearly fifty years ago it was purchased by a wealthy merchant, whose name it bears, then a resident of Providence, Rhode Island.

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Tradition, strange as it may seem, is already at fault and contradictory as to the particulars which attended the original purchase. Who sold it, and who made the title, and what was originally paid, are things to be exhumed only by laborious and non-compensating research. Certain it is, however, that at the early day we speak of a large number of families passed from the seaboard, and neglecting what is now the finest farming country in the world, pertinaciously made their way to a region which is still wild and unknown, and there attempted a permanent settlement. The remains of the industry of these infatuated people are still to be recognized in the stunted growth of trees that have taken possession of their "clearings." The ruins of a

dam on one of the streams, and some indications of a forge can be made out, where was reared a workshop of immense size, surrounded by numerous subordinate buildings for the accommodation of the workmen—a large capital having been expended without one single apparent intelligent idea of a productive return. John Brown had two daughters; and to the husband of one was intrusted the improvement of the tract. The man seems to have entered upon the labor of opening up the “inheritance” with commendable zeal. Enough is known to show that he gradually, by sad experience, awoke to the futility of his costly experiment. It would seem that he lavished large sums in improvements, and constantly met with reverses. His tenants became dissatisfied, and abandoned their homes. His forge for making iron was repeatedly overflowed with water, and what it produced was without value for the want of a market. Remittances of money from Rhode Island finally ceased, the forge met with some extraordinary misfortune, and the son-in-law of Brown, the prospective inheritor of what was supposed would be literally a princely estate, closed his struggles and disappointments by blowing out his brains. With this dark tragedy ended any possible hope of making a settlement; the seasons were inauspicious—the summers short, the winters long—and one person after another left, until the silence of the unbroken wilderness again resumed its sway. Years and years passed away. The genius of Clinton, meanwhile, inaugurated the vast internal commerce of New York State, which carried settlements and wealth farther and farther away, and “John Brown’s tract” became a world forgotten in the midst of the highest civilization.

My companions, to whom I have already alluded, preceded me to the “happy hunting grounds,” and I was left to find my way alone. Booneville, the principal town of Oneida County, is literally on the edge of civilization. Although southward you can leave it by a well-conducted railway, yet if you would go beyond its borders in any other direction you soon plunge into pathless forests kept intact from any great intrusion by an uninviting climate and sterile soil. Toward nightfall of a long July day this village appeared in sight. Hidden away among low hills, it presents the usual physiognomy of American towns—a total want of ancient respectability, and an utter defiance on the part of the villagers of the laws that gracefully combine artificial improvements with natural scenery. If any street was straight, it had not the merit of being convenient; if crooked, not the amelioration of being picturesque. It was the end of my journey, so far as the usual appliances of civilized travel were concerned; and I felt some enthusiasm in the thought that the morrow was to find me, surrounded by the novelties of a professed “guide,” winding my way along a “bridle path.”

I was gratified at my arrival by a cordial reception from the school-boys of the village, the porter of the hotel, and the significant comment

of one or two of the oldest men of the place that “he was going out;” and this remark, at first dimly suggestive of its meaning, was soon agreeably ventilated by the self-introduction of an individual, evidently just from the woods, who mentioned my friends’ names, and stated that “he had just come in,” meaning that he was just from “John Brown’s tract.” Supper having been discussed, “the guide”—for such was his significant title—informed me that my friends were well, that they had safely reached “Seventh Lake,” had established a camp on the banks of what they were pleased to term “Stag’s Head Bay,” and that they were quite successful in killing venison and catching trout. It is not necessary, but still it would be ungrateful not to say that this information filled me with pleasing anticipations.

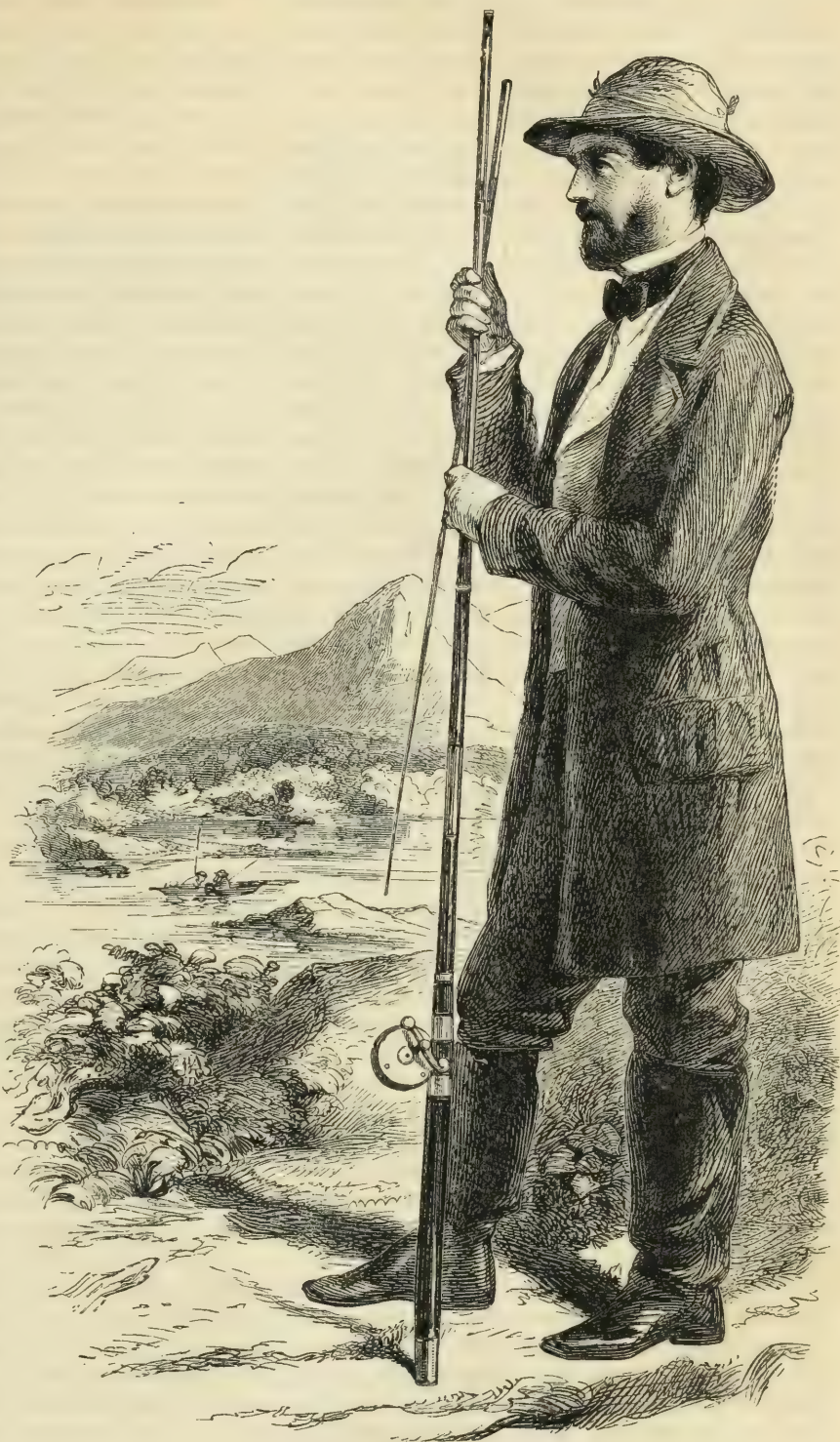
The most favorite streams in the northern part of New York have been within a few years ruined for trout-fishing. Many reasons are assigned for this great misfortune. Between the saw-mills and tanneries the water has been ruined, and the spawning places destroyed; and the only reason that there are any fish remaining in streams upon which these utilitarian establishments have long existed is, that there are lateral branches where the spawn is undisturbed. The banks of the Beaverhill and the Willerwhemack, tributaries of the Delaware, twenty years ago were famous for brook trout, and were once favorite places for the lovers of piscatorial sports. Upon the plain surface of a window-shutter belonging to a country inn located in their vicinity is still to be seen the actual size of a trout traced with a pencil by the hand of Henry Inman, the distinguished artist; and it is still remembered how enthusiastic he was when he held up the prize to the admiring crowd previous to “taking its likeness.”

These haunts, where genius once found leisure from the toils of city life, with thousands of others which a few years ago abounded in game, are now deserted, and fret their way on to the ocean, stained by tan and thickened by the refuse wood that tumbles from the teeth of the grating saw. It has been very plausibly suggested that the constant clearing of the land precipitates the heavy rains so rapidly into the streams that they wash away and shift the game, destroy the spawn, and also the eggs of aquatic insects upon which the fish feed, lessening at the same time the production of the fish and their food. The facilities of traveling have also had their effect in distributing anglers more plentifully over the country. Few streams or lakes escape a thorough examination. The day is, therefore, rapidly passing away when tyros will be successful.

The lakes and streams that help to swell the sweeping current of Moose River are still full of inexperienced fish, who add to verdancy an overcrowded population, being so plentiful, indeed, that their fins, if not their elbows, are in the way of each other. It was in this prolific region my friend Dawson rejoiced—that he chose a bright-red fly, unlike any thing the eye of a trout ever

gazed upon, for the half-malicious purpose of demonstrating to himself the absurdity of "the cockney theory" that only particular flies are applicable to particular seasons; for this fly (so nondescript and peculiar) had barely touched the water before it was seized by a pound trout, and four more of equal size were soon bagged with the same remarkable fly, which it would have been no idolatry to worship, it being unlike any thing in the heavens above, the earth beneath, or the waters under the earth; and triumphantly indeed are our technical friends of the rod and reel—who have a different fly for every week in the year, if not for every day of the season—requested to put the fact of such great success in their pipes "and smoke it."

I fancy the great indignation with which the "regulars" are seized when they read such ill-founded exultation, and how complacently they feel it to be in their power to put such pretension down. It is a well-established fact that all kinds of game fish are fastidious, and more particularly the trout family are singularly careful not only about the quality of their food, but also nice about the time they will take it. An observing sportsman will soon find the kind of bait that will please the capricious taste of those he would allure into his possession, and if he is skilled in his art he will be able to deceive the "oldest dodgers" if it happens to be the hour when they are willing to dine. But if the hour at which the bait is offered is unpropitious, no genius can prevail on the fish to nibble though the dainties are composed of grubs in season, or of the richest flies the angler ever deviled into shape. Even the plumpest shiner, with his silver sides, offers no temptation. These things would have been well enough *yesterday*; you might with



MY COMPANION, THE FISHERMAN.

such temptations have filled your creel any where—pulled your victims in until your arms ached; to-day not a jaw will wag to do your bidding. A well-educated and carefully-raised trout, inhabiting a clear and much hunted stream, stands no possible danger of ever falling into the hands of the "commonplace fisherman." A trout of this kind is an artist in bait, and more than probable has had his jaws tickled by a hook as an additional suggestion to be careful as to what he eats. To run your wits against a venture of this kind, swimming in clear water on a sunshiny day, you must meet with ill success unless they are sharpened by experience and aided by fine

tackle. An awkwardly thrown line, or even a vulgar splash of an artificial fly, will startle any trout and awaken his suspicions, and once he gets his eye on you, or discovers the rude machinery you have prepared for his destruction, he is, beyond a peradventure, safe; you can no more tempt his appetite or lull his suspicions by your "contrapsions" than you could entice an alderman, puffed up with turtle soup, to take a "snack" on soused pigs'-feet. An experienced angler with a single hair can conquer any trout weighing less than a pound, and as gentlemen do not fish for the purpose of "making a living," there is certainly some pleasure felt, and properly so, in overcoming by art superior force in securing your game; one feels much more proud of a partridge killed while flying on the wing than of a miserable dunghill fowl knocked down while roosting on a rail-fence. It is only the amount of intellectual excitement we bring to bear in overcoming the inhabitants of the air and water that distinguishes our pursuit of game from the herd who kill, like the hunter, only for gain, or, like the savage, merely to satisfy hunger.

An enthusiastic friend of mine, who is a master in all the arts of intricate rods, reels, and lines, and who looks upon orthodoxy in trout-fishing as a means of salvation—from at least the charge of insensibility and bad taste—is particularly instructive in his eloquent indignation of what he is pleased to term "pot-hunters." On one especial occasion he got into the following rhapsody:

"Some folks may talk as much as they please about the infernal nonsense of fine rods and tackle, and say they'd as soon have a pine pole, a twine string, and eel-hook, as any scientific arrangement made up of grace, gut, and Limerick. Such folks are properly classed by every sensible and discriminating individual in that family the members of which have no music in their souls. The pine pole, twine string, and eel-hook gentry may do very well among mud-cats and mackerel; but a trout, a black perch, or any other gentlemanly, carefully-educated, or well-bred fish would scorn to hold communion with them. The very appearance of such people upon the banks of a silvery stream would cause all troutlings, perch, and pike to hide immediately under their respective roots, and all creation wouldn't get them out until the evil spirit had passed away. There is no use of cajoling me; I look upon those who talk about poles and twine, and turn up their noses at the idea of studying nature and the habits of nature's offspring, as only fit to catch sick suckers or blind eels. Pass them by—pity and deplore their ignorance—but don't allow their vulgar slang-wang to have the slightest effect upon you.

"Plant yourself with me on the summit of some little knoll that overlooks as clear and dancing stream as ever leaped through fairyland. Lose not too much time in listening to the silvery tones of that little rapid beyond, or studying the vagaries of those two currents made

by the gravelly bar, dashing themselves into foam and bright bubbles and dancing rapidly away to that cool-looking pool below. That inviting spot, shrouded as it is with overhanging limbs and vines which ever and anon 'stoop to kiss the water,' is a favorite haunt of the trouts. If you will look at the next knoll above, just where the stream emerges from the tangled vine, you will see coming leisurely around its farther extremity a gentleman clad in a suit of indescribable grayish-green; suspended from his shoulder is a creel, and around his waist is strapped a neat bait-box. From one of the pockets of his jacket you can see protruding the end of a trolling-line. The body of his low-crowned hat is encircled with a couple of gut-lines, with several neatly-made flies sticking to the band. In his hand he carries a spliced rod, some sixteen feet in length—'tis of his own make—and although stout enough to land the most stubborn fish the streams afford, 'tis pliant enough in his hands to drop a fly as light as thistle-down upon the water. Our disciple of nature stops and looks around and listens: he then moves off to that fallen pine—he listens for a moment, hears the busy chirp of the 'saw-cut' under the bark: in a moment he chips it off with his light hatchet, filling one division of his bait-box with the largest and plumpest grubs. This accomplished, he moves off; but presently his attention is arrested by a humble-bee that is busy humming around the roots of a tuft of sedge which lifts its waving plumes high into the balmy air. The bee alights and is quickly lost among the roots. The rod is laid carefully aside, the creel taken off, and a small pine-top is cut with the hatchet. Now the angler taps with his foot on the sedge, out come three or four angry bees, but the pine-top does them up in a twinkling; they continue to pour out until twenty or thirty insects are killed. The unoccupied department of the box receives them; a few blows of the hatchet exposes the interior of the bees' nest filled with grubs and honey-bags. The angler, having secured his treasure, picks up his tackle and quietly proceeds toward the stream. This man is a miracle in the artistic way. With him the wind may blow just exactly as it pleases, and the sun may shine or not; the clouds may become fitful and growl in thunder tones, or spit out the rain if they like; the tide may be full or low, ebb or flow, be all things at once, if you please, and still our angler will catch his fish, for they can not withstand his inducements, but insist upon getting into his creel and escorting him home. Arrived at a favorable place for casting his line, the angler peers over the water for a moment and then plucks from the ribbon of his hat an orange-bodied winged fly, which he loops to the end of his gut-line, already provided with a brown hackle. This work accomplished, most gracefully is the fly delivered just above a projecting root, and lightly it floats directly over some veteran's hiding-place—no rise; another cast; another in a different direction—no rise. A glance at the sky and a wink at the hot sun assures him; the

flies are carefully put away, another foot-link is attached to the line—the saw-cut grubs are substituted. Down glides the larvæ, quivering here and there, and in a few moments up comes a fish sparkling as if studded with jewels. Another and another follows; the angler continues to dip along the margin.

"Presently his eyes are attracted to a deep and shaded pool below. Splash! the water is driven into wrinkles right under yonder bush; another splash, and the fact is revealed that plenty fish are there. But how is one to get at them? Overhanging the stream for thirty feet above the hole the blossoming grape sends its vanilla-like perfume through the surrounding atmosphere. There are only two feet clear between the water and the tangled vines. Our angler can dart a fly as neatly through the opening as a lady would pass a piece of fine silk through the eye of a darning-needle, but just above the hole lies a prostrate log, which almost effectually closes up the entrance. The game is plenty, but how is one to get at it? Now, Pine-pole-twine-string-and-eel-hook, let's hear you talk; how would you go about the business? Why, take out my hatchet if I had one, or maybe an axe if handy, and cut away the vines, though they afford food for bees and birds, and perfume to the feathered songsters. I would destroy that green holly and woodbine, and let in the hot sun to that cool retreat.—Exactly what I expected; and you'd catch the fish, would you? Perhaps. But possibly by the time you had finished your cutting and hacking the game would be in some other safer place, and you would get nothing but curses from the wood-nymphs and all true sportsmen for your pains. Now watch the true angler. Does he look disappointed? Bah! He is just as sure of the fish as if they were already on a string. For a moment he seems to consider; then stripping off his traps and laying down his rod, he wends his way again to some prostrate pine. In a few moments he returns, bearing in his hand a number of pieces of bark. Taking off his foot-links he attaches a single strand of gut with a stout Limerick to the end of his line, places it in a coil, with about thirty feet of line, on a piece of the bark. The bait-box is now opened, and one of the dead humble-bees is fixed upon the hook. The little primitive craft, with its freight, is then placed upon the water, and by the skillful hand of the angler is guided under the bushes, the line gradually paying off. When fairly under way, by a supple jerk of the hand the bee is thrown from the bark, and floats beside it on the surface of the water—when what a dash!—warily—easily—caper away, old fellow! the tackle is strong, and no infant holds the rod, so up stream comes the reluctant game in spite of convulsive struggles, and in a moment more lies panting upon the grass. Another bark is freighted and other prize is secured, until the favorite hole of the largest fish is freed from occupants—and yet the flowers still image themselves in the clear stream, and lend their sweet perfume to the birds and bees; the water still cools under

the dense shadows; all is left as quiet and beautifully wild as the profuse hand of Nature made it. Now, my good Sir, look back from your knoll to the fallen tree, listen to the 'saw-cuts' busy at work upon the decayed timber, cast your eye upon the root of that sedge, peep under the foliage and the old log in the dark trout-hole that has been so cozily and so delightfully relieved of its rich treasure, and say what you think of the pine pole, the twine string, and eel-hook; and if you are not converted to the merits of fine tackle and science in hunting for the finny tribe then you are depraved past all redemption, and only deserve to angle round muddy docks, for nature and art combined have no charms for you."

My departure on the following morning from the hotel at Booneville was characterized by many pleasing incidents. The attendance of the loungers of the place was in full force; and, as is common in all country villages, people who have nothing to do are generally up betimes to attend to it. To my surprise, and in spite of my equestrian anticipations, our conveyance proved to be a rude two-horse wagon, at right angles across the box of which were laid two boards for seats. Every thing being ready, our party, consisting of myself, a pleasant companion, and a guide, started with a vehemence that broke the harness of our steed from the whipple-tree, the animal, with commendable forethought, taking advantage of the circumstance to wheel diagonally across the road and stop. A bit of deer-skin thong was soon produced and the fracture mended, when we dashed off again; and as the road was rough and down a steep hill our progress was most rapid, affording us at the same time the most incontestible evidence that our breakfast would not lie undigested for want of exercise, for between the jolts occasioned by protruding roots, intruding stones, and the careful attention required to keep our seat, no time was left for enervating repose.

As we journeyed along we noticed the rapidly-increasing indications of a barrenness of soil, and in the distance of two or three miles the settlements ceased altogether. The road, always broken and hilly, grew less and less excellent, and soon became an almost obliterated pathway. Suddenly our Jehu came to a dilapidated house, near by which was a barn in tolerable condition, with the doors hospitably open. On the right was a saw-mill fast going to decay, the dam broken down, the logs for manufacture into plank and the boards that had been cut lying in neglected heaps tainted with the decay which would soon turn them into soil. Here our wagon was left. The harness of the horses was suspended in the barn upon pegs which had just been deprived of saddles and bridles that now graced the backs of our patient steeds. I had now severally left the splendid steamers of the Hudson, the conveniences of the railway, the primitive conveyance of the wagon, and in the exigencies of the case was forced to try progression on horseback. Certainly I was coming into rude



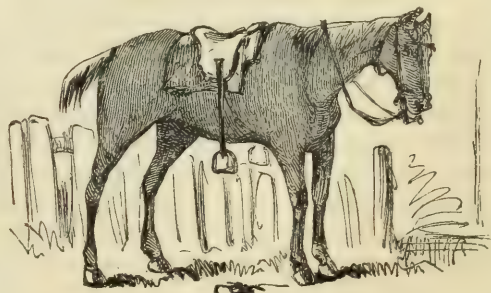
THE REPAIRED ROAD.

lands. The wild woods were really opening before me. As our party, by the addition of an extra guide, consisted of four persons and two horses, an amicable arrangement was made by which we should "ride and tie," the guides seeming to be very willing to do all the pedestrian part of the contract. The horses, in addition to their riders, had to carry the luggage, which, little as it was, covered the saddles, the horses' shoulders and backs, leaving such room to hang ourselves upon as resulted from accident. Much experience has taught me the lesson, that a horse with no natural gait, with neither an amble nor a walk, worn-out by hard usage and stiffened by age, and rendered full of bad habits by a desultory course of life, that such a horse is not pleasant to back. But when you add to these imperfections an unstrapped blanket on your saddle, with numerous nondescript things in bags dangling against your legs, driving sharp points into your knees, moving over a road that is hard and soft by turns, one moment going up hill, the next descending perpendicularly, diversified by swamp holes that suck in the horses' legs with the power of a force-pump, or by pleasant passages covered by loose rolling stones, that make it difficult to keep his feet on the earth at all—I say, that under such circumstances horseback traveling is not altogether agreeable, and I am still vexed that even for a moment a feeling of gratitude should have come into my heart when the guides remarked that they would, to accommodate us, give us the benefit of the horses, "while they would take it on foot."

Our horses, we soon discovered, were scarcely equal to "slow traveling;" nothing but a walk of the most solemn kind would comport with their inclinations and ability. On several occasions, where the road was not entirely wretched, we

went through the usual hints which are suggestive to horses' minds of a trot, but these attempts to realize our wishes seemed only to be the preliminaries of their limbs separating, so agitated were their muscles and so roughly did they sway their bodies, while at the same time our saddlebags, bundles, and blankets seemed to lose all attraction of gravitation, and attempted to shie on the ground or into the air. It was after one of these pitiable attempts at speedy progression that I resigned my seat to one of the guides, who accepted my proffered kindness with evident reluctance, remarking "that, so far as he was concerned, he'd just as leave go on foot"—a piece of humility that, under the circumstances, I was glad to imitate.

The monotony of our trip was finally varied by our reaching the banks of Moose River, where we came to a halt preparatory to crossing. The little flat used on such occasions was fortunately on our side of the stream, which saved the necessity of a guide swimming over to "fetch it across." It was a relief to assist in unsaddling our steeds and conveying our "traps" to the flat. Every article was carefully distributed so that we would not upset. When we had disposed of our persons one of the guides handled the paddles, the other held on to the halter of one of the horses, the other being left loose on the bank. The intelligent animal whose fortunes were connected with our boat seemed to understand his part, for he deliberately waded into the stream after us, and in a few seconds was swimming finely in the current, and keeping close to the boat. On reaching the opposite shore our luggage was carried up the bank, while our quadruped companion also regained dry land, and informed us of the fact by shaking his reeking sides as if he were a spaniel, sending a thick spray over our faces, then settling into the serenity of expression which is only attainable by large experience and the accumulation of years. Meanwhile our "other horse," which had been so unceremoniously left behind, to our alarm commenced prancing in a most indecorous manner up and down the bank, showing a levity quite inconsistent with his previous conduct, and as if not content with this, he finally started off at a brisk canter into the adjoining woods. Suddenly the horse in our company pricked up his ears and opened his eyes, and observing that his companion was disposed to migrate to parts unknown, he opened his mouth and, as plainly as equine language could be uttered, called him



MY HORSE.

back. The summons was not unheeded; the would-be truant stopped, gave a loud "neigh!" which meant yes in his vernacular tongue, retraced his steps, and throwing himself into the current was in a few moments with his biped friends, seemingly quite delighted to be again in good company, although taxed with an unusual amount of labor by way of making himself agreeable.

The great facilities of modern travel give an imperfect idea of distance. The ancient expression of "a day's journey" to a given place is made obsolete by the application of steam, for the same day's journey is easily made within the limit of an hour. As we toiled along, gradually becoming more and more fatigued, we finally looked to the end of our journey as an event in the unknown future. The holes and the hollows which scarcely attracted our notice in the morning now became formidable. We slipped up while leaping from stone to stone in swampy places, and seemed to be continually entangled about the feet by some intrusive vine which grew in the dry places, and we groaned in spirit when we learned that we accomplished only two or three miles in as many weary hours. The continued shade of the trees gradually became monotonous, and grave speculations involuntarily rose to our minds, as to the possibility that we had been paying too dear for our amusement. The charms of the wilderness, so agreeable to contemplate while dreamily lounging in some richly furnished parlor, grew less attractive in the realization, and even the promised excitement of deer-hunting and trout-fishing seemed to pall before venison and fish already tamed and dressed. We finally neared our haven of rest, and the cheerful indications soon filled us with pleasurable anticipations. Moose River, which we had left in the morning, again appeared in

sight and went rollicking beside our roadway.

The last few miles were also enlivened by the relief of "mile-stones," which were admirable for their simplicity. The surface of the pine-tree trunk was for a small space duly deprived of its bark, and on the smooth and exposed surface were inscribed with red chalk hieroglyphical characters which gave the desired information. The figures were generally with their tails where their heads ought to be, and the orthography was so exceedingly indifferent that it was evident the schoolmaster had made but little impression upon the surveyors



THE MILE-STONE.



THE GOOD ROAD.

and road constructors who "permeate" through "John Brown's tract." Still these rude hints presenting themselves at long intervals along the road tended very much to lighten the labor of our now weary trail. Honestly registered miles they were, with many rods and roods thrown in no doubt for Christian measure. The evidences of neglected clearings began finally to present themselves, and in the distance we heard occasionally the barking of a dog. Our gallant steeds, which, funeral-paced and slow, had dragged their jaded lengths along, pricked up their ears and gave indications of accelerated motion.

At last, when the sun was well in the west, and we had consumed nearly an entire day in traveling twenty-five miles, we came in sight of the long-desired habitation of Otis Arnold. The old "keep," which stands, as it were, in the gate-way that opens into the numerous lakes which lie beyond among the hills and mountains, is situated upon a "spur" that loses itself in the surrounding level land. Toward the west piles of gigantic rocks rear their cold blue sides, the warm rays of summer only making them look more sombre and repulsive. To the south stretch away the stunted forests that lie toward Booneville. Eastward rises a hill the truncated top of which is made attractive by the evidences of cultivation. To the north the low lands spread out in far reaches toward the horizon, and from the floating clouds of mist that are constantly dotting the scene, you know that the still water of deeply shaded lakes are paying tribute to the warm surrounding air. The dwelling which has defied the winter storms for more than forty years is a one-story attic, with unpretending extensions on one or two sides. You reach its vicinity by ascending some broken ground, passing through rude bars, running the gauntlet between a row of hybrid dogs of the hound and wolf species, which, when not engaged in the chase, find kennels and a strong rope in the protection of the Virginia fence corners. Our welcome from Mrs. Arnold was of the most cordial kind, nor

A little further.
1 Mile
Scale of Miles.

were we blind to the charming smiles of three young lady faces that timidly peeped through the window panes.

Twenty years ago "Old Arnold," as he is now generally termed, with a young wife and one child, took possession of the only dwelling left of all the original settlement, and without being over particular about repairs he has lived in it ever since. It was a bold venture thus deliberately to turn with contempt from the clearings, and evinced a great deal of self-reliance to choose such a solitary home. The move was, however, apparently a good one for Arnold, for he has prospered after his fashion—his wife has carefully raised a large family of children, and as he has never seen a tax-gatherer or a sheriff since he has resided in his old castle, he is not altogether destitute of this world's goods.

Mrs. Arnold received us cordially, and with a dignity becoming to her station as the lady of an old feudal castle. Engaged in the active duties of her household, she never ceased them for a moment, but continued her work, merely interlining her remarks, acting on the good sense rule that the most complimentary thing in her power was to hasten dinner, for our appetite and that of our fellow-travelers was sharp-set, and the steaming coffee and fragrant venison which were by the fire, and the large wheaten loaf on the table, and the busy attentions of three blooming daughters, promised that we should soon be gratified with a most substantial meal. A little rest, some unimportant change in our toilet, and we sallied out to enjoy the few moments which still remained of sunshine. While I was gazing about, Mrs. Arnold's twin daughters, now seventeen, and who have *never been out of the woods*, passed near me on horseback. They used no saddles or bridles, but the confident equestrians held such a firm seat that I involuntarily expressed my admiration aloud. When they came to the bars which inclosed the yard about the house they beckoned to their mother and a few words passed, and the girls continued down the hill and were soon lost in the woods. While I was still gazing the old lady remarked, that "if I would keep my place I would soon see a fine race on the bottom land." And sure enough a moment afterward the girls came rushing along at a speed that seemed almost dangerous, yet

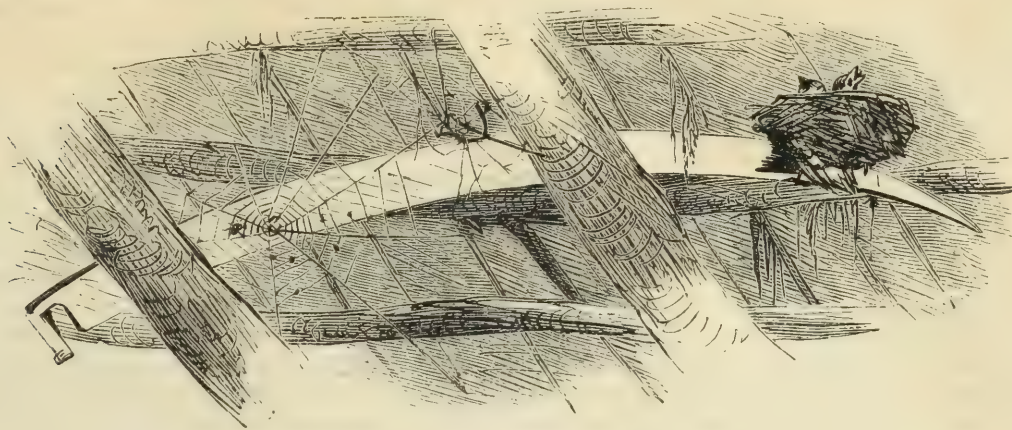
they displayed the most perfect skill, and sat so gallantly, and enjoyed the excitement so much, that it filled me with positive enthusiasm. The mother was justly proud of her children—twelve she had reared in her solitary home: Not a physician had ever crossed her threshold, and yet they were pictures of health. The elder daughters had married and were excellent wives and mothers, and the three now grown to woman's estate, who had never seen a house except the humble one in which they were born, would compare favorably in address with those who possessed every possible advantage of city education. All this was the result of a mother's care. Truly Mrs. Arnold is a model for her sex.

Among the curiosities at Arnold's are his "puppies," a cross between the wolf and mastiff. These strange and monstrous-looking hybrids have ungainly bodies, immense mouths, and long, unnatural-looking ears. They sit and watch your movements out of their inflamed drunken eyes with all the low cunning of a cat, and if you suddenly turn on them they will retreat to the length of their chain, and cower down as if they expected a blow. Come near them, and they will grin horribly and fix themselves for a spring. Yet Arnold's daughters would drive them out of their way while picking up firewood, and in stooping would bring their fair faces within an inch of these monsters' jaws. They are a most worthless set of hen-roost robbing villains, and yet Old Arnold has great expectations they will yet turn out something wonderful; he hardly knows what himself. The maternal parent, the old she-wolf, was, two years ago, caught by a hind leg in a trap. Arnold, when he discovered that his prize was in good health save the wounded limb, instead of killing the creature outright, cut a forked stick and placed it over the animal's neck, then taking some whip-cord from his pocket deliberately tied her jaws together and secured her legs. This accomplished, he swung the animal round his neck as a lady would a fur tippet, and wended his way home; the wolf the while making fearful exertions to escape, and keeping up a smothered growling that would have unstrung any one's nerves but the old chief of "John Brown's tract."

While we were admiring these splendid productions and listening to Arnold's explanation of his hopes of the breed, a little chip-munk was discovered running along on some logs near by. At the sight of the innocent creature Arnold walked into the house, took down his gun, and very deliberately knocked the bushy tail into the air, leaving nothing but a mass of fragments of what a moment before was one of the most attractive little creatures that live in the woods. Seeing no reason why I should not follow the incident up by a little study of natural history, I threw the mangled body to the ugliest looking of the wolf pups, expecting it would



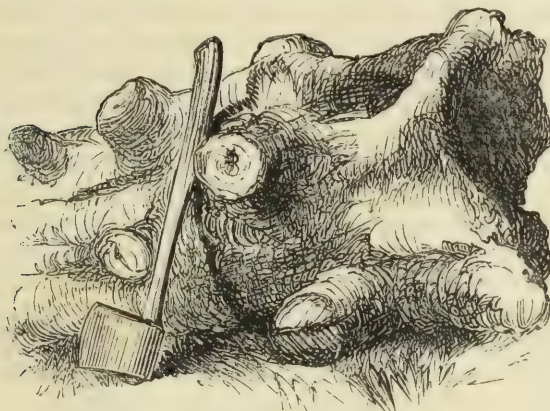
THE RACE.



THE SCYTHE.

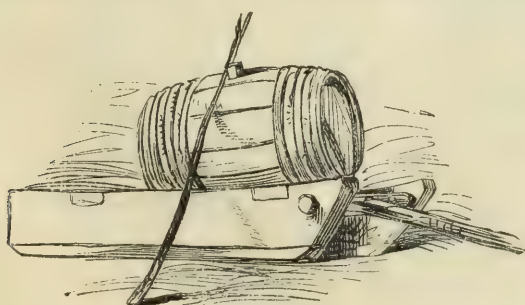
eat up the bloody mess in a gulp; but, to our astonishment, the monster turned it over with his long nose and then retreated from it in disgust.

Over the door of the wood-shed, through which the members of Arnold's family are continually passing, we discovered among the rafters the blade of a sharp scythe, upon the end of which some martins had built a nest, and without regard to our presence were busily engaged in feeding their young. Near by was one of the most



NOT HARD TO SPLIT.

complicated logs I ever saw; its heart seemed to be a gathering-place for all the limbs of a huge tree, forming a mass-meeting of the hardest kind of knots. The diameter of the log can be realized when I say it reached from the ground nearly to the top of the axe-handle, which stood nearly perpendicularly by its side. Expressing my conviction that such a log would be something to split, Arnold gravely informed me that "it wouldn't be much when one got at it." Beside the premium log were the expensive water-works of John



WATER-WORKS.

Brown's tract; less expensive, however, than the machinery common to large cities, as they consisted of an old barrel, set on wooden runners—the propelling power, at the time I speak of, was cropping hay in the neighboring stable.

After a most excellent game dinner, supported by the freshest of butter, the whitest of bread, and ornamented by pastry and preserves that were eloquent witnesses of the practical education of Mrs. Arnold's daughters, I took my seat out of doors, in front of the old house, and listened to the conversation of the guides and the instructive remarks of the hostess.

While thus disposed of, and quietly recovering from an unusual fatigue, honesty compels me to say that I was suddenly seized with painful burning sensations on my face and hands. A critical examination exposed the fact that the air was full of infinitesimally small gnats. These pests are not always about, but we subsequently found to our cost that the mornings and evenings were frequently made wretched by these poisonous insects. Our good hostess, perceiving our restiveness, gathered up a large piece of bark, threw a few live coals upon it, covered the fire with some dried leaves and small chips and placed the affair smoking like a brasier at my feet, remarking, "There's a 'smudge' to keep off the punkies." Later in the evening a cold, noiseless wind came



PUNKIES ABOUT.

down from the north, and, in the midst of July heats, we found a frost threatening, the very suspicion of which had already affected vegetation.

A slight glance at the map which illustrates our text will give a vivid idea of what an abundance of sport a mountainous country so singularly diversified must afford the adventurer. I question if there is in the wide world a place where the natural scenery so strangely combines every possible variety of expression to gratify the eye and call forth admiration. The waters in the lakes are every where as calm and clear as crystal, while every tributary stream glistens and dances in miniature rapids, or breaks into foam among impending rocks. In the shades of the forests that tower along the hills lie hidden an abundance of game, prominent among which is the favorite deer, that in this famed range seems always to be in "condition," his haunches provoking the enthusiasm of the hunter and delighting the most fastidious taste of the epicure. The facilities of water-communication have made it necessary that every amateur hunter should have a guide and a light skiff at his service. Thus provided, and under the charge of one thoroughly acquainted with the different localities and up to all wood-craft, one can not feel otherwise than independent, and can not escape from being successful in his pursuits. Moose River passes within a short distance of Arnold's house; and it is but a pleasant walk down to its banks, where the boat receives the camp equipage, the hunters generally crossing the portage, the skiff working its way round to the forge dam, which brings the adventurer at the foot of the most interesting of the chain of lakes in "John Brown's tract."

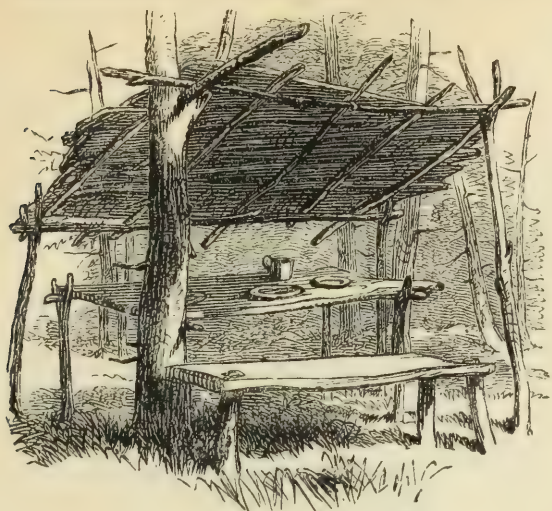
First Lake is entered by a narrow rushing channel, the banks of which are often overflowed—thus killing the timber and giving to the landscape a repulsive appearance. You presently reach the lake, however, which is about a mile and a half in diameter, and, except to those accustomed to the voyage, is hardly distinguishable from Second Lake; a sand-bar, generally under water, forming the conventional division. You now come to abrupt shores not more than

half a mile apart. Speeding your way along, your guide seems intent upon grounding his skiff upon a low sandy shore encompassed by thick woods, when suddenly, to your surprise, you notice a sluggish channel some thirty rods long, which passed, introduces you to Third Lake, which is beautifully formed, and apparently about a mile in diameter. Upon the left bank of the upper inlet was a well-constructed camp, which was in times past, and still is, a favorite place for the hunters.

And here let me say that the building of these rude but comfortable quarters in the wilds of "John Brown's tract" is among the interesting incidents of backwoods life; and the practical good sense of the guides, displayed in extemporizing comfortable lodgings, justly causes admiration. With an axe and plenty of hemlock-trees they seem to be quite omnipotent. The place once selected for the "Hotel," as these shanties are generally termed, the first thing done is to cut down the brush for some eighteen or twenty feet square, care being taken that a fallen tree shall form the southern boundary of the clearing. While the hunters are doing this the guides select some hemlock-trees in the vicinity, and with their sharp axes soon girdle them a foot or two from their base, and then again as high as they can reach. This accomplished, they slit down the section parallel with the trunk, and insert into the incision, with but comparatively little labor, a sharpened rail: the beautiful covering of the tree first starts reluctantly, then yields and is torn off in an immense sheet, one side rough and strong, by the bark; the inside smooth as glass, and emitting a pleasant balsamic perfume. Several of these large pieces are procured, when the frame of the shanty is speedily formed. A few rough poles, with rafters inclined toward the fallen log, are all that is necessary; when the hemlock bark is stretched over the frame with all the facility of so much well-tanned leather. In a very short time a comfortable lodge is completed; earth thrown around the base to keep off currents of air, and leave a drain in case of a flooding rain. In the front are piled huge logs



THE HOTEL.



THE DINING-SALOON.

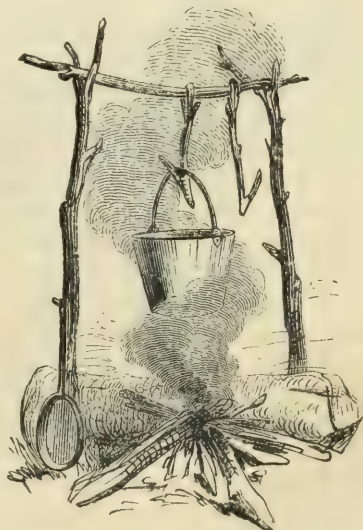
of timber, which are set on fire for the double purpose of rarefying the night-air and keeping off all insects and other varmint. Hooks, formed of forked limbs, are judiciously arranged on which to hang your rifle, your rods, and your superfluous clothing. The "floor" is next covered with hemlock boughs of two or three feet thickness, and no Sultana ever had a more fragrantly sweet or soft covering beneath her feet. Upon these boughs at night is placed a blanket, the hunter rolls himself up in another, the guides make a tremendous fire, and thus all comfortably lounge away the evening hours which precede luxurious sleep.

A short distance from "the Hotel" is erected a "dining-saloon," which is also illustrative of great skill in wood-craft. A smooth sapling is selected, to which, in sailor phrase, the structure is anchored, for the sapling answers as the chief upright of the two limbs which serve to support the roof. Hemlock bark is again called into requisition; not only the covering, but the table-top itself is formed of this pliable and useful material. If unusual care is taken a "puncheon" is split out and worked into a permanent bench. Now we hear a great deal about putting our knees under mahogany, and it is supposed that this act implies hospitality and hilarity; but having performed my share of such civilized immunities, I frankly confess that I have experienced a keen pleasure while gratifying my appetite beside the hemlock substitute that even the polish of the more costly wood never afforded. For here, in the woods, we had the keen relish acquired by exercise in the open air, the pleasurable enjoyment of a mind invigorated by a relief from constant labor: these things were more pungent and more grateful than can be all the spices of the tropics, however cunningly they may be compounded to cheat us into an appetite we do not possess, and into pleasures we can not enjoy.

The kitchen of the camp harmonizes with the simplicity of the Hotel, and is of a most primitive construction. The forked limb of a tree on one side, and an upright post on the other, and at a proper distance, supporting a cross-piece, answer all requirements. Birch-twigs,

trimmed up, make the best of pot-hooks, and a tin pail and frying-pan are all that are required to complete the furniture. These last-named articles, by some necromancy known only to woodsmen, answer every conceivable purpose of cookery, from the most complicated bake-oven and coffee-pot to the less pretentious griddle and frying-pan.

Below, and to the left of the camping ground on Third Lake, rises Bald Mountain, whose ragged, rocky front frowns down upon you in silent grandeur. Passing out of Third Lake, you work through a short and rapid channel, and, with all the dramatic effect of the stage, Fourth Lake, the largest and grandest of the group, unfolds itself. The shores now grow high and commanding, and rise in rapid ascents from the gentle undulating hill up to mountain precipices. As you pass along the points and headlands seem to shift their locations, as if ingeniously disturbed for startling effects. The beautiful hemlock grows to the water's edge, and, in the hazy light of a July sun, seems but delicate tracery covering the rugged ground, and giving it every where a poetical witchery. The surface of the water, calm and undisturbed, reflects all these beauties with strange precision, and as you gaze you lose the lines that divide the real from the shadowy world. In the centre of this lake is a beautiful group of rocks, known to the few passers as Elba. Its bright yellow and gray sides, interspersed with stunted vegetation, have a most brilliant effect in the noonday sun, and, viewed at a distance, appear like a diamond with emeralds set in the cerulean blue of the surrounding water. Six miles and a half is some distance to impatient hunters, and Elba serves as a magnificent monument to break up the long reach. Some years ago some lads passing in a skiff thought they saw something moving among the brush; a careful inspection unfolded the sleek form of a large panther. The comparatively harmless shot of a fowling-piece drove the "varmint" into the lake; the boys followed in pursuit, and by some fortunate blows of an oar succeeded in killing it.



THE KITCHEN.

At the head of Fourth Lake we disembarked and leisurely sauntered across the portage, the guide working his craft for half a mile through the tortuous windings of the narrow strait.

Arriving at the head of Fifth Lake, the guide ran the skiff ashore, and announced that we had arrived at the first portage. With the most commendable alacrity we commenced taking the luggage ashore, each man to bear his fair proportion on his back across the impending obstructions to our water navigation. Our property after a fashion divided, the guide was to shoulder the skiff, which seemed to me as impossible as carrying a man-of-war. A pair of oars, a paddle, two short poles, and a fowling-piece fell to my share, my traveling companion cordially consenting to take the remainder of the luggage—not light by any means, and made somewhat conspicuous by being topped off with a pair of cowhide boots. With light, agile step we proceeded along the dim foot-path. The first few yards were not disagreeable, but we found that even in a short distance the muscles and the shoulders rebelled at the impending weight. My friend, after all, had some advantage; what he “toted” was compact and in one parcel, and



OARS AND PADDLES.

and encircle us like a fearful and incomprehensible whirligig, its mazes as inscrutable as complicated fire-works. Exhausted and too fatigued to be out of humor, I reached the “other side,” where sat my more Herculean friend, panting with exhaustion, his full chest heaving up and down like a blacksmith’s bellows, the perspiration pouring down his inflamed cheeks, while his tongue was suffering from a want of moisture. For several moments we gazed at each other with mute astonishment. Finally, said my companion, with considerable energy:

“You see that luggage; well, before I reached this place it appeared to have grown into the size of a church cathedral, and every one of the nails in these infernal boots weighed a ton apiece.”

In the midst of our exchange of notes we heard a rustling of the brush, and saw the bow of the skiff, upside down, projecting from among the tree trunks. The next moment the entire craft came forward with a lurch, as if a breaker had sent it ahead. The propulsion was the guide, who had brought the ponderous thing along, steadily and gracefully, and set it down with scarcely a perceptible flush on his honest face.

We asked him if a skiff was never made too large to carry single-shouldered over a portage. He replied, “Not as he’d heard on;” and then, with a mechanical attention to business, attended to the preliminaries of our embarkation.

Sixth Lake is one and a half miles long, and almost loses a distinctive character, it is so narrow and undefined. Here is seen a singular growth of vegetation, known as float-



THE BOAT.

if its gravitation increased, it was a steady downward pressure that only made him groan and perspire; while my load not only grew more preponderant, but, by some mysterious magnetic influence, each individual piece seemed disposed to fly off in tangents or trail out of the paralleled mass. Fairly under way, an oar would start into the rear, while the paddle would shoot out in front; the short poles, meanwhile, equally eccentric, came pelting down my back. The gun was top-heavy by construction, but, fix it as I would, no compromise in the way of a balance could be effected. A quarter of a mile passed in incredible exertion, and my imagination became excited; it struck me that the ordinarily insensible parts of my burden had suddenly not only become bewitched, but had also become multiplied; for every moment they grew more eccentric in their conduct and innumerable in numbers, until at last they seemed to corruscate



GUN, BOOTS, ETC.



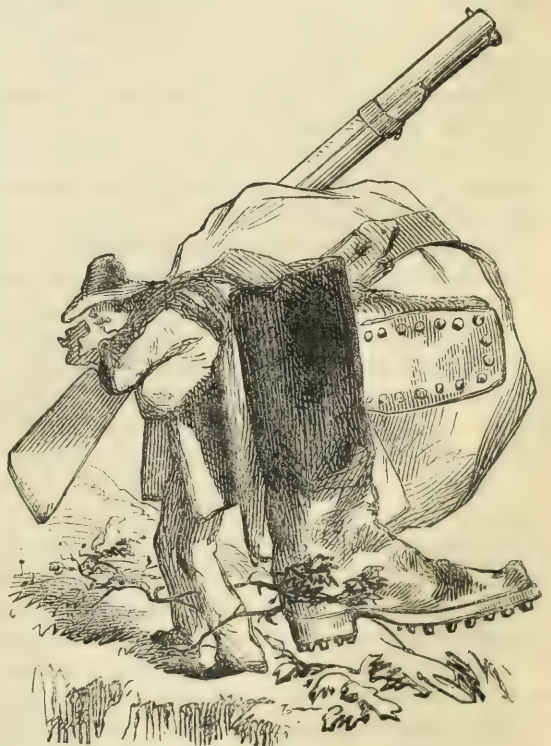
PRANKS OF PADDLES AND OARS.

ing islands, of interlaced matted grass, and an almost endless variety of aquatic plants, one of which is particularly worthy of attention. To the hunters it is known as the pitcher plant. It is composed of four or five tubes, rising a few inches above the surface of the island, beautifully formed, and although characteristic, yet ever varied. These tubes perform the part of so many cups, and the perfect ones are always filled with crystal water. On the sides of many could be seen little holes, picked by birds or eaten in by insects in pursuit of the water. It seems a strange provision of Nature that a plant with such an ingenious contrivance to hold the rain should grow literally in the water, having its roots and its air formation almost as literally submerged as if it grew at the bottom of the lake. Walking upon these floating islands, at first you are timid, as they yield under your weight; but a little experience shows that the texture has a most excellent integrity, and that, though they may yield, their substance will not easily separate.

On our arrival at Seventh Lake our journey was completed. It was, therefore, with no ordinary pleasure that we surveyed the surrounding beautiful shores. Away off toward "the Racket" reposed a beautiful island, and at the moment of our beholding it a skiff, with a trout troller, was gracefully encircling its shores. On the left a tall column of smoke was rising out of the trees, which the guide informed us was from the camping-place of our friends. As we sped along we observed two light skiffs pulled well up on the sand, and above them on the bank sat two or three persons evidently awaiting our approach. Here were the first evidences in our day's travel we had seen of human beings, and the place seemed quite populous with inhabitants. A few moments more and we swept by a noble buck's head that was stuck upon a pole a short distance from the shore to designate

"Stag's Head Bay." Our little craft grounded on the hard, sandy bottom, and, with a cordial backwoods salutation, we found ourselves at our journey's end.

Dinner had been put off until our arrival, and, in consequence, it was served up at an hour almost fashionable even for city life. The announcement that it was ready was replied to with unusual alacrity, and in a few moments our party were engaged in the rather unpoetical but very necessary labor of appeasing out-door appetites. "The Hotel" was scientifically and artistically constructed. The top of the table felt as soft as velvet (so much for the inside of hemlock bark); on it rested a tin pail of tea, a tin platter of fresh pork, and a tin pan of golden butter from Mrs. Arnold's dairy. Most excellent warm bread, extemporized by one of the guides, smoked by its side, the whole made fragrant by piles of lake trout browned to an exquisite nicety, and served up on plates of hemlock bark. In the cold spring that ran hard by, owing to some mesmeric influence, we were able to see some excellent claret and Catawba. A fish, raw, in full vigor, and of the salmon species, swimming in clear water, glancing in the sun, and coquettishly turning its mosaic-tinted sides to view, its fins playing like prismatic zephyrs, is a charming thing to behold, especially if you are armed with a delicate rod and an attractive fly; but if the edge of your appetite has been ground sharp by a long fast, and farther whetted by open-air exercise, a trout fried is also calculated to call forth considerable admiration, particularly if it was redolent with life when consigned to the fire, and so quickly done that not a native juice is tainted by cooking or dissipated by the heat. Under such circumstances it is a matter of wonder how much can be consumed, and how human beings become like ana-



GROWTH OF GUN AND BOOTS.

condas in swallowing an amount of solid and liquid substances in bulk nearly equal to themselves. The pleasurable business of eating under favorable circumstances was finally ended. As for myself, I was content to find a soft place on the banks of the lake, and there quietly sit, gaze, and be happy in the consciousness of repose.

One of the party, however, was differently inclined. As soon as the dinner was over Berrain seized his graceful rod, and, accompanied by a guide, embarked in his skiff, moored just at our feet, and enlivened the scene by trolling over the surface of the lake. I watched him in his widening circuits, and found pleasure in watching the ripples his boat made as they traveled along toward the distant shore. A short time only elapsed before we saw our friend strike for a prize; it was evident that no juvenile had seized upon the deceptive bait. The struggle between man's wit and animal instinct was sharp, but reason gained the advantage; and I saw the fisherman steadily reeling his victim home, all opposition having ceased, when suddenly a fling on the surface of the lake was noticed, and the next instant the rod was released from the strain. The prize had escaped. The guide meanwhile had plied his oar with mechanical precision and continued on, while the fisherman quietly put on another shiner and committed it to the surface of the lake. Round and round circled the skiff, when again we noticed the fisherman strike, and again beheld the struggle. It was a coquettish sort of game, the line sometimes running out with wasteful prodigality, and then held taut, and spiritedly taken in. The contest was in full view, and we rose to our feet with the excitement. The previous accident made our friend doubly cautious, and his triumph was presently complete. The reel soon wound up the line, the fish, conquered, swayed a moment on the surface, threw a few jets of spray into the air, and was then seized and hoisted into the boat. As it rose into view from the bosom of the lake it glistened gloriously in the rays of the setting sun; it looked at our distance like some magnificent surface-jeweled casket, and the dripping water sustained the delusion of wasting diamonds rolling from its sides.

As night set in the four guides busied themselves in piling up huge logs for the needed fires. Having accomplished their labors they disposed of themselves around "their kitchen fire," and after their fashion "did up the housekeeping chores," and finished their repast. The hunters sat or lounged about the entrance of their lordly hotel, and whiled away the time with reminiscences of adventures by land and sea. Toward bedtime they quietly stepped into "the Hotel," and taking the first convenient vacant place on the ground, prepared for sleep. Naturally taciturn, it requires some adroitness to get the guides to talk; but it is worth the effort, for their conversation, when got at, is always instructive, and often very amusing. One told us that he would have long since gone to California but that he had an old mother living that he could

not desert. Another evidently preferred the open woods to any other place however comfortable, and related the pleasant time he had in mid-winter all alone, sleeping in the snow by the camp-fire, killing deer for their haunches and skins as a business, and catching trout through the ice-holes in the lakes for amusement. One was famous for packing trout up for successful exportation, the receipt of which he gave in a way that would have set Soyer into raptures. He said that the fish, as soon as possible after being caught, should be carefully cleaned, and every particle of blood expressed from the gills and back. Unless this is done all the rest of the labor would be thrown away. This accomplished, they must be carefully dried, and to further facilitate this most necessary requisite, hung for a few moments over a fire "or smudge." All these things art-



A SMUDGE.

istically attended to, they must be packed in dry saw-dust; but if your labor is performed in the woods moss will answer very well. This disposed of, two covers of hemlock bark brought together over the moss and secured with withes, and your fish are good for a week at least.

The guides all related some narrow escapes, mingled with much that was ridiculous and commonplace. For my especial benefit Ned Arnold related what my hosts were pleased to term his great panther hunt, remarkable because it was the only time ever "Ned" was "scared." After some preliminary remarks he said:

"The old painter we was after had done some damage in my neighborhood, and among other things stole some sheep. Our dogs were always at fault when we hunted him, for, though right cute, they lost the track, and the varmint got away. The snow came at last, and then we had him. His footprints were just as plain as if he had boots on, and made a wide trail right up to his den, which was formed by two large flat rocks coming together, so as to leave a large opening something like that under the steep roof of a barn. The entrance was choked up by loose stones and fallen timber, which made it necessary on entering to crawl some distance on your

knees. The den was also dimly lighted by some crevice not discoverable in the upper surface of the rocks. Before I came up to the cave all my dogs save one took the alarm and scampered home. The remaining one was so savage that it was difficult to keep him from entering the cavern and tackling the critter alone. After considerable fuss I managed, by looking into the mouth of the den, to get a good shot, and put my ball right between the animal's eyes. The moment I fired you never heard such yelling; so I concluded I had done the business. After a while every thing was still, and I laid down my gun to drag the animal out. With considerable difficulty I crawled into the opening and advanced a short distance, when what should I see *but two great glaring eyes full of fire, backed up by a tail that was swinging furiously from side to side.* It's no use denying it, I was scared; and the way I backed out of that cave was testified to by the tearing of my clothes and the wearing out of my knees down to the bones. Once in the fresh air, and at a safe distance to look, what should I see but my old dog Boze standing over the dead carcass of the varmint. He'd gone into the cave by some opening I didn't know of, and was only standing there wagging his tail out of pure joy to think the critter was used up."

With the early dawn of morning we were up refreshed and ready for the pleasures of the day. I had often taken my place at a good stand in the far-off swamps of Louisiana, and I indulged the idea that something more in the way of killing a favorite game would add a pleasant reminiscence to my experience. I took advantage of my position as a guest at "Stag's Head Bay" to choose Johnson as guide for a night expedition. He was a fine specimen of his class, thoroughly acquainted with his business, fond of a joke when he heard one related, yet could remain taciturn and abstracted for days together. His business in summer was to accompany visiting parties through "John Brown's tract;" while he occupied the winter months in securing game and skins, which eventually reached a city market. Like his companion-guides he was a perfect woodsman, handled the axe with surpassing skill, was never at a loss for resources, and could by his general knowledge find a soft spot on which to rest himself, or make a friend comfortable wherever trees grow and water runs. Johnson was rather pleased with my preference, and encouraged me with the idea that failure was impossible.

The usual method of hunting the deer in mid-summer is by "floating," and the style is particularly adapted to the water facilities of "John Brown's tract." In its pursuit many of the best requisites of the sportsman are called out. The nights most favorable are when the moon is down, and if the stars are shut out by thin, fleecy clouds so much the better. The preparations are very simple: "a jack" composed of a bit of tin, acting as a reflector on one side and as a shade on the other, is bent round a piece of wood holding

a candle, the whole fixed firmly on the end of a stick four or five feet long. With this simple contrivance placed upright in the bow of the skiff, the hunter armed with his rifle, the guide with light oars and a delicate paddle, silently embark and steal away into the gloom of the lake. With the regularity of clock-work the guide dips his oars, the muffled noise echoing in steady throbs from the surrounding banks. The hunter's eyes meanwhile become possessed of increased power, and although Egyptian darkness prevails, still the outlines of headlands here and there display themselves, mingled with suggestions to the mind of long-reaching distances, the result, after all, of recollection rather than sight.

The moon at the time we selected for our hunt, in the early part of the night, sailed majestically high in the heavens. Consequently it was near midnight before the watchful guide roused me for action, which being done, he quietly shouldered our "traps" and started through the gloom toward the banks of the lake. As quiet as if an automaton he fixed the "jack," pointed me to the stern seat, and then adjusting himself, shoved from the shore. The queen of night was descending in the west, and a few strokes of the oars brought us from deep shadow into the brilliant silver light. The forests that we had just abandoned rose in dark rich masses behind us, each moment growing more dense and sombre, while through the intervening gloom we could see flashes of the red glimmering fire that burned before the shanties. Silently we passed along over the glossy surface of the water, which was so clear that my excited imagination sometimes suggested that we were moving through the air. In time we reached the vicinity of the hunting-ground, but the moon was still in view, and until she quenched her radiant light in the west we had to patiently wait. The guide, philosopher as he was, ran the bow of the skiff ashore, put up the oars, and with an expression as stolid as wood appeared indifferent as to intervening time. Not so with me. Excited and anxious, I was constantly seeing a lordly buck in the brown ruins of some old log; the slightly waving of a clump of brush made me firmly clutch my rifle; and I believe, on the whole, that I was sufficiently excited to be uncomfortable and somewhat impatient. The moon seemed suddenly arrested in her downward course, and leaning over the tops of the trees, her jolly broad face derisively smiling at my impatience. My guide, meanwhile, sank into a quiet sleep and left me alone.

At last the darkness entirely enveloped us; the moon had disappeared, and on the instant the guide awoke from his sleep, quietly struck a light, and set our jack streaming into the gloom; still without speaking, dipped his paddle into the water, and started into the stream. There was something in his imperturbable manner at the instant that was excessively provoking. A new excitement soon dissipated my unpleasant thoughts and even directed my attention to the possibility of finding a lordly buck. Bay after bay was ex-

plored but without the slightest success. I compromised, and would accept a "dry doe" as a reward for skill and endurance, but I was not to be gratified. In whispers Johnson informed me that deer were about; but none came within reflecting distance of our light. It was in vain that we wandered from place to place; fortune was against us, and our light finally fell into its socket, cast a few sickly rays zenithward and went out. Without comment or exclamation the guide resumed his oars, and with a grateful noise swept our craft, empty and unrewarded, toward the camp. Stiffened with my constrained position in the skiff, fatigued in body and jaded in mind, I reached the shanty. Johnson put up the rifle, rolled a huge log on the smouldering coals before its entrance, and wrapping his head in a blanket, went instantly to sleep. My companions moved restlessly on their hemlock down, presumed I had been successful, and then followed the guide into the land of dreams.

The lakes of "John Brown's tract" and their tributary streams afford excellent fly-fishing in the spring; but in July, the time of our advent, the rivulets and falls are deserted, and trolling is most indulged in, though the fly is sometimes used with success. But in these lakes the capricious character of the fish is evident to the most superficial observer, and to the reflective it affords a subject of constant speculation. One day the fish will bite with the utmost avidity, and it is scarcely possible to escape remarkable success; but at other times they appear to have deserted the lakes altogether, leaving not a trace behind to give evidence of their existence. The same thing is experienced in Moose Head Lake in Maine, where it is not uncommon for fishermen to troll for hours without a bite, and then without any ascertainable reason, hundreds of pounds of fish have been caught in a few hours. These strange effects are more particularly observed in lakes and ponds rather than in running streams, for the reason that when trout frequent running water they appear always to feed exclusively upon grubs and insects, or dainties of that sort, which are seldom found in sufficient quantities

to satisfy their voracity. For it is only when inhabiting still water and deep pools that they turn cannibals and devour each other. This is a wise provision of Nature; otherwise there would be no refuge for smaller fish, to say nothing of the possibility that the localities would become overstocked. When the trout finds his food in great abundance, he soon gorges himself and retires to some snug place of refuge, where he remains as stupid and motionless as an anaconda or alderman, until the disagreeable but necessary act of digestion is completed. In all the lakes of "John Brown's tract," where the minnows and shiners are out of the way of large fish by the edges of the shore, and you find no difficulty in getting "live bait," then the fishing is excellent, and go where you will you have a lively time; but let the little fish, from causes we can not understand, be impelled toward the centre of the lakes, which is often the case, then the trout without difficulty fill their maws, and for a time disappear. Hence the sudden and often inexplicable cause of the bad luck of even good anglers; for do what you will the trout, stuffed to repletion, will not move from his hiding-place until hunger rouses him into action.

Trout, as all adepts in the piscatory art know, are fond of water so cold that it would kill other kinds of fish. They really delight most in shallow streams, and like to hide under large stones and shelving clumps. Like all the family, they possess in an eminent degree the power of assuming the general color of the water in which they are confined. Some fishermen, by long observation, can tell where fish are caught by their peculiar looks. Trout in running streams, which are clearer than still water, have a lighter exterior than those inhabiting shaded lakes. The law of nature which produces these harmonious effects is very simple, being the result simply of the action of the sun's rays. This is shown to be true by the fact that, in the course of the short days of winter, the fish become poor and colorless, losing their beautiful spots, and becoming infected with water-lice. But once let the sun begin to strengthen its rays, the fish issue from

their hiding-places, become active, and commence rubbing between pebbles and stones, which soon clear them of their troublesome companions and parasites, and resume their brilliant colors.

The capacity and rapacity of the trout is strongly illustrated by the fact that one of our company, two or three summers ago, while trolling in Third Lake, took a trout of four and a half pounds; which had, previously to taking the hook, swallowed a sucker, the weight of which was one and a fourth pounds. The unfortunate sucker was so far down the greedy maw of his enemy that nothing was visible but his tail. Notwithstanding this gorging the trout had seized upon the



ENTRANCE OF SEVENTH LAKE.

little shiner as a sort of make-weight to "fill up," and it is presumed that he had intended to pack away a few more of the same sort and size to appease his appetite.

The third day of our encampment at "Stag's Head Bay" the venison, which had all that time been abundant to wastefulness, began to grow low in the larder. Our host, as famous for his skill with the rifle as his friend is for using the rod and line, determined to "get a deer;" and he spoke of the matter with as much certainty as if the animal, already dressed, was hanging on some tree in the neighbourhood. The nights had by this time become early deprived of the light of the moon, and at a reasonable hour our host started on his expedition. Striking boldly into the lake, he is soon lost to our view, and his little bark passes on until it reaches the narrow opening that leads into Seventh Lake, which, from its abundance of aquatic plants, is always a favorite place for deer. This done, the oars are laid aside and the paddle resumed. As the skiff moves along the hunter notices the different noises reverberating along the shore. At one time a heavy limb will fall to the earth with deadening sound; perhaps some owl or loon, disturbed by the intrusion, will scream out surprise and fly away. Presently the guide leans forward; his practiced ears are on the alert; he suspends his labors; and way off is a hint as if something was dragging heavily in the water. Anon the long and gallant steps of a noble buck are recognized. Suddenly another plunge is heard; the game is plentiful and moving about; care is necessary.

The jack is alight; the hunter, rifle in hand, is in his place; and the guide, without rippling the water or apparently moving his paddle, is sending the skiff ahead; verily the sport begins! A deep shadow rests upon the hunter and the guide, while beyond the light streams out with far-reaching, yet subdued brilliancy. The disturbance here and there shows that the deer are in the vicinity. The skiff reaches the "lily pads" which line the shore, and the excitement begins. While the hunters are silent enough to hear their own hearts palpitating, there are noisy intruders in their pathway, which make the surrounding air sometimes hideously vocal by their noise. Upon almost every floating leaf is a frog, lively as possible, decked in his gayest livery of green and gold, the effect of their colors heightened by the dripping water. There they gravely sit, opening their huge mouths, the very pictures of comfort and humor. As the bow of the skiff disturbs a group those nearest the bows will plunge into the water, expressing their indignation by a significant grunt. Finding no harm attempted, the timid creatures will soon return to their trysting-places, and, indifferent to con-



"FLOATING" FOR DEER.

sequences, resume their wearying cry. The hunter, therefore, while hesitating along the shore, often finds much food for speculation and infinite amusement in the habits and conduct of these well-fed batrachians. That they are ambitious as musicians there can not be a doubt; their highest efforts are to reach the basso-profundo, and they often arrive at most commendable perfection. You behold them of all possible sizes distributed upon the floating vegetation, and looking like so many mischievous Pucks. Some one, of huge proportions and of grave demeanor, with sharp eyes, protruding knees, and enormous mouth, will gradually work his way near some youngling—hopeful, but decidedly verdant; ambitious, but singularly weak. The grave old senior in his neighborhood will lift up his voice, and cry:

"Brek-ek-ek-kek—co-ax—co-ax!"

And having thus delivered himself he will draw in his breath, inflating his body until you are firmly impressed that his lungs extend into his farthest heel. Meanwhile Froggy is not to be outdone; with the impudence of Young America itself, it deigns to answer:

"Peep-peep-peep—pe-ep!"

The old patriarch eyes with equivocal expression the aspiring youngster, and with a grandpapa manner replies:

"Ogh—ugh—bogh!"

Young'un is evidently delighted, and answers back:

"Pe-ep—pe-ep!"

The old "Governor" now distinctly repeats his flattering opinion of his youthful rival; with a sonorous effort that even Lablache might have envied, he again repeats his "Ogh—ugh—bogh!" and looks around like another Bunsby for admiration at his lucidly-expressed opinions. Little Froggy is evidently delighted, and again lifts up his infantile voice, not yet quite relieved from the enervating efforts of his tadpole state. The "Governor" now turns approvingly around, and with an agility you scarcely deemed compatible or possible with so much gravity, he seizes Froggy between his broad lips; the victim of mis-

placed confidence or unhappy ambition gives a scream; while the "Governor," with a loud "Bogh-chug!" disappears at the bottom of the lake.

But, hold!—yonder, springing out from the tangled forms of hemlock boughs, seem to be two leafless branches that move to and fro; a little nearer, and they assume the magic form of "proud antlers." The guide is now on the alert. Without moving his paddle from the water—without rippling its sensitive surface—he propels the skiff toward the feeding-place of the unsuspecting buck. Occasionally the animal curiously raises his head, as the long streaming rays from the candle shine across his sight; presently it stares him full in the eyes, and he throws back his branching honors, and gazes with strange but still unsuspecting curiosity. The hunter, after long hours of anticipation, is possibly on the eve of reward. But the least noise, a loud breath even, may ruin all. Slowly the rifle is raised to the eye; the buck has grown suspicious; he takes a step, but gazes still; another moment and he will be free, roaming proudly over his native heath. A puff of smoke rises from the dark glistening tube that protrudes over the bow of the skiff—another instant the rattling echoes as of a hundred rifles appear to be closing in on your ears—a dash—and then the dead sound of something falling heavily in the water, and the game is dead. The oars are seized, and with noisy haste the skiff is driven to the very point where the animal disappeared. The guide leaps into the shallow water and secures the prize. The hunter, so long forced to be silent, now rises up, stretches his limbs, and gives vent to his oppressed lungs by exclamations, and exercise to his aching muscles by assisting to drag the dead deer into the skiff. This labor, not always easily accomplished, is in time performed; and with joyful speed the boat is turned toward the camp. Now its bow no longer suspiciously moves among the lily pads, but rushes unceremoniously ahead, in its way disturbing whole neighborhoods of frogs, the individual members of which, with exclamations of alarm and indignation, throw their heels in the air and disappear from the upper world. The skiff gains the clear water, and speeds like a flying witch; the hunter, to beguile the time, recounts some striking circumstance connected with the adventures of the night, the guide replying by increasing the propulsion of his craft. Dashing and crashing along, the echoing hills, answering to the steady pull, finally attract the attention of the vigilant guides in the distant camp, who, having taken their first nap, have just replenished the fire. They listen; when one quietly observes, "There comes the skiff: I knowed it would soon be along, for I heard Mr. Root's rifle some half hour ago."

"They have got a deer," replies his companion, tucking his blanket round his extended limbs.

Awakened by their conversation, I asked, with some curiosity, "And how do you know that?"

"Because," dryly replies the guide, "you'd

never hear such licks from them oars if Reuben hadn't a deer aboard."

While this conversation and other remarks are on the *tapis* the hunter comes into the camp, looking as if he had done some hard work; his coat is damp with the night-dews; he places his rifle on its hooks, as if he were somewhat fatigued; then, taking off his coat and boots, putting up his glasses in a safe place, he persistently worms himself into "his pre-emption," and quietly remarking, "It's a fine buck," soon forgets his fatigue in sleep, made refreshing by his life in the open air and by his manly exercise; still more blessed by pleasant dreams of wife and little ones at home.

THE FLEA.

"Quid de pulicibus: vitæ salientiae puncta."

COWLEY.

ONLY a flea?

The active little tormentor is a beast of classic renown! Let me tell you the story.

St. Dominic was seated in his cell, calm and passionless; the holy silence of night brooded around him—the voices of earth were hushed, save the sad monotone with which she soothes the restless and unhappy—the stars were watching in heaven, bending to the wind's melancholy harp murmuring among the pine-tops in the valleys, and sobbing in echoes around the rocks. We may presume he pondered upon the vices, the anxieties, the cares of life, and complacently comforted himself that he was shut out from the turmoil, the miseries, and the turbulences of the world—except when it pleased him to sally forth and ask charity in the name of the Madonna del Rosario. He sat alone in his cell, thinking of this passionless life—how peaceful and calm it was, and how truly St. Bernard portrayed it when he said, "Good is it for us to dwell here, where man lives more purely, falls more rarely, rises more quickly, treads more cautiously, rests more securely, dies more happily, is absolved more easily, and rewarded more plentifully." All this he was striving to realize in thought, if not in act, when lo! before him, on the sacred page gleamed—a flea!

A flea in shape—but the devil in spirit—come to torment the poor Saint, and by his lightsome gambols and his pointed interruptions to seduce him from the calm and profitable contemplation of the page. But what benefit to be a saint if he could not outwit so persistent a sinner as this? So, to punish him for his diabolical impertinence, he bound him with a holy spell as a marker on his page. Through that large, unwieldy tome he marched at the Saint's convenience. If he paused in the middle of a sentence to reflect, up to the word the flea moved, and remained until Dominic resumed his reading. When the Saint's eyes traveled to another page, and paused again, he was obedient to the impulse imposed on him, seeking the last word as if he had never had a diabolical will of his own; and—comforting for us to know—whenever the Saint closed the book the devil was put to the

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THE FLEA.

pain, "*forte et dure*." Unfortunately, at last the book was read through, and the Saint unceremoniously told the devil he might depart. Oh! if this gentleman in black had only been a heretic—inclining ever so little to any other denomination—surely the Father of the Inquisition would not have dismissed him so quietly; and perchance we would have been higher up the ladder of progressive good than we happen to be.

I have heard of another visit of a flea which was positively treasured as a memory by a wise woman. "I was young then," she said, "and had lately moved into a new neighborhood. I was ambitious, proud, and determined to be the leader of the ton. It came round to my turn to entertain the judges and the lawyers on the circuit. I was determined my party should eclipse any thing ever seen before in our part of the country. For weeks my preparations were being made. I had one child then—a charming little boy about two years old. The day arrived at last. The servants were carefully drilled, nicely dressed in neat new liveries. My boy's nurse was my right hand woman for superintending the sending up of a dinner; so baby was left to any body this important day. My heart was heavy all the morning. Charley would scream most woefully at times, as if he was in pain; and to amuse him I sent for a negro boy—a strange, droll chap, full of fun and humor, as artless and ignorant as health and the love of idleness could make him. Peter had a perfect abhorrence to *whole* clothes; forever he was in rags, and openly expressed his disdain

of soap and water and clean shirts. His little master was placed in his wicker carriage, and Peter was told to take him under the oaks and amuse him. He was promised if he would keep him from fretting until his nurse was disengaged from her duties, he should be rewarded with a quarter of a dollar, and if he could discover the cause of the baby's fretfulness he should have another. The company arrived; dinner was announced. How my husband's eyes glistened when he saw my elegant set-out! How gratified he was at the superbly cooked dinner served up! Every thing was so quietly, so judiciously arranged. The old butler rubbed his hands at the expertness of his young acolytes—so active, attentive, and polite. Course after course moved off under a shower of compliments; requests of recipes for this dish or that *pâté* from the ladies. *The Judge*—who understood cookery as well as law—was overwhelming in his compliments about my housewifery. I felt myself a head taller. The ladies present—many older housekeepers than myself—yielded me the palm gracefully. I had arrived at the very pinnacle of self-adulation and vain conceit, and my pride had already elevated me in thought to the pedestal my vain worldliness claimed as my own. I was listening with rather supercilious and overbearing feelings to some good advice from an old gentleman who sat on my right hand, when the door burst open, and in rushed the tatterdemalion Peter, grinning from ear to ear, and holding between his finger and thumb—what?

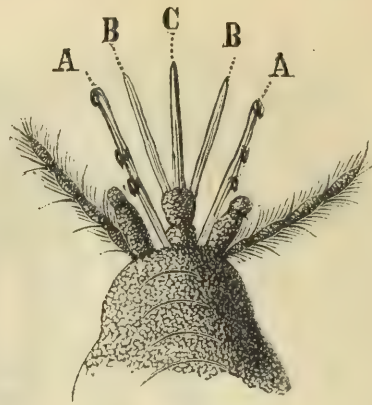
"A blea (flea), a blea, misses! Da been bite de poor chile. I cotched him here—here he be



Profile View.



Under Side.



Upper Side.

FLEA'S HEAD.

A, A. Palpi. B, B. Piercers. C. Tonguelets.

—a big blea, misses. Da one quarter, ainty (is it not), miss? He no cry now; da make half a dollar, ainty, miss?"

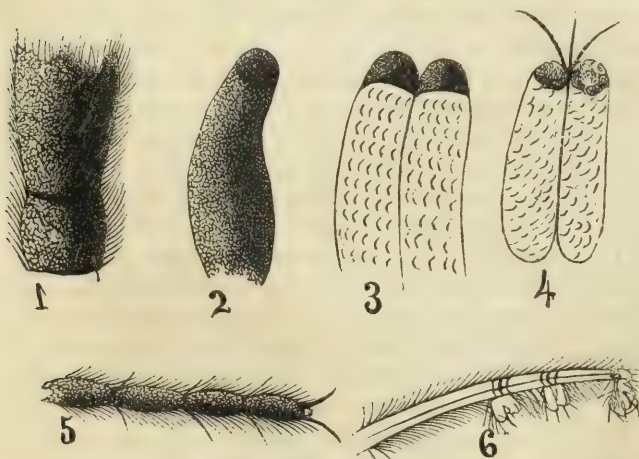
He flourished his bare arm, with his finger and thumb closed over his luckless prisoner, as if he was waving a victorious flag over a conquered fort. The company stared; all wondered at this interruption, which Peter construing into doubt, made him vociferate louder and stronger, "A blea! a blea! I know a blea! I tell you all 'tis a blea! Eh, misses, half a dollar, ainty, miss; for you see I did, I cotched him!" At last I recovered from my confusion. Oh, how mortified I felt at this peep behind the scenes! I had presence of mind remaining to explain the cause of this interruption. The invasion of this Goth turned the laugh upon myself, and I hastened to retire out of reach of the loud peals of laughter which followed Peter's thumb and finger round the room.

Nor is it only in such prosaic memories that the flea has been embalmed. Many an old German legend, Bavarian and Swedish story, and many an old French song have him for their hero. Among the old French writers three centuries ago you may find him the theme for the wit, the poetic fancies, and the scholarship of

nearly all the savans of this kingdom renowned for the polite arts. Thus did it happen: In 1579 the "Grand jours," or great assizes, under the celebrated President de Harlay, were held at Poitiers; here, of course, all the talent of the country in law, physies, and the fine arts would be assembled for the time being. Among them was Pasquier, one of the greatest jurists, the most efficient of scholars, and one of the most learned men of France at that time; he was there in his profession of Avocat. Here in this town of Poitiers resided Madame des Rochés and her daughter Catherine: "L'une de plus belle et sage de nostre France," writes Pasquier. One day he called upon these ladies, and while he was conversing with the younger he beheld a flea, "parquée doucement au milieu de son sein." Of course, there were many droll speeches on the part of the lawyer, who was then more than fifty years of age—of his jealousy at the happiness of this flea, admiration of the taste it exhibited, and his great desire, "de luy faire un mauvaise tour," to teach him he was making too free. "Finalement," continues Pasquier, "je luy dis que puisque ceste puce avait reçu tant d'heur de se repaistre de son sang et d'estre

reciproquement honorée de nos propos elle méritait encore d'estre enchaissée dedans nos papiers, et que très volontiers je m'y emploierois si cette dame vouloit de sa part faire de semblable—chose qu'elle m'accorda libéralement" (Finally, I told her that, since this flea had been so happy as to make a repast on her blood, and to be reciprocally honored with our remarks, it deserved to be enshrined upon paper; that I would most willingly occupy myself with it if she would do the same—which favor was freely granted). Therefore, with the flea for a theme, they went to work to poetize; to what purpose Pasquier's criticism will bear witness, who says of the two: "In one, you will find the discourse of a learned girl; in the other, the discourse of a man not quite foolish."

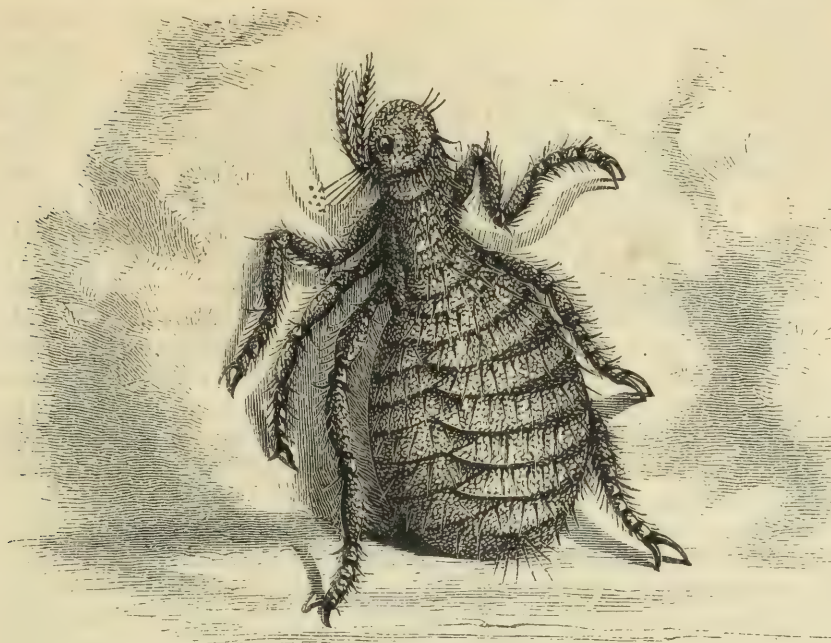
Ancient mythology relates that Orion was



PARTS OF THE MOUTH.

1. Mouthpiece.
2. Labial Palpi.
3. Palpi split.

4. Last joint of Antennæ split to show small valves.
5. Antennæ.

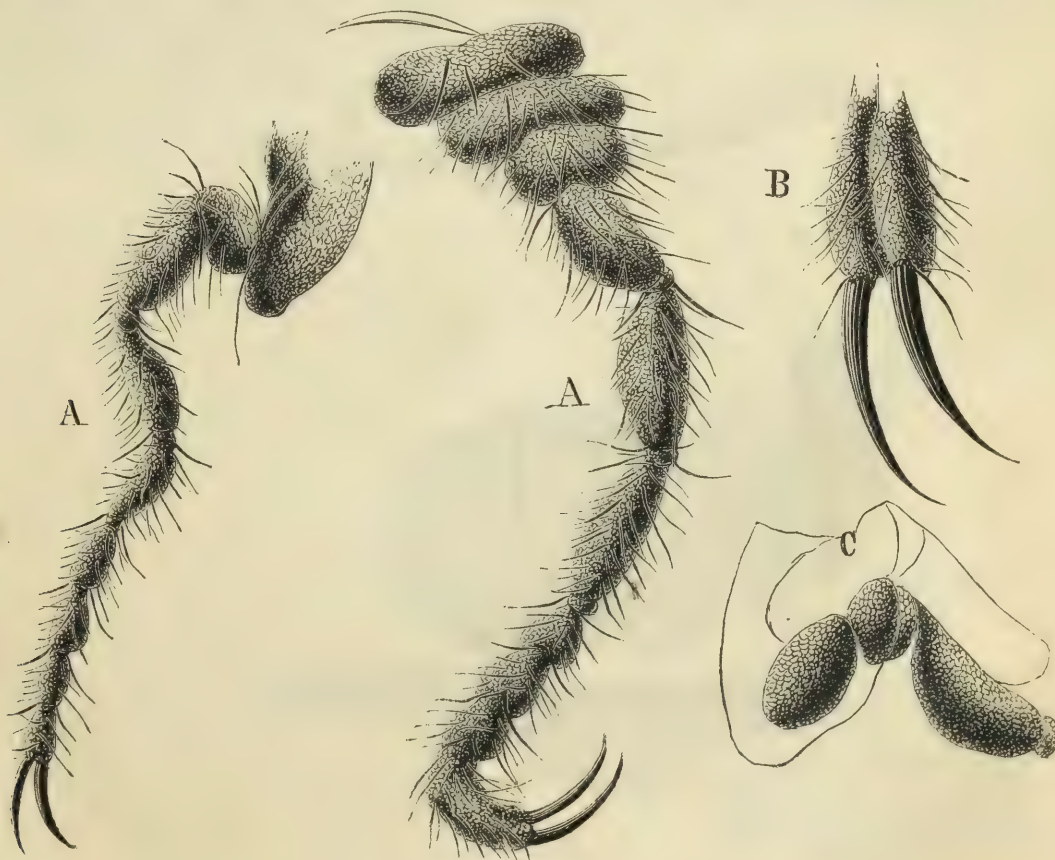


A FLEA FEEDING.

a giant hunting wild beasts, and, like them, very naturally coarse and unrefined. Earth, disgusted, killed him by a scorpion. He was then made a constellation. Pan became enamored of his sister, and Diana, to rescue her, turned her into a flea; "and all that now remains of her," adds Miss Catherine, in one of her rhymes, "is the fear, the cunning, and the name." You perceive, as I told you a while ago, the flea was embalmed in classic lore; that it was considered among the gods becoming enough to serve as a

himself could boast of so learned a subject," and John Scaliger, performed their share in Catullian measure; President de Harlay, in epigram; Souffour, President of the Parliament of Paris, in "complimentary" satire. Rapin scolded in a poem called *La Contre-puce* (The Flea in Opposition); and there were sonnets on it in Italian and Spanish, nay, even in Greek, Abbé Goujet performing this last exploit. Tellet adds: "Every one wished to take a part in this rare discussion, particularly when they found out that

metamorphose in extremities. And does not Aristophanes, in his "Clouds," show us how Socrates can measure the leap of a flea? But do not conclude this was all of Pasquier's flea. "See," he writes, "what fruit this beautiful altercation has produced, or, rather, say this symbolization of two souls!" He continues: "The highest people in the kingdom are employing themselves on this subject in Latin and in French." And true it was. Brisson even, of whom Henri III. said, "No king but

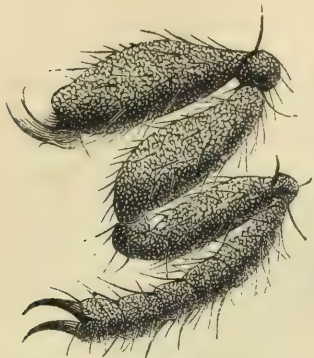


LEGS OF CAT FLEA.

A, A. First and last legs of the Cat Flea.

B. Claw.

C. Small scale over first joint of the leg.



LEG, WHEN ABOUT TO LEAP.

aux Grands Jours de Poitiers l'an 1579, dont Pasquier fut le premier motif" (The Flea; or, Poetical Pastimes in French and Latin, composed on the Flea during the Great Assizes at Poitiers, in the year 1579, of which Pasquier was the first mover). He dedicated this volume, in a very neat and complimentary sonnet, to the President de Harlay, in which he concludes that if he (Harlay) will only spare them (the verses) a few moments of his leisure—

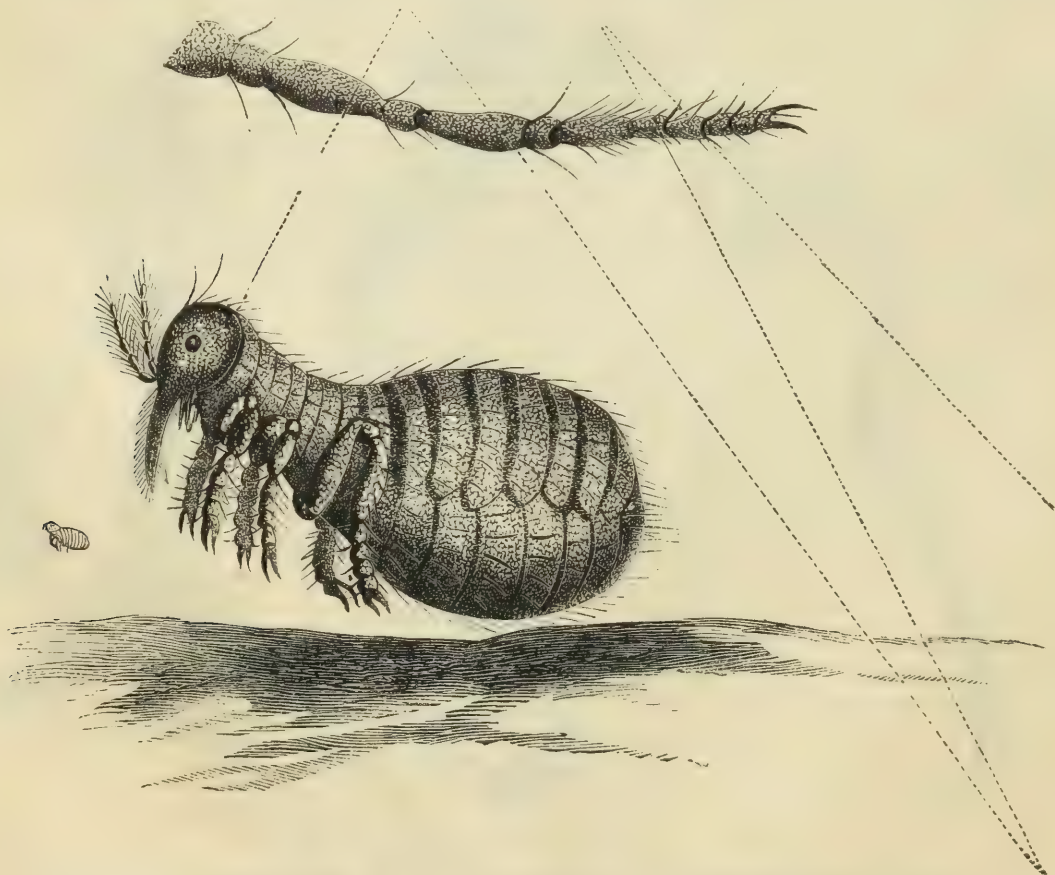
"They will live immortal in the Temple of Time,
In spite of oblivion, death, scandal, and envy."

In Hindoostan, where the belief in the Metempsychosis still exists—wherever, in fact, linger in the East legends of the philosophical dogmas of Pythagoras—are to be found hospitals where beggars are paid a stipulated price to pass the night that the vermin, such as fleas, bugs, etc., may be fed at the expense of their life-blood. Many poor creatures are glad to undergo this torture for a few pence. The principal of these Ban-

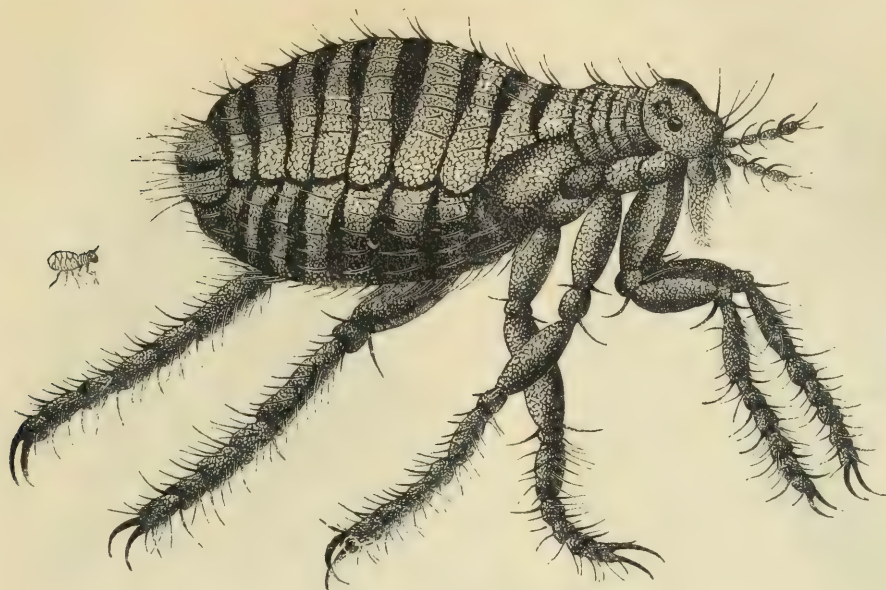
although the young lady was very learned, she yet understood *raillery*." Pasquier made a collection of all the poetry written on the subject, and in 1582 published it in a small volume, entitling it "La Puce; ou Jeux Poétiques Français et Latin, composez sur la Puce

ian hospitals is to be found at Surat, according to Forbes's "Oriental Memoranda." Imagine, if you can, such a night with a thousand rampant beaks stuck into you as here portrayed! What can compare with this? Nothing: no situation we can conceive, except the two or three weeks after a President's inauguration, when his *friends* are asking for office. Now let us see how we, of later times, have used this flea. Before I proceed let me remind the country that the silver cannon with which Queen Christina, of Sweden, shot fleas is still on exhibition in the royal arsenal at Stockholm. There should be a commission forthwith sent to examine it and introduce its use into this country, for should any imbroglio with our South American neighbors occur it would be found highly serviceable. It has been positively affirmed that, during the late war, the Mexicans were too hasty in agreeing to peace. Had they held out a little while longer, some of our heroes declare there would have been no army left—the fleas would have beaten them if the Mexicans could not; they would have devoured them, men, officers, General's plumes, and all. I believe it is a statesman's motto, "In peace prepare for war." The old Queen found this piece of ordnance very useful, it seems, in shooting down such small deer. I trust this hint will not be lost.

You may suppose fleas are unprofitable; but I think, if matters are properly examined, they will prove to be rather a money-making investment than otherwise (another hint for the benefit of my countrymen, particularly of those who can not get embassies abroad). Willoughby, in his



THE UPWARD LEAP; AND POSITION OF LEG AFTER THE LEAP.



THE SAND FLEA.

travels, mentions he met them for sale at Venice and Augsburg with silver or steel collars around their necks. What lively charms they would make to a lady's watch-chain—quite outrivaling the Atlantic cable souvenirs!

No doubt you believe in *taming* fleas? It is



COOCON OF SAND FLEA.

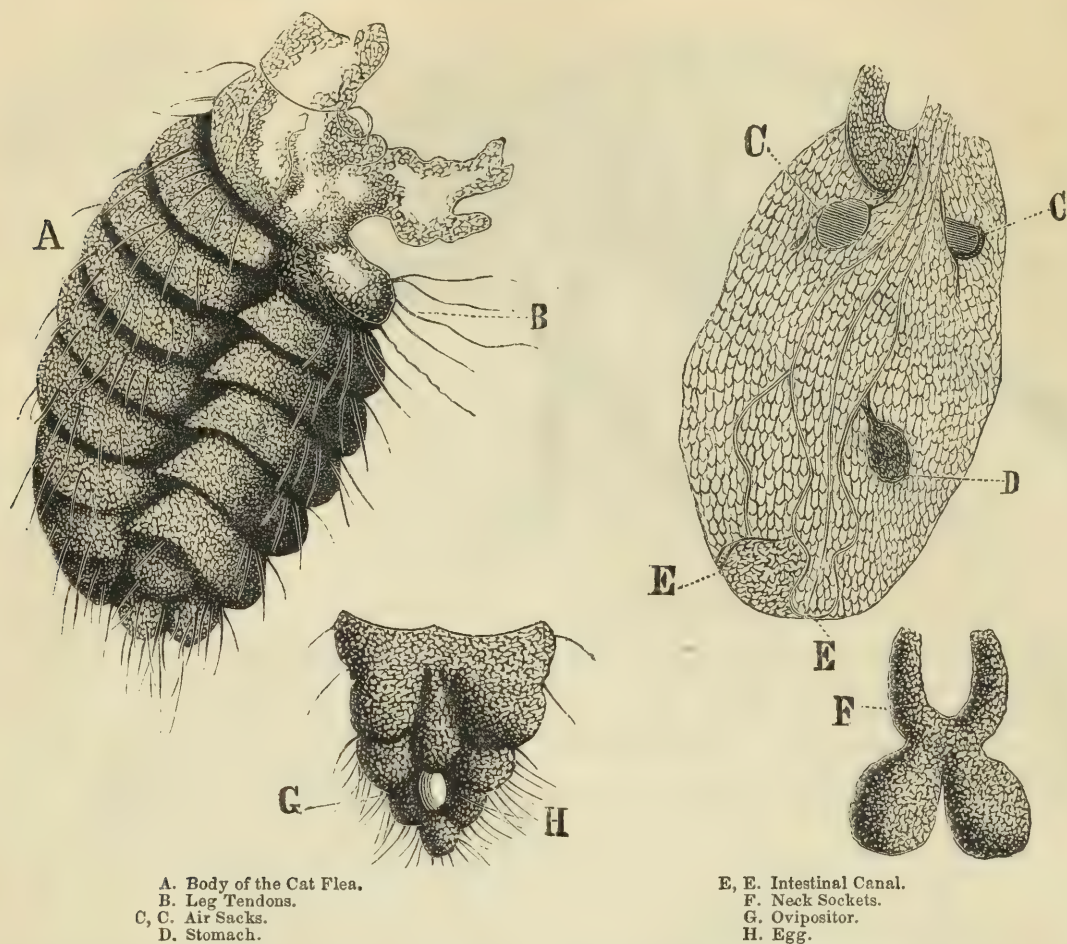
pleasing to enjoy any illusion. The world is so full of realities, it is wicked in any one to draw the veil from the most palpable. But fleas are tamed about as much as the zebra, who goes about defiantly shouting for liberty. The former leap and kick for it to the last; but they have been *made* to perform great exploits. We will begin with Mouffet, who tells us of a mechanic, named Marks, who made a gold chain as long as his finger, with lock and key, which a flea dragged after him, and there was a golden chariot which he drew likewise. Bingley mentions that Mr. Boverick, a watchmaker in the Strand, exhibited an ivory chaise with four wheels, the figure of a man sitting on the box, all drawn by a flea. The same man afterward constructed a landau with figures of six horses harnessed to it—a coachman on the box, a dog between his legs, four persons inside, two footmen behind, and a postillion on the fore horse, all of which were drawn by a single flea. I am quite at a loss which to admire most, the ingenuity and patience of the

man or the strength of the flea. Latreille tells of a flea which dragged a silver cannon twenty-four times its own weight, mounted on wheels, and manifested no alarm when it was charged with gun-powder and fired off. René mentions that, in 1830, he saw, at a fair at Charlton, in Kent, three fleas drawing a carriage in the form of an omnibus; another pair drew a chariot; and a single flea a brass cannon. If I am not mistaken

these same fleas were on exhibition in New York subsequent to this period. I once, in the credulous days of youth, undertook to *tame* these refractory subjects, and got so far, after months of toil and perseverance, as to have one, if starved into it, come as far as the edge of the table to regale himself on a piece of beef; but understand he had a glass bead attached to each of his hind legs as you see prisoners manacled. My flea was as much reconciled to the restraint as the latter, ready to escape the very first chance offering. There is before me now an anecdote of a flea performance before the Sovereign of one of the German States. Some were harnessed as horses; others dressed to represent celebrated human characters. After the performance had commenced the exhibitor appeared very anxious; the exhibition was stopped; the King insisted upon knowing the cause. At last the truth oozed out; the Napoleon of the party had taken refuge with the Princess H——. She was ordered to produce him; retired for the search, and presently returning, handed over the captive. But now, amidst much embarrassment, the exhibitor was forced to declare that this, though *a* flea, was not

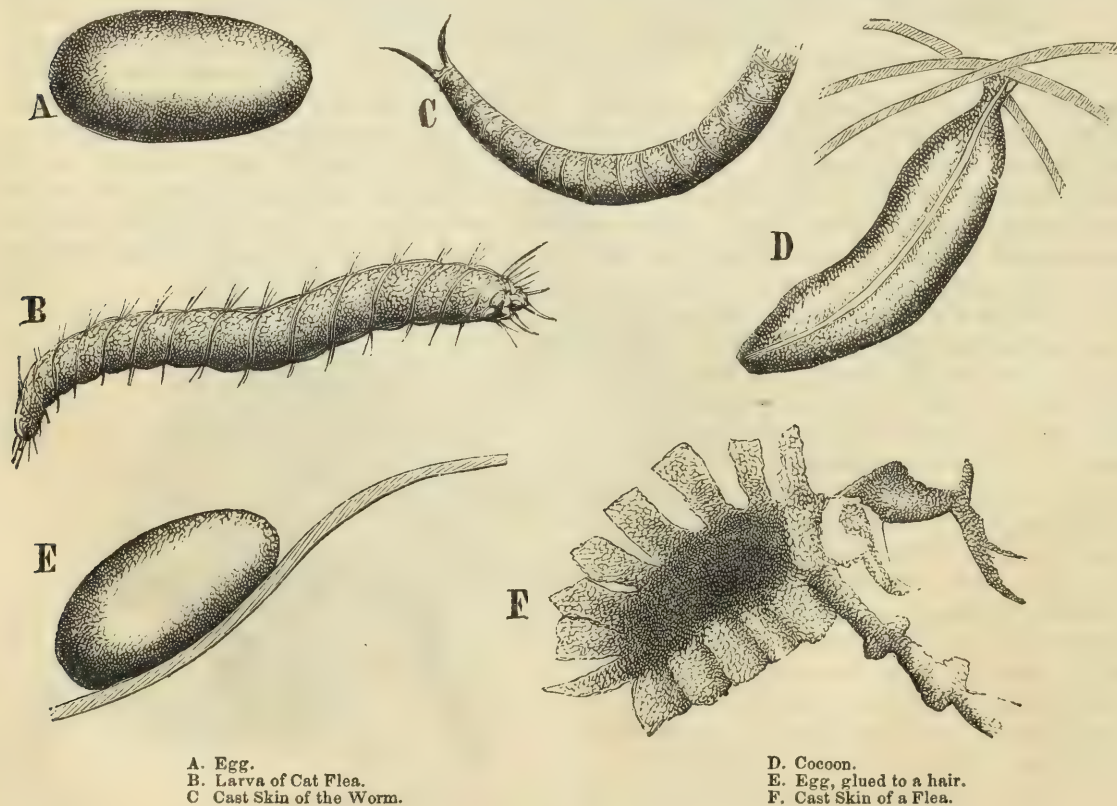


HEAD OF THE CAT FLEA.



the flea—the lost Napoleon. And now as, like St. Dominic, you understand the flea's true “standing”—that he has been introduced to the aristocracy—let us pick him to pieces. See him at the commencement of this article.

He belongs to the fourth order of insects, *Suctorea*, composing the single genus *Pulex* of Linnæus. He is clothed in armor quite as indestructible as that of a knight of old. This one is the type—the *Pulex irritans*—he who lives in





HEAD OF THE DOG FLEA.

straw in barns, in houses where slovenly house-keepers are found. He is more domesticated with man than any of his congeners. In warm climates he is indeed a foe. This species is



LEG OF THE DOG FLEA.

common every where, but, loving warmth, in countries where the climate is sometimes very cold he is kept under subjection.

His eye has nothing about it which a sketch

could render intelligible, although in reality, like all our Maker's works, it is marvelous, demanding our admiration, and teaching us humility by His omnipresence. It is what may be termed a single eye; that is to say, the facets are less numerous and less distinguishable than in other divisions; it resembles a brilliant-cut diamond. Puget adapted it to his own eye—how, he does not tell us—but he distinguished objects through it: a soldier, for instance, looked like an army of pigmies, for the eye has the power at the same time of multiplying and diminishing; the arch of a bridge was a magnificent spectacle, and the flame of a candle was multiplied into a thousand lamps.

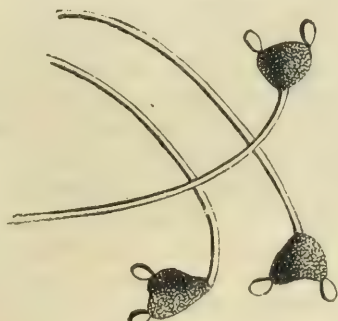
Behind each eye are small cavities, in which are very minute bodies covered with spines or strong hairs. Their use has never been positively made out. Curtis and others have called them antennæ, and have proposed to make a new genera from them, making the real antennæ maxillary palpi. I have come to the conclusion that these sockets are stigmata, or breathing-holes, the spines serving as a protection to the eyes in the shape of eyelashes; for when the little bodies work over, the spines project far beyond the eyes, as may be seen with a compound magnifier, when the flea has died from cold or suffocation. The eye is exceedingly black, and the rays of light scintillate through it with the brilliancy of a blacksmith's forge in full blast on a dark night. He evidently uses only one at a time, as his head, you perceive, has a strong resemblance to that of a bird. Scientifically there would be much more to be said, but as I am ambitious to have this article read I shall refrain.

See the sucker. It would be lost time for

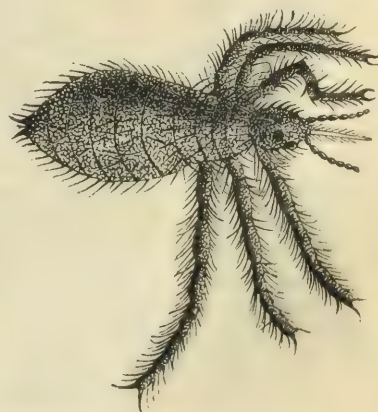
the pen to describe that which the artist has so ably engraved. Rosel, the first examiner of this part, thought it was composed of only two pieces; but modern observers prove it is made



HEAD OF THE SOUTHERN CHIGA.



CATS' HAIRS.



FLEA PROGRESSING THROUGH HAIR.



LEG OF THE PULEX IRRITANS, OR DOMESTIC FLEA.

up of seven. In some species it is still more complicated. I will call your attention to one particular. You perceive that the labial palpi have each a very small hole at the end. In the interior it is full of small valves. Through these holes and the cavities behind the eyes I think the flea breathes. This is my theory, for there are no other stigmata to be found over the whole body; in some species you may perceive something like stigmata on the plates, but when turned over they show no communication with any nerve or filament. Air must be admitted in some way to keep the fluids healthy, to render them fit for circulation. This little sucker, when he regales himself, stands quite erect and boldly strikes his sucker in. He will stand and suck without intermission as long as you will permit him, for he voids as fast as he imbibes. This you may perceive any day by placing several in a small vial, giving them a piece of underdone or raw meat. I have some dozen before me now, all on their hind legs enjoying a piece of rare beef.

The leg is very worthy of examination. Here all the strength of the flea lies, and it is very marvelous how much he can do, and how high he can leap with it. It is very elastic, and connected to the body with long tendons, receding into themselves like wire springs. When about to leap the leg is drawn up as close to the body as possible and then shot out. The momentum proceeds only from the first joint; all propelling power is there, but the other joints receive the

shock and increase it by their stretch while the leap is being made. It is a mistaken idea they accomplish *distance* by the leap. The motion proceeds from fright, is taken in self-defense, and is almost always upward. They come down very near the spot from whence the leap was taken. Of this you may convince yourself by placing a flea in a drop of red ink on a piece of white paper in a box with a glass cover; then you may see the leap. You will find the drop resembles a target after be-

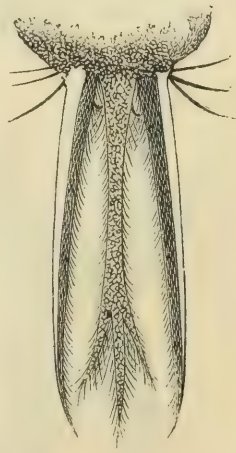
ing used; every descent is as near as possible to the centre. Could we get up a race between a beetle and a flea the odds would be greatly in favor of the former. I would give the flea an hour's start and double my stakes on the beetle.

This flea propagates in straw, fodder, woolen carpets, and bedding of every kind, but *how*, I confess candidly I have not yet been able to trace satisfactorily to myself. I desire some more proofs before I affirm that this insect comes forth perfect from the egg, like the roach and many others, *growing* to its natural size. I have seen fleas of all dimensions, from the size of the smallest mite up to the powerful and large ones made to perform the exploits related some pages back. If they underwent the usual transformations there would be no variation in size. This peculiarity of differing in dimensions has been noticed by many entomologists, and is still unaccounted for; unless it is allowed my suggestions have truth for their basis. Time and patience will elucidate. I have caused them to deposit their eggs in wool. I have found the eggs broken and the fleas gone; no débris left of cocoons or castings of any kind. The difficulty is, they must have air; in giving them this you must give them space to escape: thus this experiment has hitherto been unsuccessful. If you breed them in a dog you can not watch the process, though you will discover them of every size, which is still unsatisfactory. In a cat they will not stay.

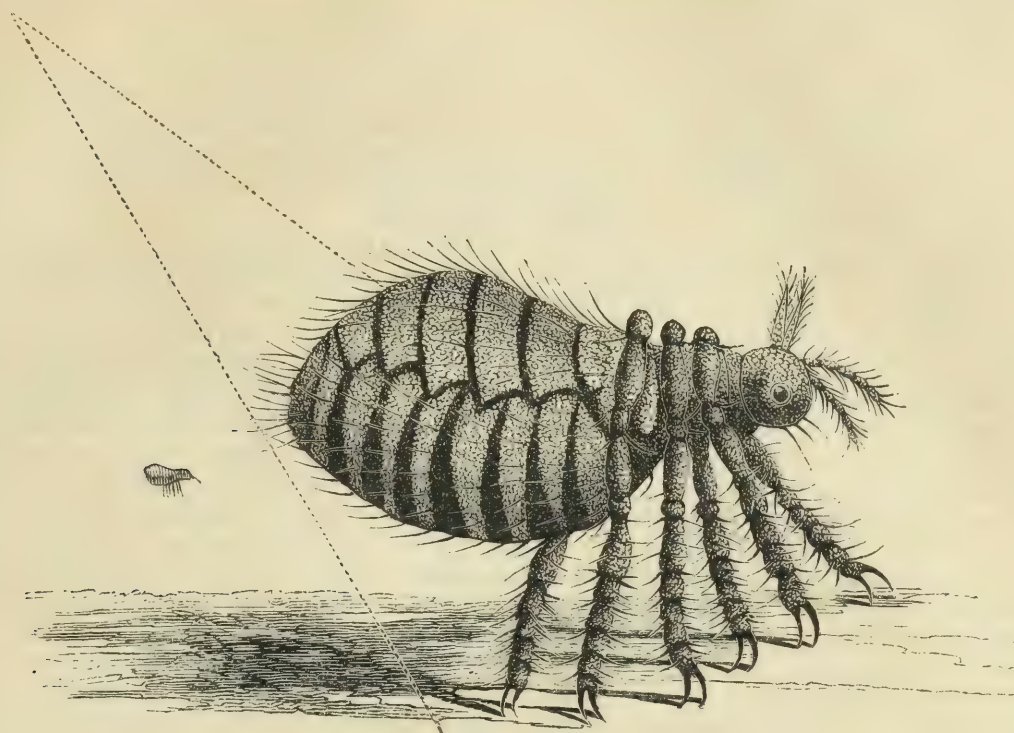
The one before us now is what I call the *Pulex terrestris*—sand flea—it is the *Pulex irritans* of Duges, Curtis, Cuvier, and others—the *Pulex humaine* of the German entomologists. It breeds any where, and lives upon man when it can. It is as easily domesticated as the others, and breeds freely in dogs. It is found in every country. Clarke, in his travels, says he was told “the king of the fleas held his court at Tiberias.” There was considerable doubt upon this point after the travelers Lewis and Clarke had visited our Western States: no doubt the location of



CLAW OF DOG FLEA.



PIERCER OF BUFFALO FLEA.



BACK LEAP.

his Majesty may be found any where south of Mason and Dixon's line. This is the torment breeding so multitudinously in the sand, routing the poor Indian, driving him from place to place, rendering life intolerable to strangers; the farther south they go converting fair cities at times into terrestrial hells. The fine white sand of the southern bluffs is their chosen home. Lift up a tumblerful in the months of August or September, cover it close for several days, place a piece of raw beef on the top, and watch the myriads coming to feed. The eggs are dropped in the sand by the mother flea; in a few days small white worms come forth, which wriggle about and obtain what moisture they can; several days elapse, when they spin a pretty cocoon, attaching it to the edge of a stone or large grain of sand, and in about sixty hours comes forth a perfect insect—the rapidity of the transforma-

tions depending entirely upon the weather and the sufficiency of moisture.

You perceive the head resembles that of a grasshopper. Above the thighs are two large scales above four smaller ones on each side: these have been considered by Duges, Kirby, and others, obsolescent wings. They certainly recede from the body when the leap is made, but they appear to be intended as shields to the tendons of the legs. It is said these can leap two hundred times the length of their bodies. They appear to me not to make any more progress in a *straight* line than other fleas. They certainly leap higher, the force being increased by these small scales. They are found in the sand on the continent of Europe, and arrive at perfection in Italy, holding their carnival at Florence or Genoa alternately. In Rome the tie between them and monachism is indissoluble; they have even been seen on the



FLEAS FIGHTING.

foot of the Venus de Medici. Who has a right to prevent them from making the grand tour? White, of Selborne, says he has seen this flea in England, *swarming* at the mouths of the holes where the sand martin (*Hiranda riparia*) had made their nests, and "that they strangely annoyed these birds." I have tried to see whether they would live on poultry or birds, but never could discover any signs of success. Those were evidently hatched in the clear sand which these birds reach before they are content to build.

On page 183 you see the cat flea. Linnæus says the cat "has no fleas." If he had seen some I have experimented upon—brought to me for the purpose—he would have wondered which individuality was the original, cat or flea.

I place before you the intestinal arrangements of this flea, obtained by a course of bleaching. It left the plates of the abdomen exquisite specimens of tortoise shell, or a substance much resembling it. It is one of the most difficult of processes to obtain any thing satisfactory of these intestinal arrangements. The plates are most firmly attached to the glutinous part of the body, so that in dissecting you are obliged to handle them very roughly, which breaks the fine tissues. I have no space to explain the process of obtaining even this meagre result.

This flea, in the winter and autumn, glues her eggs to the hair of the cat; in spring and summer they are dropped loosely in the fur. The egg is the prettiest little thing imaginable, fairer than a pearl, and perfectly translucent. While they were under the glass I caught myself repeatedly passing my hand over to take up one; my fingers absolutely tingled to touch one; but they are barely perceptible on a black ground by the naked eye. She deposits nearly two hundred eggs at a time, running hither and thither during the process. In a few days small white worms come out. These have not strength to puncture for themselves, so exist upon the blood voided by the grown fleas. They follow them as chickens do a hen, working, corkscrew fashion, through the hair. Sometimes in six days they will go into cocoon; then again it takes two weeks, owing to the condition of the animal they are on. In six weeks' time the flea arrives at maturity, allowing three moultings. Then it commences to propagate. The worm casts its skin three times, and spins its cocoon with its body in a circle, appearing to use its tail as much as its head. The cocoon is a charming piece of workmanship. Conceive the finest flask of glass dotted with gold, tinged at the edges with a delicate pearl-color, the little worm, resembling a strip of rose-leaf in color, reposing therein—all this the most minute arrangement possible. I was nearly a whole morning painting one, striving most carefully with the finest brush to reproduce it on paper, and it looked, when compared, as would the mane of a lion with an infant's curl. I observed a cat's hairs alive with fleas, hermetically sealed, for six weeks. Many hairs had a beautiful crimson bulb with two little white wings attached, as shown on page 185. I conclude they must

be very tubular; the fluid evaporating dries in this form at the extreme points.

The flea has a most singular manner of getting through the hair. Three legs keep the hair parted while the other three make progress. They travel wonderfully fast; and unless you follow them with a glass you could not perceive this peculiar walk.

The dog flea's habits are similar. Of course there are many differences in all of them, but such as are only perceptible to the student and uncalled for here. The dog flea is shorter and broader, the legs are stouter; it is nearly black, while the cat flea is rather red than black.

Let me say from experience, to the *blasé*, that if he wants a *new* sensation, try the jigger or chiga, whose head is shown at Q, page 185. With this piercer she penetrates the skin and lays her eggs in a sack. If this is not got out speedily without being broken it will cause an ulcer, which eats into the flesh to the bone. That's the time for a new sensation.

The trident tongue of the buffalo flea—*Pulex bison*—is shown on page 186 (bottom). This flea is said to hold nearly a drop of blood at a time. But this will never do. Fleas are the rough cosmopolites found in every part of the world; from the snow-hut of the Kamtschatkian to the cotton wrapper of the Sandwich Island belle; from the palace of kings and queens to the boat-house of the Chinese family anchored in the Yang-tse Kiang. Humboldt mentions that a congener is found in the glaciers of the Alps, the small black glacier flea—*Desoria glacialis*. Among nations civilized and refined, wherever Orion (dirt) is found, Pan (Nature) toward it will chase his sister the flea; and this is the solution of the enigma of the fair Made-moiselle Catherine.

As for their quality of omnivorousness, does not the poet tell us that

Great fleas have lesser fleas,
And these have less to bite 'em;
These fleas have lesser fleas,
And so ad infinitum."

"Of what use are they?"

Ah, here I am at fault. However, they serve to try the patience of men and women—a mild penance. They are evidently necessary to animals, keeping the fluids under the skin in circulation: "A mangy dog carries no fleas," is a Spanish proverb, and it is true. The cat flea is the enemy of the dog flea, and will destroy them if numerous enough, and then die themselves, as they can not live on the dog. He is the most accomplished of vaulters; no position appears too difficult for him to assume. Attitude in every variety is familiar to him: he leaps upward, sideways, foreward, backward, and takes a dozen somersaults while you are wondering where he will alight, or fancying you hold him in durance vile. He is a great pugilist, and fights to the death. If a dozen or more are put in a vial for a day, you will soon perceive the remains of the dead and wounded as the results of companionship. They stand on their hind legs and buffet

their opponents with the others; they roll, and toss, and tumble until it is pitiable to see the wrecks left behind. One champion lived ten days with no antennæ, one eye gone, three plates in the side smashed in, and only the first joints of four legs to go upon; but he was game to the last, and died a few days ago breathing defiance.

"How can they be got rid of?"

Do as Plutarch says Agesilaus did with his crawler, "crack it;" if not, follow old Tusser's advice:

"While wormwood hath seed get a handful or twaine,
To save against March to make flea refrain."

Then there is the mode the fox adopts, that

Mouffet mentions. He gathers wool from the bushes; holding it in his mouth, he goes gradually into the water; the fleas retreat to the wool for fear of drowning; then "he barks and spits out the wool, full of fleas, and so very *froliquely* (charming old Saxon word, is it not?) being delivered from their molestation, he swims to land."

Of one thing be very certain, they have their mission to perform although we may not see it. Good Abbé de la Pluche makes a happy retort to some such queries: "If the Deity thought insects worthy of his divine skill in forming them, ought we to consider them beneath our notice?"

ODE ON THE BIRTHDAY OF JOHN WESLEY.

JUNE 17, 1703.

I.

WE fling no gory banner out;
We give no trumpet breath;
No symbol-fires are borne about
For Battle's life or death:
Let helmets rust upon the walls
Of every armory's bristling halls;
Let the sheathed sabres long in vain
To drink War's dark-red bowl again—
And yet we hail upon this morn
The day a hero-soul was born.

II.

But shall no glorious symbols shine?
Yes! wave the sacred palms;
And by Religion's bloodless shrine
Lift up our solemn psalms:
The palms will speak of Truth and Right
Triumphant in the saintly fight;
The psalms will sing of worship's fires
Forever hallowing his desires;
While over all the sacred dove
Seems floating with her branch of love.

III.

Nor think the voice of sect alone
Sweeps in the jubilee:
Oh list! there's an exulting tone
O'er every land and sea.
From Europe swells a mighty cry
In choral rapture to the sky;
From Asia's, Afric's dusky throng
There is a soft, remembering song;
And, answering all, an earnest band
Shouts in our own broad forest land.

IV.

For WESLEY's giant soul had caught
 The Apostles' boundless fire,
 And earth became within his thought
 One universal lyre,
 Whose varied but harmonious strings
 Were fit for sweep of angel-wings,
 Till at the last one glorious hymn,
 Responsive to the cherubim,
 Should rise in pure and grand accord—
 The reign, the glory of the Lord!

ACELDAMA SPARKS; OR, OLD AND NEW.

"**T**ELL yew what 'tis, Miss Sparks," said the Deacon, "that 'are boy's got ter hev a Scriptor name. I wa'n't born an' bred in Han-over, and hed a father and gran'ther deacons afore me to be a goin' and givin' the boy sech a jography name as Wallis; now don't ye set to no more."

Mrs. Sparks laughed: she always laughed; it was currently reported that she laughed once in church, but that was scandal. Eleven years had she been married, and now for the first time the ponderous old cradle was lugged from the garret to hold a baby. No wonder Mrs. Sparks laughed now. And such a baby!

Only imagine Deacon Ebenezer Sparks dressed in a long white frock and a red-edged blanket, seen through a reversed spy-glass, and you behold his baby. Just such yellow hair, sedulously brushed on end; just such a mottled red complexion, a nose just so indefinite, a mouth that lacked only certain ominous yellow stains to repeat the paternal feature, and eyes of that blank and amazing blue that awed naughty boys, peeping over a stupendous shirt-collar in the deacon-seat every Sunday. But outside the resemblance stopped; for that baby, like its mother, always laughed; from a broad grin to a sputtering chuckle it progressed, slowly and surely, till it was time for it to be baptized. "Six months old!" exclaimed Mrs. Little, at sewing society, "and not yet presented for baptism!" That was one of Deacon Sparks's crotchets: he was a good man, and somewhere, a great way down behind his ribs, he had a kind heart; but it was overlaid with so much work, and caution, and prejudice, and starch, that it beat very feebly, almost invisibly, even to the angel that is supposed to look after such institutions in every man, specially deacons.

If Deacon Sparks had one horror above another it was of babies, particularly in church, most particularly when they cried and made a disturbance at their baptism—a thing he believed to be effected by a special interposition of Satan; and from the hour his baby was born he had looked

forward with dreadful doubts to this crisis, resolving that his child at least should be old enough to obey before it was risked in an ecclesiastical public; doubly resolved that it should have a Bible name, in spite of Mrs. Sparks's desire that the boy should be called by her family name; but positive as the Deacon was, Mrs. Sparks only laughed.

"I don't care no gret what you dew call him, Betsey, so's'ts out o' Scriptor'," relented the Deacon; "I guess it's jest as good not ter call him Cain, 'cause likely he'd feel as though he didn't want ter hev jest that callin'; but you ken call him any thing else you're willin'."

"Well, I do'no', husband," responded Auntie Sparks. "I ha'n't no great admiration for Timothy, nor Reuel, nor Nahum; them was all our folk's names, too; let's open the Bible kinder easy and call him the first name we see."

So the trial by lot was agreed on, and the fatal proper name was Aceldama.

Mrs. Sparks and her husband were rather pleased than dismayed at this. The name was, so to speak, an unclaimed grant, and they the first settlers on it; besides, it afforded such unprecedented advantages for nicknames, so many syllables, such natural diminutives, and then it began with the first letter of the alphabet.

So the day of baptism came—a bright, mild Thanksgiving morning—and Master Sparks was arrayed in gorgeous attire for the occasion; a long dress, embroidered surprisingly with little holes and big holes, small dots and large dots, impossible leaves with a great development of veins, and tendrils that spiraled the wrong way and executed bow-knots on this occasion only, all fenced in with insane scollops that branched, and sidled, and crooked perseveringly, but did their duty after all.

Over this reposed a long and full yellow cloak, bound with pink ribbon, refreshingly suggestive of dandelion blossoms, while above the stiff lace frill that inclosed the beaming red visage of this "tender youth" towered a blue silk construction of the pagoda style, popularly supposed to be a puerile cap.

Who shall describe the trig, prim, and withal sheepish, expression of Ebenezer Sparks as he

squeaked up the aisle in advance of this wonderfully got up baby? No amount of stationery would suffice. It was like unto no mortal creature but himself, and was produced by an unlimited quantity of collar, flour-starch, sole-leather, paternal pride, and intense conservatism; for it was the ruling passion of Deacon Sparks to preserve things as they had been.

Even now, in this crowning ceremony, his soul was troubled with the novelty of having a baby to baptize, and his hair stood on end more pertinaciously than ever, over a yet redder face, and the dead blueness of his eyes caused Timothy Little, the pastor's graceless son, a nine-years' sinner, to quake and quiver in his pew-corner, self-conscious of sundry apples hooked from Deacon Sparks's tree of russet-sweets but a few weeks ago.

Poor Timothy! the Deacon personified his conscience, for that officer of the church was thinking of nothing else but his baby. Clothed in garments of blue broadcloth set off by brass buttons, followed by Mrs. Sparks in a dress we dare not venture to describe, the Deacon and his baby presented themselves before Mr. Little, a meek, sentimental, florid man, with a big head and a weak voice, and of the straitest sect, an Old School man. Dear reader, unlearned as yet in the variations of style and title, ask not rashly what an Old School man means. Plunge not headlong into the sea of metaphysics and terminology that these hard-headed Yankees call theology. Leave the scientific Greek and Latin names of these unknown trees and shrubs to those who gave and use them; look and see what fruit hangs on the gracious boughs; which spreads widest shelter for the lame, and the weak, and the evil-smitten race of men; to which the birds of heaven fly with gladdest instinct and purest song; where flowers are sweetest, and fruit most abundant and nutritive; that tree is one out of Paradise, whatever name labels or libels it; and it is good to thank God for it, and fashion one's own growth after its pattern. But Deacon Sparks is holding his baby all this time.

The ceremony began. The Deacon held Aceldama with a tight grip; but, as ill luck would have it, the trembling cap on top of the child's head toppled forward and extinguished those staring eyes, into one of which, in his awkward attempts to replace the structure, Deacon Sparks thrust his huge, horny finger.

Poor dear Aceldama! What a roar and yell was that which pierced his father's ears, and made the old meeting-house ring again! No efforts could quiet the war-cry of the half-gouged baby, and the ceremony proceeded in a din likeliest to nothing ecclesiastical but the exorcising of a bad spirit.

Deacon Sparks was furious. He held the shrieking infant with fingers that left their sign-manual upon flesh and skin; and when Mr. Little, with a preternatural exalting of the voice that made him more than ever florid, at length struggled through the baptism, and bestowed the strange name Aceldama upon a decent Yankee

child, Deacon Sparks, without waiting for the prayer, shouldered his baby, marched out of the meeting-house in double-quick time, followed by his wife at a rapid, scuttling trot, and having arrived at the porch, deliberately sat down, and lowering the infant, administered to it a severe personal castigation; while Mrs. Sparks, recovering breath behind him, only laughed, well knowing what layers upon layers of linen, flannel, cambric, and merino rendered her precious boy's person impervious to slaps.

It seemed, from that hour forward, as if some unruly spirit had entered into Aceldama with his name. Instead of lying still in the old cradle, like an orthodox baby, he was always scrambling up on end therein, and peeking over the side. He behaved like some tricky elf, uttering his most pertinacious screeches in time of family prayer, and distorting his visage at poor Mr. Little into such curiously ugly shapes as daunted the feeble divine from any caressing approaches whatever.

When the child began to creep, dire conflicts ensued in the peaceful kitchen of Mrs. Sparks. He seemed to have a natural proclivity for tubs of scalding suds, hot flat-irons, ley-kettles, and old cats. Once he sat down in a kettle of hasty-pudding, just off the boil, and nothing but an instantaneous grip of the maternal red right hand and triple folds of domestic flannel saved him from an untimely end. Twice he entered into single combat with the old tabby on account of her kittens (which he liked to carry by the tail), and came off both times with honorable scars in the face. Once he pulled the wooden churn over, and deluged himself and the spotless floor with thick cream, besides bumping his nose till it bled. Once he narrowly escaped death from eating pot-ash; and three times his red flannel frock was patched over holes he burned in it by cultivating an intimacy with the fore-log, for the sake of its sweet and smoky drip of sap.

Nor were matters composed at all when Master Sparks, having survived his first infancy by dint of a certain elder-witch element in his nature that always brought him off "right side up" from any danger, emerged into a full suit of butternut cloth, trowsers and all, thickly buttoned with brass.

The wildest colt in the Deacon's pasture he coaxed into a near approach with tempting handfuls of oats and apples, and then bestriding the creature, with his dumpy legs almost horizontal across its back, and clinging on to its mane like a monkey, Aceldama careered full tilt about the meadow till he was speedily thrown over the colt's head, luckily for him, into a soft and swampy spot full of flag and coarse grass, from which he crept out slightly subdued and very wet.

Nothing daunted by this, the next morning he resumed his equestrian feats by striding the old black cow, very unexpectedly to that respectable animal, causing her to behave in a manner set aside since her calfish days—a sudden plunge and fling of the tail, a wonderfully energetic

prance—and away she went down the high road, Aceldama hanging on to the brass knobs of her horns, beating her ears with his heels till, out of breath, his grip relaxed, and just as the cow re-entered the barn-yard he dropped off into the deepest pool therein, adding the last drop to Deacon Sparks's righteous indignation, he having viewed the whole affair from the upper door of the barn.

That night 'Celdy got his deserts after true Solomonic prescription, and went to bed very rueful indeed, but not quite penitent; for, two days after, capturing the biggest rooster in the yard, he dressed it up in a white cravat, tied after the strictest clerical fashion, and turned it loose upon astonished Mr. Little, just emerging from the door after a pastoral visit.

In fact, though Aceldama was drilled morning, noon, and night in the Assembly's Catechism, till a profound disgust for that ancient institution was thoroughly implanted in his mind—though he was kept in a straight-backed chair, and forbidden to laugh or look out of the window all day Sundays—though his father treated him with the severest justice, and his mother with the mildest mercy (popularly called indulgence), Aceldama offered every prospect of becoming the wildest boy in Hanover, and the soul of Deacon Sparks groaned within him.

At school nobody did or dared half the pranks that he amused himself with. At the academy no other boy could compete with him in tormenting the master, kissing the prettiest little girls, tying up the bell-rope out of reach, plugging the logs destined for the fire with tiny charges of powder, and filling the key-holes with divers sticky mixtures that cost an hour's delay of school in the effort to extract them.

It is true 'Celdy learned his lessons irreproachably. In class he never vexed his master by being stupid or perverse. He was no fool, nor yet a knave, though the latter trait predominated, for he was mischievous and acute. His faults were the faults of vivid animal spirits and pure courage. No little boy, no coward, no sweet-tempered and forgiving comrade owed Aceldama a grudge, or received from him a blow. The big boys, who bullied all the rest, the savage and brutal natures that will crop out in every crowd of boys as well as men—all these he fought, and cowed, and ruled, with the generous bravery of a thoroughly fine temper and noble disposition.

But all this availed him nothing with his father. Night and day Deacon Sparks lamented over the boy, not merely as a torment and tease at home, but as a branch and offspring of Satan—a child evidently formed for and bent on eternal misery—in short, a reprobate.

The stern Calvinism of the Deacon's creed would have allowed him no hope of 'Celdy's salvation had he died in his first innocent babyhood. He would have resigned himself to the justice, as he called it, of God. His mercy was mythical to the Deacon. Judge, then, what a state of mind this really sincere father was in when, to the certainty of original sin and total de-

pravity, 'Celdy had added such a muster-roll of actual transgressions!

Truth to tell, Deacon Sparks's faith and practice were not of a kind to attract the fresh and sensitive heart of youth; not that outgrowth of the loving soul that draws itself into the souls of its brethren on the plea of a common Father and a yearning fraternal tenderness for all its kind; not that self-forgetting, tender, gentle charity that lives in the wants and woes of others, and bears their burdens as the Master did, glorifying the daily routine of life with love, and praise, and cheerfulness. Exceedingly set in his way, for no better reason than that it was the old way of his fathers, he believed in the Law, and only tolerated the Gospel. His strictness was so purely honest and earnest as to demand respect from any candid mind; but it was nevertheless a strictness of the letter from which the spirit fled away deprecatingly, and which bound upon him and his a grievous yoke that Aceldama found impossible to be borne.

As the boy grew older the Deacon's rule grew more stringent, and he fretted and galled beneath it, and but for his mother might have ended his days, as many a wild boy with a strict father has done before, in the noisome hold of a whaler or the barrack hospital of an army; but Aunt Spark was certainly especially ordained to be the Deacon's better half.

No heroine of novel or story was this honest, good-tempered, cheerful, steady, healthy woman. A dozen Matilda-Marias might have been made physically out of her goodly proportions, and forty from her mind and heart. Not a particle of sentimentality tinged her nature. She neither screamed nor shrunk at a hop-toad, or fainted when Aceldama chopped his foot half off or was thrown over the pony's neck and taken up for dead. She never cried all night over her own troubles or any body's else, but took her natural rest like a common-sense woman, and got up in the morning ready to do her duty with bright eyes and a hearty laugh.

The sick people in Hanover thought "Miss Sparks beat the doctor;" the poor believed her bread-tray and pie-shelf never could be emptied; the Deacon consulted her on all emergencies, grimly scorned her advice when given, and always took it! Aceldama loved her as a dandelion loves sunshine or a bob-o'-link singing.

Heaven bless Aunt Spark! If there were a hundred like her where there is one slightly resembling that type of woman, the world would be saved from half its evils and all its Women's Rights Conventions.

And under these conflicting influences 'Celdy grew up to be fourteen. At that time another person began to bend him; Mr. Samuel Fletcher came to Hanover to keep the Academy, and Master Sparks found his master.

There was nothing very subduing, either, in the aspect of Mr. Fletcher: spare, tall, shabby, with a face that might be the index of extreme youth or maturity, so supra-temporal—to coin a phrase—was the inner fire that used that wan,

hectic visage, that keen outline, and wonderful azure eye for its mask and servant.

Aceldama came home the first morning and told his mother, in confidence, that the new master "wasn't much;" at night he came back and said he was mistaken; and before the first quarter was out Master 'Celdy would have walked up to a cannon's mouth and put his head therein at Mr. Fletcher's request.

No man attains that personal ascendancy over boys without good reason in himself. Girls adore any body they happen to fancy, as nine-tenths of their marriages and ten-tenths of their friendships show; but the *besoin d'aimer* is not so potent with the stronger sex; they must know the reason why, and feel it, before they submit to it. Mr. Fletcher was one of those rare natures whose special gift is a vast power over others—a character difficult to analyze, only to be explained by classing it under the all-sufficing head, *génus*.

He was an extraordinary teacher, of course. Under his direction his scholars' minds expanded and absorbed knowledge, as vegetation is said to thrive in certain gases. No dull boys were to be found in Hanover Academy under his sway. His acute and vivid intellect seemed to transpire whatever it would, and transfuse it with its own light and power for the time being. School became a pleasure and an excitement; and Aceldama, being the smartest boy there by gift of nature, proportionately grew and flourished in the new dispensation, and added to his increased knowledge a most absorbing and devoted attachment for Mr. Fletcher.

But after some weeks rumors of a startling nature came to Deacon Sparks's ears: somebody told somebody else that some third body had said the new master was a New School man in theology, and on investigating the matter the Deacon became more and more convinced of the fact.

Now Mr. Fletcher was as earnest in religion as he was in teaching. The boys and girls of Hanover Academy could not listen to his morning prayers and readings without profound convictions that, whatever they might think about it, the Bible, and God, and Goodness, and Sin, were deep and living realities to their eloquent master; and gradually, at first by mere sympathy, then as the safer result of thought and study, a religious interest sprung up and made steady progress throughout the school.

Deacon Sparks groaned. He could not have his only son a New School man; that would be the final drop in the cup!

He sat thinking the matter over one night by the kitchen fire, Aceldama having retreated to his own room overhead, where—truth to tell—instead of studying, he too was meditating, with his head on his hands, as boys will meditate for whom the great problems of Life and Nature just begin to show their colossal outlines and stir their mighty forces.

"Miss Sparks," uttered the Deacon, after sundry stifled grunts and uneasy creaks of his

old chair, "I'm a goin' to take Aceldamy out of the 'Cademy."

"Why, husband, you do beat all! What for, eh?"

"Well, I a'n't satisfied with that Fletcher; he a'n't right; he a—n't right!" musingly retorted Deacon Sparks.

"What on 'arth's the matter of him?" said Aunty, dropping a stitch in her blue yarn knitting from pure astonishment, for Mr. Fletcher had got at her heart through 'Celdy's.

"Well, I've heered, and I expect it's true, that he's a New School man—rarely and undeniably a New School man."

"Sakes alive!" exclaimed Aunty, with one of her own laughs, "is that all, husband? I thought he'd turned out a forger, or a burgler, or somethin' or other orful bad!"

"I don't know what you call bad, Miss Sparks, if 'ta'n't heterodoxy!"

The Deacon delivered this dictum with indescribable weight; it was evidently intended to settle the thing at once.

"He! he! he!" furtively choked out from behind Aunty's checked apron, held up to stifle the naughty laugh in its bud. "It's a bad word, I'm sure; but what harm is it, husband?"

"Harm! why, they don't believe in the Catechism, Miss Sparks! And they don't believe in total depravity; nor in reprobation; nor in infant damnation; nor in—well, a good many things."

"Well, husband, the Scriptor don't say them is needful to salvation, does it? I shouldn't think Mr. Fletcher could be very bad, judgin' from his prayers that he makes to Conference meetin's, and the gentle way he gets the mastery over them boys by. And, you know, the Lord didn't make us all jest alike; some on us thinks some way, and some another."

"Miss Sparks, I tell you New School folks is all wrong! and ef I thought 't I was goin' to live to see Aceldamy grow up a New School man, I'd rather he'd never seen the inside of a schoolus; and ef I don't stir up the School Committee and get that Fletcher sent packin', my name a'n't Ebenezer Sparks!"

Aunty recommenced her knitting, knowing that words would be but fuel to light the Deacon's rage withal; but 'Celdy, overhead, had heard the whole discourse, and was swelling with rage and grief; and that hour laid the first stone of a barrier between him and his father that long years could not break down.

Deacon Sparks was true to his intent; by dint of perseverance and orthodoxy he got the School Committee to dismiss Mr. Fletcher; and that New School man, after listening to a farewell address, got up by the boys and spoken by 'Celdy—who made it most expressive by totally breaking down in the middle—bid good-by to his charge, in a chorus of tears and sobs from the girls, and choking adieus and sturdy hand-shakings from the boys, and betook himself to his boarding-house to pack his trunk; during which operation a timid knock called him to the door, there to find Aceldama Sparks.

"Come in, 'Celdy!" kindly said Mr. Fletcher; "come, sit down in that chair, where you won't get tangled in my things."

He had too much tact to seem surprised at the boy's appearance, or his utter failure to speak what was choking in his throat. So 'Celdy sat down; and after turning his cap round and round a dozen times in his hands, at length sputtered out: "If you please, Sir, can I go with you?"

Mr. Fletcher laughed; not a derisive or altogether an amused laugh, but as if he were pleased, and surprised, and doubtful—all three. "Go where, my dear boy?" said he.

"Oh! any where, Sir. I want to get away: I want to get out of Hanover."

"What's the matter?" said Mr. Fletcher, flinging himself into an arm-chair, and looking 'Celdy in the face with those keen eyes that seemed to read one's soul.

"Sir, I can't stand it! I can't live with my father! I can not!" 'Celdy's face glowed with scarlet indignation.

"Ah!" said Mr. Fletcher, coolly, both hands in his pockets, and his eyes fixed now on the wary manœuvres of a spider overhead; "how has he tried to kill you?—poison, or bludgeons, or the old musket?"

'Celdy moved uneasily on his seat; blushed deeper yet; and at length stammered out, "Why, Mr. Fletcher, he hasn't tried to kill me, of course."

A line, fine as the spider's thread, quivered about Mr. Fletcher's mouth and was still again.

"But I thought you said you couldn't live with him?" gravely interrogated he.

"Well, Sir, I can't; I'm miserable; he talks so, he makes me so angry; he says such things about—"

"Stop there, my boy! you have no right to tell me what your father says about any body. And as for you—look here!" Mr. Fletcher pulled from the top of his trunk a little book, thin, and cheaply bound; and with his peculiar, expressive voice, read aloud one passage from the wisest and best of all human books—the book, among men's works—Thomas à Kempis's "Imitation of Christ:"

"It is no great matter to associate with the good and gentle; for this is naturally pleasing to all, and every one willingly enjoyeth peace, and loveth those best that agree with him. But to be able to live peaceably with hard and perverse persons, or with the disorderly, or such as go contrary to us, is a great grace, and a most commendable and manly thing."

'Celdy's head drooped.

"Nothing gives you any right to leave your father, my boy, even if he treated you far worse than he does: neither God's law nor man's permits it. You have hoped lately that you began a new life; and here is your place to test it. If you are in earnest the trial of your sincerity is here, and will strengthen it; if you are half-way, lingering, undecided, you will fail and fall. God knew your need, and he arranged your life; dare you run away from it? Don't be a coward."

'Celdy's face flushed, and his head rose.

"That's right! you have a right to be indig-

nant at the idea: only be indignant too at the thing; for it is as cowardly to run away from duty as to run away from a battle; and it never helped any living soul out of trouble, but rather into it, to run away from one's post. Besides, your father is a good man, and one whom I respect truly. He has his own ideas, and he has strong prejudices—strong natures often have. Isn't it enough of an object for your life to try and live down those prejudices—try and show him that religion is a life of duty rather than of doctrines? Can't you do a noble service for your Master just here, and one that the world needs as much as this one man? 'Do the duty that lies nearest thee; all the rest will follow.'"

'Celdy's eye kindled: "I'll try, Sir."

"I believe you will," said Mr. Fletcher. "And, one thing more: if you want to be free of the world's bonds, don't be troubled by what any body says of any body else or of you; if what they say is true, they have a right to say it; if it is a lie, it is a lie then, and neither mars nor shames any but the teller. The worst slavery in life is slavery to what 'they say.' If you want to be bound and tortured you can try the experiment, but you will repent it."

'Celdy got up from his chair with a glowing face, full of new resolution. Mr. Fletcher smiled, half sadly, to see that look. He knew what lay before the boy, what days of futile endeavor, of lapses and recoveries, of sinking heart and struggling hope; for he, too, had lived under bondage, and cherished a Christian life in the clefts of the rock, as it were, till the strong tree had wound its roots firmly into every crevice, and now stood stately and fair.

"Only never be discouraged," said he, laying his hand on the boy's shoulder. "Remember that not one fall, nor forty, discourages the child learning to walk—why should it the Christian? Distrust yourself, but not God; for what does St. Augustine say?—'He is patient, because He is eternal.' And here, my boy, is a Bible for you, with those same passages I read you written on its blank leaf. I was going to carry it to you myself. I shall come and say good-by to your father in the morning. Shall I see you?"

"Yes, Sir," said 'Celdy, choking as he spoke, and hurrying out of the door without one word of thanks. But his master was already thanked.

Mr. Fletcher did call in the morning to see Deacon Sparks. 'Celdy sat demurely in the kitchen corner, with his eyes shining and his lips apart, to drink in every word. Mr. Fletcher was as kindly and as genial to the hard old man as to his best boys in school. Nothing was said about the Deacon's agency in dismissing him, even in the way of distant allusion; and those blank blue eyes seemed to stare wider than ever at the unmistakable kindness of the young man's manner. Now if Mr. Fletcher had gone away, as the vernacular of Hanover hath it, "in a huff," and never come near Deacon Sparks, or if he had "improved the occasion" of his farewell call to rebuke the Deacon for his interference, and then magnanimously forgiven him, the carnal man

who still sneaked about the premises of the Deacon's heart would have become at once a pugnacious animal, and called itself righteous indignation, or a martyr to duty; but now, overawed by a phenomenon rarely visible in more extended parishes than that of Hanover—the thorough Christian courtesy of a Christian gentleman—the said carnal slunk into obscurity, and the Deacon's conscience spoke a good word for the schoolmaster, like an honest conscience as it was, though generally rather stinted and starved.

"I hope you've found another school, Sir?" said Deacon Sparks, with an accent of real interest.

"Why no, Sir," answered Mr. Fletcher, the least bit of fun glinting in his eye. "I have never intended to teach any where after this time. I am about to enter the — Theological Seminary, as I wished to last year, but found my funds did not quite hold out."

Deacon Sparks's countenance fell in spite of himself. He had had his labor for his pains, literally. 'Celdy's face sparkled; his secret soul exulted. I regret to say the boy triumphed in his father's discomfiture. Strange, hard, unnatural position! Where there should have been confidence and sympathy, only this perpetual antagonism, this utter want of tenderness, this repulsion between old and new; as if the new were not always an outgrowth of the old! no fresh creation of God, but the spring sprouting of the old stock, the result of air and light and warmth upon a long-delayed and chilled embryo. But no such light dawned on Deacon Sparks; no such breadth of perception as yet illuminated 'Celdy. The Deacon's hair bristled with horror at the idea of novelty. The Gospel was an old and fixed fact to him, divisible into so many doctrines; cribbed up to fifty-two days in the year. Works were a legality for six days in the week, and a strict, stony necessity on the seventh. Six days he ground the faces of the poor, snarled and snapped at his wife, looked like a Yankee Gorgon at every child that he passed, overworked his horses, and underfed his hired man. The seventh day he held his tongue and read the Old Testament in the house, or went to church and sung psalms with much fervor and no tune. Yet for all this the Deacon had his good traits, both gracious and natural. He was honest in letter and spirit; earnest as a child in what he believed; working righteousness and fearing God. Shall man say that the loving Christ, who bears through all these ages the burden of earth's sin and anguish, had not a tender care for this old man, who had not so learned Him? Did not those eyes, that looked into the heart of publican and sinner with never-failing pity, pierce also the crust of this groping life, and behold, with compassionate affection, its truth and its earnestness? "Judge not, that ye be not judged."

Now when Mr. Fletcher made this little disclosure that discomfited the Deacon and delighted 'Celdy, Auntie Sparks laughed. If any body else had laughed there would have been some warm words forthcoming from the conscious Dea-

con. But nobody minded Auntie. She always laughed; not specially because things were amusing, or because she was particularly pleased, but out of her overflowing good-will, and the good time she always had, living and loving. Just as a bob-o'-link, filled with June scents and glory, can't possibly wait a minute, but lights on the first thing at hand, and bubbles over with singing and fun; not because it is a cavatina or a bravura from any opera, and he knows exactly how it ought to be sung, with La Grange's trills and Gazzaniga's expression; nor because it is an exquisite day, and deserves a musical interpretation of its splendor and verdure and perfume; but simply because he-can't-help-it-and-he-don't-want-to-and-he-don't-know-why-and-he-don't-care-and-nobody-knows-and-he-must-sing-sing-sing-and-bubble-over-whether-or-no!

Just so Auntie laughed, and said, in the interludes,

"Why dew tell, Mr. Fletcher, if you're a goin' into the ministry?"

"Yes, ma'am, I am," returned that gentleman, with a mixture of reverence and joy that was delicately defined to a quick ear, and one quick ear received it.

"Well, I'm glad on't," replied Auntie, no way daunted by the ominous rigidity that Old School drew over her husband's face. "There's so many poor sticks in the ministry I always feel as though 'twas a partick'lar Providence when a smart man takes to preachin'. Folks always think any body's good enough to make a minister of, or a missionary, an' 'tain't so. I think they'd come a sight nearer facts ef they'd think nobody's good enough; for I'm sure skerce any body is."

"That is true," said Mr. Fletcher; and he was about to add that we might take a lesson therein from the Romish Church, that calls her ministers from men of physical perfection and mental power, and thereby carries half her widespread influence; but Mr. Fletcher remembered Deacon Sparks's prejudices, and with fraternal charity spared them, for he went on: "I think we should oftener remember the answer of David to Araunah: 'Shall I offer to the Lord God that which cost me nothing?'"

Deacon Sparks's visage relaxed. He liked the Old Testament. The Jews and their observances interested a certain natural formalism in his character; while for want of living the Gospel he had not yet come to loving it, nor did he suspect the delicate apprehension of, and regard for, this very trait that had prompted Mr. Fletcher's quotation. Strange it is that we so often hear a man accused, as of a fault, of "being all things to all men," when the most fervent of all apostles, the one least fitted by birth or training to conciliate or concede, uses it as a triumphant assertion of his pure zeal and ardent endeavor that he *is* "made all things to all men, that I might by all means save some."

And Mr. Fletcher knew when to go. He knew that a further discussion of his future work would only lead to some stumbling-block of doctrine or theological nettle-bed for the Deacon.

So he shook hands all round, but 'Celdy went with him to the yard-gate.

"I sha'n't write to you, 'Celdy," said he, answering a dumb inquiry in the boy's look; "but I shall often be in Hanover, I hope. The Seminary is not far away, and there are long vacations. I never forget any body," added he, with a smile, the blank look of 'Celdy's face prompting him, so full as it was of doubt and regret. And so Mr. Fletcher left Hanover; nor did 'Celdy know till years afterward that he had refused to write him simply lest he should thereby widen the breach between the boy and his father.

Three years in the Seminary fast rolled by to Mr. Fletcher, but they dragged a slow length to Acelanda Sparks. It is true that he went to the Academy, and did his best to learn in spite of teachers and text-books; and all the time longing in his soul for the clear and vivid mind that had interpenetrated his own, and made knowledge and study more keenly sweet than any freedom to be idle. Yet, after all, this discipline was best for the boy; it threw him on himself for strength and support; and a boy who learns to stand alone, even in school, is half a man; and in the better knowledge of himself that self-reliance gave, he learned a broader charity for his fellows, and learned how blind were his own eyes when he would teach others to see. At home one change lightened 'Celdy's time, though it separated him yet further from his father. Mrs. Sparks's mother was a widow when her daughter Eunice married Ebenezer Sparks, but soon after that event she herself married a man by the name of Case, a widower, whose only daughter had married and gone to Illinois. Daniel Case was a farmer—kind-hearted, well-meaning, and honest, but emphatically what we Yankees call shiftless. His house-roof leaked, and the crevice was stopped up with rags, because he was "goin' to get a hundred o' shingles to-morrer." But Mr. Case's to-morrow never came. His barn-floor rotted and fell in, and was mended with old plank laid across the floor, so that when harvest time came he had to sell his rye as it stood, for he had no place to thresh it. Then the fences began to give way, and were propped with white-birch poles or stopped with bushes, because he was "goin' to cut them chestnut-trees next week, and have a lot o' new rails." But somehow or other the trees were never cut in his day, and house and farm slipped out of his easy, listless hands till at length it all went, and Daniel Case, his wife, who was "a sickly cretur," and his little grand-daughter, a legacy from his dead daughter in Illinois, all came on to the town some twenty-six years after Mrs. Sparks's marriage.

This was the great trouble of Aunty Sparks's life—something that stopped her laughter whenever she faced its reality; for not one cent of help for her poor old mother or her kindly, inefficient husband could be wrung from the Deacon's pocket. He would not have her in the house, or feed her from the kitchen. He said, as mightier men have said in better phrase and

more polished accent: "No, you needn't pester me, Miss Sparks; she made her bed, and she's got to lie on't now; I a'n't going to work my legs off to feed Daniel Case's laziness; they can hang on to the town if they want to, but they a'n't goin' to hang on to me!"

So in process of time Mr. and Mrs. Case were put up to auction—as we do put up poor people in New England and black people at the South—to be sold off to the lowest bidder; and an old woman, whose bed-ridden husband had a pension that helped them both to starve at their own expense instead of the town's, bidding off the old couple at a lower rate than any body else, they were forthwith carted down to her dwelling, furnished with a lean-to in the garret, fed on salt pork and potatoes, but neither abused nor despised, for a sum so small that I will not record it, for the same reason that Mungo Park held his tongue about the wonders he saw in Africa—lest the rest of my history should thereby have its credibility endangered.

And then Hannah Jones, the little girl, was to be bound out. Here Aunty Sparks could interfere, though at no small expense of goodness and labor. She persuaded the Deacon, ever accessible on his economic side, that she didn't need a grown girl to help her in the kitchen, and receive wages as well as board; that it would be far better to have a little girl, who would eat less, cost no money but for shoes, and be clothed from her own old garments. Powerful arguments all these were to the Deacon, whose secret soul was eaten into, wide and deep, by that money-rust that curses the blessings of nine-tenths of our Northern population, and makes the very foundations of their lives rotten and tremulous. Oh! had I but one hour more of life to hold a pen—one hour of reason to guide my thoughts to its tip and send them flying over the land—I should think that hour well spent if I consumed it in preaching on the one text that no man dare expound in its awful power and significance to a "respectable" congregation: "And he cast down the thirty pieces of silver in the temple, and departed, and went and hanged himself!"

So there was another fresh young soul set to endure the discipline of Deacon Sparks's household, but with far better chance to escape its contracting influences than 'Celdy, whose very soul boiled over in a torrent of righteous indignation, when he found his grandmother, a sweet-natured, patient, helpless, and gentle old woman, whom 'Celdy loved almost as well as his mother, was farmed out as town poor to the tender mercies of old Peggy Myers. Much ado had Mrs. Sparks to keep 'Celdy's wrath out of the Deacon's way, for the boy of sixteen felt himself to be a man, and looked at his father from a conscious level, for, as a father in the divinest sense of the word, never could he regard Deacon Sparks; and long years of dutiful outward respect were yet needful to make him reverence the relation where he could not reverence the man.

Auntie Sparks soothed and reasoned and per-

sued in vain, till at length she cried, and 'Celdy, who never saw his mother cry before, gave a reluctant promise not to say any thing to his father; but Aunt Sparks had well-nigh undone her own work the next minute, by saying, as a sort of amends to the unwilling youth:

"And if you made him wrathful, 'Celdy, you'd just kick over your own dish, for he wouldn't give you an apple nor an egg for grandmother, so you'd better keep cool."

"Oh, mother!" burst out 'Celdy, "that's enough to make me speak! Do you think I'd keep quiet for such a reason? Do you think I'd let him help grandmother now? No, indeed, I wouldn't! I'll hold my tongue because I promised, and it troubles you; but I'd work my fingers off before granny should touch any thing of his."

"Miss Sparks!" interrupted a low voice, and 'Celdy turned round just in time to see Hannah in her check apron, holding the door apart, her great black eyes full of tears and anger, her rosy cheeks red as an apple, and the words, that her pretty red lips tried to make into "Mr. Little's in the keepin'-room," choked back with something between grief and rage: from that day 'Celdy and Hannah were sworn friends.

In the mean time Aceldama had many letters from Mr. Fletcher full of good and kind advice; for which the boy's life thanked him even better than his words. Hard had been the struggle with himself, before 'Celdy could persuade that stubborn self that it was right to set the seal of Christian profession upon his new life within, by joining Mr. Little's church. "How can I," he wrote to his old teacher, "join the same church that holds such men as you know live in Mr. Little's—and who live down, in their niggardly, selfish, unlovely natures, all that the Gospel publishes, and I believe? How can I profess their faith, when I do not, and dare not, follow their practice? How can I hold them as brethren whom I must despise and dislike from their utter want of goodness and honesty?"

Mr. Fletcher pondered sorrowfully over this letter, for it had to him more significance than merely the expression of Aceldama's candid perplexity and pain. It was the outcry of a whole world lying in sin against a passive and neglectful Church. Nay, more—it was the solemn voice of that Church's Head, like the heavy pulses of a knell, tolling down through ages of denial and scorn. His own words, uttered where the fruitful Judean valleys illustrated the sentence, "By their fruits shall ye know them. Do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles?" Yet, ponder as he might, there was but one thing to do, for truth is never unsafe or unjust; and though it be sometimes the cautery, and sometimes the salve, it is the need of the patient to which it fits itself; and it was not in Mr. Fletcher's nature to tamper with or mitigate any truth, however bitter, so he answered 'Celdy on this wise:

"I can not deny that what you say of those church-members is true. But you have to con-

sider two views of the question before you judge them: one is, the influence of education on their minds—such education, in both theology and practical religion, as you may fairly infer men in their station and their age received. It is one thing to adhere to wrong because you have been brought up in it till it has become a habit, and another to build it up about yourself as a wall against good influences and full light. And the other view is, consideration of what you do not know about them; the good that you do not see; the real earnestness to do right when one is habit-blind; the inward struggles with sin; the depression of physical disease or domestic trouble: these are known to God only, and if you could discern with His sight would not your judgment be modified? And then there is the harder truth that some of these men are not Christians; that the tenderest charity and the most gentle judgment can not set aside the bitter fact of their living in sin, though professing righteousness: with such men you can not fraternize, nor are you bound to attempt it. So much for other people; too much, indeed; for this is a matter which concerns yourself, and you only. Mr. Little's church is the only one in your village, the only place where you can confess Christ before men, and that you own to be a duty of direct importance. Go, then, and fulfill this duty. It is not made contingent on any circumstance. If there was not one Christian besides yourself in the list of members, that would not affect what you ought to do. Nay, it ought rather to stimulate you, since it opens a field of action wider and more hopeful than makes the station of many a missionary, and the Lord has said, 'To every man his work.' Let me caution you against one thing—contempt. Despise no one; there is no human heart that is all evil, and the solitary fact that Christ came to die for every man should place all far above your contempt. Dare you despise where He pitied?"

If this advice seemed hard to 'Celdy, at least he took it, and was admitted to Mr. Little's church in due time, not a little to his father's satisfaction, though he could not repress a lurking doubt of 'Celdy's orthodoxy on several points, luckily for both, not included in the Confession of Faith common to most New England churches.

But there were all the time troubles and doubts wedging apart Deacon Sparks and his son, first of one kind and then of another. If the Deacon began a theological discussion after supper, 'Celdy was sure to hear a noise in the barn that needed direct attention, or some barrels in the cellar called for his care, or Hannah wanted help to set up her tubs and take her cheeses out of press—hardly legitimate work for evening, but her quick instinct provided excuses for 'Celdy when his own failed. So, after a time, the Deacon let doctrines drop; for when 'Celdy was eighteen his school-time ended, and he came home to "farm it." Here was fertile subject for trouble: the untiring kindness of Mr. Fletcher furnished him with a good agricultural paper, and his own acute sense seized at once on the

practical advantages of a better style of farming than that which prevailed in Hanover. But he might better have harangued the mulleins and golden rods that adorned his sheep-pasture on the benefits of being pulled up than attempt to convert the Deacon to draining, lime-manuring, or rotation of crops. Rye had been grown on a certain slope year after year till the spindling stalks could be counted, and then the lot was given over to lie at ease till nature should cover it with poor grass again, and sheep should be turned in to starve. Potatoes and corn had their allotted places as much as the horses and wagons in the barn; and when corn dwindled and potatoes rotted, the Deacon's luck was miscalled, and the weather helped bear the blame. Twenty acres of "muck" swamp, in various patches, that would have made the eyes of a modern farmer open with delight, and his crops laugh on the hill-sides, that now were dry and sunny enough to raise the best blackberries, lay altogether idle except for the frogs that basked in its black and shallow pools, or the mud-turtles that sunned themselves on every stump and scuttled away at the rare approach of step or voice.

But draining was not to be heard of; lime, and guano, and compost-heaps took rank with fairy stories in the Deacon's mind. His father and his grandfather had been farmers before him, and squeezed a living from the soil; and what his father and grandfather did was good enough for him, especially as any change of method involved an outlay of money; and though the Deacon was willing to lay out his own labor and Aceldama's at lavish expense of comfort and health—perhaps life—money was out of the question; he would rather have opened a vein to enrich his corn lot than spent the dollars that a course of drain-tile or a barrel of lime implied.

So Aceldama fretted over his work; mowed, and hoed, and raked, and plowed with grudging effort, and strayed into the swamp, whenever he got a leisure moment, to turn up the rich black soil and speculate on its value, as a miser might count his useless gold and sigh over its stationary existence. Nothing could be done with the Deacon; no argument could convince him that Aceldama knew more than the three generations before him, as he was pleased to put the case; and now he retaliated 'Celdy's neglect of his theology by sniffing at the young man's new-fangled ideas on farming, and treating his opinions with an open contempt that kept them, eventually, silent. Only for his mother and Hannah, 'Celdy would have packed up his Sunday suit and gone to seek his fortune elsewhere; but his mother more and more depended on him for help and society as she gradually grew older, and Hannah, who was as merry as a cricket, even under the Deacon's hard eye, set herself to work, woman-fashion, to make 'Celdy comfortable and contented as far as she could.

And unsentimental as it may seem to Sacharissa, who alleviates the sorrows of Strephon with smiles and Cologne-water, it was no small com-

fort to 'Celdy, who was only flesh and blood, to have his dough-nuts made and fried just right, his stockings mended smoothly, his shirts never lacking a button, his room kept in faultless order, his own special lamp, with which he read in his own room those offending agricultural papers and various other works that would have equally enraged the Deacon, always filled and trimmed, and spotlessly clean. And it was more than all these to have that bright, pretty face and trim figure, animated by a character of sparkling common sense and gay good-temper, always at hand—always somebody to feel for and with him; to admire and arrange the wild flowers he brought home from that obnoxious swamp and its edges; to trudge over the three-mile hill of a moonlight night with some trifle for "grand-mother;" to escort to singing-school; to go berrying with; to make "posy-beds" for. In short, to love—for it came to that, without either 'Celdy or Hannah's knowing it; and a very good plan it was.

For in those yet primitive regions servants were made of the same clay with their masters—were men and women of like passions, whose feelings and tastes were really allowed to have room, and whose personality was acknowledged as much as any body's else; and it was thought no more for a man to marry "their hired girl," who ate and drank at the kitchen-table with the rest of the family, sat in their pew Sundays, and belonged to the same sewing-society with her mistress, than it is in these parts for Mr. Van Tromp, who had a great-grandfather of some sort, to marry Miss Spratte, whose grandfather founded the family in a new hair-dye.

So between bitter and sweet, strife and peace, 'Celdy grew to twenty and Hannah neared eighteen. By this time old Mrs. Case had grown stone-blind in her attic at Peggy Myers's house, and her husband was bent double with rheumatism, and at the annual auction of the poor, Peggy had been under-bid by an old half-breed Indian known as Peter Piper, whose shackling house of two rooms and a garret stood on the top of a bare hill, exposed to every wind that blew, and leaky enough to drown out at least all hope of comfort even for Peter and his dirty drinking wife. It was nothing to the public, who paid their board, that so many years had made Peggy Myers's house home to these old and feeble people, that Mrs. Case had learned to grope her way about the rooms and even through the garden; still less did it matter that Peter's house was wet, cold, and shackling enough to be dangerous in a high wind: it was all in all that he had offered to take them for ten dollars less than Peggy could afford, and no town could be so foolishly benevolent as to throw away ten dollars a year on non-producers like these. Besides, if they did die, why then the whole sum was saved. But the selectman, unluckily for him, had a heart; a thing selectmen ought never to be troubled with, and sometimes are not; but Mr. Steel being so afflicted, was troubled enough at the prospect before these kindly and

suffering old folks. Had it been in his power, he would gladly have kept them with Mrs. Myers; but he was only the agent of the town, and the town's nose was ringed with a silver ring—it answered only to the appeal of dollars; nor could Mr. Steel pay the extra sum himself, for he was poor enough to look twice at even a cent before he dared spend it. In this dilemma Deacon Sparks occurred to him. He was able to put the matter at rest directly; he was “well-to-do;” in possession of a good farm, with only one son, he could hardly help giving so much aid as this to his wife's mother. So Mr. Steel put on his Sunday coat, tackled up, and set out for Hanover Corners, where the Deacon lived, some four miles west of the Centre, and was soon welcomed to a seat by the kitchen fire that a March wind without made doubly welcome. Your true Yankee never comes to the point at once; there is a pleasing satisfaction to him in veering to every point of the compass before he indicates his stopping-place, and Mr. Steel drew largely upon every thing in general before he came to his proposition, which was succinct and clear enough when he did reach it. Aunty Sparks dropped her knitting as he began to state the case, Hannah intermitted her sewing, and 'Celdy's cheeks gathered a hot flush as Mr. Steel went on, but the Deacon sat still till he finished, and then spoke:

“I don't know but what you're correct, Mr. Steel, about this business, but reelly I can't say as I feel called to pamper Dan Case and his wife beyond payin' my reg'lar tax to the town.” 'Celdy moved as if to speak, but his mother looked at him, and her eyes were bright with tears; so 'Celdy held his tongue, and the Deacon went on:

“It's allers been my principle to let folks reap as they've sowed, and I can't see no justice in my grubbin' and sweatin' the year round to set up a feller that was allers as shiftless as a cow-buntin', in luxury and ease. I a'n't a wealthy man myself; I pay my debts and calc'late to subscribe to some objects, but I ha'n't got money to throw away. Besides, I don't see no gret call for't; when folks gets old in shiftless ways I expect they a'n't particular about where they do put up. I guess Miss Case an' Dan 'll be about as well off with Peter Piper as they was with Miss Myers.”

'Celdy got up and flung out of the room. Mr. Steel twiddled his restless fingers in and out in confusion, and finally ventured:

“Well, I thought I'd call an' say how it was, and maybe you'd feel to help 'em; they're pretty poor off, anyhow—” Here he stopped, for he saw a big bright drop fall into Aunty Sparks's lap, and he knew her nature well enough to know how hard tears came; all the harder for the thought that this change would take her mother a mile and a half further, where the homely dainties, and necessities too, that she had, till now, contrived to smuggle down to her once or twice a week, could scarcely reach her by any available messenger. Hannah had stolen out of the room to comfort 'Celdy, luckily for the Dea-

con, as it reduced his audience to two before he answered Mr. Steel.

“Well, Brother Steel, I don't feel no call to help 'em. I don't mind Miss Sparks's sendin' of 'em bits and ends now and then, but payin' out money's a different thing; and I can't see my way clear to be sinkin' ten dollars a year, jest so's to pamper them old folks. If Dan Case had had a grain of common sense he could ha' had a house over his head to-day, and got his livin'; but now he'd oughter be thankful to be kep' from starvation, and he'll profit by 'xperience I guess.”

Mr. Steel said “Good-by,” the Deacon went to bed, and Aunty Sparks, throwing her apron over her head, sat a long time rocking back and forth by the fire, sometimes crying softly over her poor old mother, dear to her as a mother should be, sometimes trying to devise any plan by which that ten dollars could be raised in time to pay Peggy Myers, who would gladly have kept the desolate couple if she could, though she did not make two dollars a year out of her “board-ers.”

'Celdy and Hannah came in softly from the shed as soon as Deacon Sparks's snores testified his absence from the kitchen; and Hannah, giving Mrs. Sparks a hearty hug and kiss, went off to her own little room with a heart full of pity and indignation, not a little consoled, however, by the quiet, determined way in which 'Celdy had said to her, out in the shed,

“I'll make it straight, Hannah.”

How this was to be done Hannah never stopped to question. She believed in him with all the innocence and strength of her fresh and loving nature. Happy child! It was enough for her that he undertook any thing. Though it were impossibility on its face to all the world beside, it would have seemed practicable to her since 'Celdy did it; and she rested on this faith to reverse all the evil and wrong in both their lives. So she fell asleep, child-fashion, without a care for the morrow.

'Celdy sat down by his mother, who had dropped her apron and resumed her knitting as soon as he came in, and for a while neither of them spoke. At length he said:

“Don't be troubled, mother; I'll see that granny never goes to Indian Peter's. Don't you lose heart over it.”

Mrs. Sparks laughed just a little, partly by way of reassuring 'Celdy about herself, and partly because of his confident and grown-up manner, that both pleased and amused her even then.

“You can't help it, 'Celdy,” said she, “and I can't either; and if 'twasn't best, why the Lord wouldn't permit it when He knows it can't be helped. I feel bad to think how you'll lay it up against your father. I know you feel hard toward him, but you must call to mind his natur' and his bringin' up. His father was a close man, and I've heerd his mother was inclined that way. She come of a family that was always called very near; so 't your father was

brought up that way, and you can't blame him, nor I can't neither, so much as if he'd ha' been differently inclined in his youth. I do feel bad about mother, and about Father Case, for I don't feel as if Indian Peter was a faithful man, and his house is dreadful leaky and shacklin'; but then we must make the best on't, and I oughter be thankful your father lets me take 'em vittles, that's a great deal."

"You always do make the best of every thing, mother," said 'Celdy, in a tone of mixed admiration and affection; "but there's scarce any best to this. I shall be twenty-one next week, and you'll see how I shall help the matter if I live."

So the affair rested for that night, and for several days after nothing was heard of it, till the week before 'Celdy's birthday, when he was busy in the barn with his father. He thought best to enlighten the deacon.

"Father," said he, "Sam Myers, who used to work for you when I went to the 'Cademy, is here, down to the Centre. Don't you want to hire him?"

"Why no," said the Deacon, facing 'Celdy with a grim look of surprise, "I don't calculate to keep a hired man. I guess you an' I can do all the work on this farm if you don't go to runnin' arter your new idees, an' I guess you won't have no chance arter the worst on 'em, for I sold the hull o' that 'are swamp to Squire Willet yesterday."

'Celdy set his face into its most dogged look.

"But you won't have me, Sir. I'm twenty-one next week, and I've taken Squire Willet's farm on shares, from the 15th of April."

The Deacon dropped the broom he was sweeping up hay-seed with.

"Well," said he, "I s'pose that's your New School idee of honorin' parents, an't it? I've ben an' brought you up, an' paid your schoolin', an' now you go off."

"I don't know, Sir, as you've done any thing more 'n what every body does for their sons," remarked 'Celdy between his teeth.

"Where be you a goin' to live?" said the Deacon.

"I'm going to live in the farm-house on Long Pond that he built for Miss Willet's brother before he went West. The Squire's going to Congress for four years, and I've got the farm on trial."

"Two fools together!" growled the Deacon.

'Celdy set down his peck measure, and set his back against the manger.

"Father," said he, "I don't think you can say any thing to me about honoring parents when you'll let Grandmother Case go to Peter Piper's because you won't pay ten dollars to help it. I can't stand that. You may give your money to the heathen; I shall take care of my own household first. I'm a man now, and I shouldn't dare show my face before God or man while grandmother was starved and miserable in that old Indian hut. I don't know any thing about what you call Old and New School, but I know what my duty is, and I've got to do it; and as

long as Grandmother and Dan Case live I'll take care of them, if I work my hands off."

The Deacon stood stock-still. 'Celdy walked out of the barn into the woods. He was afraid to trust his temper further; he was afraid of having indulged it even in what he had said. He lay down at the foot of a huge pine-tree that towered up above him, a spire of verdure and fragrance and sad music. The chords of its whispering anthem soothed his excited brain; the blue sky above shone through those waving boughs like a glimpse of God's eternity through the flickering of time. Young as he was, the troubles and doubts of every earnest mind already had wearied him with their assaults, so that a prospect of heavenly rest was sweet even when all life's hope lay tempting before him. The mournful character of New England scenery, the sober nature of a life that must needs be one long labor, the repressive system of his home, all tended to make his buoyant nature pensive, if not sad; and as he lay there under the tree, no hermit in his rocky cell on desolate mountains or sandy deserts could have looked at the world with more pitying contempt than did 'Celdy, when all at once one of those poems God has scattered in the wilderness, that birds and brooks alone set to music, met his eye. Under the next tree, right at its foot, basking in a gleam of sunshine, stood a tiny cluster of blue squirrel-cups—"liverworts," as the country people call them; at the foot of that massive tree, from the shriveled heap of last year's leaves, that bunch of crowded azure blossoms and gray downy buds looked up to the rare sun, as bright, as fearless, as serene as—Hannah!

'Celdy sprung up from the turf, and stooped over the pretty creatures with a shy longing to kiss them, which, being a Yankee boy, he did not indulge; then he felt for his knife to dig them up and carry them away bodily; but as he opened the broad blade a better impulse filled him. He would not move them; they belonged there. Amidst the thousand odors of spring in the woods, glinting against the golden brown of the dead leaves about them, neighbored by the chattering squirrels, and praised by the first songs of the year, there they bloomed and there they should die, rather than in a cracked tea-pot on Hannah's window.

But 'Celdy went home comforted, though he didn't know how, and though he avoided his father and spent the mild smoky evening chiefly on the step of the back shed in the moonlight. Hannah was there too, with a shawl over her head, and 'Celdy's arm round her, to keep her warm, I suppose; and whether he learned his lesson of the squirrel-cups or not I can not tell, but Hannah left him at bed-time with the remark that he "beat all for persuadin' folks out of their own mind."

Deacon Sparks preserved a grim silence. Pride forbade that he should relent toward 'Celdy, even so far as to speak with him a word that was not absolutely necessary. He hired a man, but not the one his son had recommended. He

went his way to work, and when on Sunday, the second day of April, Deacon Sparks heard the Rev. Mr. Little read from his pulpit the intention of marriage between Aceldama Sparks and Hannah Jones, he so far held the outer man in tight subjection that his eyelash never quivered, nor his mouth stirred from its grim lines.

So Hannah and 'Celdy were married at the minister's house the next Sunday, and, taking the old couple off the town's hands, were all settled in the new house at Long Pond by the fifteenth of the month. Scarce any body but Hannah and 'Celdy would have begun life on such small foundations; but 'Celdy never forgot a sentence in Mr. Fletcher's letter answering one of his that asked advice on this matter. "Don't be ashamed of any thing but sin; if you have enough to eat and keep warm with, and a clear conscience, no man is better off than you." Just these requisites Aceldama had. Squire Willet, a good man, and a progressive one, knew enough of his circumstances and education to give him a helping hand with true pleasure. Hannah found a barrel of pork and two of potatoes in the cellar, which Mrs. Willet sent over because she was going to Washington, and from there to spend the summer at the sea-side, and stores wouldn't keep. What should have been the parlor was given up to the old folks for a bedroom, and they had bedding of their own, and a rickety bedstead, with one chair, an old rocker, and a hair trunk—that made all the furnishing their room could boast. Mrs. Sparks had made over to Hannah the bed that belonged to her in right of her term as "bound girl" having elapsed, and added to it some linen and blankets that she had brought with her when the Deacon married her. A few coarse towels, a kettle, a spider, and a little tin, with a plain set of absolutely necessary crockery for the table, completed Hannah's equipage, taken in lieu of the heifer-calf that is, besides the bed, a bound girl's general portion on her release. She and Aceldama had two boxes for their clothes, and they spread their bed on the floor in an upper room.

Yet if ever a philosopher wanted an illustration to vindicate his contempt for circumstances, we should have recommended him to 'Celdy's home. No young wife of a boyish millionaire, in her morning robe of silk, with laced and embroidered garments peeping from under its soft and heavy folds, and every delight or glory that money can bring gathered about her, ever shone more cheerfully lovely than Hannah in her dark print dress and clean white collar, doing up "chores," with old Dan Case poking about in vain attempts to help her, and Granny in her chair by the sunny south window, knitting at her blue stocking, her face as quiet as a child's, and her eyes closed as if will, not power, were wanting to see with. 'Celdy had read enough fiction in his life to have a due value for surroundings, and would have liked as well as any man to see his wife in a romantic cottage, overhung with roses, gracefully doing nothing; but we doubt if he would have loved her half as much

under those pleasing aspects as he did now, when every day showed him more and more how neat, how cheerful, how contented she could be in the midst of absolute poverty with him. It was the most subtle flattery he could receive, because the most unconscious in its giver; and to him, perhaps, the thought came, as it does to us, why might not thousands of other men, who dare not marry because they are poor, attempt and find the same happiness by the same faith in the woman they love?

Heaven knows that women are the weaker sex; that they are full of faults and full of follies; but where one woman in ten would make a man's life wretched by pining after show and luxury, the other nine would ask nothing but love and trust enough to make them happy in four bare walls. It is not here that women's sins lie. The whole life of thousands, as poor as utter destitution can make them, tells another story. Love a woman enough to trust her, and if she loves you, doubting and sneering man! she will upset all your woman-hating theories in a year; but treat her like a doll and a fool, and she will be both. Is it an unnatural result?

Mrs. Sparks stole down as often as she found the Deacon's work took him to a distant field, to see her boy and his wife, as well as to comfort her old mother; but the Deacon never came, nor did 'Celdy's Christian charity get the better of him yet, enough for him to go home at all. He could not forget that when he left his father, and stifling all his worse feelings in the real affection that only slept within him, he said,

"Good-by, father," holding out his hand, the Deacon had held his own still before him, and turning red with rage, answered,

"You'll come back here begging yet!"

"Never, if I die on the town!" said 'Celdy, equally red. And so father and son had parted.

Squire Willet had left his farm on 'Celdy's hands, with full power to work it as he pleased, swamp and all, and 'Celdy was faithful to his trust. He hired but two men to help him, and made the eyes of all the farmers round about open wide by the barrels of lime and courses of drain-tile that he laid in for the campaign; but he knew what he was about. Up early and out late, never idle a moment, never looking on, but always at work with his men, he showed the most incredulous how much more a head is worth than hands alone; and when Squire Willet came back to Hanover for a visit in the autumn, to inspect his farm and settle accounts with Aceldama, the twenty-acre swamp waved with such a crop of corn as no field in the township ever saw before, and there was more hay and rye harvested than even his big barns could hold. 'Celdy made enough out of his farming that year to buy a bedstead and a new cloak for Hannah, and lay up a small sum besides for future emergencies; since he had discovered that he was as happy as he need be—with Hannah, and without furniture!

In the winter the trimming and thinning of the wood lot, and the clearing of a hill-side

swarming with white birches, gave them wood enough to defy even a New England winter; and, unable to be idle, 'Celdy set up two coal-pits, and brought new profit out of the hitherto waste lands on the place.

Toward the end of their first year's life there old Dan Case died. He was not sick long, and his feeble mind lost nothing during that brief illness. He paid Hannah richly for all her care by his grateful words on those few days; she was good enough to be rewarded for any trouble by feeling that she had made the last year of her grandfather's life on earth both comfortable and happy, and she never could be glad enough that his last words were—

"Hanner! you've got a good husband; the Lord 'll bless him an' his'n, because he ha'n't forgot the Lord's poor. I can't rightly remember things now; I'm kinder riled in my head; but there is a text somewheres that means him; it's about doin' it to 'the least of these.' Oh yes! I remember!" He raised his head and looked full at 'Celdy coming in at the door. "The Lord says, 'Ye have done it unto me!'"

"He's been a great burden to you," said Mr. Little to Aceldama, on the day of the funeral, which was held in church on Sunday.

"Oh no, Sir!" was the almost indignant reply; "he has been a great blessing!"

Deacon Sparks heard it.

The second year of 'Celdy's farming kept the promise of the first good, and was brightened all through by a visit from Mr. Fletcher, who slept on the floor, and lived on pork, potatoes, and rye-bread, with as much apparent enjoyment as if they had been the luxuries of a palace. It was a great refreshment to 'Celdy, mentally, to have his company at his daily work; not that Mr. Fletcher worked much, for he had come there to rest, and he therefore conscientiously rested; but his quick, practical insight that he always exerted for others, though never for himself, and his poetic faculty of seeing the beauty in every common thing, seemed to illustrate even labor, and make it vivid with power and loveliness. Then he appreciated Hannah; and there is no man who does not like to have his wife praised by another, especially by one whom he admires and respects. A woman loves for love's sake; it makes no difference to her what the world says: it is enough that she loves her lover; praise intrudes, and blame is simply outside barbarism. But a man loves for his own sake; pride and self-gratulation mingle with his passion and affection; he is commercial enough in his very nature to feel better satisfied with a bill the more good indorsers it has. "Pity 'tis, 'tis true."

So this visit left 'Celdy in good heart for the summer's labors—all the more that "Granny" elevated "that 'are Mr. Fletcher" into a household oracle, and quoted him on all possible occasions; and Hannah kept alive in her husband's mind a hope too sweet not to be cherished, small as it was, that Hanover people would

some day call Mr. Fletcher to be colleague with Mr. Little, now stricken in years and extremely feeble.

"No, they won't, Hannah!" 'Celdy would say, with great emphasis. "They don't know him, and he a'n't orthodox enough." But for all that a vague hope existed in his mind, till it was finally quashed by Mr. Fletcher's receiving and accepting a call to Hanover Centre, four miles from the Corners, and inaccessible to any body but 'Celdy, because they kept no horse. Six months he trudged that distance every Sunday to hear his old friend preach; for Hannah had now a little occupation at home that made "meeting" impracticable; till one Sunday in the second spring after their marriage she did contrive to walk to church, and Mr. Little being too ill to preach, Mr. Fletcher supplied his place, and baptized Aceldama Sparks's baby and his own namesake.

This was rather too much for Deacon Sparks. If 'Celdy had shown one sign of relenting toward his father—if he had even called his baby Samuel Ebenezer—the Deacon might have "come round;" but to go and name his first grandchild after the man, of all others, who had been, in the Deacon's eyes, the primary cause of their separation, was not to be forgiven.

It is true Mrs. Sparks and Hannah both begged this mitigation of the name, but 'Celdy was not to be persuaded; the dogged old Adam, who gets credit for all his children's sins, lurked deep in 'Celdy's heart, and made him uncomfortable through every duty of his life, religious or secular. He knew he did not feel as he should toward his father; but he laid the blame on his father's shoulders, and refused to own that both could be wrong as well as one.

That year the farm-work needed a horse, so 'Celdy bought one, and built a barn, and removed his membership and Hannah's to the Centre church. This was the climax of Deacon Sparks's affliction. He couldn't any way understand the works of Providence; he could not see why a New School man, and one who set light by his father, and called him to naught by his actions, as he phrased it, should be blessed in all his temporal undertakings—have the best wife, and the finest child, and the biggest crops in the township. He had eaten sour grapes, and it was against Scripture that 'Celdy's teeth were not set on edge.

So matters progressed for three years, during which the Deacon's farming plodded slowly backward, and Squire Willet's farm got the premium at the county fair. Hanover people began to wake up to the merits of modern farming; and 'Celdy worked his way into the respect of every body who knew him, not merely by his agricultural success, but by the never-failing care and kindness with which he treated his old blind grandmother. Still Aceldama was not happy, and Mr. Fletcher saw it, and treated him accordingly.

"What is the matter with you?" said he to Aceldama one Sunday night, after tea was over,

and they sat on the door-step, looking at the sunset, while Hannah "cleared off" within.

"I don't know, Sir," said Aceldama.

"Then I shall have to tell you," said Mr. Fletcher; "you have every thing at home here, in your family and in your success, to make you happy, but you don't feel right to your father."

"Well, what can I do?" answered 'Celdy, with a sudden burst of angry grief: "he don't treat me as if I was his son; he is not so civil to me as to the commonest beggar. What can I do?"

"I don't see that what he is or does has any thing to do with your duty; if he neglects his, that is his affair. Have you tried all you can to be friends with him?"

Aceldama was honest: he hung his head and said, "No."

"Then go and do it at once. Go to-night. I can not offer you any hope of peace unless you are willing to do a known duty as soon as you see it. If you have spoken disrespectfully to him, say so, and ask his pardon; tell him you want to be at peace with him; that you have suffered from your estrangement. Do this, and whatever answer he gives you, I can promise you a light heart and a pure conscience then, but not till then."

"I will," said Aceldama, and quite forgetful of Mr. Fletcher, afraid only of delaying so disagreeable a duty, he took his hat and went; leaving his pastor in the door, no longer interested in the sunset, but thinking in himself, with increasing respect and affection for 'Celdy, how few men in all the world kept into their life of business the directness and honesty that had sent the young man on such an errand, with so slight an impulse. He did not know himself how much he had to do with it; how far his own stainless life, and practice of what he preached, had given him the great power he possessed over all who knew him.

It is almost always true that Providence smooths before us the path to any duty, from the moment we enter it. A thicket of doubts and fears may present itself before us, but the boughs bend and the briars part as we face them, and we find a straight way ready for our feet. So Aceldama found it, for his mother met him on the step with tears in her eyes. His father had been taken sick the night before, with a heavy cold apparently; it had increased now to fever, and he lay on his bed seemingly stupid, but flushed with heat, and restless though unconscious. The doctor had just been there, and pronounced him in danger; and Mrs. Sparks, full of apprehension, thought he had sent Aceldama up on his way back to his house; and so he would have, but that 'Celdy came across the lots and Dr. Brooks went by the road. Aceldama was glad always that he came of his own will.

For many long days and nights Deacon Sparks groaned and tossed in the anguish of a raging fever. 'Celdy only went home to direct his men

about the work; he was always at hand at night, and watched and wore himself to a shadow—too glad to show how earnest his resolutions had been by some visible act of witness. Deacon Sparks neither knew wife nor son for ten days. His first consciousness ensued on a heavy sleep, from which he woke early one April day, free from fever but weak as a child; and gathering his fluttered senses so far as to know where he was, heard 'Celdy say, in the next room, in a voice which only the extreme sensitiveness of weakness could have rendered audible to his father,

"No, mother, I can't leave him now; tell Jay to let the wheat lot go. I don't care if there isn't a blade of grain on that lot this year. I shall not leave father."

Deacon Sparks could not believe his ears; his mind was too weak and dreamy to linger long on any thing, but the sentence lived in his memory, and was there turned over and over again during his long convalescence, and resulted in his slow conviction that after all 'Celdy must have a strange affection for his old father, since he risked a crop worth at least a hundred dollars, net profit, to stay with him over the crisis of his illness.

For dollars were the Deacon's standard, and when a man has one habitual gauge of value he reduces strange things to that measure; however, it is significant to himself, though it be even ludicrous to another.

He was a long time getting well. Week after week rolled by, and still 'Celdy was needed often to lift his father from one bed to another; to watch by him at night when his mother was altogether worn out; to oversee the Deacon's neglected affairs, over which he fretted and worried enough to have made a well man sick—and all this time he said nothing of reconciliation or affection to his son—not one word.

By no means because he did not feel it, and show it too, in his own way; but a genuine Yankee is lost for words to express emotion, however deep it may be. Perhaps he is used rather to consider language as so potent an ally in cheating and chaffering that he hesitates to profane truth and feeling by utterance; or perhaps he is conscious that the nasal twang of dear old New England is scarce fitted to adorn or intensify the tenderer and sweeter sentiments of life. Be that as it may, the fact remains true; nay, we recall now one man of profound mind and intense sympathies, whose professional attempts at consolation or advice almost always give pain and excite anger, from the simple inability existing in him to speak what he feels with the same depth and delicacy that he feels it. When will somebody annex to the "school of the prophets" most in vogue a "school of expression," and get a woman to teach it? But Aceldama knew that his father had restored him to his old place quite as well as if he had Orientally fallen on his neck and wept, and was rather pleased to have the reconciliation tacit himself. As Deacon Sparks grew better, and

came out again into life to do for himself, every one who saw him perceived that he was softened toward things in general as well as toward 'Celdy. He gave more to the poor box, and quite as much to the heathen; he went all over Squire Willet's farm, and did not sniff once at the new-fangled machines and operations for its management. He volunteered a call on Hannah, in return for the many she had made him, and shook hands with old Mrs. Case, who was as earnestly glad to welcome him as if he had been the best son-in-law living, and coaxed Master Sammy into the beginnings of a friendship so fervent that thereafter neither grandfather nor grandson were ever so happy as when together; and Sam led the old Deacon into all sorts of places, at all times and seasons, simply by pulling at his knotty fore-finger, till Hannah had to interfere for her father-in-law's sake, much to the little master's disgust, who had no idea but that grandfathers were made to be useful.

Before another year expired, bringing to an end 'Celdy's lease of the Willet farm, old Mrs. Case had gone home to Heaven in her peaceful sleep, and was mourned as a sweet and quiet example of Christian loveliness must be mourned always, though it is for the world and ourselves we grieve, not for those whom death restores to their native atmosphere. Deacon Sparks came to the funeral early, and standing by the coffin to take a last look at the placid, withered face within it, was heard to say by Hannah, who was in the next room, and was attracted to the door by his musing soliloquy—

"Well! the Lord has his own ways of levelin' stubborn folks. I wouldn't keep her out o' want, and now she'll be in the upper story up there. She'll be a saint, and I don't know as I shall even keep the door."

Deacon Sparks gave up his farm to 'Celdy, to have and to hold and to work his own way, while he himself "lived on his interest," in Hanover phrase. We only hope our readers may have been able to live on the same fund up to this point. 'Celdy's profits on the Willet place enabled him to build a little frame house, for neither his wishes nor his judgment permitted him to accept his father's proposal that they should all live together. And a few years of real sunshine gilded what remained of Deacon Spark's life; but he never quite rebounded from that fever. And when a slow consumption at length set in, and gradually beguiled him to his grave, he had many long talks with Mr. Fletcher, whom he had learned both to admire and love, and in one of the last he said:

"I'm a real changed man about a good many things, Parson Fletcher, an' 'Celdy's done it. I can't think hard of folk's religion when I see how it's worked him out of the kiting-est boy ye ever see into a real, downright good man. He's better'n I am, a sight! He don't take sech an amazin' grip o' this world as I did. There's 'uthin better'n dollars to him. An' seein' him, he's kinder upset all my old hard feelin's about New School folks. I tell ye what, Parson Fletch-

er, there a'n't no preachin' like livin'; and if you want to convert the world, jest you preach to folks in your church to live as though they b'lieved the Bible, and liked to b'lieve it. Your pretty Sunday talk about natur', and ph'losophy, and doctrines, and one thing and 'nuther, isn't goin' to bring the Millennium round very spry. It a'n't no good to deny the Lord six days in your works, and be entertained speculatin' about Him the seventh. The children o' this world are too knowin' to be caught with sech chaff. They've got the Bible as well as professors, and they know 't when the Lord says religion is doin' justly, and loving mercy, and walkin' humbly with God, that a man who don't do nary one of them things a'n't religious, if he is deacon in three churches, and shells out to all the societies a goin'.

"I've ben a stumblin'-block myself long enough to know jest how't's done; and the fust thing 't brought me to was seein' one live Christian, an' that's 'Celdy; an' you done it, next to the Lord, ef you *are* a New School man. Besides," added the old man, after a paroxysm of coughing that interrupted his speech had passed away, "I'm too near to Jordan now to b'lieve there's any schools on t'other side. It's jest like gettin' right into the sunshine's track when it's settin', an' seems near, close to; you can't see nothin' particular because of the light an' glory on't; all you know how to say is, it's all light, and brightness, and warm all over; there a'n't no spots; it's all together, and it's all good."

"Amen!" said Mr. Fletcher, bending his head, and closing the rude simplicity of the old man's speech with the only words fit to finish and seal it.

"Where there is neither Greek nor Jew, circumcision nor uncircumcision, Barbarian, Scythian, bond nor free: but Christ is all, and in all."

DEATH OF WALTER BUTLER. A BALLAD OF TRYON COUNTY.

I.

OVERHEAD the sky of morning
Gives of goodly weather sign;
From the milking to the meadows
Slowly go the lowing kine.

Fall in sparks of fire the dew-drops
From the overburdened leaves;
Flit from bough to bough the peewees;
Hum the mud-wasps at the eaves.

Mists that recent wrapped the valley
Now are sweeping o'er the hills;
And the broad, red sun is casting
Gold upon the lakes and rills.

Deep and brown and sombre shadows
Creep the forest trees between;
Here and there the shades of crimson
Speck the liquidambers' green.

Lo! a horseman swiftly rising
From between the river's banks;
Dust is on the rider's garments,
Blood upon his horse's flanks.

At the portal of the tavern
Hard he draws the bridle-rein,
For a moment, feet in stirrup,
One refreshing draught to drain.

What can make the village dwellers,
In a hushed and breathless group,
Gather round that jaded horseman
By the village tavern stoop?

To him come the anxious mothers,
Bearing babes upon their arms;
Close behind them crowd the maidens,
Yet unscathed by love's alarms.

Near him gather stalwart farmers,
Sturdy, strong, and sun-embrowned;
And the curious village children,
Play suspending, stand around.

Breathless all, until the horseman,
Mug in hand, has told his tale;
Then around there spreads a murmur
Like the warning of the gale.

Now it lulls and now it rises—
Like the patter of the rain—
"Heaven at last has dealt its vengeance!
Walter Butler has been slain!"

II.

Never tongue may tell the horror
Of that dark November day,
When through startled Cherry Valley
Walter Butler took his way—

Walter Butler and his Tories,
With the savage Brant in train,
Marking every rod of progress
By the bodies of the slain.¹

¹ On the 11th of November, 1778, Walter Butler, with a band of two hundred Tories and five hundred savages, the latter led by Brant, swept down on Cherry Valley and commenced a massacre of the inhabitants. Among others slain were John Wells—himself friendly to the British Crown—his family, and domestics, twelve in all. There was one son, John, who happened to be at the time in Schenectady, and was thus saved. Jane Wells, who was an estimable young lady, noted for her kindness, was much lamented. Peter Smith, a Tory, formerly a servant of her father's, endeavored to save her; but the Indian who had seized her defied him, and struck her to the earth with his tomahawk. Some of the incidents of the day were heart-rending. A Mr. Mitchell, returning to his house, saw the Indians approaching, and finding that he could not join his family, escaped to the woods. On his return he found his house on fire, and near it the bodies of his wife and four children. One of these, a little girl, was still living. He raised her up and was examining her wounds when he saw a party approach. He hid him-

Walter Butler! cruel panther,
Lapping tongue in human gore;
Even Brant, the bloody Mohawk,
Had of truth and pity more.

His the will to save the helpless
From the tomohock and ball,
Had not you with rage forbade him,
Saying—"Curse them! kill them all!"

Even boyhood's old companions,
Comrades of your later days,
Friends who seeing not your vices
Gave your scanty virtues praise—

None of these could gain your mercy
On that long-remembered day;
For the stranger, friend or foeman,
Came one doom relentless—"Slay!"²

Swiftly at your word the hatchet
Crashed into the quivering brain,
And the swarthy fiends in fury
Tore the scalp-skins from the slain.

Gray-haired elders whom your father
Knew as friends in days of yore,
You had joy to see their corpses
Welter in their oozing gore.³

Mothers lying, mangled, dying,
In their throes made deeper moans,
As they saw the skulls of infants
Shattered on the ruthless stones.

These, and shrieks of fleeing maidens,
Speechless children's pleading tears,
And the yelling of the savage,
Made sweet music to your ears.

Bloody Walter Butler! owning
Brain of fire and heart of stone,
Twenty deaths, could you endure them,
Would not for these deeds atone.

Never more may come your victims
To the pleasant earth again—
Never hear the blessed tidings—
"Walter Butler has been slain!"

self behind a log-fence, and from thence saw one of the new-comers, named Newbury, brain the child with a hatchet. It is some satisfaction to know that the cowardly murderer was afterward caught, and hanged as a spy, by General James Clinton.

² Brant, more humane than his civilized commander, managed to save the lives of some, and would have preserved all the women and children, but Butler forbade it, refusing all mercy. He would not permit his own personal friends to be warned of the attack, lest others might learn it and escape.

³ The elder Wells was a particular friend of Colonel John Butler. When the latter heard of the massacre, he said, "I would have gone miles on my hands and knees to have saved that family; and why my son did not do it God only knows."

III.

When the savage had departed,
Careless of the woe he caused,
Then, amid the smouldering ruins,
An Oneida came and paused.

He was tall and gaunt and aged,
Crowned his head with films of snow;
For the frosts of seventy winters
Thus had honored Skenando.⁴

Gazed he on the work of evil,
Which around its traces spread,
On the blood which stained the herbage,
On the pale and mangled dead.

"I have been," so spake the chieftain,
"Forty years the white man's friend;
So have been to Walter Butler—
Would have proved so to the end.

"Cruel son of lying father,
Faithless too as this may show,
You shall rue the dreadful doing
Which creates in me a foe.

"Here are friends—I knew and loved them—
Proved them often in my need;
Great Monedo's curse be on you,
Walter Butler, for this deed.

"Here, by all his bitter sorrow,
By his scant and whitened hairs,
By the spirits of the fallen,
Thus the old Oneida swears:

"He will follow in your pathway,
He will hang upon your track,
Through the hurry of the foray,
Through the battle's awful rack,

"Till at length his keen-edged hatchet,
Driven to your coward brain,
With its crashing voice shall utter—
'Walter Butler has been slain!'"

IV.

In the waste of Cherry Valley
Desolation long was seen
Seated on the heaps of ashes
Where the home of man had been—

⁴ Skenando was seventy years old at the time of the Cherry Valley murders, but still hale and vigorous. He died on March 19, 1816, at the age of one hundred and ten years, and was attended to his grave by a large concourse of citizens. He always remained the firm friend of the whites, was a man of probity, intelligence, and honor, and greatly respected. Shortly before his death, in reply to some remarks by a visitor, he said: "I am an old hemlock. The winds of a hundred winters have whistled through my top. The generation to which I belonged has gone and left me. Why I live the Great Good Spirit only knows. Pray to my Jesus that I may have patience to wait for my appointed time to die."

Where had stood the barn and stable,
And the garden with its bees;
Where the house, with peaked gable,
Peeped through groves of locust trees—

Where the children, newly-risen,
Peered at sunrise through the pane,
But through which the murdered children
Never more may peer again—

Where the housewife in the morning,
Pail in hand, the fountain near,
Stopped to gossip with her neighbors,
And the village news to hear—

Where the farmers in the porches
Sat at closing of the day,
Smoking pipes, whose odors mingled
With the fragrance of the hay—

Where at eve the cows were lowing
Answer to the milkmaid's cry;
And, with hens about him, proudly
Sultan Spurs came strutting by—

Where the horses in the pasture,
On the fence's topmost rail,
Crossed their necks and loudly whinnied,
Some tired traveler's horse to hail—

Where the rooting swine at footsteps
Raised their heads beneath the trees,
And the watch-dog bayed defiance
To the murmur of the breeze—

Desolation there was sitting,
Brooding on the fearful past,
Crouching in the murky shadows
Of her sullen pinions vast.

There, amid the thorny briars,
Mingled with the earth and stones,
Hidden by the noxious herbage,
Were the weather-whitened bones.

On the branches of the maples
Sat the houseless cocks and crowed;
In the forest's dark recesses
Starveling watch-dogs made abode.

Through the copse-wood, snorting, scampered
Herds of wild and savage swine;
And with yellow deer there wandered
What survived among the kine.

In the fenceless fields the panther
Crouched to spring upon his prey;
And the rattlesnake lay basking
Careless in the public way.

Clouds that overhung the valley
 Would not melt in gentle rain;
 They were waiting for the tidings—
 "Walter Butler has been slain!"⁵

V.

Where the Canada so swiftly
 Through the mountain gorges flows,
 Walter Butler found the mercy
 He had dealt to hapless foes.

He had fought that day with Willet,
 And the battle had been lost,
 For our men the past remembered
 To the ruthless Tories' cost.⁶

No one there would seek for quarter,
 No one mercy would bestow;
 From the wrath that swept around them,
 Flight alone could save the foe.

Butler, baffled, fled the combat,
 On his charger tried and good,
 Through the glen and o'er the valley,
 Through the gap within the wood.

Rode he steadily and swiftly,
 While a swart and angry pack
 Of the hound-like, wild Oneidas,
 Yelped in anger on his track.

On the Canada was rushing,
 Tempest-swollen, from the hills,
 Maddened with the furious urging
 Of a hundred surging rills.

But he heeded not its raging—
 At the danger fear was lost—
 In he spurred his panting charger,
 And the foaming river crossed.

On its bank a moment halting,
 To the foes upon his track,
 Words and motions of defiance
 Butler hurled exulting back.

⁵ See Judge Campbell's *Annals of Tryon County*, p. 96 to 120. The cocks crowing on the trees, and the dogs baying in the woods, are not fancy-pictures.

⁶ On the 22d day of August, 1781, Colonel Willet, with three hundred men, attacked the enemy at Johnstown. The latter consisted of three hundred and seventy-seven British and Tories, and one hundred and thirty Indians. Campbell makes the former one hundred more; but this is, I think, a mistake. The enemy were commanded by Major Ross and Walter Butler. Colonel Willet, after dispatching Colonel Harper with one hundred men to attack the foe in the rear, moved forward with the remainder. His raw levies gave way at the first fire, and fell back on the village, where he succeeded in rallying them. He was joined by two hundred militia who arrived at that moment, and renewed the attack just as Harper opened fire on the enemy's rear. Ross and Butler were routed with great loss, and retreated, marching all the following night. Willet pursued them next morning, but they were too fleet of foot. It was on this retreat that Walter Butler was killed by a party of Oneidas. The place where his horse swam the creek is still known as Butler's ford.

On his hot and spent pursuers
 Thus his words of scorning fell—
 "He who rides with Walter Butler
 Sits a steed that carries well.

"In the battle and the foray
 Human blood shall fall like rain,
 Ere you carry round the tidings—
 'Walter Butler has been slain!'"

VI.

As he waved his hand in mocking
 Came the whizzing of the ball—
 Loudly shouted the Oneidas
 As they saw the braggart fall.

Then the white-haired chief who led them
 Flung his powder-horn aside,
 And his rifle dropped, preparing
 For a leap within the tide.

"Skenando!" exclaimed a comrade,
 "Stay! the stream runs fierce and wild;
 And your age will make you weaker
 In its current than a child.

"For the youngest there is danger
 Ere he'd reach the farther shore,
 From the raging of the waters,
 And the rocks o'er which they pour."

"Stay me not!" he answered sternly;
 "Vengeance to the flood impels;
 Hear you not the dying moaning
 Of the murdered Jenny Wells?"

Plunging in the yellow torrent
 With his tomohock in hand,
 Swam the chief of the Oneidas,
 Struggling till he reached the land—

Till upon the green bank's summit,
 Close beside the shaded wood,
 O'er the sorely-wounded Butler
 With a purpose fierce he stood.

Said the pallid, craven butcher—
 "Let my ransom save my head;
 I can give you gold if living,
 I am profitless if dead!"

Skenando replied—"With fever
 I in Cherry Valley lay,
 Where a white man nursed and healed me,
 Clothed and sent me on my way.

"That same white man had a daughter;
 She with you in childhood played;
 Yet one day, when leaves had fallen,
 By your orders died the maid.

"The Oneida, sworn to vengeance,
Stands prepared to keep his vow;
Think of Jenny Wells and tremble!
Ah! you ask no mercy now!

"Wretch! remember Cherry Valley!"
Sank the Tory with a groan,
And the fierce and vengeful savage
Drove his hatchet through the bone.⁷

* * * * *

Back returned the swart Oneidas
Ere the setting of the sun—
And the scalp of Walter Butler
Dangled from the belt of one.

To the stout, victorious soldiers
Who so well that day had fought,
And were now at ease reposing,
Pleasant was the news they brought.

When was told around the camp-fire,
How the hatchet clave the brain,
Oh, how joyous was the shouting—
"Walter Butler has been slain!"

A STORY OF A GARTER.

JUST at four o'clock one dazzling afternoon last February, two young persons, opposite genders, took sudden possession of a neat sleigh, muffled themselves together in a manner intended to secure as far as possible the double advantage of comforting protection and engaging appearance, and, after judicious settlement of skirts and robes on the one hand, and hat and furs on the other, darted briskly off, along the smooth and shining roads of Winston. Clear and still, and not at all chilling, was the atmosphere. The sun shed all its splendor from a cloudless sky, and the spotless earth radiantly reflected its glittering beams. The two sleighers with whom we have to do agreed without debate that no other day so favorable for their excursion could have been selected, and in turn went into spasms of rhetorical excitement over the glories of Winter—in its present cheering aspect.

Not having accustomed themselves to the assiduous study of Nature, they failed to exactly interpret certain omens which might otherwise have interfered with their innocent enthusiasm. Of course neither had noticed, the night before, the broad circle of luminous haze that surrounded the moon, giving warning of approaching disorder above. Of course neither considered, as they dashed along heeding only their own pleasant fancies, the light clouds which rapidly rising soon overspread the southern heaven, and gradually threatened to obscure the declining sun. What need had they to anticipate the possible interruption of their sport?

⁷ Walter Butler fell as described; but I have availed myself of a poetical license to introduce Skenando as his slayer. Butler begged for mercy; but the savage who stood over him said, in his broken English, "Sherry Valley! remember Sherry Valley!" and so brained him.

None, certainly. Their aim was pleasure.

Lucy Brandon, nineteen, daintily beautiful, and coquettish by unconquerable feminine instinct, filled the hearts of the youth of Winston, and above all, those hearts gathered within the institution for the wholesale manufacture of cler gymen for which Winston is celebrated, with fine frenzies.

The secular youth swore she was an angel. The students, whose destiny was theological, did not swear, but, after investigating the subject, and finding that angels were sometimes imperfect and fallible, proclaimed her divine, and in their orisons remembered her.

In this way they satisfied all the conditions of their college life. Inside the walls they were divinity students; outside, they were students of divinity.

In confidence it may be revealed that Miss Lucy's highest attributes were in fact of a mortal order. She was not a bit of an angel; but she was what is much better for the purposes of this world—a charming girl, with beauty enough to wind golden chains around susceptible young hearts, and wit enough to fasten them with glistening clasps, whenever she chose. At the same time, she was as amiable as could fairly be expected of a spirited young woman who ruled a subservient seminary with a rod more rigid than any the professors could wield; she was, with all her frolicsome coquetry, as discreet as a dowager, and she was not destitute of good sense, a powerful proof of which was that she never wrote her name *Lucie*. Nevertheless, it is a melancholy truth that many of the maidens of Winston persistently refused to recognize those infatuating qualities which by the ruder creatures were unanimously accorded her.

After a considerable period of supreme sway, Miss Brandon at length sighed, Alexanderwise, for something new to conquer.

She fell in with Mr. Henry (so christened, but popularly denominated Harry) Langford, a fine young fellow with no theological aspirations, who had come up to Winston to look after some long neglected relations. Clever and well-dressed, and with a heavenly curl to his hair, he interested Miss Brandon, who forthwith smiled upon him, and baited her flirtation-hooks with most delicate fascinations. With a shade of surprise, she observed that her intended victim succeeded in reaping the full benefit of the baits, and yet refused to be caught. Upon this, she became shy, and he commenced a promiscuous assault upon the affections of every available young woman he encountered. As soon as it was evident that they understood each other, they began to laugh. Consultation followed. From laughing at one another they turned to laughing at Miss Brandon's troop of suppliant admirers. I am sorry to say that the young lady betrayed confidence. She told him how one especially devout adorer was continually quoting Scriptural puffs to her; and how another, of entomological turn of mind, would insist on comparing her to new and exquisite specimens of bugs. Then he told

her, quite maliciously, how precarious her rule was, and cruelly likened her position to that of a keeper in a lunatic asylum, whose strength lies in his confidence that his subordinates, having lost their wits, possess no power of combination among themselves to defeat his plans. Occasionally Miss Brandon was a little tart; sometimes Mr. Langford was a little rude; but they usually kept within amicable bounds, and were understood to be excellent friends—nothing more!

Not one of Miss Lucy's devotees ever thought it worth while to look upon Harry Langford with eyes of green indignation. He was in no degree rapturous about her; she often snubbed him. An infinitesimal quarrel between them had once been detected. Besides, he was not a resident, only a visitor, whose opportunities were thus limited.

Moreover it is a fact that no two persons were more profoundly convinced of their absolute indifference to one another than Miss Brandon and Mr. Langford themselves.

They had given much private thought to the subject (there was the danger!), and had satisfied themselves that they were, as every body understood, excellent friends—nothing more!

Nevertheless it happened that Mr. Langford was suddenly overcome by a sense of shame at his want of family feeling in so long neglecting his Winston relations. So he endeavored to repair old errors by frequent visits, and established an extensive acquaintance in the neighborhood. He grew fond of social gayeties. He cultivated all Winston. At every important gathering he was made welcome.

At last the winter came, and every body knows how delightful the winter is in a New England country town, where the thermometer never by any excess of exaltation gets more than an occasional degree or so above the 0; where frozen noses are to be met at every corner, and are deemed neither uncommon nor unornamental, while frozen toes are accepted almost in the light of a luxury; where ice-cream is indissolubly associated with breakfast, and where for many months life is but a perpetual shiver. Mr. Langford, anxious to experience all these joys, came up to Winston in the middle of February to remain two days, bringing with him baggage sufficient for three weeks, to which term, after much interchange of entreaty and expostulation, he was induced to extend his visit.

The first time he met Miss Brandon, he tempted her with the suggestion of a sleigh-ride. Said he "A sleigh-ride in winter is seldom amiss," and was thereupon sharply criticised for admitting the possibility of such a thing at any other season. However, Miss Brandon consented. She would ride with him the next afternoon.

In the morning Mr. Henry Langford gravely inspected the family stable, but found nothing therein equal to his own idea of the magnitude of the occasion. At the public stable he was more successful. At first he contemplated the luxurious magnificence of a span, but an irre-

sistible impulse subsequently induced him to settle upon a single courser. (One horse may be driven with one hand!) It is difficult to imagine what impelled him to seek with such pertinacity as he did for the narrowest sleigh in the collection.

At four o'clock P.M. the light-hearted young pair dashed away, as full of good-natured glee as the sleigh was full of them—and they fitted very compactly. Miss Brandon, knowing the country more intimately than her companion, undertook to point their way, a manner of proceeding quite agreeable, in view of the male creature's total ignorance of localities. They glided on, turning hither and thither, until ere long they left the clustering cottages of Winston quite a distance behind. For a while both chattered and laughed with a vigor that put them into a precious glow; but by-and-by Mr. Henry stopped short, in an unaccountable manner, and left Miss Lucy to do the declamation, contenting himself with watching the sparkle of her eye, or the pretty curve of her lip, as she threw out incessant little smart sprinkles of feminine wit. Presently he observed with wonder a faint suspicion of a flutter trembling through him, and attributed it to their rapid motion, recollecting similar sensations in earlier youth, caused by swinging.

He must have expressed something odd in his countenance, for, of a sudden, Miss Lucy cut short her fun, and subsided into dim oblivious tranquillity. Just one minute after, it flashed upon Mr. Henry Langford, that he had for the past six months been steadily and uninterruptedly occupied in making a muff of himself; that the notion of "excellent friendship," so far as he and Lucy Brandon were concerned was utterly absurd and degrading to think upon; that the truth was he loved her dearly, and that he ought to have known it long ago, and should, if he had ever before been alone with her, as he now found himself. Having settled all this to his own satisfaction, he took courage and a bold step:

"Miss Lucy" (rather shakily) "are you comfortable?"

"Oh, perfectly."

"Not cold?"

"No, indeed."

Now what he wanted was, that she should say she was cold, and he considered himself a little ill-used because she did not. But he would not be bereft of his idea; so gathering reins in one hand, he cautiously disembarassed the other, and, sweeping his arm around the back of the sleigh, caused that vagrant member to encircle the big bundle of buffalo bandages which confined the gentle form beside him. Not a word of remonstrance, but a silence dangerously ominous, if he had known it. Incoherently mumbling a repetition of the inquiry concerning comfort, etc., he permitted the Arm to venture upon a faint suggestion of a squeeze. This time the little face, now sadly flushed, came round square upon him, and disconcerted him horribly. But with desperate impudence he remarked quite

carelessly, and looking earnestly at a point in the road at the distance of half-a-mile ahead—"Please shut your eyes a minute."

Down went the lids.

!!

The calm was over. First came a torrent of reproaches, very limited as to duration, but of crushing weight; then an intrusive little tear, which had better have stayed away; then a dead silence. Mr. Henry Langford was sorely afflicted. "If she did not want me to kiss her," thought he, "then why did she shut her eyes?" As he could make nothing of it, he endeavored to effect a quiet pacification, but all encouraging response was withheld. Hardly a word was vouchsafed him, and the few he got were by no means of a character to fill him with rapture. In the midst of his anxious argument, there came a cry from the side of the road.

Harry pulled up, and saw a melancholy-looking woman, not well clad, not strongly framed, standing, with a child in her arms, by the sleigh. She asked how far it was to Linville.

"How far to Linville, Miss Brandon?" inquired Harry, in blissful ignorance.

"Four miles"—(rather pettishly).

The woman of melancholy mien furthermore desired to know the direction. Was it straight on?

"Is it straight on, Miss Brandon?"

"Yes"—(stiff and short).

The lugubrious female murmured a thank and the sleigh moved off. In about a minute Mr. Langford clutched the reins savagely, and uttered an exclamation which would have satisfied any listener of his innocence of theological tendencies.

Miss Lucy emitted a high D, head register, staccato.

"I think I am a brute," quietly remarked Mr. Henry Langford.

Miss Brandon now assumed an air of resignation, as if expecting an apologetic explanation of the recent rudeness. She was disappointed, and when the sleigh began to turn about, became perplexed.

"The woman is going to Linville, wherever that is," continued Harry. "Of course she is. She mustn't walk four miles through the snow this weather. And loaded down with a big baby, too!"

Miss Brandon gave out symptoms of uneasiness. "You are not going all the way to Linville," said she.

"Certainly I *am*, Miss Brandon"—and he drew up beside the pedestrian of dolorous aspect.

"I do not see that there is room," said Miss Brandon, ungraciously; and the poor woman shrunk back at the words.

Harry's eyes flashed in a very uncivil manner, I am afraid, as he said rather roughly, "We will make room," springing out at the moment, and hurriedly lifting the lachrymose traveler and her child into his place. Then, without a word, he quartered himself upon a section of the sleigh's floor, and drove ahead.

In a little while Miss Brandon said, softly—"I think there is room up here, Mr. Langford."

"I am very well down here," he answered; and then, in a low voice, leaning over toward her—"I could not have thought, Miss Brandon, that you would transfer any part of the resentment you felt toward me to this unoffending and unfortunate person."

Lucy began to cry, but this new phenomenon escaped his notice. The woman of woeful countenance, who heard nothing, but saw every thing, sat on thorns.

Now here was a most unhappy misunderstanding, for Lucy really deserved better of this good-natured, but too hasty young knight-errant. The fact was, that just at the moment when the pedestrian episode began to interfere, she had discovered that she was not irreconcilably offended, after all, and was longing for an opportunity to give a fraction of a hint to that effect. Having, after much wavering, heroically resolved to do this unfeminine thing, she was naturally disturbed by the interruption. So the cause of her pique was not at all unflattering to her cavalier.

Presently she bent forward, and said timidly, but with inexpressible sweetness:—

"Won't you forgive me, Mr. Langford?"

Harry looked quickly up, and saw one tear glistening on the end of her nose, and another threatening to freeze upon her cheek. He pushed back something that came uninvited into his throat, and sang out lustily:—"Come now, it *is* cold here, and I must have a share of the buffaloes!"—and he clambered in, without much disturbing the solemn-visaged passenger.

Lucy got up a small laugh.

Before they reached Linville it was six o'clock, and growing dark. A few snow-flakes, scarcely noticed, rested upon the horse's back. Five minutes more, and they had deposited their passenger at her destination. She flung out a profusion of thanks, flavored by a tear. The reconciled twain started homeward, each a little doubtful as to the exact condition of the other's temper. Preliminarily, they conversed upon very remote topics—agreed that as Linville was eight miles from Winston, they had now about eight miles to overcome; and that as it was already late, it would probably be later before they reached home. The increasing snow furnished a new subject, and this very soon acquired a positive interest, as it steadily gained strength. In a little while gusts of wind came surging along, keen and icy, and impudently whirling the light snow into the faces of the homeward-bound. With any other companion, Mr. Harry Langford would have said disagreeable things. Miss Brandon acknowledged to herself that if she were now under the guidance of any of her professed devotees, there might be words as bitter as the wind.

When they were four miles from Winston, they came to a sudden turn in the road. The new snow had drifted here, and the way was dif-

ficult to pass. At a touch of the whip, the horse plunged forward and—a trace snapped!

This was serious. Langford sprang out, and discovered that the difficulty might be temporarily arranged by splicing. For this he needed twine. Together they searched the sleigh, but found no consolation there. Ten cheerless minutes passed. Harry tried a dozen expedients, all unsuccessful. What should be done? There were no houses near. It was becoming very dark.

At last he proposed, not without hesitation, to draw the sleigh to the side of the road, to wrap his fair charge in impenetrable folds, and to start off on foot in search of twine.

At this point all trouble vanished in an instant. In a faint voice Miss Lucy unexpectedly chirped forth from her pile of buffalo robes—"Will this do?" and instantly hid herself from human view.

She had let fall something upon the snow that lay like a half-coiled blue snake. In answer to her frightened question she was informed that it *did*. Harry, laughing himself to pieces internally, but superficially solemn and calm, repaired damages, resumed his place, and drove cautiously onward. After a while he said—"Think, now, Miss Lucy, of a woman walking to Linville in this tempest."

Lucy looked appealingly into his face, and gave signals of great distress.

"You *are* cold," he said; and as she was silent, he took it for granted that she was!!

As they passed through the long avenue to Mr. Brandon's house, an electrical experiment took place, without the same explosive result as before.

The next evening there was a sewing-circle in Winston. A sewing-circle is a popular needle-and-thread assemblage at which flannels and reputations are pitilessly punctured; at which under-garments for infants and scandal-cloaks for adults are manufactured, and all made to fit. The duties of the occasion having been worried through early in the evening, the masculine element was suffered to mingle socially, and the sport began. Mr. Henry Langford was admitted with the rest of the thitherto excluded. He looked mischievously at the centre of attraction. The centre of attraction smiled at him, and folded its front upper teeth over its lower lip.

Did you ever notice what a depth and variety of meaning is conveyed by that very curious contortion of the female face? It signifies amazement, amusement, grief, anger, reflection,—almost any thing, according to the will of the exhibitor.

This time it meant remonstrance and exhortation.

A divinity student was talking very loudly about the Atlantic cable, and descanting upon the ingenuity of man.

Mr. Langford asserted that the ingenuity of man bore no comparison to the ingenuity of wo-

man; and proposed to substantiate his position by a slight narration and a simple apparatus he had in his pocket.

From the centre of attraction there came again a high D, head register, this time staccatissimo. Miss Brandon broke recklessly from her circle, spilling all sorts of work-box treasures as she ran. Spools, needles, pins, bodkins, scissors, hooks were scattered around in inextricable confusion.

"Harry, give it to me," she pleaded very softly—"please do, *dear* Harry."

The "dear" was of at least ten seconds' duration. Long before the prominent vowel was exhausted, Harry Langford was a lost man.

"There it is," he said, "and what shall I have in return?" (All this very softly.)

"Every thing"—(more softly still, but with a smile that was better than a dozen orations).

In the course of a week, the youth of Winston heard something that took away its appetite. It considered that its confidence had been abused. It regarded Mr. Henry Langford as an intruder who had exceeded the privileges extended by hospitality.

A little while after all this, in the course of a retrospective conversation, Miss Brandon made the following mysterious remark, with all the extravagant emphasis peculiar to young ladies:

"Nothing of the sort, Harry. It was horribly old-fashioned, and it was the merest accident in the world!!"

It seems there are ever so many morals in this story, notwithstanding it is so short, and so true—for it is true, every word, excepting only the names of persons and places. There is a moral of youthful society, a moral of humanity, a moral of feminine apparel, and some more, all of which it is very pleasant to reflect upon, since none of them were intended. But I shall not take the trouble to point them out.

JOHN WESLEY.

JOHN WESLEY was born at Epworth, Lincolnshire, June 17, 1703 (O.S.). His father was rector of the parish, and a man of singular piety, courage, learning, and talents. His mother, the daughter of an English clergyman, was a woman of rare sense, well educated, of uncommon energy of character, and withal a great beauty. She had nineteen children. Eight of them died in infancy. The remaining eleven were three sons and eight daughters. The history of several of the daughters—like the prophet's roll—is full of lamentation, mourning, and woe. With abilities and education equal to any station, their lives were made as wretched as life can be by brutal husbands, incapable of knowing their worth. One of them married a clergyman, named Hall. She bore him ten children. After treating her with uniform unkindness, and occasional cruelty through many years, he finally left her, and died a miserable wretch, exclaim-

ing, in his last hours, "I have injured an angel!—an angel that never reproached me!" Mrs. Hall afterward became the friend of Johnson, who was so well pleased with her that he invited her to become one of his family at Bolt Court.

Mrs. Hall's sister, Mehetabel, familiarly called Hetty, was a beauty, a scholar, a poet, and a wit, and every way worthy of the best man in England. Swayed by her father's influence, she reluctantly gave her hand to an ignorant fellow by the name of Wright, who had been moderately successful in business. He soon grew weary of the virtues and intellect of which he never knew the value, and took to the more congenial society of the ale-house; or, as she described it:

"To some obscure, unclean retreat,
Where fiends incarnate glad to meet,
The vile companions of thy mirth,
The scum and refuse of the earth:
Who, when inspired by beer, can grin
At witless oaths and jests obscene,
Till the most learned of the throng
Begins a tale ten hours' long;
While thou in raptures, with stretched jaws,
Crownest each joke with loud applause!"

Mrs. Wright has been dead over a hundred years, yet no man of sense or sensibility can read the story of her married life without the keenest indignation and pain. It began in despair, continued a living death, and ended with a broken heart.

Another sister, Susanna, gave herself in marriage to a morose despot by the name of Ellison. After living with him for many years she quietly retired to London, where she steadfastly refused to see him, notwithstanding his repeated attempts at a reconciliation. Once he had information conveyed to her that he was dead. She went to Lincolnshire to see him decently buried; but finding herself deceived she returned to London, and saw him no more.

Wesley had two brothers, Samuel and Charles. Samuel, the oldest of the three, was a clergyman and a poet, the friend of Lord Oxford, Atterbury, Swift, and Pope. Charles, the youngest brother, was a lyrical poet, whose sacred hymns, if not directly inspired, were written under the reflex inspiration of the Holy Scriptures. The bare reading of them turns a man's voice to tune in spite of him, as the sounds of a violin produce an involuntary dance. There is nothing like them.

One night, during the childhood of Wesley, the parsonage took fire. The flames spread so rapidly that the family had barely time to escape. The old man counted his children by the light of the burning house. John was missing. No one dared to venture in. Presently the little fellow was seen at a window, through which the smoke was pouring. The flames were just behind him. One tall man stood on the shoulders of another tall man, and reached out his arms. John fell into them, and was safely conveyed to his mother. "Thank God!" exclaimed the father, "my children are safe; let the house go!" Many years after Wesley gave his portrait to the

world with the text under it, "Is not this a brand plucked from the burning?"

On the site of the old parsonage soon arose a new one, which a few years later became the scene of a marvelous ghost story. Deep groans and loud knocks were heard through the house; doors opened and shut without a visible hand; a hand-mill in the garret fell to work with no one near it; a crash was heard under the stair-way as if a rock had crushed a score of bottles. Once, while the rector and his wife were searching the house, a rattling sound was heard, as if a basket of silver had been poured over her person and fallen at her feet. The girls and serving-men were frightened, and even the dog showed every sign of alarm. The angry rector scolded his wife and children for their superstitious fears, until one night loud knocks on the head-board of his bed satisfied his doubts. After this he was three times roughly handled by an invisible power that pushed him against his writing-desk and the door-post.

No account that excludes supernatural agency has been given of the matter until this day. Dr. Priestley published, from original documents, a full statement of the affair; and dismissed the whole with the remark that it is the best authenticated story of the kind in the world, but that there could have been no spiritual agent concerned in it, as no good end was answered by it.

Southey took the most obvious view of the case, and was candid enough to avow the unpopular opinion that the Epworth parsonage was haunted. Isaac Taylor is of the same mind, but thinks the invisible agent was a low ragamuffin spirit, with no more intellect than a baboon. Whatever may be the philosophy of the case, one thing is clear—Wesley's mind was so intensely affected by these phenomena that an invisible world became, in his belief, a thing not less real than the palpable globe on which he trod; and that keen, clear realization of a future state he was the predestined instrument of imparting to every class of English society.

His education was begun by the most judicious of mothers, and completed at Oxford. Shortly after he took the degree of Master of Arts he was chosen Greek Lecturer to the University, and for his skill in that language was called the Grecian. To Latin, Greek, and Hebrew he afterwards added German, French, Spanish, and Italian. Logic was a favorite with him, and essential to his life of controversy. Mathematics he abhorred, as tending to atheism; such was his idiosyncrasy. Natural Philosophy, and whatever else could be forced into the service of mankind, were his life-long study.

Before he left Oxford his naturally religious mind took the deepest coloring from Law's "Serious Call," Taylor's "Holy Living and Dying," and the "Christian Pattern" of Thomas à Kempis. No man ever set out with a firmer purpose to work his way to heaven. He denied himself down to the point of nature's absolute necessities, and gave the savings away. He visited the prisons for the pious purpose of preparing male-

factors for the gallows. He was seldom free from the peculiar odor of the hovel and the jail. Every waking hour had its duty, and the duty filled the hour to the last minute. His benevolence was not the mere overflow of a kindly nature, but allied to his conscience, and directed by it into a thousand dry and dusty channels. A shivering girl one day stood at the door of his apartment and asked for clothes. He had nothing to give her; and when she left he looked on a shilling picture that hung against the wall, and tormented himself with the fancy that it was the price of her blood. Such was the man: Cowper's sensibility penetrated with an almost morbid conscience. A zeal like his, when joined to extraordinary abilities, never fails to propagate itself. The city on the hill could not be hid. He soon became the ruling spirit of a company of young men who caught the contagion of his example. Hervey of the "Tombs" was one of them. The strictness of the band invited attention. Sarcastic students stigmatized it by the title of the Holy Club, and afterward by the name of Methodism—a name that Wesley ought to have spurned at once. To say nothing of good taste, it was the worst policy in the world to adopt it. It was a term of contempt, meant to disgrace the religious zeal of those to whom it was applied, and no one can deny that it has answered its purpose. Names have an influence for good or ill. If the Christians at Antioch had been called Swaddlers, as the Methodists were in Ireland, the odious term would hardly have found a place in Luke's history. *Methodist*, with all its outlandish derivatives, has been a drag on the Wesleyan reformation since the day it was given. It is conceding too much to the Devil to allow him to name a great religious movement.

Not long after Wesley was ordained he sailed for Georgia to preach to the Indians. More than a hundred passengers crowded the ship. Twenty-four of them were German Moravians, as devout as himself. His mode of life on shipboard was as strictly time-saving as it had been on land. His rule—"Never be unemployed"—was observed to the letter. He rose at four, prayed, studied, and labored in his vocation until ten at night; living meanwhile on sea-biscuit and rice, as a matter of self-denial. After a rough passage of a hundred and twelve days he landed on the bank of the Savannah River. To all human appearance it was a fruitless mission. The Indian tribes were at war with each other, and inaccessible to the missionary. He remained nearly two years, principally in Savannah, Frederica, and Charleston, making occasional journeys on foot to other places, defiant of heat and cold, and the obstacles that beset a traveler in a new country. One day he was nearly drowned by the tide that caught him asleep. At another time he waded through a cypress swamp breast-high in water; and, having missed his way, laid himself down for the night in wet clothes, and in the morning awaked to find himself frozen to the earth, and covered with a hoar-frost. "I believe," says he, "any one might do the same, if

not impaired by the softness of a genteel education!"

While in Georgia he lived part of the time, from choice, on bread and water. The same austerity characterized his preaching. The colonists had never before tasted of such a gristly and indigestible Gospel. "Why," said a gentleman of standing to him one day, "if this is Christianity, a Christian must have more courage than Alexander the Great."*

"I like nothing you do," said another. "All your sermons are satires upon particular persons. I will hear you no more; and all the people are of my mind. We will not hear ourselves abused." The meaning of all this is, that Wesley's preaching was meant to make the colonists better men, and failing in that, it made them angry. His disciplinary regimen was entirely too severe for the sinners of Georgia. He would exhort them to "be not as the horse or mule whose mouth must be held in with bit and bridle;" but if any mulish propensity showed itself among the flock, they were checked by the strongest bridle, and made to champ the hardest bit that ever tamed or maddened the unruly. The consequence was sure. Reproof roused resentment, and the persecuted preacher soon shook the dust of Georgia from his shoes. A lawsuit was entered against him for repulsing a trifling young lady from the sacrament. Damages were laid at a thousand pounds. Six times he appeared in court to answer, and as often the case was postponed. No man could endure the intolerable nuisance of the law's delay with less patience than John Wesley. At last, believing that the suit was intended only to vex him, he stuck a notice on the public square of his intention to return to England; and on the day named in the notice he left without hinderance. So ended Wesley's labors in America. His mission was a failure in every thing except the lesson of physical endurance that he learned by the rigors of a sea voyage, and the hardships of colonial life. On the passage home he was as busy as he had been on the passage out. He abridged for publication the life of the Marquis de Renty, read prayers and preached twice on Sundays, instructed two negroes in the Bible daily, taught a Frenchman Christianity in his own language, besides talking religion to the entire crew, not forgetting the cabin boy.

The most surprising discovery that Wesley made by his voyage to America was, that he was no Christian—that he had no saving faith. The first storm frightened him. Death seemed near, and he was afraid to die, and he concluded that he had never been converted. The melancholy passage that records his fears, his reasonings, and his sorrowful conclusion, is too grandly eloquent to be omitted. Here it is:

"I went to America to convert the Indians; but oh! who shall convert me? who is he that

* The remark brings to mind the case of one who, having been expelled from the Society of the Methodists, afterward said that their rules were so strict that the devil himself couldn't keep them! This was many years ago.

will deliver me from this evil heart of unbelief? I have a fair summer religion. I can talk well; nay, and believe myself while no danger is near; but let death look me in the face, and my spirit is troubled. Nor can I say, 'To die is gain.'

I have a sin of fear, that when I've spun
My last thread, I shall perish on the shore!

I think verily if the Gospel be true, I am safe: for I not only have given, and do give all my goods to feed the poor; I not only give my body to be burned, drowned, or whatever God shall appoint, but I follow after charity. I *now* believe the Gospel is true. I show my faith by my works, by staking my all upon it. I would do so again and again a thousand times if the choice were still to make. Whoever sees me, sees I would be a Christian. Therefore I have been, I am, I am content to be, a by-word, a proverb of reproach. But in a storm I think 'What if the Gospel be not true?' Then thou art of all men most foolish. For what hast thou given thy goods, thy ease, thy friends, thy reputation, thy country, thy life? For what art thou wandering over the face of the earth? A dream, a 'cunningly-devised fable!' Oh who will deliver me from this fear of death? What shall I do? Where shall I fly from it?—I am not mad, though I thus speak, but 'I speak the words of truth and soberness,' if haply some of those who still dream may awake and see that as I am, so are they. Are they read in philosophy? So was I. In ancient or modern tongues? So was I also. Are they versed in divinity? I too have studied it many years. Can they talk fluently on spiritual things? The very same could I do. Are they plenteous in alms? Behold I gave all my goods to feed the poor. Do they give of their labor as well as of their substance? I have labored more abundantly than they all. Are they willing to suffer for their brethren? I have thrown up my friends, reputation, ease, country; I have put my life in my hand, wandering into strange lands. I have given my body to be devoured by the deep, parched up with heat, consumed by toil and weariness, or whatsoever God should please to bring upon me. But does all this make me acceptable to God? Does all I ever did, or can know, say, give, do, or suffer, justify me in his sight?—This, then, have I learned in the ends of the earth—that I am fallen short of the glory of God; that my whole heart is corrupt and abominable, and consequently my whole life; that alienated as I am from the life of God, I am a child of wrath, an heir of hell."

Did ever man reason thus before? Is not piety, then, to be estimated by a faith in Christianity that never wavers, producing a devotional spirit, constant as a vestal flame; conscientiousness; weighing every act, and word, and thought, and feeling; benevolence, that gave all away; zeal, impelling to labors greater than which Paul could never boast? If these are the tests, then this earth had not a better converted man on it, in the year of grace 1738, than John Wesley.

Verily, if such acres of fruits, meet for repentance and heaven, left him unconverted,

Thy hand, great Anarch, lets the curtain fall,
And universal darkness covers all.

His mistake lay in supposing that the Christian who can't sing when the keel drops out, and the masts go overboard, is no Christian at all. A most uncomfortable fallacy, that overlooks constitutional and educational differences, and about equal, we think, to denying the manhood of every man who can not clear five rails at a bound. His fears, and the conclusion he drew from them, were a libel against the doctrine of St. Peter, that "in every nation he that feareth God and worketh righteousness is accepted of him." About three months after he landed in England he went one night to a meeting where somebody read from Luther on the Galatians. He listened devoutly, and while he listened he felt an unusual degree of religious comfort. "God strangely warmed my heart," is his expression. No doubt of it. But had not that brave, good heart been warmed before? His journal of the late voyage contains the answer:

"Dec. 14, 1737.—I read public prayers and was *much refreshed* with the glorious promises in Psalm lxxii. and Isaiah xl."

On the 28th of the same month, being at sea, he wrote thus:

"Finding my apprehensions increase, I cried earnestly for help; and *it pleased God in a moment to restore peace to my soul.*"

Again:

"Jan. 13, 1738.—We had a thorough storm. The sea broke over the ship continually. I was at first afraid; but cried to God, and was strengthened. Before ten I lay down; *I bless God, without fear.*"

That night he resolved to "apply the word of God to every soul in the ship." The effect was, "I no sooner executed this resolution than my spirit revived; so that from this day I had no more of that fearfulness and heaviness which before almost continually weighed me down."

These journal items are a sufficient refutation of the idea that he was not a Christian, not converted, until that strange heart-warming on the 24th of May, 1738. How then shall we reconcile the discordant statements? Easily, we think. The philosophy of the case lies out on the surface. At the time when his heart glowed at the sound of Luther's words, he *believed* that—to use the language of theology—it was conversion, justification, or regeneration, and that *belief* became a new power, unsealing the well of joy within him, and making the stream of gladness to flow as it had never flowed before. His faith saved him from further apprehension concerning his relation to God. But who will doubt that if, when he wrote the items just quoted from his journal, he had *believed* the same thing, the same comfort would not have come of it? At any time during his previous devout life he was authorized to believe as he did on the 24th of May, 1738; and the faith would have agreed as well with the fact. Nay, if the yellow fever had

stopped his work at Savannah, or if, on the return passage, the ship had gone down with him to "the bottom of the monstrous world," his salvation would have been not less certain as a fact. No one who knew him could doubt this but himself. His judicious mother hit the case exactly. Here are her well chosen words: "You say that till within a few months you had no spiritual life nor any justifying faith. Now this is as if a man should affirm he was not alive in his infancy because when an infant he did not know he was alive. All, then, that I can gather from your letter is, that till a little while ago you were not so well satisfied of your *being a Christian as you are now*. I heartily rejoice that you have now attained to a strong and lively hope in God's mercy through Christ; not that I can think you were totally without saving faith before; but it is one thing to have faith, and another to be sensible we have it."

It is surprising that, at thirty-five, Wesley should go to a German Moravian to learn the doctrine technically called "Justification by Faith;" for it is not only found in all the larger epistles of Paul, but was also the prime dogma of the Protestant Reformation. Luther asserted it as the doctrine with which the Church stands or falls. It is not less clearly affirmed in the eleventh article of the Church of England. Bunyan materialized it into fact, and made it visible in the fallen burden at the cross; and thousands of his Puritan brethren had lived and died in the same faith. The truth is, that what others had held as a general trust in the Saviour of men, and on that faith founded their hope of salvation, their works testifying how well they believed, Wesley, taught by Bohler, regarded as a specific act of the mind, overleaping all degrees, and reaching the goal at once. In this he may have been right; but certainly the whole Church before his time had not been wrong, and we have shown from his journal that his own experience as well agreed with that of the general Church as with his new notion of the old doctrine.

Although Wesley was mistaken in condemning himself as out of the pale of spiritual Christianity until May 24, 1738, yet it is certain that day became the great epoch of his life. Previously he had labored up to his highest strength to cleanse the Augean stable of the world; but now he worked, not harder than before, but with a courageous faith that never failed him. A clergyman of the Church, he was invited to preach in various parishes. He accepted the invitations, but invariably preached justification by faith, in his new sense of the terms. His terse, clear, and pungent style left no room to doubt his meaning, and forthwith he was denounced as a setter forth of a strange doctrine, though it lay in the prayer-book of every hearer. The results were persecution and success. "*You can preach here no more,*" were the words that fell upon his ears as he went from the churches. Besides preaching four and five times a day, he regularly visited the prisons, and preached the doctrine of instantaneous conversion to dying

malefactors. (We think no other quite suitable to the case of a man doomed to swing to-morrow between 10 and 3.) His success elated him beyond measure. He saw murderers and thieves ride from their cells to the gallows more joyously than other men bore the honors of a charring. The Methodist preacher, with hair combed back, and finger pointing to the sky, is unmistakable in Hogarth's hanging scene of the Idle Apprentice. The multitudes were impressed by the fact, and the anxiety to hear him became so intense that no church could hold the crowd. Whitefield had just set the example of field preaching, and Wesley, partly because he was excluded from the churches, reluctantly consented to try it in the open air. The people followed him to the fields by thousands. The marvelous results supplied matter for speculation or scoffing, as the observer was curious or profane. Men and women wept and cried under intolerable heart-agony. Scores lost all power of self-control, and fell to the earth. Some lay for a time without sense or motion; while others, especially women, jerked about in a way dangerous to by-standers. Some cursed, swore, and prayed in the same breath.

Whatever of mystery (not easily explained, we think) may belong to these phenomena, the aggregate moral effect was unquestionably good. In some counties of England the old barbaric manners and morals had yielded but little to the civilizing influence of the National Church, though this was the first half of the eighteenth century. The colliers of Kingswood, when Wesley came among them, were just the people to test the energy of the new Gospel. They were "but one remove from the beasts that perish." Particulars are disgusting and needless. It was a fair trial, and the preacher won the day. The marvels of St. Gregory, and the miracles of St. Patrick, if true, sink to insignificance before the achievements of the modern Thaumaturgus. The half-savage miners stood by thousands around him with begrimed faces furrowed by tears. The reformation that followed was too striking to be denied. Drunkenness, with its train of blasphemies, lewdness, fightings, and riots, ceased in a year. The place became as orderly as if under martial law. Devotional meetings took the place of the old orgies, and all was quiet save the voices of prayer and praise. Most aptly did Wesley describe the change in Milton's grand words,

"Confusion heard his voice, and wild uproar
Stood ruled, and order from disorder sprung."

He calmly appealed to this, and a host of similar cases, as proof that his mission was from above. In the very spirit of the ancient boast of Lactantius, he said, "Wherever we have preached the drunkard has become sober, the liar has learned to speak truth, the swearer has ceased his profanity, the thief has learned honesty, and the lewd have become chaste."

His practical mind saw a system in every thing, and evolved it as naturally as forming crystals take their shape. As converts multiplied he organized them into societies. These societies might be Churchmen or Dissenters, or-

thodox or heterodox—any thing human that desired to flee the wrath to come, and would agree to avoid evil, do good, and leave off high bonnets, ruffles, and rings. In a few years they were found in almost every town from Northumberland to Cornwall. Homely meeting-houses, called by Hebrew names, soon rose for their accommodation on the outskirts of villages, and wherever cheap lots could be had in cities. The first in London was an old cannon foundery, refitted for the manufacture of spiritual artillery.

Wesley's earnest and pointed preaching soon awakened among his followers a zeal like his own. Laymen, destitute of gown and band, fell to work in a manner that surprised and alarmed him. A man by the name of Maxfield, who, like Bunyan, must preach or burst asunder, tried it before Wesley's mother. His eloquence equalled his zeal. She believed him called to the ministry, and spake encouraging words. John heard of it at a distance, and his High Church prejudice took fire. He returned in haste to London with full purpose to silence the volunteer. His mother remonstrated, and plainly told him that Thomas Maxwell was as clearly called to preach the Gospel as himself. Wesley, to whom his mother was an oracle as long as she lived, heard the man, was delighted, and thenceforth suffered the irregular recruit to "*exercise his gift*." This was the beginning of lay preaching. Candidates, eager for the toil, and careless of the hardships, soon came in numbers asking for similar employment. They were received and set to work under his absolute control, to go at his bidding, and come at his command. No man was better fitted for managing such an enterprise. He had the peculiar property of a great intellect born for command. It was a mysterious influence over men, felt by all who approached him, but which none could explain. His very look frequently calmed the furious leader of a mob, and instantly converted him into a friend. It was more than the respect that ignorance pays to education. It was more than his wig and robes, contrasted with the almost shaven heads and rough garments of his preachers; for a more uncouth-looking set of evangelists never undertook a high moral design. It was the subtle spell that God or nature gives to a great leader of a great enterprise. It is born in him; and perhaps unconsciously to himself, it subdues whoever comes within its influence, as a man full charged with electric fire feels nothing of it, but sees lighter things attracted to him, and strikes with the inevitable spark whatever touches his person. Wesley's influence over these men rapidly developed the powers that lay dormant within them. He inspired them with the ambition of students, and directed their studies with paternal interest. He set the example of bearing hardships, and they followed him to where blackberries were their only food, and a plank their only bed.* Many of these men from the hum-

blest walks of life became eminent as scholars, and the most of them respectable in every qualification for effective preachers. The Christian Church at large will not easily let die the names of Joseph Benson, Adam Clarke, Gideon Ouseley, Richard Watson, and—

The list might fill the page.

Besides these, Wesley attracted to his cause a large number of the regular clergy. Their parish zeal, inspired by his example, assisted the general effect of arousing the Church of England from the long leaden slumber into which she fell after the Reformation from Popery became a settled fact. The purest and ablest of these was Fletcher of Madeley—a man of whom it is not too much to say, that a better never was translated to heaven, or never entered the territory of the grave. He was as near perfection as it is possible for a man to come until his soul is lifted away from this vile compound of bones and muscles, arteries and nerves, flesh and fat. Though settled at Madeley, he was Wesley's right hand counselor, and in the field of polemics more than a match for all Wesley's foes.

When Methodism began to spread in America, the altered circumstances produced quite another class of men. Converts rapidly multiplied under the missionaries sent out by Wesley, and the necessity for more preachers was greater than the supply. Almost any thing that offered was accepted. Few had any acquaintance with English grammar, others could not write their names, and some could not read. Good lungs, a loose tongue, credit for personal piety, zeal that could dare the rigors of a northern winter, joined to about as much theological knowledge as that a man must mend, or the devil will away with him, made up the sum total necessary to a beginning. Thus equipped and mounted on horseback, these men penetrated every State and Territory of the land, enduring the hardest fare, sleeping in the woods, chased by wolves, sprung upon by wild cats, laughed at, pelted with rotten eggs, stoned and whipped by the motley crews that they called congregations. Yet they were successful in thousands of real conversions. Following the tide of emigration westward, their plain preaching kept the religious sentiment alive, and thus laid a sure foundation for civil government in Western mind, which otherwise had degenerated to Indian barbarism. It is illustrative of the vital power of the Gospel, that its elementary truths, earnestly delivered by men who knew no more of general literature than the horses they rode, led the worst classes of society from the most dissolute to the most moral and orderly habits of life. Francis Asbury was the ruling spirit among the American Methodists; their first bishop, with a continent for his diocese, and for labors, sufferings, and success, unsurpassed by any name in modern Christianity. Washing-

* "At St. Ives," says John Nelson, "Mr. Wesley and I lay on the floor; he had my great-coat for a pillow, and I had Burkitt's Notes on the New Testament for mine.

After being here near three weeks, one morning about three o'clock Mr. Wesley turned over, and finding me awake, clapped me on the side, saying: Let us be of good cheer, Brother Nelson, I have one whole side yet, for the skin is off but one side!"—*Nelson's Journal*.

ton was not better entitled to be called the father of his country than Francis Asbury its apostle.

The incidents of the great revival in England make a curious chapter in Wesley's life. Persecution in various forms encountered him in every stage of the work. It began in the sneers of Oxford students. It slammed the church-doors in his face. It drove him to the market-place, the street-corners, the fields, and the hill-side. The mountain fell into the river, and thought to stop the current, but the pent-up waters cleared the shores, and cut new channels, and irrigated a thousand dusty fields, and "instead of the thorn came up the fir-tree, and instead of the brier the myrtle-tree," and "the desert rejoiced and blossomed as the rose." The people heard the Gospel in a language that they understood, and the old effects followed; like children suddenly roused from sleep, many were seized with convulsive tremblings, and loud outcries expressed the terror of the abrupt awakening. These effects, however, were but temporary. Calmer modes of operation produced equal results of reformation and piety, without the terrifying physical phenomena. The day dawned, and the eyes of myriads naturally opened to rejoice in the light. A new sect, called the United Society, arose out of the new awakening. It was related to the Church, but repudiated by the Church. It clung with traditional interest to the National Establishment that did all it could to shake it off, and drive it into open dissent. More than once, in Wesley's lifetime, the question was raised in his Conference—Shall we separate from the Church? His influence defeated the proposition as often as it was made. Meanwhile he was the target at which bishops and deans, with sportive malice, directed their pieces. Warburton and Lavington took deliberate aim; but their balls flattened and fell back, as if they had struck the iron man in the pistol-gallery. The substance of the whole controversy between him and his opponents lay in the single question, "Whether it is not better that men shall go to heaven by irregular methods, or regularly go to the devil?" Wesley's Christian zeal decided the question for himself, and his dexterous logic defended the decision against every assault. The fact is, that the Church of England never made a greater blunder than when she set herself in opposition to this man. A cordial co-operation with him would have neutralized the forces of dissent, and Methodism would now be known only as a general revival in the Church, or at most as a powerful arm of the Church. But the Church unwisely mistook the seedsman for a sower of tares, drove him from her fields to become a sower and reaper elsewhere, and thus missed the harvest that would have enriched her for all time. The Protestant Episcopal Church, in the United States, neglected the same opportunity, when Thomas Coke made to Bishop White the overture of a reunion. The offer was declined, and, in consequence, Methodism lost the benefit of the Church's name and conservative influence; while the Church sustained the greater loss of that zeal

and energy, which, without lessening her traditional prestige, would have enabled her by this time to count her members by millions. Instead of reaping the full harvest she has only gleaned among the sheaves. The mistake may yet be corrected, but we fear that the day of its recall is far toward the millennium.

If Wesley had been assailed only by wit, sarcasm, and slander, it had been well. Of these, indeed, he had such full measure as commonly falls to the lot of great reformers. No man of the age was better abused by poets and poetasters, by stage-players and mountebanks, by every class, from Warburton and Lavington to Horace Walpole and Beau Nash. With this second Pentecost came first "mocking," then "threatening," then "imprisonment," and "stoning." The priests at Jerusalem hissed on the people. In England, the spirit of the Episcopal "charge," and the rector's lampoon, went down among the brutal masses, and became a physical force that broke the windows and gutted the houses of Methodists, beat their women until the blood ran down, imprisoned some of their preachers, and impressed others into the army to fight and die at Fontenoy. Wesley himself was burned in effigy, had his clothes torn off, was pulled by the hair through the streets, struck in the mouth by a large stone, between the eyes by another, and barely escaped a descending bludgeon, which, had it hit him, no second stroke would have been needed to start him on St. Stephen's last pathway. The magistrate, in many instances, openly favored the mob. The rector smiled to see the persecutors at their work, and justified his connivance by piously swearing that the Church was in danger.

Wesley lived through all this persecution by tongues, pens, and brute force—lived to see his societies rapidly multiplying through England, Ireland, Scotland, Wales, and the West Indies; and in the year of his death the number of his followers in the United States was 76,000 members and 250 preachers. No man ever enjoyed a healthier or more serene old age. At eighty-five he did more work than most men, renowned for energy and industry, do at forty. He had passed the period of reproach, and his hoary head was looked upon as a crown of glory. He had acquired an influence in the high places of the kingdom which he exerted in the cause of mercy and justice. The highest officers of cities did honor to themselves by making him their guest, and the grandchildren of those who had stoned him forty years before now revered him as a patriarch. Southey never forgot his venerable appearance in the street. Wilberforce received one of the last three letters written by his trembling hand, and with affectionate respect wrote upon its back, "The old man's last." George the Third declared that he had done more good in the kingdom than all the bishops and clergy put together.

We can not withhold an extract or two from among the last entries in his journal. We never read them without tears:

"*Sunday, June 28, 1789.*—This day I enter on my eighty-sixth year. I now find that I grow old. My sight is decayed, so that I can not read a small print unless in a strong light. My strength is decayed, so that I walk much slower than I did some years since. My memory of names, whether of persons or places, is decayed, till I stop a little to recollect them. What I should be afraid of is, if I took thought for the morrow, that my body may weigh down my mind and create either stubbornness by the decrease of my understanding, or peevishness by the increase of bodily infirmities. But thou shalt answer for me, O Lord my God!"

Six months later he wrote:

"*Friday, Jan. 1, 1790.*—I am now an old man, decayed from head to foot. My eyes are dim. My right hand shakes much. Every morning my mouth is hot and dry. I have a lingering fever almost every day. My motion is weak and slow. However, blessed be God, I do not slack my labor. I can preach and write still."

On his last birthday he wrote as follows:

"This day I enter my eighty-eighth year. My eyes are so dim that no glasses will help me. My strength has quite forsaken me, and probably will not return in this world. But I feel no pain from head to foot; only it seems nature is exhausted, and, humanly speaking, will sink more and more, till

'The weary wheels of life stand still at last.'"

He died in London March 2, 1791, having ordered that his body should not be buried in the chapel, lest, after death, he might poison those whose good he had sought in life. He left a pound to each of the poor men whom he had chosen to carry him to the grave, with this direction to his executors: "I particularly desire there may be no hearse, no coach, no escutcheon, no pomp, except the tears of them that loved me and are following me to Abraham's bosom. I solemnly adjure my executors, in the name of God, punctually to observe this."

The foundation of Wesley's character was a solid conviction of a future state. He believed not as most other men, to whom eternity is a dim, distant cloud-land—the most magnificent and doubtful of all peradventures. To him it was an intense reality. He walked every moment consciously on its verge, with eyes steadily fixed on the vast and unbounded prospect. His faith in the invisible and eternal struck into his earnest nature, and became the ruling power of his entire life of more than eighty years. It did its work effectually. It broke the force of every argument for pleasures merely earthly, and invested the solemn future with a supremacy that admitted of neither question nor doubt. Many religionists have learned to cant about the vanity of wealth with an income of ten thousand a year, and as keen an eye as ever to two per cent. a month. Wesley was a rigid literalist touching every warning of the New Testament on the seductive influence of money. He despised it as heartily as other men love it. He declared that if he should die worth ten pounds beyond the

value of his books, any man might call him a thief. It was a rash vow, but he managed to keep it to the letter. And yet he was repeatedly accused of enriching himself by the contributions of his people. He replied to the accusation in a strain of indignant eloquence. The nature of the charge was such as admitted of no mode of justifying himself but an appeal to those who knew his manner of life. Hear his appeal:

"Ye who have seen it [his manner of life], have ye ever seen any thing like the love of gain therein? Did I not continually remember the words of the Lord Jesus, 'It is more blessed to give than to receive?' Ye of Oxford, do ye not know these things are so? What gain did I seek among you? Of whom did I take any thing? From whom did I covet silver or gold or apparel? To whom did I deny any thing that I had, even to the hour that I departed from you? Ye of Epworth and Wroote, among whom I ministered for nearly the space of three years, what gain did I seek among you? or of whom did I take or covet any thing? Ye of Savannah and Frederica, among whom God proved me and showed me what was in my heart, what gain did I seek among you? Of whom did I take any thing? or, whose food or apparel did I covet even when I was in hunger and nakedness? Ye yourselves, and the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, know that I lie not. . . . What comfort would it be to my soul when launched into eternity that I had left behind me gold as the dust and silver as the sand of the sea? Will it follow me over the great gulf? or can I go back to it? Thou that liftest up thine eyes in hell, what do thy riches profit thee now? Will all thou once hadst under the sun gain thee a drop of water to cool thy tongue? Oh the comfort of riches left behind to one who is tormented in that flame. . . . As to gold and silver, I count them dung and dross. I trample them under my feet. I esteem them as the mire in the streets. I desire not wealth. I seek it not. I only fear lest any of it should cleave to me, and I should not be able to shake it off before my spirit returns to God. It must indeed pass through my hands, but I will take care that it shall only pass through—it shall not rest there. None of the accursed thing shall be found in my tents when the Lord calleth me hence. And hear ye this, all you who have discovered the treasures which I am to leave behind me: if I leave behind me ten pounds above my debts and my books, you, and all mankind bear witness against me, that I lived and died a thief and a robber."

Facts illustrative of this feature of Wesley's character are innumerable. Two or three shall suffice: One day he received a note from an exciseman in London demanding an exact account of his plate, that it might be taxed. The answer was,

"SIR,—I have two silver spoons in Bristol and one in London, and shall buy no more while the poor want bread."
"J. WESLEY."

When his brother Charles, after mature consid-

eration, refused the titles and estate of a wealthy gentleman in Ireland who offered to make him his heir, John wrote, with manifest pious satisfaction, "A fair escape!"* The rest of the world would have said, "An unjustifiable sacrifice—a blunder, worse than a crime!" The last entry in his financial diary is a touching proof that covetousness, the sin of age, never soiled his pure spirit. He wrote, "For upwards of sixty-eight years I have kept my accounts exactly. I shall keep them no more, being satisfied with the constant conviction that I get all I can, save all I can, and give all I can—that is, all I have."

It has been said that Wesley could afford to give away all he had, as he was not a man of family and could at any time turn the pockets of his numerous friends inside out—a surer reliance than a fortune in the funds. But the truth is, that before the first Methodist society was formed or thought of, he lived on a miser's fare, for the sole purpose of increasing his charity to the poor.

His benevolence was the benevolence of Christian principle, not a blind sensibility that spends its force in interjections and tears. He was not given to the melting mood, but a truer or more feeling heart never throbbed its answer to the call of distress. In all his charities he was habitually regardful of the great judgment-day, and the solemn awards of eternity. Besides descending to the lowest abodes of misery, and distributing whatever he had with his own hand, he excited and directed the benevolence of others. The poor of his societies were regularly looked after by men appointed for the purpose. Weekly reports were made of all who needed or received help. The number must have been great, considering the materials out of which these societies were formed. In addition to this, he raised a fund to be loaned to the needy in sums not more than twenty shillings. It was a help to poverty and an encouragement to industry. At one time he collected a number of poor women destitute of employment and set them to spinning cotton in one of his meeting-houses. Their labor brought them comfortably through the winter. There is scarcely any mode of diminishing the sorrows of life that he left untouched. Once he turned physician. Having studied medicine in an irregular way, he determined to try his skill as a practitioner. He hired a room in London in which he opened an apothecary shop. The poor were invited to come to him at certain hours of the day, with a promise of advice and medicine gratis. The first man who came had a severe cough.

"What complaint have you?" said Wesley.

"Oh! Sir, a cough—a very sore cough. I get no rest, day or night."

"How long have you had it?"

"About sixty years. It began when I was eleven years old."

Ridiculous as his position appeared at that

moment Wesley did not laugh. "I feared," says he, "that not curing him might discourage others. However, I looked up to God, and then gave the man medicine, saying, 'Take this three times a day. If it does you no good it will do you no harm.' What was the result? He took it two or three days. His cough was cured, and has not returned to this day." The cure was, of course, rapidly reported among the poor, who came in crowds to get the benefit of *Doctor Wesley's* skill.

The same deep conviction of an eternity at hand made him not only the most active, but the most serious of men; not gloomy, not morose, neither cold nor unsocial. He was an accomplished gentleman, the delight of children, and the best companion of age. His presence was a rapture to Alexander Knox; and when his hour of literary talk with Johnson was over, the Leviathan grumbled that it was not prolonged through half the night. Said he, "He can talk well on any subject, but he is obliged to go at a certain hour. This is very disagreeable to a man who loves to fold his legs and have out his talk as I do."* But with all that was pleasant in social intercourse no ill-considered word escaped his lips. There is not a joke, nor quirk, nor any thing like an appearance of quaintness in the seven large volumes of his works, and no tradition of any thing merely smart or witty in his speech. He despised all trifling and all triflers. He had no relish for the conceits and amusing antitheses of Matthew Henry, judging them entirely out of place in a commentary on the Word of God. The hymns that he published, especially those that relate to the future state, were the exact expression of his current feelings and thoughts.

"No matter which my thoughts employ,
A moment's misery or joy;
But oh! when both shall end,
Where shall I find my destined place?
Shall I my everlasting days
With fiends or angels spend?"

This was the great question of his lifetime, which, like the solemnity of a funeral bell, was ever ringing in his ears, quickening and heightening his thoughts of the vast, the infinite, and the eternal. Indeed, nearly every thing in life reminded him of its close. When he sat for his picture he was thinking of the day when the original should turn to corruption. He quoted:

"Behold what frailty we in man may see:
His shadow is less given to change than he!"

* Johnson's admiration of Wesley appears in the following extract from a letter, which contains the finest classical compliment we have ever seen. Johnson had written a pamphlet on the American question, which was soon after followed by another on the same side by Wesley. They were both entitled "Taxation no Tyranny." In the letter to Wesley are these words: "I have thanks to return you for the addition of your important suffrage to my argument on the American question. To have gained such a mind as yours may justly confirm me in my own opinion. I have no reason to be discouraged. *The lecturer was surely in the right, who, though he saw his audience slinking away, refused to quit the chair while Plato staid.*—I am, reverend Sir, your most humble servant,

"SAM. JOHNSON."

* After Charles refused this tempting offer, another, by the name of Wellesley, was chosen, who became the first Earl of Mornington and grandfather to the Duke of Wellington.

His very satire was at once so serious and keen that we can scarcely tell whether he meant satire or grave reproof. "I preached in the court-house to the *élite* of the town. So I took the plainest text; but I found that I was still out of their depth. How hard it is to be shallow enough for people of quality!" Beau Nash once ventured to abuse him before a congregation at Bath.

"How do you know these things whereof you accuse me?" said Wesley.

"I judge from common report," answered Nash.

"I dare not," replied Wesley, "judge of you by common report."

The reply was pointed by the very sting of charity. Nash could have borne open resentment far better. He sneaked away. When Dr. Price contended with him that all who have wills of their own should be entitled to vote, "Pray," said Wesley, "would you admit women to the privilege, or have they no wills of their own?" Shade of Mrs. Wesley!* These sparks show that a fire lay smouldering in his mind, harmless to himself and every body else only because the baptismal waters never allowed it to blaze. Many men, and Wesley among them, deserve the honors of saintship as much for the negative as the positive parts of their character—as well for what they do not, as for what they do. Wilberforce *once*, and never but once, amazed every body by the style in which he brought away the skin and flesh of his persecutors. His friends thought it the best proof that he had ever given of entire sanctification, as it revealed a terrific power of sarcasm in him, but always held in check. The bishops of Gloucester and Exeter had reason to thank God for the special grace that restrained John Wesley; for with the spirit of Warburton or Lavington, Hill or Toplady, he had dealt them such measure as few men would care to take. The tremendous passage quoted by Southey as illustrative of his style was only a fling at a theological dogma. We doubt much, however, whether the logic of the paragraph bears any proportion to the terror of its rhetoric. But it serves to show what might have been expected if, galled and maddened by his enemies, he had turned upon them with the horns and hoofs of theological hatred. His brother Charles had a power of repartee that all Heaven's grace could not restrain, and woe to the man that came within the range of its glittering shaft. The Archbishop of Canterbury, one day at Cheltenham, said to him, "Mr. Wesley, I understand

that you and your brother have set laymen to preaching."

"True," said Charles; "but it is the fault of your Grace and their lordships the bishops."

"How so?" asked the Archbishop.

"Why, you hold your peace, and the stones cry out."

After a pause the Archbishop said, "But I hear that many of your lay preachers are very ignorant men."

"True again," answered Charles; "and so the dumb ass reproves the prophet."

We give the story for the purpose of showing the difference between Charles and his brother. Keen and well deserved as the retort was, it was too glaringly humorous for the habitual sobriety of John's nature. He could have said it, but never would. He not only wrote

"No line which, dying, he would wish to blot,"

but was as careful to utter no word to become a thorn in his last pillow. His maxim was, "Do every thing as in the immediate presence of God." It acquired a double force when he stood in the pulpit; no great praise, indeed, to a man engaged in the most solemn function that this universe affords. He had an ineradicable faith in an everlasting heaven and an everlasting hell—doctrines which he thought as clearly revealed in the New Testament as the Greek mythology teaches the hopeless toil of Sisyphus, or the endless revolutions of Ixion's wheel. The "Book" exhausts the whole variety of terms expressive of an eternity of sorrow, stopping short only of rhetorical heightenings, unworthy of the calm and truthful God. Without such a faith John Wesley would have subsided into a literary loungee at Oxford, or an amateur in velvet theology—now polishing his moral sermons to faultless elegance, now favoring the erection of public wash-houses, or, like the Bishop of Llandaff, patriotically improving the explosive force of gunpowder—or idling his life away in vain attempts to restore morality to the theatre, or wholesomeness to rancid butter and rotten eggs, all for the benefit of the poor; but with no more care to save souls than faith in their danger. Happily he believed that men are immortal, and that the great God had sent him to rescue them from the undying worm and the unquenchable fire; and there lay the secret of that tremendous energy that worked on after two generations of his co-laborers had descended to the grave. He was just the kind of man that one sends for when one is dying—a man whose serious spirit is in full sympathy with the sharp, clear views that one gets of the dread future through the half-fallen tabernacle of the flesh. Dr. Dodd, the prebendary of Westminster, wrote against Wesley. The same Dr. Dodd, convicted of forgery, and doomed to die on the gallows, sent for Wesley to come and pray for his departing soul.

Is not this a fair occasion for a word in behalf of a serious ministry? The very question is a reproach; but no one will deny that a number of the most popular preachers of the age are precisely the men who have the fewest characteristics of a minister as described in the New Testament.

* It is a coincidence as singular as painful that the two great spiritual reformers, Wesley and Whitefield, were unhappily married. Wesley's wife, after tormenting him twenty years, took herself away, and returned no more. He calmly wrote in his journal—"Non eam reliqui: Non dimisi: Non revocabo" (I have not left her: I have not dismissed her: I will not recall her). She lived ten years after the separation.

The late Rev. Cornelius Winter, who knew Whitefield intimately, says of him that "he was not happy with his wife;" and gravely remarks that "her death set his mind much at liberty!"

The desire of popularity has degenerated into an unscrupulous lust; and as the tendency of the popular mind is to infidelity, with a growing relish for buffoonery and bombast, the pulpit obsequiously bows to the prevailing taste. "All things to all men," in a sense that St. Paul never dreamed of, is the high road to popularity. To gratify infidels, and men of infidel sympathies, one turns a bigot against the doctrines of Christianity, which he denounces as theological dogmas, as if he had a special commission from heaven or somewhere else to ridicule every epistle in the New Testament. To gain the lovers of merriment, another makes a stage of his pulpit, and turns comic actor. Galleries, aisles, and vestibule are crowded to overflowing. The play runs through an hour and a half, during which wit, drollery, and naked blasphemies, with an occasional satire launched against some social evil, make up the compound of what is facetiously called a sermon. The gaping and laughing crowd retire, some swearing that it beats any thing at Burton's, while others console themselves with the conclusion that Christianity is, after all, no very serious affair. In the sacred name of religion we protest against this shocking profanation. If it must be so, let life and death, heaven and hell, become the infidel's scorn or jest. Let men, if they will, turn funerals to frolics, and tomb-stones into card-tables—let them die, like Hume, joking about Charon and his boat; but let the Church remain a refuge for those who still think that religion is more than a fiction or a farce. If the deep concern for immortal man that marked the ministry of such men as Jonathan Edwards and John Wesley is becoming an obsolete anxiety, let us have, at least, the serious behavior due to Christian ethics; for these are not much doubted as yet, and possibly it may one day be found out that there is some truth in Christian doctrine.

We have referred to Wesley's genius for government, which Macaulay pronounced not inferior to that of Richelieu. He not only created a religious society, but gave it laws which secured its perpetuity and insured its expansion without limit. Its main feature is its itinerancy, which as naturally overruns a country as light seeds are scattered in all directions by the varying winds. Some churches flourish in particular sections, and are elsewhere unknown. Others, by emigration, slowly spread through the land; but it is in the very nature of Wesley's system to propagate itself "in the regions beyond." It is not, however, to be denied that of all governments it is the most difficult to administer; yet Wesley, with absolute power which he never shared with any one, managed it so wisely—with such a blending of authority and tenderness—that not a secession of any importance occurred during his long lifetime. The itinerancy, with all its subordinate agencies, seemed, indeed, much the result of accident. Emergencies arose and were met by corresponding expedients, which soon took the form of laws. But the ability to seize the exact expedient, and apply it, was almost an

instinct of his nature. Whitefield's societies came to nothing because he gave them no organic life. Wesley's are girdling the world, with a spirit as ambitious of further conquests as that of Alexander when he sat on the shore of the Indian Ocean and wept. The grand results have demonstrated the efficiency of the novel experiment. Archbishop Secker one day said to Wesley, "Could you a hundred years hence look out of your grave, you would see abundant reason to regret your present course." Wesley's answer was, "God governed the world before I was born, and he will take care of it when I am dead. Present duty is mine—events I leave to him." More than a hundred years have gone by since the day of the Archbishop's remonstrance, and could Wesley now look from his grave and see what an impetus he gave to the zeal of the Christian world, he would far likelier sing, as once he delighted to sing, amidst derision and flying stones,

"I rejoice that I ever was born."

Wesley's literary labors are an ample subject for a separate article. Many otherwise intelligent men, who have paid but little attention to his history, have regarded him as an honest enthusiast, as destitute of learning as Bunyan or George Fox. It is time that such men knew better. His works comprise seven large octavos of sermons, journals, controversy, correspondence, and criticism, including a grammar each of Hebrew, Greek, Latin, French, and English. These he wrote for a school which he founded in Kingswood—in Occidental America it would be called a University. His translation of the New Testament is unsurpassed for an accurate rendering of the Greek text. Besides all this, he produced a commentary on the whole Bible—a model of brief, clear, and terse annotation, which no man can read without wishing to become a better man. Moreover he abridged and published innumerable works, chiefly of practical divinity, but including history, philosophy, poetry, an English dictionary, two novels, and a family medicine book. While thus employed he governed his numerous societies, presided in his Conferences, visited the sick, preached not less than five hundred sermons a year, and traveled, principally on horseback, a distance equal to six times the circumference of the globe! This was not only "laughing at impossibilities," but literally overcoming them.

The faults of Wesley's mind were not less obvious than his virtues. They were the faults of excess. His notion of marriage was treason to both nature and revelation. He tolerated it, indeed, but with manifest grudging disfavor. His notes on 1 Cor. vii., besides mistaking the texts, betray the temper of Origen, with somewhat of his fancy. And yet, with an inconsistency that reveals the folly of battling against any ordinance of God or nature, he fell into the arms of a sour widow at forty-eight. If the results of his marriage had been less melancholy, we might be amused on reading in his journal that, within a week of his nuptials, he met the young men of

one of his societies and earnestly exhorted them to a single life, "because of its greater advantages." After reaching the platform he incontinently threw down the ladder!

In the early part of his ministry he was accustomed to settle practical questions by a chance text that met his eye as he opened the Scriptures. It was faith turned to superstition and presumption. The Bible is a rule of practice, but certainly not to be used as a box of dominoes. The wonder is that Wesley could have resorted to such obvious folly, and it is not less surprising that, after such experiments as he had made, he could persist in it. He received a letter from Whitefield urging him to come to Bristol. He submitted the question to the decision of the chance text. See the result as he naïvely states it in his journal:

"I was not at all forward to go, and perhaps a little the less inclined to it because of the remarkable scriptures which offered as often as I inquired touching the consequence (*probably permitted for the trial of our faith*): 'Get thee up into this mountain, and die in the mount whither thou goest up, and be gathered to thy people.'—Deut. xxxii. 49, 50. 'And the children of Israel wept for Moses in the plains of Moab thirty days.'—Deut. xxxiv. 8. 'I will show him how great things he must suffer for my name's sake.'—Acts, ix. 16. 'And devout men carried Stephen to his burial, and made great lamentation over him.'—Acts, viii. 2."

These oracular responses foretold a result fatal to himself; but, as he was not yet ready to welcome a martyr's death, he prudently concluded to state the case to his society in London. His brother Charles was present, and vehemently objected until silenced by the text, "Son of man, behold I take from thee the desire of thine eyes with a stroke." The rest were divided on the question, and the dispute continued until they agreed to decide it by lot. The lot was drawn in favor of going. It was then agreed to open the Scriptures once more. These passages turned up: "When wicked men have slain a righteous person in his own house upon his bed, shall I not now require his blood at your hands?"—2 Sam. iv. 11. "And Ahaz slept with his fathers, and they buried him in the city, even in Jerusalem."—2 Chron. xxviii. 27.

The coincidence between these and the previous chance-drawn texts is singular enough. They were a clear prophetic warning of a bloody death that awaited him at Bristol. They had not even the equivocal character of the Delphic responses. Wesley went to Bristol in the face of the terrible prophecies, and died—peaceably in his bed, just fifty-one years, eleven months, and twenty-six days after! We are heartily ashamed that his inimitable journal records such unmitigated folly.

Of all the doctrines taught by Wesley none has given greater offense than what he called Christian perfection. And this is precisely the doctrine on which he is least understood. With a remarkable power of clarifying his thoughts,

and making them clear to others, he is here sadly at fault. He used the word *perfection* because he found it in the Scriptures, but declined the prefix—sinless. He maintained that man, in his present state, is subject to ignorance, and weaknesses, and involuntary transgressions of the divine law, which he did not conceive to be sins in the proper sense of the word. These frailties he thought might consist with what he called perfect love, or a perfect conformity to the first great commandment, the fulfillment of which is substantially the fulfillment of the whole law. Meanwhile, for slight omissions of duty, and for duties imperfectly done, there is continual need of the atonement and the prayer, "Forgive us our trespasses." The difficulty with all who have taken offense at this doctrine lies in comprehending the consistency of a statement that seems a self-contradiction—an imperfect perfection—a given quantity less than itself—a living without sin, and yet daily needing an atonement which is meant only for sin. It is like asserting a circle with the properties of a triangle. The plain truth is, that the word perfection, according to Wesley's own admission, is applied to a less than total sinlessness, and where to fix the limit would puzzle the skill of Duns Scotus, who determined the exact number of spirits that could dance on the point of a cambric needle. Wesley, to escape the force of Solomon's words, "There is no man that sinneth not," allowed that perfection is exclusively a privilege under the Gospel dispensation, and yet the commands and promises relating to it, which he constantly quoted in the controversy, were first given to the Jews. Moreover, the word perfect is applied to Noah and Job in a sense far below the ideal standard of modern perfectionists.

No topic in Wesley's theology has occasioned more dispute among his followers than this; and it is a strange feature of the controversy that whoever engages in it on either side is sure to lose his temper by way of illustration. To aim at perfection is well, as the effort carries a man higher than he would otherwise go; but to profess it, even in indirect language, savors of spiritual egotism, as much opposed to humility as it is offensive to good taste. Every man should try to become a perfect gentleman; but to *profess* that distinction would justly bring upon any man the unenviable reputation of a Beau Brummel. He had better leave his polite accomplishments to be judged of by the gentleness of his spirit and the elegance of his manners. Wesley was both a gentleman and a Christian of the highest style, yet he made no profession of either.

Kindred to the doctrine of perfection was his notion of the Spirit's witness to a genuine conversion. He held it to be such a testimony of the Holy Ghost as leaves an impression or consciousness that a man is forgiven and accepted of God. And this consciousness, he maintained, is always *antecedent* to the religious affections of love, joy, and peace. We will not venture further into this mystic theology than to observe that the notion of a witness of sonship making

its impression on the mental consciousness alone, antecedent to, and unmixed with, spiritual affections is a refinement nowhere intimated in the Scriptures. Wesley quotes no text bearing upon the distinction between a witness to a man's simple consciousness and a witness that impresses its testimony on the affections. The new creation is its own best evidence. It testifies of itself, and its testimony is confirmed by the Scriptures, that distinguish the genuine from the false, leaving no ground for doubtful conjecture or enthusiastic fancies: "We know that we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren." "We *know because we love.*" This is as rational as Scriptural.

Wesley was accustomed to rely much on the experiences that he heard related in class-meetings and love-feasts. We do not know how he would have disposed of the experience of one of his most distinguished followers in America—the late Elijah Hedding, one of the bishops of the Methodist Church. His recorded testimony is that he knew he was converted some weeks before he received the Spirit's witness. Here is the experience of the bishop against the doctrine of the founder. It is singular enough that Wesley's account of his own experience is clearly discordant with his theory of the Spirit's witness: "While one read from Luther on the Galatians," says he, "I *felt* my heart strangely warmed." These words can not be mistaken. They evidently mean, not a simple conviction wrought into his consciousness, but religious comfort animating his heart—not a bare testimony to the intellect, but a kindled and glowing affection—the first token of what he then conceived to be his conversion. In a word, it was that Scriptural and best evidence of the new life, "the love of God shed abroad in the heart by the Holy Ghost." But more singular still, Wesley himself, in a letter to Dr. Rutherford, in 1768, explicitly says, "I have not, for many years, thought a consciousness of acceptance to be essential to justifying faith." We quit the subject with the remark that, while the inner experience of a Christian life is sufficiently certain for all the purposes of piety, rectitude, and a tranquil death—thus becoming the solace of millions—the subject is too subtle and mysterious for nice analysis or accurate definition. "I canna answer your questions about Christ," said a Scotch peasant to her pastor, "but I noo that I can die for him."

But easy as it is to find fault with these and other extreme opinions of Wesley, it is the meanest bigotry to deny him the character of a great reformer. Besides myriads of individual conversions wrought among the poor and the profligate, the Church of England and that entire Protestantism within the limits of the English language felt the reanimating power of his ministry and life. The visible effects that bestrew the whirlwind's immediate path may declare its tremendous energy, but its purifying power cools the stifling atmosphere of the whole country, and makes men breathe easier than before. The in-

fluence of Wesley's labors on the safety and prosperity of the British empire is a subject for a philosophical historian. We have referred to the infidel tendencies of England when he first threw his voice on the open air. Bolingbroke was the hierophant of the upper circles, and the pulpit had lost all power over the masses. Delaney, in a letter to George the Second, written five years before Wesley preached in Moorfields, told the King that England had become as degenerate as the Roman state at that period when, according to Tacitus, "he who revered virtue in his heart dare not express it with his lips." "A sure sign," he adds, "of approaching ruin, unless God in his mercy prevent it." Had this state of things continued, England, in another half-century, might have echoed the horrors of Paris and Lyons. The same brutal class that dragged Wesley through the streets in the earlier years of his ministry would, by that time, have been strong enough and wicked enough to do for Britain what the savage *sans-culottes* did for France. But Wesley lived to convert an immense number of that mob, and inspire the remainder with the sentiment of reverence for religion, government, and law. A stanch royalist himself, he infused his spirit into all his societies. The leaven worked through the myriad mass that gathered around him in every part of England. Meanwhile Voltaire, in France, was doing another work. Voltaire entered the world nine years before Wesley. Wesley outlived him thirteen years, and died on the eve of the French Revolution. Voltaire's pamphlets poisoned the mind of France, and prepared it to enact the bloodiest scene in human history. The world trembled beneath the shock. The names of Robespierre, Cloutz, Danton, and Marat were a while the terror of England. The infection of the fiendish spirit was sensibly felt and worse feared. Burke's "Rights of Man," and Hannah More's "Village Politics," and a thousand other fly-sheets written in fear, were intended to stay the flood of anarchy that came rolling across the channel. But neither Burke nor Hannah More adverted to the fact that, for sixty years, Providence had been throwing up an effectual barrier against the waves by the Gospel labors of John Wesley and his coadjutors. The work was already done, and the throne of England stood firmly on the religious convictions of the people. It was impossible that London could become as Paris, and impossible because God had made Wesley's preaching the antidote of Voltaire's infidelity. His name grows with the circling years; and that Methodism, of which he was the founder, is now felt as a great religious power in every quarter of the globe. The partial evils that marked its early history have sloughed away. It has become less violent in its emotional workings and more active in the great charities of life. The mountain has ceased to rumble, to smoke, or pour forth rivers of liquid lava. The sky now hangs serenely over it, while the vine encircles it from the basis to the top, bearing precious fruit in its season.

A MAN OF HONOR.

BY MRS. S. P. KING, AUTHOR OF "LILY."

A GROUP of young men stood chatting at a street corner. A carriage dashed rapidly by. They all raised their hats, and a woman, lying back in this carriage, bowed, smiling faintly as she did so. The smile momentarily irradiated her grave face, and then faded as quickly.

"The St. Maur?" John Percy said, interrogatively. He was short-sighted.

"Yes, and looking very handsome," answered his cousin Louis.

"Who is the St. Maur?" asked the third of the group, Frank Egerton.

"Don't you recollect pretty Mrs. Wilson? You used to see her years ago."

"Ah! old Wilson dead and she married again?"

"All money, *mon cher*. Old Wilson is very much alive indeed. Did you not hear in Europe that there was a great scandal—Jack Cadurcis, etc.—divorce, and so on—she resumed her maiden name, and is known as Mrs. St. Maur. Some people for her, some against her. She goes nowhere except to drive and to church."

"Why don't she go away?"

"Her two little girls, I fancy, keep her here. The court gave them to the husband. She is very fond of her children, poor thing, and I suppose can't make up her mind to leave this place, where she has a chance of seeing them once a week."

"Do you visit her?"

"I constantly have the immense gratification of leaving my card; I should think there are several packs of them in her house by this time; the answer invariably is 'Not at home!' but I keep on trying—it costs very little, and some day I may slip in."

"Does she see no one?"

"Very few. I'll tell you with whom she is very *liée*—that nice cousin of yours, Mrs. Vernon, and the *beau-frère*, Robert Vernon. It's the only house she goes into. See here, Frank, you are asking a great many questions about the lovely St. Maur. I don't like it."

"Why not?"

"*Pour cause*. I am very sorry I told you about the Vernons. You never would have known it for yourself, as they never speak of her. Now, don't try and take advantage of my amiability and get the start of me."

"Start in what?"

Louis Percy gave a knowing wink and laughed.

"Bless his innocent face!" he drawled; then looking at his watch he remembered an engagement, nodded, and walked off.

Frank Egerton also wished John good-morning and strolled down the street. He was busy with various thoughts; first, Mrs. St. Maur. He remembered her very well; he had admired her a long while; accident alone had several times interfered to prevent an introduction. He idly pictured to himself the difference in her life then and now. She had been a very decided

married belle, the gayest person in society, the most *fêted*, the most popular. Thinking it over, he could not understand why he had never known her then. And now, solitary, disgraced, a mark for every licentious eye, a theme for every idle tongue. He had been interrupted in his questions by his flighty friend, Louis—where was Cadurcis, whom scandal named with her? She looked very lovely as she dashed past a while ago—so serene, with all her gravity, and such a smile, transient as it was.

Thus meditating, Frank passed the Vernons' door; he had got into their square by some chance.

"I'll pay Lou a visit; I haven't been here for an age."

Mr. Egerton was a favorite with his cousin Lou. She was at home and very glad to see him, and rallied him on his good looks, and on his absence, and especially on his thoughtful air.

"You are quite pensive, child," she said; "you alarm me."

"My dear, I am bored. Nothing amuses me; all the people I know are so monotonous."

"Thank you."

"Oh, not you—you are sweet; but you are so taken up with Vernon and those fifty babies, it is a mere mercy of hazard that I catch you without your 'dearest love,' and the lesser loves occupying your entirely un-come-at-able attention. If you were only disengaged oftener, I should be enchanted and you enchanting."

"So much the better for me, then, and for Vernon, and for the fifty babies."

"Don't you know any nice women, Lou, whom a man could talk to every now and then? I saw such a pretty creature this morning; I heard her name, but I have been away so long it is unfamiliar—Mrs. St. Maur, I think, a widow;" and with a face of sublime indifference and polite inquiry Master Frank looked at his cousin.

"Now, Frank!"

"Well, Lou?"

"What is your interest in Mrs. St. Maur? You know very well who she is and all about her. Come, no deception with me. If I suspect a trap, I will shut you up in it sooner than put my own finger in danger, or Fanny St. Maur's either. Who has been talking about her to you?"

"Seriously, then, I saw her this morning driving, and I should like to know her, for her face interests me exceedingly—always did, and—"

"It is impossible. She goes nowhere—receives very few visitors—no young men—"

"Pardon me—Robert Vernon," interrupted Frank.

"Yes. That is true; but that can not be avoided, as he lives here, and then she has known him so long he is like a brother to her."

"And Mr.—Cadurcis?"

"Pray hush! You are talking nonsense and worse; she has not seen Cadurcis for centuries. Has he not got a wife as jealous as Othello? and besides, after Mr. Wilson's choosing to drag in his name as a pretext for the divorce, very prop-

erly Fanny broke off their intimacy, and—he married.”

“Then you don’t believe—”

“My dear Frank, I don’t believe any thing, except that you are very pertinacious. How is your mother?”

“Very well, much obliged to your polite eagerness. And so Mrs. St. Maur is really—”

“How is your father?”

“My dear madam, every member of my family, in its remotest as well as its nearest branches, is at this moment enjoying, as far as I know, perfect health. ‘Cease, cease, then, rude’ creature, to interrupt me.”

“‘Cease, cease, then, stupid’ creature, to interrogate me?”

“Dear Lou, present me to Mrs. St. Maur.”

“Dear Frank, it is impossible.”

“The word does not exist, *vide* Collot’s phrase-book, anecdote ‘Napoleon.’ You might as well bring it about at once. Your life will be miserable till you do. I’ll give you no peace, night or day. And you know, or you ought to know, that with my temper, by raising these obstacles, you invest Mrs. St. Maur with a fearful interest. I shall begin to think and dream of nothing else. But if I just see her, and chat with her, she will be but an acquaintance, and my frenzy will die out.”

“Frank,” Mrs. Vernon said, speaking earnestly and gravely, “you are not the first young gentleman who has pressed for an introduction to my poor friend. Her position is a peculiar one; and yet many women would not adopt the life that she has insisted upon. She is very unhappy, very sad; her troubles are recent, and weigh heavily upon her. Six months have passed since her divorce, and she absolutely refuses to leave her seclusion. Her heart is broken. I sometimes think that her reason will give way. She broods over her distresses without ceasing. She is morbidly sensitive, miserably depressed; for months she wept, until her sight failed her, and her beautiful eyes were almost destroyed. She is calmer now. I think gradually she will recover, in a measure, her spirits and mental health. She will never be again the gay, joyous, buoyant Fanny St. Maur, my playmate and my friend; but I hope to see her tranquil and resigned some day. I tell you this because I have a presentiment, a vague, undefined feeling—you know I am very superstitious—I believe in omens, warnings. As soon as you mentioned her name just now, a thrill ran through me, and a kind of fear of—I know not what. Let her alone; don’t torment me any more—there’s a good boy. You have scores of pretty women to talk to and to talk about. Forget Mrs. St. Maur.”

“In the name of Heaven, Lou, what do you fear?”

“Every thing—nothing.”

“Lou, do you believe me to be a gentleman and a man of honor, or do you take me for a scoundrel?”

“Certainly you are a man of honor—as men go,” his cousin answered, laughing.

“Now I am serious, and you wish to jest. Do you believe me capable, after what you have said and implied, of wishing to trifle with, or to injure in any way, a woman who seems so crushed and broken—one so unhappy, and striving so bravely to live down public prejudice against her? No, you can trust me—you can believe me. Before, I simply admired Mrs. St. Maur; now, I respect her, and commiserate her sad fate. You may do as you please. I will not press you; but I should be glad to prove to you and to her that I am a sincere and respectful admirer. Do you believe me?”

Mrs. Vernon stretched out her hand confidently to him, and looked into his handsome eyes with a gratified expression.

“You *are* honest, Frank, though Vernon says that you are tricky.”

A hot flush crossed Egerton’s brow. He bit his lip; and it was singular to watch how expressive such regular and perfect features could be; every line darkened and deepened.

“Vernon be—”

“Good Heavens! I should not have said that, Frank. Please forget it—or set it down to involuntary admiration. Come, smooth your face once more. You won’t? Then you shall never see Fanny.”

“And if I smooth it?”

“Then—perhaps—perchance—maybe—”

“Out with it, you teasing woman.”

“Drop in this evening at nine o’clock. She takes tea here.”

* * * * *

Mrs. Vernon’s drawing-room clock struck nine. Lou was a little nervous. She feared that she had been hasty in her promise. She glanced frequently in the calm faces of her companions, and tried to fancy that she had done a very ordinary and commonplace thing. Was not Frank Egerton her own first cousin? Fanny St. Maur a cherished friend? Why should Fanny’s prohibition exclude Frank more than Robert? Robert Vernon sat near Mrs. St. Maur at this very moment, looking at her, as he often did, very steadily, very earnestly. He held her scissors, stooped to pick up her ball of worsted, was ready with an answering smile when she turned toward him, evidently gave her much thought, and yet in so quiet a way that he was neither obtrusive nor conspicuous.

His brother was reading aloud. Both ladies had their hands employed. Mrs. Vernon rather neglected the slipper for “dear William” that she was pretending to work upon so diligently; but Mrs. St. Maur never ceased plying her fingers. It was a knitted shoe for the last of the “fifty babies.”

There was a ring at the street-bell. Lou was very nervous indeed. The door opened—enter Frank Egerton.

Mr. Vernon glanced inquiringly at his wife, but rose to meet cordially his wife’s cousin. Lou fluttered up to him, with a sort of feigned surprise, but broke down: she was too honest for that. Robert nodded coolly to the new-comer,

and looked at his neighbor; she was very pale, and seemed annoyed.

"Fanny, allow me to present my cousin, a very precious cousin. Mr. Egerton—Mrs. St. Maur."

The great hazel eyes slowly lifted their white lids and black lashes; there was a movement of the tremulous red lips, a bend of the small head, and Mr. Egerton discreetly turned away after a profound bow.

"I am very silly," Mrs. St. Maur murmured to Robert, "but I am so unused to meeting strangers. Why has Lou received this evening?"

"God knows. And this empty-headed coxcomb too; we were getting on very well without him."

"You do not like him?"

"Well enough. Did you never know him?"

"No."

"There is no great harm in him. He is a flirt, fond of conquest; men generally like him very much. I don't believe in him myself."

"Believe in what?"

"In his honesty, sincerity, and so on. He is too selfish to be trusted, and too vain."

"He is handsome," Fanny said.

"Yes, very handsome."

"Will you take me home, Robert? I can slip away unobserved presently. Lou has broken her agreement with me, and I am off."

"If you wish it, certainly."

"Perhaps you had better go first. Leave the room now, and I will join you in half a second. Get my hood and shawl for me, and have them ready so that I can not be overtaken and dragged back, for I don't know of what Lou is not capable this evening."

He obeyed instantly; he seemed anxious to facilitate his friend's departure.

This conversation had taken place in undertones while the host and hostess were doing the honors of a newly acquired and very fine painting to Mr. Egerton at the opposite end of the room.

But Frank saw more of the lady seated beneath the light of the shaded reading-lamp than he did of the picture.

In five minutes he had taken a mental portrait of her.

Very still she sat when Robert had gone. Gracefully thrown back in the deep chair, her luxuriously perfect figure, in its exquisitely simple and fresh dress of gray silk, was nestled into the dark velvet of the cushions. Her face had the sadness of past suffering in every soft line; and constantly a quiver around her mouth, and a transient shade upon her brow, seemed to say that the nerves were deplorably shaken, the mind seriously disquieted, beneath the tranquil surface.

It was a face to study and to love; to move with tenderest sympathy a generous heart.

Presently she sighed, and was about to get up. Egerton almost guessed her intention, for he moved quickly toward her, and before she could escape he was at her chair. She rose hastily then.

"What do you wish, Fanny?" asked Mrs. Vernon.

"Nothing," she said, provoked at her own feelings and at Lou's question.

"I saw you this morning, Mrs. St. Maur," Frank remarked, coolly taking Robert's vacated seat next her. "What fine horses you drive! You are more successful than myself. I can not get a pair to suit me."

He rambled on, talking of horses, saddle-horses, trotting-horses, equipages, grooms, rides, drives, in the most matter-of-fact and dullest manner, and had the desired effect. Mrs. St. Maur regained her composure, and was only a little bored, and thought Lou's cousin very uninteresting.

Then he put a direct question—forced her to reply; took a volume of poems from the table, and began to be agreeable. The conversation became mutual. Fanny smiled her rare, beautiful, arch smile. It brightened her sad face magically. Frank made a capital hit—a telling "word"—it was witty, pointed, original. It was something that struck her fancy and corresponded to her own thoughts. She dropped the tiny shoe, and, with a silvery laugh, glanced up at him from her velvet cushions. Their eyes met full for the first time. Do you believe in electric shocks that lie in eye-beams? Something new—something he had never known before—awoke in his breast as those eyes dwelt for a second on his. It was delicious, and he felt it to be dangerous. Fanny colored violently, but it was from a different motive; she saw Robert Vernon's surprised face watching her from the open door, her shawl and hood upon his arm—watching her rising, deepening flush.

Her flexible lips curled impatiently. She arose, and, with a slight bow to Mr. Egerton, wished Mrs. Vernon good-night.

"Going, my dearest child? Why so early?"

"Good-night."

She kissed her friend hastily and unaffectionately, held out her hand kindly to Mr. Vernon, and was gone.

"I shall see you to-morrow, Fanny," said downcast Lou. "But I wish you would stay."

There was no answer. The guest had flown.

Lou went to her piano, turned over the music; Frank was talking with the most unconcerned air to her husband. No allusion was made to Mrs. St. Maur. They were deep in business. Frank was saying,

"We are but a young firm; and my partner impressed upon me, when I went to Europe, to have no dealings with any one who required more than my word to trust me. If a man can not rely upon my word, and if people lack confidence in me, I would rather turn my back upon them at once, although I should lose by it."

"You are right there," Mr. Vernon said.

"Of course I am. He who will break his word will break his oath. He who will stoop to deceive will steal a purse."

"To deceive men. But women, Frank?" put in Lou. "What is the theory about that?"

"I don't know the theory; but I know my practice. It may be romantic—what you will; but to deceive a woman is worse, a thousand times, than deceiving a man; for women have no redress, and must suffer wrong in silence and in tears. Good-night. I am growing melodramatic. By-the-way, I was never near Mrs. St. Maur before. What a pretty woman she is still! She must be thirty—how much? I like her face. There is a great deal of thought in it."

"A great deal of suffering and past anguish," Mr. Vernon said.

"I should say so. She must have had a great deal to make her life miserable."

"And to change one of the brightest natures into one of the most desponding—one of the most confiding into one of the most suspicious."

"That is saddest of all," Frank said, as he took his leave.

Meanwhile Robert Vernon silently walked home with Mrs. St. Maur. The silence fretted her, and yet she did not break it.

"What is the matter, Robert?" she asked at last.

"Nothing."

"Are you put out at my keeping you waiting just now? Indeed I could not avoid it."

"Dear Fanny, don't think me so unamiable and so childish!"

"What is it, then?"

"Shall I tell you, Fanny?"

"I wish you would."

"My dear, avoid Frank Egerton."

"Avoid Frank Egerton! why don't you tell me to avoid the King of Oude—Louis XIV.—something practicable or possible? Avoid Mr. Egerton! Really, unless I went to call upon him—"

"That is all—avoid him. I warn you—I will say no more."

"Now, you are unkind."

"Unkind to you, Fanny—when I am, may that hour be my last."

"You will make me hate a man I never saw before, and never expect to see again, if he brings dissension between us."

"I don't wish you to hate him—but Frank Egerton came to that house this evening to meet you. Lou likes him, and has allowed him to make a cat's-paw of her, and no one should cry out with more indignation if she heard the title applied to her foolish little self—no one would more strenuously fight for Egerton and deny any such imputation."

"Why do you suppose that he came to meet me?"

"Did you not see that Lou expected him? are not her doors always closed, by your request, and by strict orders to her servants, when you take tea there?"

"And suppose he did ask Lou, and suppose she was so foolish, and suppose he has met me—what more? what else? The deed is done, but I see no results."

"The future—the future."

"But there is no future," Fanny said, impa-

tiently. "What has Mr. Egerton to do with my future?"

"He will manage to see you again."

"I doubt it—and if he did?"

"He will make love to you."

"He dare not. And if he did—suppose he did 'make love' to me—what then? Am I forced to listen to him?"

Robert was silent.

"Will you not answer me? Will you not speak?"

"I *have* spoken. If you wish me to say more—here it is. I know Frank Egerton: he is as brave a man, as bold a man, as was ever born, and as daring. He has fixed his attention upon you, and I have not seen you for many months give any one the smile, the look that you gave him just now."

"This is insulting, Mr. Vernon; what would you imply?"

"I imply nothing, dearest Fanny; you asked me to explain the uneasiness that I feel—you have urged it, and I am doing so. Egerton is young, handsome, impassioned, fascinating, clever, brilliant—but I don't trust him. He is selfish, he is vain; he thinks all things fair with women. You may be impressed, caught, drawn on—don't be angry—don't frown or take away your hand from my arm—but I am anxious for you; I dread this man's acquaintance—his attentions will compromise you—and if you should care for him, oh, Fanny, nothing that you have suffered, nothing that is past, will equal in bitterness, in desolation, what will fall upon you then. Be warned, my child, be warned!"

"I can not be angry with you because you seem so much in earnest; but pray get rid of those absurd ideas. I am very safe, I assure you; and if I had, at first sight, gone distracted about Lou's wonderful cousin, all this would surely put me on my guard. You take it so seriously that I wish to joke about it." She sighed, as she went on, "If I were likely to get into such mischief, why have I not fallen in love with you, Sir? and tried to make a conquest of your gravity?"

They were at her own door now. Robert rang the bell before he answered:

"You read Alphonse Karr—don't you recollect what he says? 'A woman may fall in love with her friend by accident, but a man whom she has never seen has a thousand more chances than he.' God bless you, Fanny. Don't stay out in this cold. Good-night!"

* * * * *

The danger was over—no bones broken, but a carriage shattered and overturned, and two horses madly tearing down the road. It was a lady's carriage, and she herself, rescued by her servants from the wreck, sat very quietly on the freshest piece of turf, on the road-side, to consider what should next be done.

It was a solitary green lane, and no vehicle in sight.

"You must walk back to town as quickly as you can," she said to her footman, "and get a

carriage; John will stay here with me until it arrives."

At this very instant, in the distance, appeared a horseman: he came riding quickly up. There are such chances every day of our lives (their only fault is that they are too commonplace, and would be unworthy of a romance-writer; but this is an everyday tale, and only sets down facts). Frank Egerton sprang to the ground, and eagerly and respectfully offered his services to Mrs. St. Maur.

Fanny was annoyed and perplexed. She answered coldly, feeling herself blush, and remembering all that had been said by Robert Vernon only three days back. But there was no gain-saying the decided directions and words of the new-comer. Before she could prevent it, her footman was mounted on Mr. Egerton's horse, and Mr. Egerton himself seated beside her. She folded her arms and bit her lip. She was growing angry; but her anger seemed thrown away upon her companion. He looked so genuinely happy—so perfectly happy. There was not a suspicion of disrespect, of triumph, of deceit, in his voice, his look, his manner. Fate had favored him; and he was enjoying to its fullest extent the exquisite pleasure of seeing her—talking to her.

If he flattered her, it was by the profound deference which showed itself in the midst of his admiration. His eyes followed her every moment; not with the bold commendation of a man who is impertinently scanning a woman's charms, but with the enthusiastic delight of a boy gazing upon the creature who has become the star of his hopes and imagination.

Was this ingenuous, open-hearted gentleman the monster against whom Robert Vernon had raised so strong an array of dislike and warning? Fanny St. Maur was no *ingénue*, no unsophisticated "young thing of sixteen." She had seen the world, and had ample cause to know its treachery, and to beware of "wolves in sheep's clothing;" but there was in Frank Egerton an appearance of truth, of simplicity, of "heart," which disarmed her from this first moment. Had he made one mis-step, said one word to awaken her mistrust then or afterward, this story would never have been written. But he knew his *rôle* perfectly; he played his part with sublime consistency.

How pleasantly he chatted away—how he amused and interested her! Smile followed smile, breaking at first slowly over her face; and then she caught herself replying—taking up the ball and tossing it back to him, jesting, laughing. Her eyes sparkled; her white hands playfully re-learned their old tricks of gesture—she *forgot!*

For one short half hour she forgot that gayety and herself had no longer partnership; that joy and youth and hope had fled forever for her.

The awaking was sudden. It was like a fresh stab through an old wound. She was very pale and still and silent.

Frank watched her with a growing sadness on

his own bright face; he lowered his voice and was quiet too. The carriage was seen approaching, the footman following on the borrowed horse.

"May I come and see you?" Frank asked.

She shook her head. "I am sorry, but I decline all visits; my health is not strong enough to admit of society." This was her formula *d'usage*.

"I am very, very sorry," he said. "And shall I then never see you again? Is it not hard to make an acquaintance which is so precious, and lose it at once? Can you not put me, as Lou's cousin, on the same footing as Lou's brother-in-law? I don't mean that I can ever hope to be so great a friend of yours, but let me come sometimes to try and amuse you. I will read to you, talk to you; you can send me away whenever you are tired of me."

He pleaded so like a child for a new toy that Fanny could not restrain a smile. Was this the man she was to fear?

"Well, I will not press you any further. I shall come, and you may dismiss me if you choose—unless you forbid me from ringing your bell!"

She merely shook her head again; he put her in the hack, and stood looking at her until the coachman turned his horses and drove away. He then saw after her broken carriage, advised with the servants concerning it, and returned to the city.

Did you ever see a blood-hound track his prey? Did you ever see a cat play with a mouse? Did you ever see a man boldly or stealthily pursue a woman for her destruction, night and day, with patience, calmness, ardor, determination? It is a very pretty sight to those who like the sport. An amateur of such things would have delighted in noting the consummate skill with which Mr. Egerton—gentleman and man of honor—set out upon the glorious chase, hunted down the trembling, foolish, imprudent, lonely, weak creature, upon whom he fixed his lordly eyes, and brought her—to what we shall see. Of course she should have taken care of herself; of course she was old enough to know that man is the natural enemy of woman, etc.; but methinks Mr. Egerton, so accomplished a sportsman, ought to have selected different game, and not have brought his energies to the easy task of running down a "stricken deer," a wounded bird, whose drooping pinions and weary flight said at least, "Pity me!"

* * * * *

"DEAR MRS. ST. MAUR,—Pray send me the book you promised. I ought to be at work, but I am not. The fact is—but what is the use of writing about facts? When may I come and see you again? Write, if it be only one word—any thing, so it comes from you.

"Yours respectfully,

"Monday."

"FRANK EGERTON.

"What a pertinacious child he is!" Fanny exclaimed to herself as she read this. "But how can I be angry with him? He is so honest, so simple, so unlike what I have heard of him—

so very unlike my preconceived notions. He is impetuous, but it is the impetuosity of a fresh-hearted boy. Am I deceiving myself? Is he deceiving me?"

"The servant is waiting," suggested Fanny's maid.

She hurriedly wrote:

"DEAR MR. EGERTON,—You may come to-morrow evening. I send the book, but indeed I think you must be the idlest young man in this city. Very truly yours,

"Monday."

"F. ST. MAUR.

"I will ask Robert to drop in to-morrow evening; it shall not be a *tête-à-tête*," she thought.

Robert Vernon listened with perfect calmness to Fanny's announcement of this second visit in expectancy. She explained why she thought it neither imprudent nor unwise to receive this young gentleman. "You do not know him," she said; "you acknowledge that your acquaintance is very slight. Accident has thrown him in my way; he amuses me, and I never saw a more ingenuous, frank person. Indeed, you are prejudiced without cause."

"Perhaps so."

"Any way, what is the harm? He can not hurt me at all."

"Do you mean now to receive generally?"

"I don't think so."

"You had better."

"You will come to-morrow evening?"

"Indeed, you must excuse me."

Fanny persisted, and at length he said, "Very well," and hastened off.

The evening came: her little girls had spent the day with her—she was very sad, and her eyes showed traces of tears when her visitor entered. He said nothing, but looked the sympathy that delicacy forbade his uttering. Their conversation was broken and not brilliant. She was evidently too much out of spirits to talk, or even to listen.

At length Fanny broke a pause by saying abruptly,

"This must be your last visit."

"Impossible! Why so? In what have I offended you?"

"In nothing. But— Indeed it seems absurd to seek for a reason. You will excuse my interdiction, believing that I am obliged to do so. I was wrong to let you in last week. I am wrong in speaking to you as I am doing now. We are utter strangers; and the truth is, Mr. Egerton, my position is a difficult one:" she colored deeply. "Your visits will excite remark; they already displease the few friends that I have."

"Who has the right—"

"To object to you? No one does so personally; it is only as you affect me, and give conversation to Mrs. Grundy."

"And are you so subservient to the requisitions of gossip and scandal?"

She looked steadily at him, and there was a pause.

"I feel that what I am going to say is not

just what I ought to say. I have never been able to learn the phrases of society, to mould myself on the exact pattern of my neighbors. We are strangers, who, I grant you, seem to have a kind of sympathy for each other; we would, I make no doubt, grow into very good friends; but this can not be, and I am going to tell you why. Our acquaintance has sprung up like a mushroom, and now we must gather it, and not being sure whether it is the safe or the poisonous kind, it is wisest to throw it away. Do you understand me?"

"Not in the least."

"I think you do; but I will, nevertheless, go on and make myself clearer. I pass for being a very clever, shrewd woman; but I am in reality one of the least discerning, and the most credulous. Experience," she sighed, and her brow contracted, "has little profited me. I still have an obstinate belief in what people say. I like and dislike blindly. I listen and credit just as I pluck roses—I never can remember the thorns until my hand bleeds from them."

"Well?"

"The attentions you offer me, the pleasure I take in receiving them are, perhaps, a whole thicket of roses. You still look puzzled—frankly then, since you will have the *fond de ma pensée*. I am warned against you, as an insincere and unreliable person, who will only impose upon my credulity, profess an interest sufficient to interest me, and then go off and laugh at the simplicity of a woman old enough to be wiser. Spare me the storm I see threatening such thunder-bolts. You must not be angry—you forced me to be candid."

"I will not storm," Frank said, very calmly; "but who has given you such a picture of myself? By what authority has any one dared to accuse me of a character or practices which they would find impossible to prove?"

"Of course, you need not ask that. I speak selfishly, as they do—only for myself. I have a foolish way of taking every one *au sérieux*—of giving way to involuntary confidence, and am, therefore, too easy a prey for designing men or women who— But enough of this. Believe me, Mr. Egerton, my own impressions of you are most agreeable, most prepossessing; do I not prove it by explaining my reasons, instead of coolly closing my doors?"

"Will you believe me in return?" He stood up before her grave, earnest, eager. "You can ask my cousin, Mrs. Vernon, what I said of you ten days since: before I knew you, I liked you; I wished to know you. From the first moment of my introduction I felt that I was right in my anticipative regard. You say you are impulsive—so am I—with this difference; you have liked a great many people, I have liked very few. I offer you my friendship, such as it is. If I knew you a thousand years I would not feel more secure of myself than I do at this moment. I don't believe in time as the sole promoter of good feeling. I can not understand why I have been belied to you. Trust me, I am not what you

have heard; don't seek to find me so. Give me the privilege of visiting you, and proving that I am an honest man."

"I believe it."

"Thank you. I am satisfied."

"What an absurd conversation!" Mrs. St. Maur said, smiling. "We are behaving like people in novels—not like a lady and gentleman who were not bowing acquaintances a fortnight since. I fear you think me very unconventional."

"It is just that which I admire in you; if you were like every body, dear Mrs. St. Maur, you would not be half so—what shall I call it?—so lovable."

"Lovable!" she repeated, "lovable—there is not—" She checked herself. "So, then," she continued, "we have vowed 'eternal friendship' in spite of opposition; but, remember"—and she raised her beautiful hand with its pink, shining, almond-shaped nails, a hand for a queen, a royal hand—"remember that to deceive me is an inglorious and shabby thing. It is like passing off a counterfeit bill on a blind man; taking his silver in exchange, and that, too, when the poor duped idiot has told you 'I can not see.'"

Egerton did not answer; his looks were eloquent enough. He pressed the beautiful hand, and took his leave.

* * * * *

Weeks passed, and the whole city knew that Mrs. St. Maur received the visits of Mr. Frank Egerton. Mrs. Grundy had always prophesied this. She shook her wise head, and had a great deal to say about it.

Lou Vernon was uneasy. She felt that she had been instrumental in bringing fresh gossip upon her friend. She spoke to Fanny, and suggested that Mrs. St. Maur should drop her new acquaintance. But Fanny laughed, and protested against such capriciousness.

"Why on earth do you all attack poor Frank Egerton? Upon my word he is a very ill-used person; and it is not right for you, Lou, who must know how good he is, to join the outcry."

Lou applied to her brother-in-law.

"It is useless," Robert said, gloomily; "the mischief is done. It may never be worse. Encourage her to receive others; you will never succeed in making her banish Egerton until—"

"Until what?"

"Until he banishes himself."

"You keep, then, to your idea that he is flattering his vanity at her expense?"

"I do."

"Can't we stop it?"

"Stop the wind; stop the waves. We have to deal with an impetuous woman, *ensorcelée* by an unprincipled man."

"Oh, Robert, unprincipled!—who thinks so?"

"I do. I call any man unprincipled who, however honorable in his dealings with men, thinks no pledge binding with women."

"But he does not think that; on the contrary—"

"My dear Lou, time will show who is right, you or I. God grant that it may be you."

* * * * *

The moon was shining straight into the window. It was a spring night, balmy, fresh, perfumed.

Two figures were clearly visible by its radiance. Is that softly-bright face, framed by the heavy braids of golden hair, the sad and pensive face of Fanny St. Maur? How much younger she looks! what a serene light in her hazel eyes! what a tender smile rests ever and anon upon her lips! And who has wrought this change? There sits the magician enjoying his good work. Frank Egerton has drawn his low chair close to hers, and watches her as she speaks; but he is restless, gets up, walks about, returns and buries his head in his hands.

"What ails you?" Fanny asks at last. "You remind me of a polar bear prowling up and down his cage."

"I am not happy."

"Singular announcement! which you give as a reply, just as one might say, 'I have a headache.' Who is happy, my poor Frank?"

"I might be."

"Why are you not, then?"

"Because it does not depend upon myself."

"On whom?"

"On you."

"What can I do for you?" she asked, evading the reply. "Tell your papa to advance more largely? Invite my pretty cousin, Rebecca Palmer, to tea when next you come? Tell Lou to make you godfather to—"

"Hush! you hurt me with this trifling. You must have long seen it. Fanny, I love you dearly, with my whole heart, with my whole soul. I have never loved any woman but you. I have never told any woman that I loved her. I have never *loved* till now. You are every thing to me. I think of you from morning till night, from night till morning; sleeping or waking, you are ever present. I can do nothing but think of you. At my business, I sit dreaming. My body goes into society, my spirit is only where you are. I can't express to you what I feel. I have no words in which to *say* my love. Look at me—don't turn away—don't weep—for God's sake listen to me and love me!"

"Oh, Frank! Frank!" it was all she could say.

"Don't you believe me? Don't you *feel* that I love you?"

Her tears were falling fast and passionately; she wiped them away with eager haste.

"Don't speak to me of love. I have nothing to do with love. How can you grieve me so? We were, I thought, so happy—these past weeks have taken me away from my bitter life, and you wish to plunge me back into the black gulf? Have you no pity for me?"

"Fanny, this is impractical and idle talk. Did you suppose that I could know you, see you, and not love you? Why should you not love and be loved."

"Because"—and she shuddered, and her face had its old look of pain, her eyes their weary sadness—"because you know my history; you know what I am, a *divorcée*, scorned by virtuous women, who live respectably with husbands whom they despise. For what do you take me? for a woman of intrigue? I am not one."

"Nor could I love you if I thought you were."

"I could not, I dare not love again. If the Past did not arise between us, there are many other reasons; my own suspicious temper, my—"

"A strong, brave, generous heart is above suspicion."

"True: unless bitter experience has so crushed that heart that it neither reasons nor is itself. There is a madness—stay—in the book I was reading this morning—here it is—Bulwer, in speaking of his heroine Nora: 'Sound physiologists agree that madness is rarest among persons of the finest imagination; but these persons are, of all others, liable to a temporary state of mind in which judgment sleeps, imagination alone prevails with a dire and awful tyranny. A single idea gains ascendancy; expels all others; presents itself every where with intolerable blinding glare. Nora at that time was under the dread, one idea: I am freed, because not even benefits or confiding tenderness could bind to me one human heart. Free! but between me and every fresh nature stands suspicion as a upas-tree. Not a hope that would pass through the tainted air but falls dead under the dismal boughs. I love—I, whom the Past has taught the impossibility to be loved again? I should but debase every bright impulse by the curse of my own distrust. At each word of tenderness my heart says, How long will this last? when will deception cease? Look not at me with those reproachful eyes; they can not reverse my purpose; they can not banish suspicion from my sickened soul; create a sunshine in the midst of this ghastly twilight.'"

Fanny read these lines with deep emotion; her trembling voice could scarcely articulate. "They were written for us," she continued. "Turn away your 'reproachful eyes,' and let this all end at once and forever."

"You ask of me an impossibility. I love you! I love you—how dearly you can not understand."

"I do not love you."

"Are you sure of that? Oh, consider before you answer me. I will wait. I will not urge you now to accept my love; but, when you will, say 'Come,' and I will be at your feet."

"I am older than you."

"I know it."

"I am exacting, willful, imperious."

"I know all your faults."

"Such an alliance would drive your family wild with indignation."

"That is their affair, not mine."

"Are you prepared for the scandal, the talk, the unkind remarks, the false position you will occupy? Many doors will be closed upon you for my sake."

"How coolly you are arguing! Is this a business affair? a matter of calculation? of *pros* and *cons*? Your calmness maddens me."

"Do you think me very calm? I am calm as one who stands on the edge of a precipice; below, yawns a frightful abyss, threatening horror and death; beyond, is a sort of earthly paradise; a narrow plank, whose strength is yet untested, is flung across, and invites my weary, longing feet. Do you wonder that I pause and measure the danger?"

"Trust to the plank—it is of solid oak; sound to the core: if it fails you, may its ruin follow yours!"

Fanny shook her head. "Better stay where I am; sad, but safe."

Yet she listened, and he spoke with all the fiery ardor of youth and passion and *first love* (!). It was twelve o'clock. "Go home," she cried; "I will not hear or say a word more."

He left her, and the next morning before she was awake came a letter: "Dearest on earth, dearer than heaven—"

She hastily answered:

"I have given you no right to address me thus. I am bewildered; like a boat at sea without mast or rudder. I perceive that I am in danger, and I feel helpless; but I insist upon liberty to direct my course as well as I can. Don't call me vacillating, for although I give you no leave to love me, I wish you to think well of me."

His reply disarmed her:

"DEAR MRS. ST. MAUR,—All that you claim you claim justly; and believe me that not in thought, word, or deed, will you suffer harm or annoyance from me. I am waiting—I can not say patiently—but in spite of all that fills me with doubt, I *am* happy, very happy; and never has spring, with its songs and flowers, been so pleasant to my senses as this day. I have thrown myself into the stream and slumber; when I am dashed against a rock, it will be time enough to awake; till I do, and may I never! I am yours, simply and for no end, asking nothing but that you will let me see you as usual, that you will think well of *me*, and that you will do with me what you will. I am trusting to Time, your favorite test. See if he do not prove my friend in the end, by showing you how faithfully and entirely

I am yours,

FRANK EGERTON."

And so the spider has woven its web, and the innocent dew-drops glisten upon it, and a full-grown fly, that knows spiders and webs, is yet attracted by the pretty natural diamonds, reflecting in the sunlight, and she draws nearer and nearer. The sun is rising higher in the heavens each moment: presently the scorching rays will drink up the dew, but the fly has ventured too close! Poor fly! simple fly!

Day by day, Egerton's influence increased; all the more surely, because for the first time in her life the most impulsive, uncontrolled of women was prudent, and full of hesitation and doubt. She was firm and decided to a certain

point; she would bind herself by no promise; enter into no engagement, although she felt each hour that Frank was dearer to her, and that to dismiss him seemed impossible.

Time passed. If not lovers, they were nearly so; if not betrothed, they were virtually pledged. It was on both sides apparently "All for Love, and the world well lost." Fanny avoided Robert Vernon's grave looks, Lou's anxious questions. Frank spent every moment of his time not demanded by his business at Mrs. St. Maur's. She lived in a Fool's Paradise, and was happy, supremely happy. Regret, remorse, past, present, future, her children, society, every thing was swept from her mind, and one beautiful head, with its dark, passionate eyes, one voice, one human being made her world! Don't envy her; don't blame her! The dream was sweet, but ah, the awaking!

This could not last: Frank grew impatient. He was to wait upon her decision an eternity, but the eternity was drawing to a close. Fanny performed an act of the most daring hardihood and virtue.

"Go away," she said, "for a week; consider over all that I have said: I will do the same. On your return, we will decide if we are necessary to each other."

The week was very long to both. It ended like the eternity, and Frank presented himself once more.

It was hard to speak at first. Fanny was more anxious than she cared to acknowledge even to herself. His first words were,

"Are you mine?"

"Yes!"

He folded her in his arms, close to his heart.

"I am yours," he said, "through life—till death. No obstacle—none can part us now. Yours, forever and forever!"

* * * * *

"And must you go, darling?" Frank asked.

"Indeed I must. My uncle has always been very kind to me: he is ill, and has written to tell me so. It is only one of his usual attacks—it will not keep me a week. You will scarcely have time to miss me."

"You think so? Give me your hand: let those books alone. What a beautiful hand it is! and you look so lovely in this light."

"I am not *lovely* at all."

"You are to me, and that is enough *for* me. Who can compare with you in shoulders, arms, hair, eyes—"

"Oh! don't take an inventory of my perfections."

"Let me finish—and yet, after all, what is your beauty to me? I don't love you for your hands, and arms, and eyes; it is yourself—yourself—you! But, Fanny, let me look at you! are you crying? Oh, Fanny, tears, such passionate tears—what is it?"

"I don't know; I am wretched. I have been for days."

"For Heaven's sake, why?"

"Frank, do you love me?"

"You, only you, on earth."

"Will it last? will it last?"

"I have said it—I have sworn it! What can I do to convince you, to make you happy?"

She kneeled down beside him and he laid her head tenderly on his shoulder, stooping to kiss again and again her sorrowful eyes, her quivering lips.

"What is the matter? Are you jealous again? for you know you are a little jealous."

"Yes, I am jealous, and I am teasing, and I am sad, when I ought to be cheerful. Bear with me! think how much my spirit had been crushed, how broken I was before I knew you. I can not entirely recover all at once. And then, to-night, a vague presentiment of some coming misfortune haunts me."

"You are too superstitious."

"Pardon that with all my other failings."

"Shall I write to you—will you write to me?"

She grew more cheerful; but as they were about to separate some hours after, she threw herself into his arms suddenly, vehemently exclaiming, in the deep, low tone of concentrated passion, "a woman's passion, half-fierceness and half tears," "Love me! oh, love me!"

"I do; I will. I am wayward; but I am true to you. What *can* I do to make you happy?"

* * * * *

Fanny St. Maur was pacing her drawing-room with eager steps and agitated manner.

"What does it mean?" she said, aloud; "what does it mean? He can not—he can not—"

There was a ring at the street bell—a parley with the servant—a man's step upon the stair; was it his? It must be, and yet— She flew to the door: Robert Vernon entered.

"Dear Robert!" she said, and stopped.

"I wished to see you on your return, Fanny, but I feared you might not be alone. I would not have ventured up had not your servant assured me that there were no visitors."

"I am alone, as you see," she said, forcing a smile.

Robert asked her a few questions about her journey, her uncle's late illness, herself, her children. She answered mechanically—listlessly—then impatiently.

"Does my presence annoy you?" he asked, finally.

"Annoy me! when did you ever annoy me? Robert, if ever you cared for me help me now! my brain is on fire, my mind distracted."

Oh, the kind pity of Vernon's face as he took the burning hand in his, and gazed mournfully at the poor stricken creature before him!

"Command me in any way, my child. I have never failed you yet—have I?"

"Never, never! but I do not know how you can help me." There was a silence, broken only by her convulsive sobs; each breath seemed to come with effort from her struggling bosom.

"I must speak," she said, at length; "your sympathy soothes me, and, besides, you may reassure me. It is only my fancy—there can be nothing wrong. Of course I expected to see

Mr. Egerton to-day; he knew when I was to return. He did not come; and, lest there should be some mistake on his part about my arrival, I wrote to him. He replies by verbal message that he is engaged this evening."

Robert Vernon set his teeth firmly. Fanny continued: "Can you understand it? Has any thing happened among the Egertons? Perhaps—"

"Dearest Fanny, do not lose yourself in idle conjectures. Wait. Mr. Egerton will himself explain."

"Wait!" she repeated; "wait! with a serpent gnawing at your heart—suspicion barbing every fang. Robert, would he dare? has he been trifling with me? deceiving me? Has he pledged his honor and his word to love me through life till death; has he sought me in my sorrow and my deep grief; has he tracked me day and night with devilish skill to bring fresh misery upon a heart that was yet bleeding, when he *deigned* to stretch out his hand to stanch its wounds? Has he come, like the Samaritan, to succor the wounded man by the wayside, and, instead of wine and oil, pours melted lead and heaps fiery coals upon each bruise, each gaping agony?"

"Hush, hush, my poor child, my poor Fanny!" She was beside herself, wild with indignation, terror, doubt, despair.

"You will see him soon; he will explain. Have patience, faith."

"Faith! Yes, that is his word—the false word with which he has brought me to this. And you do not reproach me? You do not say, 'I warned you; I bade you beware of this traitor—this—'"

"Be calm—calm yourself, Fanny. Are you engaged to Mr. Egerton? plighted to him?"

"Solemnly. Do you think that unless he had sworn his truth and love to me, unless we were pledged by every sacred vow, I should feel as I do now?"

"Then I must believe that there is some accident, something we do not understand just yet, which prevents his coming. Believe in him still—in spite of every thing, believe in him. Try to sleep. Your face is flushed, your hand feverish; you are overfatigued, overexcited. Take off this pretty dress, and keep it in all its freshness until he can see how sweetly you look in it. To-morrow you will know all about the detention, and will smile at your own uneasiness."

Like a child she wished Robert good-night, and obeyed his directions. He called her maid, saw her leave the room, and then his brow darkened with an angry frown. "Scoundrel!" he muttered; "and no man will refuse him his hand, no mother her daughter, no door will be shut in his face, and the world will still call him honorable! But patience, patience—for her sake, patience."

Shall we visit the sleepless pillow of Fanny St. Maur? Shall we watch beside her as, restless and miserable, the hours slowly and drearily

chime upon her ear, and the black and weary night melts into the bright and weary day? Oh, sad heart! sad heart! cease thy wild complainings.

"No rest for thee but dying,
Like waves whose strife is past."

What a sermon is this woman! See her! She sits with bended head, her elbow on her knee, her chin upon her hand, outwardly calm, inwardly devoured by such raging thoughts that, like the stream banked up, if you but remove the barrier, it can never be controlled again.

She does not read, she can not write; impossible to pass a needle through a piece of canvas, and fancy herself occupied. Every book either recalls him or seems to answer gloomily to her own position. She tries to pray—she prays for peace, rest, peace. What wild, ineffectual prayers! She strives to give her heart to God, and one man's image fills it! "Give me back, oh! give me back," she cries, "the calm sadness in which, three months ago, I was slowly gathering comfort. This tempest is destroying me. Peace, peace, peace!"

Night comes, day has gone—no word, no sign, and thus time creeps on till another week is added to the world's age, and each minute is marked in indelible blows on the watchful face and sickened mind of Fanny St. Maur.

At last! He is announced, he is coming, he is there—there, in that room where they parted! But for her pride, even then she would have thrown herself upon his breast, and sobbed out her terror and her anguish, and her deep, deep love!

He offers his hand as if they were mere acquaintances; he is pale and very self-possessed. She gives him her hand mechanically, and looks at him with wild, staring, miserable eyes.

He speaks of this thing and of that; she answers like an automaton: she is stunned. But at length her tumultuous thoughts, her maddening thoughts must have vent.

"Am I dreaming?" she asks. "Is this you? is this myself? what is it? I am going mad, I think. Answer me. I have every right to feel outraged and indignant. I know of nothing to produce this conduct. What have I done? Where have you been? Answer me. Why do you give me so much pain? Why have I not seen you? heard from you?"

"Because"—and Frank Egerton's voice was as unmoved as if he were answering his footman or speaking to his dog—"because our intimacy is ended, our engagement ceased."

Fanny started up, confronting him with disdain—scorn, contempt, flashing fearfully from her worn face.

"Repeat that," she said; "repeat your words. I can not take them in."

"We parted forever when we parted the last time. I had not meant to come at all, but I have come, and you must hear me patiently. I did not intend to offer any explanation, but I will do so. A union between us is impossible; my family oppose it. To love you renders it

necessary for me to give them up, and to abandon society. I am young. I have my way to make in the world. I can not consult alone my own pleasures and wishes. Absorbed by you, my whole life was in this house and nowhere else. I am twitted on all sides for my reckless devotion. Every man I meet alludes to my romantic and unpractical views for the future. It is best for both of us. You were unwilling to love me; you can return to what you were, and you will soon forget me."

Slowly, like one who speaks in her sleep, she asked,

"Why have you not told me this before? Why have I waited in this dire suspense all this wretched week? You might have given me at once the merciful dagger-stroke, and not have broken me on the wheel."

"Had I come here at first I never could have spoken at all. It has cost me a mighty effort—but I did not think that you would have felt it so much. You look ill."

"I had not thought the old man had so much blood in him," Fanny repeated, bitterly. "You strike, and wonder to see the blood flow. But this is folly. We are acting a play—a very cruel one to me. You are testing me—trying the strength of my attachment. I have so often doubted your sincerity—you have so implored me to have faith in you—to believe in you—that, wearied of my peevish distrust, you are seeking to see if I really could think you dishonorable. The test is unkind, overwhelming—I have no strength to bear it. End the *game*; you are destroying me."

Timidly, but tenderly, she placed her hand on his shoulder, and tried to smile.

He did not move nor speak. Doggedly he looked ahead, as if he were not aware of her action.

"Would you wish me to believe that you have deceived me?"

"I have never deceived you. In what I said, in what I vowed, I was entirely sincere. Circumstances compel me to retract those vows; but I made them honestly."

"Honestly! honestly! Yours is not the tongue to use that word. Your code of morals does not demand honesty as its foundation. An honest man does not swear 'during convenience,' or 'depending upon circumstances.' He does not give to another claims upon him which he forgets and dishonors."

"I do not forget them—I do not dishonor them. I break them for your sake and for mine. Be magnanimous, and forgive me; or else hate me."

"So"—she spoke with withering scorn—"you see no degradation to yourself, no breach of honor, in this wanton baseness? You would not dare cunningly to delude a man into trusting you—to make him risk his last dollar, his credit, his hopes, his all, in some wild scheme—and then when the poor idiot, forgetting his past failures and blasted fortunes, looks for a future of rest and peace, withdraw yourself from the

connection, and scatter the venture to the winds! But I am raving—I am wild—I am foolish; my brain turns—I do not know what I say—I can not tell what I feel. Heaven, earth, right, wrong, justice, honor, love, faith, truth, all is one cruel chaos. Help me! save me! There are strange lights before my eyes—dark phantoms chase me with their sneering, wicked faces! Frank, I love you—I love you so wildly and so deeply, that—I think—I fear—"

She fell to the floor. He caught her up with eager haste, and rang for assistance.

Physicians came and exchanged grave looks. Mrs. Vernon, with streaming eyes, asked their opinion, their fears. "The brain," was all they said. She nursed her friend day and night. Painful was the ordeal; unflinchingly she bore it. There was a weight of remorse heavy on the little woman's conscience. Fanny's incoherent and burning words soon revealed the mischief that had been done; and what sad and bitter hours Lou passed at her bedside! To see the prostrate and wasted form of this late charming woman, to watch the fever in its fatal course, was terrible enough; but Robert Vernon's anguished face, his deep, reproachful eyes, his utter misery, was the overflowing drop in her cup of penitence and sorrow. And yet they could only guess at the truth. Neither would question Mr. Egerton; and the fever was supposed to have originated at ———, the residence of Fanny's uncle, whence she had come so recently, and where typhus was numbering its victims by scores.

"Those are mire," Robert said, when the luxuriant and beautiful golden hair was shorn, braid after braid, from the burning head of the sufferer. She snatched at them herself, and wound a long tress about her thin, transparent wrist, and smiled; saying, softly, "You think it pretty, darling?" Then she plucked it away with a shudder, shrieking, "It stings me! Kill that snake—that wily, creeping snake! It has stung me to the heart, and mocks me with its glittering, savage, cruel eyes!"

"Is she any better?" Mrs. Vernon asked, on the twentieth day of her friend's illness. "Is there any hope?"

The doctor paused before he replied. He was a kind-hearted man, and did not need to inquire if Mrs. Vernon loved the poor senseless thing lying so restlessly before them, turning her head with ceaseless beat from side to side.

"Will she recover?"

"We must almost wish that she will never recover," he said, very gravely and sadly. "Prepare yourself. Should Mrs. St. Maur live, it will be without her reason. Her mind has fled, I fear, forever."

"O God—great God! You are not in earnest? You are not sure?"

"It is almost certain. Her mind has been tasked, I fancy, beyond its strength for many, many years. An excitable temperament, too great sensitiveness, a constant strain upon her nerves, and a lack of self-control, have predis-

posed her to this end. I *may* be mistaken; let us still hope it. Courage, my dear Mrs. Vernon; don't give way, now."

* * * * *

"You wished to see me?" Mrs. Vernon said, an hour or two after this painful, this frightful intelligence. She spoke to her cousin.

He held out his hand: she folded her arms and looked at him.

"Never! never!" she exclaimed, with vehement energy, trembling but firm. "How dare you meet my eye? How dare you venture to this house?"

"I dare do any thing," he said, haughtily.

"Do you boast of it? It is rare, I hope, to find a man who makes a matter of pride of what should fill him with shame and remorse."

"You are bitter, Louisa, and unjust."

"Thank God, I am neither a villain nor a liar; bitter I may be, my injustice I do not perceive."

"You condemn me unheard."

"Let me hear you then; our interview must be short, for your *victim* needs me. That sounds well, does it not? You have lived a romance, complete in all its volumes. Reynolds could accept you as a hero."

"Of what do you suspect me?"

"Ah! it is for me then to speak! What have you done? I will tell you; for during these long wretched days my poor Fanny's unconscious lips have revealed almost the whole story, have confirmed what I suspected and dreaded. You have, with specious words and actions, forced and wheedled yourself into the confidence and affections of a woman who never had harmed you, never sought you—who believed in you, tended you, loved you, in spite of warning, in spite of prejudice. You offered her your life—resented her doubts—entreated her faith. She told you her faults, her history; she laid before you the obstacles in yourselves, in society; she begged you for your own sake even more than for hers, to wait; 'Let both be wise and neither hasty'—were not those her words?—she has repeated them so often. You called her natural hesitation 'coldness,' 'calculation;' you won her heart, deserted and abandoned her without provocation, without compunction. Ah! a woman's heart! such a mere trifle! her affections, such frivolous possibilities! What are they? You can't see them, touch them—they don't exist therefore."

"Don't you believe that I love her?"

"You! You love Frank Egerton so fully and entirely that you have not room to care for any thing else."

"Judge by my future life if I love her or not. I was happier in those few weeks than I ever was or ever shall be again—than I ever care to be. But our union was a mad dream. Every thing was against us. It is more for her sake than for mine that I have thus decided. As she is she will command the respect of the world, the esteem of her children. In my love I forgot at first all that I remembered afterward, and—"

"Your cold-blooded reasoning disgusts and wearies me. It was for her to decide whether she accepted the new views that you deliver with such apparent self-satisfaction. I blame her for listening to you, for falling into the pit which your false hands digged. You never have loved her, never! If your conscience acquits you of infamy, so much the better (or worse) for you."

"Infamy!"

"Oh! don't raise your voice at me. Don't flash your eyes. I repeat, infamy. You are at liberty to quit my presence when my words don't suit you. There are some positions which engage a man's whole existence; this was one. I sometimes think that this was a wager. If so, you have won it. Acknowledge you bet with John Percy, or Louis, or Stanhope Grey, that you would face the *consigne* of Mrs. St. Maur's doors, and make a fool of the guarded mistress of the mansion. Enjoy your triumph like a gambler, who plays with an honest greenhorn and beats him with clogged dice and marked cards! Oh, Frank! Frank! my blood runs in your veins, we are near of kin; if my son, my little Charley, my curly-headed five-year-old boy, should live to be what you are! Have you no compunction? no remorse?"

"None. I did what I thought was right; I would do it again. How is Mrs. St. Maur today?"

"Shall I tell you? Dr. Bennett says—can you bear it? will not even you be touched?"

"Say on."

"There are but two alternatives—death or madness. We have lost forever that bright vision, that mournful wreck, her past and her present—we have lost forever poor, hapless, doomed Fanny St. Maur."

Tears drowned the words. Egerton's head was buried in his hands. Presently he went to his cousin; he was pale as death.

"Does any one know?" he asked.

"The cause of her illness? No. You are safe," she said, with withering scorn; "and any way, who is there to defend her? Who is there to wreak vengeance on the man who has destroyed her? Only Robert Vernon, who loves her, and has long loved her, but whose interference to protect her would but widen the misery, increase the scandal. But beware of him, Egerton; never cross his path, nor give him an opportunity. You are trembling. A coward too?"

"I disdain to answer you. In this, as in all else, you misunderstand me. We part now for life. I forgive you your harsh words—may you learn to forgive me!"

* * * * *

In a private mad-house, not far from the great city, a pretty country place, cheerful and comfortable, resides Fanny St. Maur.

She is very quiet this morning. Her short, waving hair gives her a very youthful look; her light, girlish figure is dressed with care and elegance. You would scarcely think, to see her, that she neither reasons nor understands. Lou

Vernon has come to pay her daily visit—it is a daily penance.

Fanny knows her, and likes to see her. Fanny is seldom violent, but always sad.

Robert Vernon joins them: he looks like an old man. He kisses Fanny on her white forehead, and smooths back the rich ringlets that fall over it. She smiles, and calls him "Father," and holds his cold, trembling hand in hers, stroking it fondly with her rose-tipped fingers.

She cries and shivers when they get up to go away, and tells them how lonely she is except when the moon comes to visit her and brings a few stars, but Mars has quarreled with her recently; and so she prattles on in a silly way, and they leave her.

Years have passed. Her daughters are grown women, and well married. They do not neglect her, but she is the great grief and blot of their lives; yet they like to talk of her to Mrs. Vernon, to recall how bright and graceful and charming she was, and they cherish Robert Vernon as her friend and theirs.

They know nothing of the last events of her worldly life; but one evening, at a concert, Mr. Vernon saw Georgiana, the elder girl, about to speak to Frank Egerton. Not that Mr. Egerton sought her, but she remembered having seen him at "poor mamma's," and held out her hand to him as he passed. Robert moved swiftly between them, caught Georgy's hand, and said, distinctly and slowly,

"Never recognize that — person! he is my bitterest enemy; and but for reasons that you must never ask, he or I would have died long before this."

The two men exchanged looks of dire hatred. Frank scornfully curled his proud lip, and seemed about to speak, but a shadow crossed his brow, his eyes fell, and he turned and moved away.

Has this man of honor a conscience? is his rest easy? his life happy? I do not know. I do not care to know.

For her—since it is God's will—she breathes, exists. Better, far better, had she died. But for such sorrows there is still a mightier punishment—to live with reason, recollection, memory, feelings, thought, all strong, yet blighted—alive, yet withered, sapless, dead!

A MIDNIGHT ADVENTURE ON MOUNT CENIS.

LATE one afternoon in January, a winter or two ago, I received a letter announcing to me the dangerous illness of a dear friend and relative. I was at Geneva and my friend at Turin. I must leave instantly if I hoped to see her alive. The quickest route was over Mount Cenis, for the new road had just been opened by which travelers could reach Turin by passing only two nights and a day on the journey, giving time for rest at Chambery. I was, however, most uncomfortably placed in regard to the jour-

ney. I had two young children, and my Swiss *bonne* had left me that day to pay a visit of two weeks to her relatives in the Bas Valais. I had thought it quite an undertaking to have the charge of the children during her absence; here was a greater one, surely. They could not be left behind me, and I had not time to engage another maid; indeed I had only just enough time to hurry down to the *bureau* of the *Messagerie Fédérale* to see what seats I could get.

Of course I found the *coupé* engaged; for when one is in a disagreeable position the difficulties that spring up on all sides can be named Legion, they are so numerous. The polite clerk told me it was engaged only so far as Chambery, and gave me a hope of obtaining it there, as the weather was so cold that the *coupé* was not likely to have through passengers. There were only two seats disengaged in the whole diligence, and they were in the *interieure*. I could not help hesitating, it was so unpleasant for a woman to travel alone in such a disagreeable place. But what could I do? "Go, of course," said Courage, "and trust to the children for protection." The diligence was being arranged while I stood hesitating at the window of the *bureau*, talking about the seats with the courteous *employé*, who very good-naturedly sympathized with my distress; in fifteen minutes they would be off. My hesitation was put an end to by the arrival of the *commissionnaire* I had employed to have my passport *viséd* for me at the Sardinian consul's. I lost no more time, paid for my seats, lifted my children into the *interieure* and followed them. It was soon crowded with men. All nations seemed to be there represented, and until midnight their conversation was very animated—a perfect Babel of tongues.

I had, on entering, put my little girl in the corner, and I took my seat next to her, holding my little boy, who was the youngest, on my lap. My next neighbor was a German, and soon after taking his seat he showed a disposition to be friendly. At the Sardinian frontier he handed out my passport, officiously, as if I belonged to him; offered repeatedly to relieve me of my child, and evidently desired to make himself agreeable, but in such a manner as to cause all the hedgehog in my nature to put out its thorns. I am no longer in my first youth, nor can I be called pretty, but I found that I was more attractive to my German neighbor than was pleasant to me. He sat very close to me, saying once in a while,

"Nahe zusammen sitzen macht gute Gesellschaft"—(Close sitting makes good company).

Such a night as I passed! But the *interieure* being crowded was some little protection from the disagreeable attentions of my neighbor. I hugged my little boy close to my breast, while my little girl slept soundly on my shoulder, and turned a deaf ear to the remarks of the German. At last he slept, and attempted to rest his head on my other shoulder. I had anticipated from his manner some such proceeding, and had taken the precaution to put there some pins, points out-

ward. He quickly raised his head, muttering angrily:

"Vermaledaites Weib!"—(Confound the woman!)

I was too alarmed to feel any disposition to laugh; and, moreover, my heart was full of apprehensions for my friend M——. She might at that moment be dead. Memories of our youth swept up before me. Hours of joy and hours of sorrow we had had together. Gay weddings that had ended in tears; solemn deathbeds over which we had mourned. So many darlings had passed away; and she, saving my two children, was now my last earthly possession.

"Be merciful, O God!" I inwardly groaned, and rested my burning, dry, aching eyes on the soft curly head of my boy, who, with his sister, slept soundly that blessed child-sleep "that the thunder can not break." I looked at them, and envied their unconsciousness of danger, their freedom from apprehensions, their sweet faith and trust in the living, present providence of their mother, which is the "heaven that hangs around" a child. M—— and I had once been young and happy, and more cared for in the way of luxury than they, but not more loved, God knows! And now, what were we? Solitary wrecks on life's sandy shore. If God's Angel of Death had come then, and shielded us all three with his dark wing, very sweet would have been the sleep to me; but still I ejaculated, "Be merciful, O God!" and the prayer for M——'s life went on.

Toward morning the diligence rumbled into Chambery. The first thing that struck my eyes when I looked from the window in the dim morning light, as the weary horses toiled up the slippery mountain-street, was a large fountain, ornamented with huge elephants, standing in the middle of the street. General de Boigne—and the charming account given of him in that pleasant book, "A Ride on Horseback to Florence"—flashed across my memory. This was his monument, I remembered, and we were in Rue de Boigne.

The diligence stopped at the *bureau*. I roused the sleeping children, and pushed hastily aside my offensive German neighbor, who was profuse in leering smiles and disgusting attentions. Two or three of the men and himself talked of me as I handed out my children to the guard. I took occasion to address the children in English, although we always spoke French together; but the best protection to a woman on the European continent is our good, brave Anglo-Saxon tongue. A woman who speaks it as if born to it is supposed to know how to do, to be, and to suffer; and also not to suffer any impertinence.

"Engländerin" (an Englishwoman), said one.

"Nein," replied my impertinent neighbor; "nein, sie spricht nicht wie eine Engländerin" (No; she doesn't speak like an English woman).

Another suggested "Russian;" for cultivated

Russians speak, as Berlioz funnily says, "all known and unknown tongues" with the greatest facility, and almost without accent. I followed my children; went into the *bureau* to secure the *coupé*, if possible, for the rest of the journey; and, to my dismay, found it engaged all the way through to Turin. The morning sun shot in a little bright ray through the window of the *bureau*, and seemed to give me fresh courage. One never feels timid in daylight. After inquiring the hour of starting, and finding I had seven or eight hours for rest, I hired a *commissionnaire* to carry my *sac de nuit* and extra wrappings, and guide us to the Hôtel de l'Europe.

A pleasant *femme de chambre* gave me a nice room, and brought us some breakfast. I undressed the children, bathed them, and put them to bed. They were soon sound asleep. I did the same for myself, and tried also to sleep, but in vain. My anxiety for M—— tortured me; and the painful tension of my nerves during the night caused them to throb fiercely. I crept quietly out of bed and dressed myself. Thekla's full brown eyes opened on me as I stooped down by the bedside to get my walking boots.

"Dear child," I said, as the little creature held up her arms to clasp around my neck, "maman is fevered, and needs air. Will Thekla take care of brother Ernst?"

The self-sacrificing child assented with a bright smile, and whispered, "Oui, chère petite maman;" and I hurried out of the hotel into the streets. I wanted to see something of this town, in which Le Maistre was born, and ramble through the streets and up the mountain roads where he had roamed in his youth, and dreamed visions more than realized in his eventful life. Military renown, successful authorship, and a long married love were his; a soldier and a philosopher, studying all things and knowing nothing, as he said in the light, graceful epitaph he wrote for himself a few years before his death:

"Ci-git, sous cette pierre grise,
Xavier, qui de tout étonnait,
Demandant d'où venait la bize,
Et pourquoï Jupiter tonnait
Il étudia maint grimoire,
Il lut du matin jusqu'au soir,
Et but à la fin l'onde noire,
Tout surpris de ne rien savoir."

I went out of the Faubourg de Montmeillan, and followed the left bank of the Lysse for some distance. First I came to a village; then, seeing the ruins of a castle on the other side of the stream, I crossed it, and soon after entered a beautiful mountain gorge completely shut in. High steep rocks swept up, seeming like the pedestal of the dentated mountain in the distance. A *paysanne* guided me around a paper-mill to see a cascade which came tumbling down the cliffs, and spouted out in jets through fissures in the rock; and all around the rocks were hung with brilliant icicles that glittered and sparkled in the sunlight superbly.

"C'est le Bout du Monde," said the peasant woman, naïvely. I gave the woman some sous

and dismissed her. On looking at my watch I found it was only nine o'clock. The diligence would not leave until two. I had only been an hour and three quarters walking there, so I gave myself up to the luxury of dreaming in this beautiful spot for an hour or so. I returned to the gorge, and paced rapidly up and down the path covered with snow. The shadows of the fir-trees lay long on the ground, and the glittering snow flashed in the morning sunlight, as if cut into a million of facets, a perfect sheet of diamonds. The peaks of the dentated mountain lay white and icy against the palpitating blue sky. My fancy, being under the influence of sorrow, was morbid, and it drew many contrasts between the ice peaks and throbbing heavens and my own broken life. I thought of M——'s lot and my own. I could not be rebellious with that strong, fresh mountain air, washing like waves over my hot brow and cheeks. Nor could I, when I thought

"—o'er loss of days no more to be
Of actions dropp'd to dreams—and dreams to death,
And then—Eternity!"

feel what is called resignation. I have no such grace given me. I may meet with a hundred rebuffs and disappointments, and be desperate; but still I stand, with armor buckled on, ready for fresh action. I am enduring and submissive, but not resigned. How strongly and firmly I planted my feet on that rocky, snowy road, as I paced rapidly to and fro, looking up at the cliffs and the shut-in gorge, which, doubtless, was "*le Bout du Monde*" to the innocent peasants of the place! It was a solemn, sublime spot, well fitted to dream in, and fancy might readily weave woofs and webs, of sombre but grand contrasts, filling memory's store-house with material for the use of the imagination at more healthy seasons. I seemed surrounded with

"Fragments of a crystal world
Long shattered from its skyey course."

Noonday approaching warned me of the necessity of returning toward the town, and I retraced the road on the border of the Lysse, which had led me to this beautiful spot in the morning. I found my children up, dressed, and the maid spreading a nice dinner for us in the little ante-room.

"Comme tu es fraîche chère petite maman," cried the two children, leaping into my arms, and smothering me with kisses.

My walk had sharpened my appetite, as well as brightened my cheeks and eyes, and I hastened to our dinner. That through, we hurried down to the diligence, in order to be seated before the other passengers arrived. As I stepped in after Ernst, the boy made a lament, and my foot pressed something hard.

"Oh, mon couteau, mon couteau!" he cried.

"Here it is," I said; and I stooped down and picked up the knife from the straw, where he had dropped it. I slipped it into my pocket in the hurry of arrangement, intending to put it in the *sac de nuit* after getting seated, for it was a heavy

thing and quite in the way. It was one he had just received from America as a present; it was a regular Western bowie-knife, and he wanted to take it on to show to his little cousins at Turin. We had just got seated when in trooped the other passengers. There were not so many as the night before, and some were new ones. An old peasant woman was among them, and I made room for her beside Ernst. My German neighbor, I observed with great satisfaction, had left also.

Toward sunset we reached St. Jean, where the pass of Mount Cenis commences. The children looked out of the window, and Ernst left his seat to see something on the roadside which had attracted his sister's attention. When the diligence was ready to start, as Ernst returned to his seat, we found it occupied, and, to my surprise and dissatisfaction, I recognized in the new-comer the German who had annoyed me so much the preceding night. He had evidently been traveling from Chambéry in some other part of the diligence. I noticed, also, that every one had left the *interieure* except the old woman, who was asleep in the farthest corner. My heart seemed to stand still for an instant. He said nothing, but, as my eye met his, I noticed in his expression that he observed my annoyance, and exulted in it. I changed my seat to the opposite bench, and arranged my children there on each side of me. The German took no other notice of the change than stretching himself out on the unoccupied seats. I began to think that I had been foolishly alarming myself, and I gradually dismissed my fears of present danger, and became absorbed in the thought of M—— and the life-desolation her death would cause me. Night darkened, the air was filled with the heavy breathing of the sleepers, and the dull, hoarse snoring of the old woman showed how leaden and heavy was her sleep. The diligence wheels groaned along through the hard, stony snow, grinding it with sharp, harsh creaks into powder. The night was very dark, and the wind blew high, moaning in sighs and gusts around the desolate place. The voice of the driver and cries of the postillion to the horses sounded as if coming from a great distance. While I was noticing this the helplessness and loneliness of my position again presented itself to me. No cry of mine could possibly be heard, thrown out from this shut-up box of a place, on that surging, roaring wind, or, if heard, probably no attention would be paid to it, for I knew, according to European notions, I had no business to be traveling in such a place unprotected.

Ernst had crept down on the large tin chaufferette at our feet, and lay with his head in my lap, one little soft cheek buried in the palm of my hand. I listened to the sweet rise and fall of the sleeping breath of my children, and so loud did my heart throb that I could plainly hear the difference of its anxious troubled beat contrasted with the peaceful measure of those childish slumbers. I heard a slight rustling

in the corner occupied by the German, and I thought I saw in the dim light a figure moving.

"My anxiety is making a baby of me," I said to myself, but I strained my eyes forward, watching closely. I was not mistaken, the man arose and came stealing over to my side of the *interieure*.

"Wir sind besonders glücklich, so allein zu sein in dunkler Nacht, und um eine solche gute Gelegenheit zu benutzen setze man beiseide äusserliche Bescheidenheit" (We are very lucky to be all alone in this dark night; we ought to use such a good opportunity, and not be too modest), he said, as he stealthily approached me. He took his seat beside me, and put his arm up to rest it on my neck.

I sprang to my feet, snatched the knife out of my pocket, the recollection of which came to me as if by inspiration, touched its spring, and flashed the broad, bright blade in his face—there was just light enough to show the glimmer of the steel. I am sure if he had touched me I should have killed him. I never saw a human being so alarmed in my life. He was struck dumb, he cowered down and gradually crept off and off, farther and farther, until he reached the far end of the *interieure*. I did not speak one word, nor cease looking at him; I was afraid of breaking the fascination. I resumed my seat with assumed calmness, and snapped the blade with leisurely beats to and fro. I do not know how long I sat in that way—the time seemed interminable. About midnight we were half-way over the pass, and the diligence stopped at one of

the relay-houses or houses of refuge. There my German admirer stepped out, and I saw him no more.

In the morning we reached Susa, and the diligence was placed on the railway. Before starting again I heard the voice of the German talking outside to one of the guards, who was bantering him, and evidently urging him to return to the *interieure*.

"Verdammit, nein," he muttered sullenly, "da drinnen ist eine Bärin." (Curse it, no! there's a she-bear in there!)

"Sie ist eine Americanerin" (She's an American), said the guard, laughing.

The German's teeth fairly chattered with fright as he cried, "Americanerin! was Sie nicht sagen! Mein Gott! lieber ginge ich in die Höhle einer Bärin als Einer solchen Americanerin zu nahe zu kommen!"—(An American! You don't say so! Good God! I'd rather go into a she-bear's den than come too near such a she-American!)

The other men laughed heartily, the shriek of the locomotive sounded, and soon we were in motion again, and in a few hours were in Turin. My night's anxiety was over in every way, for on my arrival at the house where M. had her apartments I found her out of danger, and in a profound slumber. In a fortnight she was well enough to enjoy my description of my journey, and laugh with me over the fright of my German admirer and the good use made of Ernst's bowie-knife.

IN THE GARDEN.

IF, when I lay me down to sleep,
This night, I lose my sense of breath,
And, pale and silent, pass away
To some undreamed-of realm of death;

I wonder, love, if I would keep
Remembrance of this mortal sphere?
If that which is so dear to life
Would be to shadowy death as dear?

Could I not wed my faith with that,
To love you so were then no bliss.
We soon shall know! Sit near me: here
We have not long to love and kiss!

You wear a rose-bud in your hair:
Is it the one you wore last June?
The moon comes with the sunset. Look!
It has the shape of last year's moon.

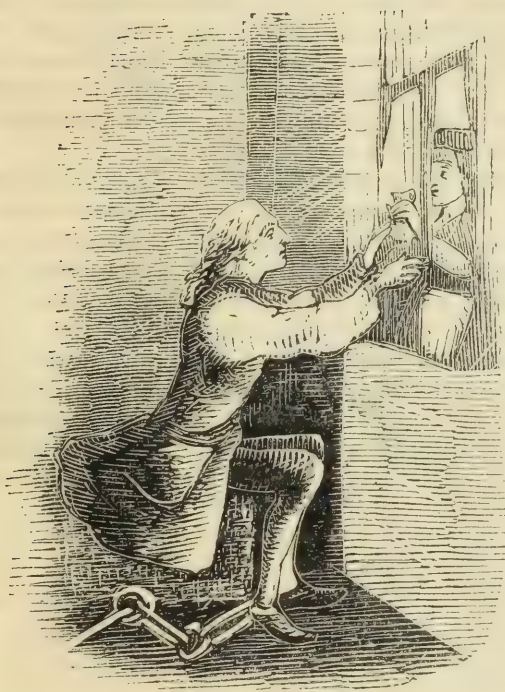
There's no one coming, 'twas a bird—
The same that swung on cherry-boughs
Last year, and chirped and twittered so
About the garden and the house?

Hark! how the marvelous music floats,
Beyond the elms, by Arthur's Grange!
The bird is young, the song is old:
Shapes, but not spirits, suffer change.

What was I saying? Love shall last?
And never old and tarnished grow?
Dear heart! I think to those who love
All things in nature promise so.

THE VIRGINIANS.

BY W. M. THACKERAY.



CHAPTER LXXVI.

INFORMS US HOW MR. WARRINGTON JUMPED
INTO A LANDAU.

THE emotion at the first surprise and greeting over, the little maiden began at once.

"So you are come at last to ask after Theo, and you feel sorry that your neglect has made her so ill? For six weeks she has been unwell, and you have never asked a word about her! Very kind of you, Mr. George, I'm sure!"

"Kind!" gasps out Mr. Warrington.

"I suppose you call it kind to be with her every day and all day for a year, and then to leave her without a word."

"My dear, you know my promise to your father?" I reply.

"Promise!" says Miss Hetty, shrugging her shoulders. "A very fine promise, indeed, to make my darling ill, and then suddenly, one fine day, to say, 'Good-by, Theo,' and walk away forever. I suppose gentlemen make these promises, because they wish to keep 'em. I wouldn't trifle with a poor child's heart, and leave her afterward, if I were a man. What has she ever done to you, but be a fool and too fond of you?"

Pray, Sir, by what right do you take her away from all of us, and then desert her, because an old woman in America don't approve of her? She was happy with us before you came. She loved her sister—there never was such a sister—until she saw you. And now, because your Mamma thinks her young gentleman might do better, you must leave her forsooth!"

"Great Powers, child!" I cried, exasperated at this wrong-headedness. "Was it I that drew back? Is it not I that am forbidden your house; and did not your father require, on my honor, that I should not see her?"

"Honor! And you are the men who pretend to be our superiors; and it is we who are to respect you and admire you! I declare, George Warrington, you ought to go back to your school-room in Virginia again; have your black nurse to tuck you up in bed, and ask leave from your Mamma when you might walk out. Oh, George! I little thought that my sister was giving her heart away to a man who hadn't the spirit to stand by her, but at the first difficulty left her! When Doctor Heberden said he was attending you, I determined to come and see you, and you do look very ill, that I am glad to see; and I suppose it's your mother you are frightened of. But I sha'n't tell Theo that you are unwell. *She* hasn't left off caring for you. *She* can't walk out of a room, break her solemn engagements, and go into the world the next day as if nothing had happened! That is left for men, our superiors in courage and wisdom; and to desert an angel—yes, an angel ten thousand times too good for you; an angel who used to love me till she saw you, and who was the blessing of life and of all of us—is what you call honor? Don't tell me, Sir! I despise you all! You are our betters, are you? We are to worship and wait on you, I suppose? I don't care about your wit, and your tragedies, and your verses; and I think they are often very stupid. I won't set up of nights copying your manuscripts, nor watch hour after hour at a window wasting my time and neglecting every body because I want to see your worship walk down the street with your hat cocked! If you are going away, and welcome, give me back my sister, I say! Give me back my darling of old days, who loved every one of

us, till she saw you. And you leave her because your Mamma thinks she can find somebody richer for you! Oh, you brave gentleman! Go and marry the person your mother chooses, and let my dear die here deserted!"

"Great Heavens, Hetty!" I cry, amazed at the logic of the little woman. "Is it I who wish to leave your sister? Did I not offer to keep my promise, and was it not your father who refused me, and made me promise never to try and see her again? What have I but my word, and my honor?"

"Honor, indeed! You keep your word to him, and you break it to her! pretty honor! If I were a man, I would soon let you know what I thought of your honor! Only I forgot—you are bound to keep the peace and mustn't Oh, George, George! Don't you see the grief I am in? I am distracted, and scarce know what I say. You must not leave my darling. They don't know it at home. They don't think so: but I know her best of all, and she will die if you leave her. Say you won't? Have pity upon me, Mr. Warrington, and give me my dearest back!" Thus the warm-hearted, distracted creature ran from anger to entreaty, from scorn to tears. Was my little Doctor right in thus speaking of the case of her dear patient? Was there no other remedy than that which Hetty cried for? Have not others felt the same cruel pain of amputation, undergone the same exhaustion and fever afterward, lain hopeless of any thing save death, and yet recovered after all, and limped through life subsequently? Why, but that love is selfish, and does not heed other people's griefs and passions, or that ours was so intense and special that we deemed no other lovers could suffer like ourselves: here in the passionate young pleader for her sister, we might have shown an instance, that a fond heart could be stricken with the love malady and silently suffer it, live under it, recover from it. What had happened in Hetty's own case? Her sister and I, in our easy triumph and fond confidential prattle, had many a time talked over that matter, and, egotists as we were, perhaps drawn a secret zest and security out of her less fortunate attachment. 'Twas like sitting by the fireside, and hearing the winter howling without; 'twas like walking by the *mari magno*, and seeing the ship tossing at sea. We clung to each other only the more closely, and, wrapped in our own happiness, viewed others' misfortunes with complacent pity. Be the truth as it may. Grant that we might have been sundered, and after a while survived the separation, so much my skeptical old age may be disposed to admit. Yet, at that time, I was eager enough to share my ardent little Hetty's terrors and apprehensions, and willingly chose to believe that the life dearest to me in the world would be sacrificed if separated from mine. Was I wrong? I would not say as much now. I may doubt about myself (or not doubt, I know), but of her never; and Hetty found in her quite a willing sharer in her alarms and terrors. I was for imparting some of these

to our Doctor; but the good gentleman shut my mouth. "Hush," says he, with a comical look of fright. "I must hear none of this. If two people who happen to know each other, chance to meet and talk in my patient's room, I can not help myself; but as for match-making and love-making, I am your humble servant! What will the General do when he comes back to town? He will have me behind Montague House, as sure as I am a live Doctor, and alive I wish to remain, my good Sir!" And he skips into his carriage, and leaves me there meditating. "And you and Miss Hetty must have no meetings here again, mind you that," he had said previously.

Oh no! Of course we would have none! We are gentlemen of honor, and so forth, and our word is our word. Besides, to have seen Hetty, was not that an inestimable boon, and would we not be forever grateful? I am so refreshed with that *drop of water* I have had, that I think I can hold out for ever so long a time now. I walk away with Hetty to Soho, and never once thought of arranging a new meeting with her. But the little emissary was more thoughtful, and she asks me whether I go to the Museum now to read? And I say, "Oh yes, sometimes, my dear; but I am too wretched for reading now; I can not see what is on the paper. I do not care about my books. Even Pocahontas is wearisome to me. I" I might have continued ever so much farther, when, "Nonsense!" she says, stamping her little foot. "Why, I declare, George, you are more stupid than Harry!"

"How do you mean, my dear child?" I ask.

"When do you go? You go away at three o'clock. You strike across on the road to Tottenham Court. You walk through the village, and return by the Green Lane that leads back toward the new hospital. You know you do! If you walk for a week there, it can't do you any harm. Good-morning, Sir! You'll please not follow me any further." And she drops me a courtesy, and walks away with a veil over her face.

That Green Lane, which lay to the north of the new hospital, is built all over with houses now. In *my* time, when good old George II. was yet king, 'twas a shabby rural outlet of London; so dangerous, that the city folks who went to their villas and junketing houses at Hampstead and the outlying villages, would return in parties of nights, and escorted by waiters with lanterns, to defend them from the footpads who prowled about the town outskirts. Hampstead and Highgate churches, each crowning its hill, filled up the back-ground of the view which you saw as you turned your back to London; and one, two, three days Mr. George Warrington had the pleasure of looking upon this landscape, and walking back in the direction of the new hospital. Along the lane were sundry small houses of entertainment; and I remember at one place, where they sold cakes and beer, at the sign of the "Protestant Hero," a decent woman smiling at me on the third or fourth day, and courte-

syng in her clean apron, as she says, "It appears the lady don't come, Sir! Your honor had best step in, and take a can of my cool beer."

At length, as I am coming back through Tottenham Road, on the 25th of May—Oh day to be marked with the whitest stone!—a little way beyond Mr. Whitfield's Tabernacle, I see a landau before me, and on the box-seat by the driver is my young friend Charley, who waves his hat to me, and calls out, "George! George!" I ran up to the carriage, my knees knocking together so that I thought I should fall by the wheel; and inside I see Hetty, and by her my dearest Theo, propped with a pillow. How thin the little hand had become since last it was laid in mine! The cheeks were flushed and wasted, the eyes strangely bright, and the thrill of the voice when she spoke a word or two, smote me with a pang, I know not of grief or joy was it, so intimately were they blended.

"I am taking her an airing to Hampstead," says Hetty, demurely. "The Doctor says the air will do her good."

"I have been ill, but I am better now, George," says Theo. There came a great burst of music from the people in the chapel hard by as she was speaking. I held her hand in mine. Her eyes were looking into mine once more. It seemed as if we had never been parted.

I can never forget the tune of that psalm. I have heard it all through my life. My wife has touched it on her harpsichord, and her little ones have warbled it. Now, do you understand, young people, why I love it so? Because 'twas the music played at our *amoris redintegratio*. Because it sang hope to me, at the period of my existence the most miserable. Yes, the most miserable: for that dreary confinement of Duquesne had its tendernesses and kindly associations connected with it; and many a time in after days I have thought with fondness of the poor Biche and my tipsy jailer; and the reveillée of the forest birds and the military music of my prison.

Master Charley looks down from his box-seat upon his sister and me engaged in beatific contemplation, and Hetty listening too, to the music. "I think I should like to go and hear it. And that famous Mr. Whitfield, perhaps he is going to preach this very day! Come in with me, Charley—and George can drive for half an hour with dear Theo toward Hampstead and back."

Charley did not seem to have any very strong desire for witnessing the devotional exercises of good Mr. Whitfield and his congregation, and proposed that George Warrington should take Hetty in; but Het was not to be denied. "I will never help you in another exercise as long as you live, Sir," cries Miss Hetty, "if you don't come on"—while the youth clambered down from his box-seat, and they entered the temple together.

Can any moralist, bearing my previous promises in mind, excuse me for jumping into the carriage and sitting down once more by my

dearest Theo? Suppose I did break 'em? Will he blame me much? Reverend Sir, you are welcome. I broke my promise; and if you would not do as much, good friend, you are welcome to your virtue. Not that I for a moment suspect my own children will ever be so bold as to think of having hearts of their own, and bestowing them according to their liking. No, my young people, you will let Papa choose for you; be hungry when he tells you; be thirsty when he orders; and settle your children's marriages afterward.

"And now of course you are anxious to hear what took place when Papa jumped into the landau by the side of poor little Mamma, propped up by her pillows. I am come to your part of the story, my dear," says I, looking over to my wife as she is plying her needles.

"To what, pray?" says my lady. "You should skip all that part, and come to the grand battles, and your heroic defense of—"

"Of Fort Fiddlededee in the year 1778, when I pulled off Mr. Washington's epaulet, gouged General Gates's eye, cut off Charles Lee's head, and pasted it on again!"

"Let us hear all about the fighting," say the boys. Even the Captain condescends to own he will listen to any military details, though only from a militia officer.

"Fair and softly, young people! Every thing in its turn. I am not yet arrived at the war. I am only a young gentleman, just stepping into a landau, by the side of a young lady whom I promised to avoid. I am taking her hand, which, after a little ado, she leaves in mine. Do you remember how hot it was, the little thing, how it trembled, and how it throbbed and jumped a hundred and twenty in a minute? And as we trot on toward Hampstead I address Miss Lambert in the following terms—"

"Ah, ah, ah!" say the girls in a chorus with Mademoiselle, their French governess, who cries, "*Nous écoutons maintenant. La parole est à vous, Monsieur le Chevalier!*"

Here we have them all in a circle. Mamma is at her side of the fire, Papa at his; Mademoiselle Eléonore, at whom the Captain looks rather sweetly (eyes off, Captain!); the two girls, listening like—like *nymphas discentes* to Apollo, let us say; and John and Tummas (with obtuse ears), who are bringing in the tea-trays and urns.

"Very good," says the Squire, pulling out the MS., and waving it before him. "We are going to tell your mother's secrets and mine."

"I am sure you may, Papa," cries the house matron. "There's nothing to be ashamed of." And a blush rises over her kind face.

"But before I begin, young folks, permit me two or three questions."

"*Allons, toujours des questions!*" says Mademoiselle, with a shrug of her pretty shoulders. (Florac has recommended her to us, and I suspect the little Chevalier has himself an eye upon this pretty Mademoiselle de Blois.)

To the questions, then.



CHAPTER LXXVII.

AND HOW EVERY BODY GOT OUT AGAIN.

"If you, Captain Miles Warrington, have the honor of winning the good graces of a lady—of ever so many ladies—of the Duchess of Devonshire, let us say, of Mrs. Crew, of Mrs. Fitzherbert, of the Queen of Prussia, of the Goddess Venus, of Mademoiselle Hillisberg of the Opera—never mind of whom, in fine. If you win a lady's good graces, do you always go to the mess and tell what happened?"

"Not such a fool, Squire!" says the Captain, surveying his side-curl in the glass.

"Have you, Miss Theo, told your mother every word you said to Mr. Joe Blake, Junior, in the shrubbery this morning?"

"Joe Blake, indeed!" cries Theo, Junior.

"And you, Mademoiselle? That scented billet which came to you under Sir Thomas's frank, have you told us all the letter contains? Look how she blushes! As red as the curtain, on my word! No, Mademoiselle, we all have our secrets" (says the Squire, here making his best French bow). "No, Theo, there was nothing in the shrubbery—only nuts, my child! No, Miles, my son, we don't tell all, even to the most indulgent of fathers—and if I tell what happened in a landau on the Hampstead Road, on the 25th of May, 1760, may the Chevalier Ruspini pull out every tooth in my head!"

"Pray tell, Papa!" cries Mamma; "or, as Jobson, who drove us, is in your service now, perhaps you will have him in from the stables! I insist upon your telling!"

"What is, then, this mystery?" asks Mademoiselle, in her pretty French accent, of my wife.

"*Eh, ma fille!*" whispers the lady. "Thou wouldst ask me what I said? I said 'Yes!'—

behold all I said." And so 'tis my wife has peached, and not I; and this was the sum of our conversation, as the carriage, all too swiftly, as I thought, galloped toward Hampstead, and flew back again. Theo had not agreed to fly in the face of her honored parents—no such thing. But we would marry no other person; no, not if we lived to be as old as Methuselah; no, not the Prince of Wales himself would she take. Her heart she had given away with her Papa's consent—nay, order—it was not hers to resume. So kind a father must relent one of these days; and if George would keep his promise—were it now, or were it in twenty years, or were it in another world, she knew she should never break hers.

Hetty's face beamed with delight when, my little interview over, she saw Theo's countenance wearing a sweet tranquillity. All the Doctor's medicine has not done her so much good, the fond sister said. The girls went home after their act of disobedience. I gave up the place which I had held during a brief period of happiness by my dear invalid's side. Hetty skipped back into her seat, and Charley on to his box. He told me, in after days, that it was a very dull, stupid sermon he had heard. The little chap was too orthodox to love dissenting preachers' sermons.

Hetty was not the only one of the family who remarked her sister's altered countenance and improved spirits. I am told that on the girls' return home their mother embraced both of them, especially the invalid, with more than common ardor of affection. "There was nothing like a country ride," Aunt Lambert said, "for doing her dear Theo good. She had been on the road to Hampstead, had she? She must have another ride to-morrow. Heaven be blessed, my Lord Wrotham's horses were at their orders three or four times a week, and the sweet child might have the advantage of them!" As for the idea that Mr. Warrington might have happened to meet the children on their drive, Aunt Lambert never once entertained it—at least, spoke of it. I leave any body who is interested in the matter to guess whether Mrs. Lambert could by any possibility have supposed that her daughter and her sweet-heart could ever have come together again. Do women help each other in love perplexities? Do women scheme, intrigue, make little plans, tell little fibs, provide little amorous opportunities, hang up the rope-ladder, coax, wheedle, mystify the guardian or Abigail, and turn their attention away while Strephon and Chloe are billing and cooing in the twilight, or whisking off in the post-chaise to Gretna Green? My dear young folks, some people there are of this nature; and some kind souls, who have loved tenderly and truly in their own time, continue ever after to be kindly and tenderly disposed toward their young successors, when they begin to play the same pretty game.

"Miss Prim doesn't. If *she* hears of two young persons attached to each other, it is to snarl at them for fools, or to imagine of them

all conceivable evil. Because she has a hump-back herself, she is for biting every body else's. I believe if she saw a pair of turtles cooing in a wood, she would turn her eyes down, or fling a stone to frighten them; but I am speaking, you see, young ladies, of your grandmother, Aunt Lambert, who was one great syllabub of human kindness; and, besides, about the affair at present under discussion, how am I ever to tell whether she knew any thing regarding it or not?"

So, all she says to Theo on her return home, is, "My child, the country air has done you all the good in the world, and I hope you will take another drive to-morrow, and another, and another, and so on."

"Don't you think, Papa, the ride has done the child most wonderful good, and must not she be made to go out in the air?" Aunt Lambert asks of the General, when he comes in for supper.

"Yes, sure, if a coach and six will do his little Theo good, she shall have it," Lambert says, "or he will drag the landau up Hempstead Hill himself, if there are no horses;" and so the good man would have spent freely his guineas, or his breath, or his blood, to give his child pleasure. He was charmed at his girl's altered countenance; she picked a bit of chicken with appetite: she drank a little negus, which he made for her: indeed it did seem to be better than the kind Doctor's best medicine, which hitherto, God wot, had been of little benefit. Mamma was gracious and happy. Hetty was radiant and rident. It was quite like an evening at home at Oakhurst. Never for months past, never since that fatal, cruel day, that no one spoke of, had they spent an evening so delightful.

But if the other women chose to coax and cajole the good, simple father, Theo himself was too honest to continue for long even that sweet and fond delusion. When, for the third or fourth time, he comes back to the delightful theme of his daughter's improved health, and asks "What has done it? Is it the country air? Is it the Jesuit's bark? is it the new medicine?"

"Can't you think, dear, what it is?" she says, laying a hand upon her father's, with a tremor in her voice, perhaps, but eyes that are quite open and bright.

"And what is it, my child?" asks the General.

"It is because I have seen him again, Papa!" she says.

The other two women turned pale, and Theo's heart too begins to palpitate, and her cheek to whiten, as she continues to look in her father's scared face.

"It was not wrong to see him," she continues, more quickly; "it would have been wrong not to tell you."

"Great God!" groans the father, drawing his hand back, and with such a dreadful grief in his countenance that Hetty runs to her almost swooning sister, clasps her to her heart, and cries out, rapidly, "Theo knew nothing of it, Sir! It was my doing—it was all my doing!"

Theo lies on her sister's neck, and kisses it twenty, fifty times.

"Women, women! are you playing with my honor?" cries the father, bursting out with a fierce exclamation.

Aunt Lambert sobs, wildly, "Martin! Martin!" "Don't say a word to her!" again calls out Hetty, and falls back herself staggering toward the wall, for Theo has fainted on her shoulder.

I was taking my breakfast next morning, with what appetite I might, when my door opens, and my faithful black announces "General Lambert." At once I saw, by the General's face, that the yesterday's transaction was known to him. "Your accomplices did not confess," the General said, as soon as my servant had left us, "but sided with you against their father—a proof how desirable clandestine meetings are. It was from Theo herself I heard that she had seen you."

"Accomplices, Sir!" I said (perhaps not unwilling to turn the conversation from the real point at issue). "You know how fondly and dutifully your young people regard their father. If they side against you in this instance, it must be because justice is against you. A man like you is not going to set up *sic volo sic jubeo* as the sole law in his family!"

"Pshaw! George," cries the General. "For though we are parted, God forbid I should desire that we should cease to love each other. I had your promise that you would not seek to see her."

"Nor did I go to her, Sir," I said, turning red, no doubt; for though this was truth, I own it was untrue.

"You mean she was brought to you?" says Theo's father, in great agitation. "Is it behind Hester's petticoat that you will shelter yourself? What a fine defense for a gentleman!"

"Well, I won't screen myself behind the poor child," I replied. "To speak as I did was to make an attempt at evasion, and I am ill-accustomed to dissemble. I did not infringe the letter of my agreement, but I acted against the spirit of it. From this moment I annul it altogether."

"You break your word given to me!" cries Mr. Lambert.

"I recall a hasty promise made on a sudden at a moment of extreme excitement and perturbation. No man can be forever bound by words uttered at such a time; and, what is more, no man of honor or humanity, Mr. Lambert, would try to bind him."

"Dishonor to me! Sir," exclaims the General.

"Yes, if the phrase is to be shuttle-cocked between us!" I answered, hotly. "There can be no question about love, or mutual regard, or difference of age, when that word is used: and were you my own father—and I love you better than a father, Uncle Lambert—I would not bear it! What have I done? I have seen the woman whom I consider my wife before God and man, and if she calls me I will see her again."

If she comes to me, here is my home for her, and the half of the little I have. 'Tis you, who have no right, having made me the gift, to resume it. Because my mother taunts you unjustly, are you to visit Mrs. Esmond's wrong upon this tender, innocent creature? You profess to love your daughter, and you can't bear a little wounded pride for her sake. Better she should perish away in misery, than an old woman in Virginia should say that Mr. Lambert had schemed to marry one of his daughters. Say that, to satisfy what you call honor and I call selfishness, we part, we break our hearts well-nigh, we rally, we try to forget each other, we marry elsewhere? Can any man be to my dear as I have been? God forbid! Can any woman be to me what she is? You shall marry her to the Prince of Wales to-morrow, and it is a cowardice and treason. How can we, how can you, undo the promises we have made to each other before Heaven? You may part us: and she will die as surely as if she were Jephthah's daughter. Have you made any vow to Heaven to compass her murder? Kill her if you conceive your promise so binds you; but this I swear, that I am glad you have come, so that I may here formally recall a hasty pledge which I gave, and that, call me when she will, I will come to her!"

No doubt this speech was made with the flurry and agitation belonging to Mr. Warrington's youth, and with the firm conviction that death would infallibly carry off one or both of the parties, in case their worldly separation was inevitably decreed. Who does not believe his first passion eternal? Having watched the world since, and seen the rise, progress, and—alas, that I must say it!—decay of other amours, I may smile now as I think of my own youthful errors and ardors; but, if it be a superstition, I had rather hold it; I had rather think that neither of us could have lived with any other mate, and that, of all its innumerable creatures, Heaven decreed these special two should be joined together.

"We must come, then, to what I had fain have spared myself," says the General, in reply to my outbreak; "to an unfriendly separation. When I meet you, Mr. Warrington, I must know you no more. I must order—and they will not do other than obey me—my family and children not to recognize you when they see you, since you will not recognize in your intercourse with me the respect due to my age, the courtesy of gentlemen. I had hoped so far from your sense of honor, and the idea I had formed of you, that, in my present great grief and perplexity, I should have found you willing to soothe and help me as far as you might—for, God knows, I have need of every body's sympathy. But, instead of help, you fling obstacles in my way. Instead of a friend—a gracious Heaven pardon me!—I find in you an enemy! An enemy to the peace of my home and the honor of my children, Sir! And as such I shall treat you, and know how to deal with you when you molest me!"

And, waving his hand to me, and putting on

his hat, Mr. Lambert hastily quitted my apartment.

I was confounded, and believed, indeed, there was war between us. The brief happiness of yesterday was clouded over and gone, and I thought that never since the day of the first separation had I felt so exquisitely unhappy as now, when the bitterness of quarrel was added to the pangs of parting, and I stood not only alone but friendless. In the course of one year's constant intimacy I had come to regard Lambert with a reverence and affection which I had never before felt for any mortal man except my dearest Harry. That his face should be turned from me in anger was as if the sun had gone out of my sphere, and all was dark around me. And yet I felt sure that in withdrawing the hasty promise I had made not to see Theo, I was acting rightly—that my fidelity to her, as hers now to me, was paramount to all other ties of duty or obedience, and that, ceremony or none, I was hers, first and before all. Promises were passed between us from which no parent could absolve either; and all the priests in Christendom could no more than attest and confirm the sacred contract which had tacitly been ratified between us.

I saw Jack Lambert by chance that day, as I went mechanically to my not unusual haunt—the library of the new Museum; and with the impetuosity of youth, and eager to impart my sorrow to some one, I took him out of the room and led him about the gardens, and poured out my grief to him. I did not much care for Jack (who, in truth, was somewhat of a prig, and not a little pompous and wearisome with his Latin quotations) except in the time of my own sorrow, when I would fasten upon him or any one; and having suffered himself in his affair with the little American, being *haud ignarus mali* (as I knew he would say), I found the college gentleman ready to compassionate another's misery. I told him, what has here been represented at greater length, of my yesterday's meeting with his sister; of my interview with his father in the morning; of my determination, at all hazards, never to part with Theo. When I found, from the various quotations from the Greek and Latin authors which he uttered, that he leaned to my side in the dispute, I thought him a man of great sense, clung eagerly to his elbow, and bestowed upon him much more affection than he was accustomed at other times to have from me. I walked with him up to his father's lodgings in Dean Street; saw him enter at the dear door; surveyed the house from without with a sickening desire to know, from its exterior appearance, how my beloved fared within; and called for a bottle at the coffee-house where I waited Jack's return. I called him Brother when I sent him away. I fondled him as the condemned wretch at Newgate hangs about the jailer or the parson, or any one who is kind to him in his misery. I drank a whole bottle of wine at the coffee-house—by-the-way, Jack's Coffee-House was its name—called another. I thought Jack would never come back.

He appeared at length, with rather a scared face; and, coming to my box, poured out for himself two or three bumpers from my second bottle, and then fell to his story, which, to me at least, was not a little interesting. My poor Theo was keeping her bed, it appeared, being much agitated by the occurrences of yesterday; and Jack had come home in time to find dinner on table; after which his good father held forth upon the occurrences of the morning, being anxious and able to speak more freely, he said, because his eldest son was present and Theodosia was not in the room. The General stated what had happened at my lodgings between me and him. He bade Hester be silent, who, indeed, was as dumb as a mouse, poor thing! he told Aunt Lambert (who was indulging in that madefaction of pocket-handkerchiefs which I have before described), and with something like an imprecation, that the women were all against him, and pimps (he called them) for one another; and frantically turning round to Jack, asked what was his view in the matter?

To his father's surprise and his mother's and sister's delight, Jack made a speech on my side. He ruled with me (citing what ancient authorities I don't know), that the matter had gone out of the hands of the parents on either side; that having given their consent, some months previously, the elders had put themselves out of court. Though he did not hold with a great, a respectable, he might say a host of divines, those sacramental views of the marriage ceremony—for which there was a great deal to be said—yet he held it, if possible, even more sacredly than they; conceiving that though marriages were made before the civil magistrate, and without the priest, yet they were, before Heaven, binding and indissoluble.

"It is not merely, Sir," says Jack, turning to his father, "those whom I, John Lambert, Priest, have joined, let no man put asunder; it is those whom *God* has joined let no man separate." (Here he took off his hat, as he told the story to me.) "My views are clear upon the point, and surely these young people were joined, or permitted to plight themselves to each other by the consent of you, the priest of your own family. My views, I say, are clear, and I will lay them down at length in a series of two or three discourses which, no doubt, will satisfy you. Upon which," says Jack, "my father said, 'I am satisfied already, my dear boy,' and my lovely little Het (who has much harshness) whispers to me, 'Jack, mother and I will make you a dozen shirts, as sure as eggs is eggs.'"

"While we were talking," Mr. Lambert resumed, "my sister, Theodosia, made her appearance, I must say very much agitated and pale, kissed our father, and sate down at his side," and took a sip of toast—"my dear George, this port is excellent, and I drink your health"—and took a sip of toast and dipped it in his negus.

"You should have been here to hear Jack's sermon!" says Hester. "He has been preaching most beautifully."

"Has he?" asks Theodosia, who is too languid and weak, poor thing, much to care for the exercises of eloquence, or the display of authorities, such as I must own," says Jack, "it was given to me this afternoon to bring forward.

"He has talked for three quarters of an hour by Shrewsbury clock," says my father, though I certainly had not talked so long or half so long *by my own watch*. "And his discourse has been you, my dear," says Papa, playing with Theodosia's hand.

"Me, Papa?"

"You and—and Mr. Warrington—and—and George, my love," says Papa. Upon which" (says Mr. Jack) "my sister came closer to the General, and laid her head upon him, and wept upon his shoulder.

"This is different, Sir," says I, "to a passage I remember in Pausanias."

"In Pausanias? Indeed!" says the General. "And pray who was he?"

"I smiled at my father's simplicity in exposing his ignorance before his children. 'When Ulysses was taking away Penelope from her father, the king hastened after his daughter and bridegroom, and besought his darling to return. Whereupon, it is related, Ulysses offered her her choice—whether she would return or go on with him? Upon which the daughter of Icarius covered her face with her vail. For want of a vail my sister has taken refuge in your waistcoat, Sir,' I said, and we all laughed; though my mother vowed that if such a proposal had been made to *her*, or Penelope had been a girl of spirit, she would have gone home with her father that instant.

"But I am not a girl of any spirit, dear mother!" says Theodosia, still *in gremio patris*. I do not remember that this habit of caressing was frequent in my own youth," continues Jack. "But after some more discourse, Brother Warrington bethought me of you, and left my parents insisting upon Theodosia returning to bed. The late transactions have, it appears, weakened and agitated her much. I myself have experienced, in my own case, how full of *solliciti timoris* is a certain passion; how it racks the spirits; and I make no doubt, if carried far enough, or indulged to the extent to which women who have little philosophy will permit it to go—I make no doubt, I say, ultimately injurious to the health. My service to you, brother!"

From grief to hope, how rapid the change was! What a flood of happiness poured into my soul, and glowed in my whole being! Landlord, more port! Would honest Jack have drunk a binful I would have treated him; and, to say truth, Jack's sympathy was large in this case, and it had been generous all day. I decline to score the bottles of port, and place to the fabulous computations of interested waiters the amount scored against me in the reckoning. Jack was my dearest, best of brothers. My friendship for him I swore should be eternal. If I could do him any service, were it a bishopric, by George! he should have it. He says I was interrupted by the watch-

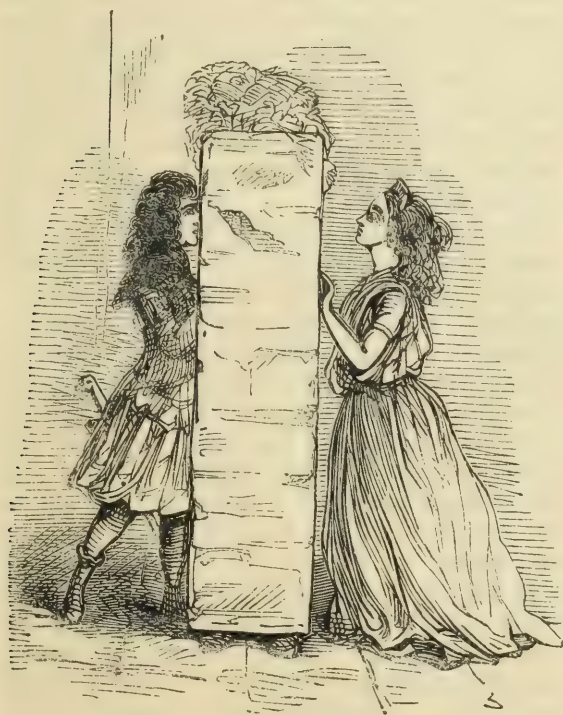
man rhapsodizing verses beneath the loved one's window. I know not. I know I awoke joyfully and rapturously, in spite of a racking headache the next morning.

Nor did I know the extent of my happiness quite, or the entire conversion of my dear, noble enemy of the previous morning. It must have been galling to the pride of an elder man to have to yield to representations and objections couched in language so little dutiful as that I had used toward Mr. Lambert. But the true Christian gentleman, retiring from his talk with me, mortified and wounded by my asperity of remonstrance, as well as by the pain which he saw his beloved daughter suffer, went thoughtfully and sadly to his business, as he subsequently told me, and in the afternoon (as his custom not unfrequently was) into a church which was open for prayers. And it was here, on his knees, submitting his case in the quarter whither he frequently, though privately, came for guidance and comfort, that it seemed to him that his child was right in her persistent fidelity to me, and himself wrong in demanding her utter submission. Hence Jack's cause was won almost before he began to plead it; and the brave, gentle heart, which could bear no rancor, which bled at inflicting pain on those it loved, which even shrunk from asserting authority or demanding submission, was only too glad to return to its natural pulses of love and affection.

disunion should remain among our family annals for future Warringtons to gaze on, mayhap, and disobedient sons to hold up as examples of foregone domestic rebellions. For similar reasons, I have destroyed the paper which my mother dispatched to me at this time of tyranny, revolt, annoyance, and irritation.

Maddened by the pangs of separation from my mistress, and not unrightly considering that Mrs. Esmond was the prime cause of the greatest grief and misery which had ever befallen me in the world, I wrote home to Virginia a letter, which might have been more temperate, it is true, but in which I endeavored to maintain the extremest respect and reticence. I said I did not know by what motives she had been influenced, but that I held her answerable for the misery of my future life, which she had chosen willfully to mar and render wretched. She had occasioned a separation between me and a virtuous and innocent young creature, whose own hopes, health, and happiness were cast down forever by Mrs. Esmond's interference. The deed was done, as I feared, and I would offer no comment upon the conduct of the perpetrator, who was answerable to God alone; but I did not disguise from my mother that the injury which she had done me was so dreadful and mortal that her life or mine could never repair it; that the tie of my allegiance was broken toward her, and that I never could be, as heretofore, her dutiful and respectful son.

Madam Esmond replied to me in a letter of very great dignity (her style and correspondence were extraordinarily elegant and fine). She uttered not a single reproach or hard word, but coldly gave me to understand that it was before that awful tribunal of God she had referred the case between us and asked for counsel; that in respect of her own conduct, as a mother, she was ready, in all humility, to face it. Might I, as a son, be equally able to answer for myself, and to show, when the Great Judge demanded the question of me, whether I had done my own duty and honored my father and mother! *O popoi*, my grandfather has quoted in his memoir a line of Homer, showing how, in our troubles and griefs, the gods are always called in question. When our pride, our avarice, our interest, our desire to domineer, are worked upon, are we not forever pestering Heaven to decide in their favor? In our great American quarrel, did we not, on both sides, appeal to the skies as to the justice of our causes, sing *Te Deum* for victory, and boldly express our confidence that the right should prevail? Was America right because she was victorious? Then I suppose Poland was wrong because she was defeated?—How am I wandering into this digression about Poland, America, and what not, and all the while thinking of a little woman now no more, who appealed to Heaven and confronted it with a thousand texts out of its own book, because her son wanted to make a marriage not to her liking! We appeal, we imprecate, we go down on our knees, we demand blessings, we shriek out for sentence according



CHAPTER LXXVIII.

PYRAMUS AND THISBE.

IN examining the old papers at home, years afterward, I found, docketed and labeled with my mother's well-known neat handwriting, "From London, April, 1760. My son's dreadful letter." When it came to be mine I burned the document, not choosing that that story of domestic grief and

to law; the great course of the great world moves on; we pant, and stride, and struggle; we hate, we rage, we weep passionate tears; we reconcile; we race and win; we race and lose; we pass away, and other little strugglers succeed; our days are spent; our night comes and another morning rises which shines on us no more.

My letter to Madam Esmond, announcing my revolt and disobedience (perhaps I myself was a little proud of the composition of that document), I showed in duplicate to Mr. Lambert, because I wished him to understand what my relations to my mother were, and how I was determined, whatever of threats or quarrels the future might bring, never, for my own part, to consider my separation from Theo as other than a forced one. Whenever I could see her again I would. My word given to her was *in secula seculorum*, or binding at least as long as my life should endure. I implied that the girl was similarly bound to me, and her poor father knew indeed as much. He might separate us, as he might give her a dose of poison, and the gentle, obedient creature would take it and die; but the death or separation would be his doing; let him answer them. Now he was tender about his children to weakness, and could not have the heart to submit any one of them—this one especially—to torture. We had tried to part: we could not. He had endeavored to separate us: it was more than was in his power. The bars were up, but the young couple—the maid within and the knight without—were loving each other all the same. The wall was built, but Pyramus and Thisbe were whispering on either side. In the midst of all his grief and perplexity Uncle Lambert had plenty of humor, and could not but see that his rôle was rather a sorry one. Light was beginning to show through that lime and rough plaster of the wall: the lovers were getting their hands through, then their heads through—indeed, it was wall's best business to retire.

I forget what happened stage by stage, and day by day; nor, for the instruction of future ages, does it much matter. When my descendants have love scrapes of their own, they will find their own means of getting out of them. I believe I did not go back to Dean Street, but that practice of driving in the open air was considered most healthful for Miss Lambert. I got a fine horse, and rode by the side of her carriage. The old woman at Tottenham Court came to know both of us quite well, and nod and wink in the most friendly manner when we passed by. I fancy the old goody was not unaccustomed to interest herself in young couples, and has dispensed the hospitality of her roadside cottage to more than one pair.

The Doctor and the country air effected a prodigious cure upon Miss Lambert. Hetty always attended as duenna, and sometimes of his holiday, Master Charley rode my horse when I got into the carriage. What a deal of love-making Miss Hetty heard! with what exemplary patience she listened to it! I do not say she went to hear the Methodist sermons any more; but 'tis

certain that when we had a closed carriage she would very kindly and considerately look out of the window. Then, what heaps of letters there were!—what running to and fro! Gumbo's bandy legs were forever on the trot from my quarters to Dean Street, and on my account or her own, Mrs. Molly, the girl's maid, was forever bringing back answers to Bloomsbury. By the time when the autumn leaves began to turn pale Miss Theo's roses were in full bloom again, and my good Doctor Heberden's cure was pronounced to be complete. What else happened during this blessed period? Mr. Warrington completed his great tragedy of Pocahontas, which was not only accepted by Mr. Garrick this time (his friend, Dr. Johnson, having spoken not unfavorably of the work), but my friend and cousin, Hagan, was engaged by the manager to perform the part of the hero, Captain Smith. Hagan's engagement was not made before it was wanted. I had helped him and his family with means disproportioned, perhaps, to my power, especially considering my feud with Madam Esmond, whose answer to my angry missive of April came to me toward autumn, and who wrote back from Virginia with war for war, controlment for controlment. These menaces, however, frightened me little: my poor mother's thunder could not reach me; and my conscience, or casuistry, supplied me with other interpretations for her texts of Scripture, so that her oracles had not the least weight with me in frightening me from my purpose. How my new loves speeded I neither informed her nor any other members of my maternal or paternal family, who, on both sides, had been bitter against my marriage. Of what use wrangling with them? It was better to *carpere diem* and its sweet loves and pleasures, and to leave the railers to grumble, or the seniors to advise, at their ease.

Besides Madam Esmond, I had, it must be owned, in the frantic rage of my temporary separation, addressed notes of wondrous sarcasm to my Uncle Warrington, to my Aunt Madame de Bernstein, and to my Lord or Lady of Castlewood (I forget to which individually), thanking them for the trouble which they had taken in preventing the dearest happiness of my life, and promising them a corresponding gratitude from their obliged relative. Business brought the jovial Baronet and his family to London somewhat earlier than usual, and Madame de Bernstein was never sorry to get back to Clarges Street and her cards. I saw them. They found me perfectly well. They concluded the match was broken off, and I did not choose to deceive them. The Baroness took heart at seeing how cheerful I was, and made many sly jokes about my philosophy, and my prudent behavior as a man of the world. She was, as ever, bent upon finding a rich match for me: and I fear I paid many compliments at her house to a rich young soap-boiler's daughter from Mile End, whom the worthy Baroness wished to place in my arms.

"You court her with infinite wit and *esprit*,

my dear," says my pleased kinswoman; "but she does not understand half you say, and the other half, I think, frightens her. This *ton de persiflage* is very well in our society, but you must be sparing of it, my dear nephew, among these *roturiers*."

Miss Badge married a young gentleman of royal dignity, though shattered fortunes, from a neighboring island; and I trust Mrs. Mackshane has ere this pardoned my levity. There was another person besides Miss at my aunt's house who did not understand my *persiflage* much better than Miss herself; and that was a lady who had seen James the Second's reign, and who was alive and as worldly as ever in King George's. I loved to be with her; but that my little folks have access to this volume, I could put down a hundred stories of the great old folks whom she had known in the great old days—of George the First and his ladies, of St. John and Marlborough, of his reigning Majesty and the late Prince of Wales, and the causes of the quarrel between them—but my modest muse pipes for boys and virgins. Son Miles does not care about court stories, or if he doth, hath a fresh budget from Carlton House, quite as bad as the worst of our old Baroness. No, my dear wife, thou hast no need to shake thy powdered locks at me! Papa is not going to scandalize his nursery with Old World gossip, nor bring a blush over our chaste bread and butter.

But this piece of scandal I can not help. My aunt used to tell it with infinite gusto; for, to do her justice, she hated your would-be good people, and sniggered over the faults of the self-styled righteous with uncommon satisfaction. In her later days she had no hypocrisy, at least; and in so far was better than some white-washed . . . Well, to the story. My Lady Warrington, one of the tallest and the most virtuous of her sex, who had goodness forever on her lips and "heaven in her eye," like the woman in Mr. Addison's tedious tragedy (which has kept the stage, from which some others, which shall be nameless, have disappeared), had the world in her other eye, and an exceedingly shrewd desire of pushing herself in it. What does she do, when my marriage with your ladyship yonder was supposed to be broken off, but attempt to play off on me those arts which she had tried on my poor Harry with such signal ill-success, and which failed with me likewise! It was not the Beauty—Miss Flora was for my master (and what a master! I protest I take off my hat at the idea of such an illustrious connection!)—it was Dora, the Muse, was set upon me to languish at me and to pity me, and to read even my godless tragedy, and applaud me and console me. Meanwhile, how was the Beauty occupied? Will it be believed that my severe aunt gave a great entertainment to my Lady Yarmouth, presented her boy to him, and placed poor little Miles under her ladyship's august protection? That, so far, is certain; but can it be that she sent her daughter to stay at my lady's house, which our gracious lord and master daily

visited, and with the views which old Aunt Bernstein attributed to her? "But for that fit of apoplexy, my dear," Bernstein said, "that aunt of yours intended there should have been a *Countess in her own right* in the Warrington family!"* My neighbor and kinswoman, my Lady Claypole, is dead and buried. Grow white, ye daisies upon Flora's tomb! I can see my pretty Miles, in a gay little uniform of the Norfolk Militia, led up by his parent to the lady whom the king delighted to honor, and the good-natured old Jezebel laying her hand upon the boy's curly pate. I am accused of being but a lukewarm royalist; but sure I can contrast those times with ours, and acknowledge the difference between the late Sovereign and the present, who, born a Briton, has given to every family in his empire an example of decorum and virtuous life.†

Thus my life sped in the pleasantest of all occupation; and, being so happy myself, I could afford to be reconciled to those who, after all, had done me no injury, but rather added to the zest of my happiness by the brief obstacle which they had placed in my way. No specific plans were formed, but Theo and I knew that a day would come when we need say Farewell no more. Should the day befall a year hence—ten years hence—we were ready to wait. Day after day we discussed our little plans, with Hetty for our confidante. On our drives we spied out pretty cottages that we thought might suit young people of small means; we devised all sorts of delightful schemes and childish economies. We were Strephon and Chloe to be sure. A cot and a brown loaf should content us! Gumbo and Molly should wait upon us, as indeed they had done from that day until this. At twenty who is afraid of being poor? Our trials would only confirm our attachment. The "sweet sorrow" of every day's parting but made the morrow's meeting more delightful; and when we separated we ran home and wrote each other those precious letters which we and other young gentlemen and ladies write under such circumstances; but though my wife has them all in a great tin sugar-box in the closet in her bedroom, and, I own, I myself have looked at them once, and even thought some of them pretty, I hereby desire my heirs and executors to burn them all, unread, at our demise; specially desiring my son the Captain (to whom I know the perusal of MSS. is not pleasant) to perform this duty. Those secrets whispered to the penny-post, or delivered between Molly and Gumbo, were intended for us alone, and no ears of our descendants shall overhear them.

We heard in successive brief letters how our dear Harry continued with the army, as Mr. General Amherst's aid-de-camp, after the death

* Compare Walpole's letters in Mr. Cunningham's excellent new edition. See the story of the supper at N. House, to show what great noblemen would do for a king's mistress, and the pleasant account of the waiting for the Prince of Wales before Holland House.—EDITOR.

† The Warrington MS. is dated 1793.—ED.

of his own glorious general. By the middle of October there came news of the Capitulation of Montreal and the whole of Canada, and a brief postscript in which Hal said he would ask for leave now, and must go and see the old lady at home, who wrote *as sulky as a bare*, Captain Warrington remarked. I could guess why, though the claws could not reach me. I had written pretty fully to my brother how affairs were standing with me in England.

Then, on the 25th October, comes the news that his Majesty has fallen down dead at Kensington, and that George III. reigned over us. I fear we grieved but little. What do those care for the Atridae, whose hearts are strung only to *erota mounon*? A modest, handsome, brave, new Prince, we gladly accept the common report that he is endowed with every virtue; and we cry huzzay with the loyal crowd that hails his accession: it could make little difference to us, as we thought, simple young sweet-hearts, whispering our little love-stories in our corner.

But who can say how great events affect him? Did not our little Charley, at the Chartreux, wish impiously for a new king immediately, because on his gracious Majesty's accession Doctor Crusius gave his boys a holiday? He and I, and Hetty and Theo (Miss Theo was strong enough to walk many a delightful mile now), heard the Heralds proclaim his new Majesty before Savile House in Leicester Fields, and a pickpocket got the watch and chain of a gentleman hard by us, and was caught and carried to Bridewell, all on account of his Majesty's accession. Had the King not died, the gentleman would not have been in the crowd, the chain would not have been seized, the thief would not have been caught and soundly whipped: in this way many of us, more or less remotely, were implicated in the great change which ensued, and even us humble folks were affected by it presently.

As thus: My Lord Wrotham was a great friend of the august family of Savile House, who knew and esteemed his many virtues. Now, of all living men, my Lord Wrotham knew and loved best his neighbor and old fellow-soldier, Martin Lambert, declaring that the world contained few better gentlemen. And my Lord Bute being all-potent, at first, with his Majesty, and a nobleman, as I believe, very eager at the commencement of his brief and luckless tenure of power, to patronize merit wherever he could find it, was strongly prejudiced in Mr. Lambert's favor by the latter's old and constant friend.

My (and Harry's) old friend Parson Sampson, who had been in and out of jail I don't know how many times of late years, and retained an ever-enduring hatred for the Esmonds of Castlewood, and as lasting a regard for me and my brother, was occupying poor Hal's vacant bed at my lodgings at this time (being, in truth, hunted out of his own by the bailiffs). I liked to have Sampson near me, for a more amusing Jack-friar never walked in cassock; and, besides, he entered into all my rhapsodies about Miss Theo; was

never tired (so he vowed) of hearing me talk of her; admired Pocahontas and Carpezan with, I do believe, an honest enthusiasm, and could repeat whole passages of those tragedies with an emphasis and effect that Barry or Cousin Hagan himself could not surpass. Sampson was the go-between between Lady Maria and such of her relations as had not disowned her; and, always in debt himself, was never more happy than in drinking a pot, or mingling his tears with his friends in similar poverty. His acquaintance with pawn-brokers' shops was prodigious. He could procure more money, he boasted, on an article than any gentleman of his cloth. He never paid his own debts, to be sure, but he was ready to forgive his debtors. Poor as he was, he always found means to love and help his needy little sister, and a more prodigal, kindly, amiable rogue never probably grinned behind bars. They say that I love to have parasites about me. I own to have had a great liking for Sampson, and to have esteemed him much better than probably much better men.

When he heard how my Lord Bute was admitted into the cabinet, Sampson vowed and declared that his lordship—a great lover of the drama, who had been to see Carpezan, who had admired it, and who would act the part of the King very finely in it—he vowed, by George! that my lord must give me a place worthy of my birth and merits. He insisted upon it that I should attend his lordship's levee. I wouldn't. The Esmonds were all as proud as Lucifer; and, to be sure, my birth was as good as that of any man in Europe. Demmy! Where was my lord himself when the Esmonds were lords of great counties, warriors, and Crusaders? Where were they? Beggarly Scotchmen, without a rag to their backs—by George! tearing raw fish in their islands. But now the times were changed. The Scotchmen were in luck. Mum's the word! “I don't envy him,” says Sampson, “but he shall provide for you and my dearest, noblest, heroic Captain! He SHALL, by George!” would my worthy parson roar out. And when, in the month after his accession, his Majesty ordered the play of Richard III. at Drury Lane, my chaplain cursed, vowed, swore, but he would have him to Covent Garden to see Carpezan, too. And now, one morning, he bursts into my apartment, where I happened to lie rather late, waving the newspaper in his hand, and singing “Huzza!” with all his might.

“What is it, Sampson?” says I. “Has my brother got his promotion?”

“No, in truth: but some one else has. Huzzay! huzzay! His Majesty had appointed Major-General Martin Lambert to be Governor and Commander-in-Chief of the Island of Jamaica.”

I started up. Here was news, indeed! Mr. Lambert would go to his government: and who would go with him? I had been supping with some genteel young fellows at the “Cocoa Tree.” The rascal Gumbo had a note for me from my dear mistress on the night previous, conveying the same news to me, and had delayed to deliver

it. Theo begged me to see her at the old place at mid-day the next day without fail.*

There was no little trepidation in our little council when we reached our place of meeting. Papa had announced his acceptance of the appointment, and his speedy departure. He would have a frigate given him, and *take his family with him*. Merciful Powers! and were we to be parted? My Theo's old deathly paleness returned to her. Aunt Lambert thought she would have swooned; one of Mrs. Goodison's girls had a bottle of salts, and ran up with it from the work-room. "Going away? Going away in a frigate, Aunt Lambert? Going to tear her away from me? Great God! Aunt Lambert, I shall die!" She was better when Mamma came up from the work-room with the young lady's bottle of salts. You see the women used to meet me: knowing dear Theo's delicate state, how could they refrain from compassionating her? But the General was so busy with his levees and his waiting on ministers, and his outfit, and the settlement of his affairs at home, that they never happened to tell him about our little walks and meetings; and even when orders for the outfit of the ladies were given, Mrs. Goodison, who had known and worked for Miss Molly Benson as a school-girl (she remembered Miss Esmond of Virginia perfectly, the worthy lady told me, and a dress she made for the young lady to be presented at her Majesty's Ball)—"even when the outfit was ordered for the three ladies," says Mrs. Goodison, demurely, "why I thought I could do no harm in completing the order."

Now I need not say in what perturbation of mind Mr. Warrington went home in the evening to his lodgings, after the discussion with the ladies of the above news. No, or at least a very few, more walks; no more rides to dear, dear Hampstead or beloved Islington; no more fetching and carrying of letters for Gumbo and Molly. The former blubbered so, that Mr. Warrington was quite touched by his fidelity, and gave him a crown piece to go to supper with the poor girl, who turned out to be his sweet-heart. What, you too, unhappy Gumbo, and torn from the maid you love? I was ready to mingle with him tear for tear.

What a solemn conference I had with Sampson that evening! He knew my affairs, my expectations, my mother's anger. Pshaw! that was far off, and he knew some excellent liberal people (of the order of Melchisedec) who would discount the other. The General would not give his consent; Sampson shrugged his broad shoulders and swore a great roaring oath. My mother would not relent? What then? A man was a man, and to make his own way in the world? he supposed. He is only a churl who won't play for such a stake as that, and lose or win, by George! shouts the Chaplain over a bottle of Burgundy at the Bedford Head, where we

dined. I need not put down our conversation. We were two of us, and I think there was only one mind between us. Our talk was of a Saturday night.

I did not tell Theo, nor any relative of hers, what was being done. But when the dear child faltered and talked, trembling, of the coming departure, I bade her bear up, and vowed all would be well, so confidently, that she, who ever has taken her alarms and joys from my face (I wish, my dear, it were sometimes not so gloomy), could not but feel confidence, and placed (with many fond words that need not here be repeated) her entire trust in me—murmuring those sweet words of Ruth that must have comforted myriads of tender hearts in my dearest maiden's plight: that whither I would go she would go, and that my people should be hers. At last, one day, the General's preparations being made, the trunks encumbering the passages of the dear old Dean Street lodging, which I shall love as long as I shall remember at all—one day, almost the last of his stay, when the good man (His Excellency we called him now) came home to his dinner—a comfortless meal enough it was in the present condition of the family—he looked round the table at the place where I had used to sit in happy old days, and sighed out: "I wish, Molly, George was here."

"Do you, Martin?" says Aunt Lambert, flinging into his arms.

"Yes, I do; but I don't wish you to choke me, Molly," he says. "I love him dearly. I may go away and never see him again, and take his foolish little sweet-heart along with me. I suppose you will write to each other, children? I can't prevent that, you know; and until he changes his mind, I suppose Miss Theo won't obey Papa's orders, and get him out of her foolish little head. Wilt thou, Theo?"

"No, dearest, dearest, best Papa!"

"What! more embraces and kisses! What does all this mean?"

"It means that—that George is in the drawing-room," says Mamma.

"Is he? My dearest boy!" cries the General. "Come to me—come in!" And when I entered he held me to his heart and kissed me.

I confess at this I was so overcome that I fell down on my knees before the dear good man, and sobbed on his own.

"God bless you, my dearest boy!" he mutters, hurriedly. "Always loved you as a son—haven't I, Molly! Broke my heart nearly when I quarreled with you about this little—What!—odds marrowbones!—all down on your knees! Mrs. Lambert, pray what is the meaning of all this?"

"Dearest, dearest Papa! I will go with you all the same!" whimpers one of the kneeling party. "And I will wait—oh! as long as ever my dearest father wants me!"

"In Heaven's name!" roars the General, "tell me what has happened?"

What had happened was, that George Esmond Warrington and Theodosia Lambert had been

* In the Warrington MS. there is not a word to say what the "old place" was. Perhaps some obliging reader of "Notes and Queries" will be able to inform me, and who Mrs. Goodison was.—Ed.

married in Southwark that morning, their banns having been duly called in the church of a certain friend of the Reverend Mr. Sampson.



CHAPTER LXXIX.

CONTAINING BOTH COMEDY AND TRAGEDY.

WE who had been active in the guilty scene of the morning felt trebly guilty when we saw the effect which our conduct had produced upon him, whom, of all others, we loved and respected. The shock to the good man was strange, and pitiful to us to witness who had administered it. The child of his heart had deceived and disobeyed him. I declare I think, my dear, now, we would not or could not do it over again: his whole family had entered into a league against him. Dear, kind friend and father! We know thou hast pardoned our wrong—in the heaven where thou dwellest among purified spirits who learned on earth how to love and pardon! To love and forgive were easy duties with that man. Beneficence was natural to him, and a sweet, smiling humility; and to wound either was to be savage and brutal, as to torture a child, or strike blows at a nursing woman. The deed done, all us guilty ones groveled in the earth, before the man we had injured. I pass over the scenes of forgiveness, of reconciliation, of common worship together, of final separation, when the good man went away to his government, and the ship sailed away before us, leaving me and Theo on the shore. We stood there, hand in hand, horribly abashed, silent, and guilty. My wife did not come to me till her father went: in the interval between the ceremony of our marriage and his departure she had remained at home, occupying her old place and bed by her sister's side: he as kind as ever, but the women almost

speechless among themselves. Aunt Lambert, for once, unkind and fretful in her temper, and little Hetty feverish and strange, and saying, "I wish we were gone. I wish we were gone." Though admitted to the house, and forgiven, I slunk away during those last days, and only saw my wife for a minute or two in the street, or with her family. She was not mine till they were gone. We went to Winchester and Hampton for what may be called our wedding. It was but a dismal business. For a while we felt utterly lonely; and of our dear father, as if we had buried him, or drove him to the grave by our undutifulness.

I made Sampson announce our marriage in the papers. (My wife could never bear to see the poor fellow afterward.) I took Mrs. Warrington back to my old lodgings in Bloomsbury, where there was plenty of room for us, and our modest married life began. I wrote home a letter to my mother in Virginia, informing her of no particulars, but only that Mr. Lambert being about to depart for his government, I considered myself bound in honor to fulfill my promise toward his dearest daughter; and stated that I intended to carry out my intention of completing my studies for the Bar, and qualifying myself for employment at home, or in our own or any other colony. My good Mrs. Mountain answered this letter by desire of Madam Esmond, she said, who thought that, for the sake of peace, my communications had best be conducted that way. I found my relatives in a fury which was perfectly amusing to witness. The butler's face, as he said "Not at home," at my uncle's house in Hill Street, was a blank tragedy might have been studied by Garrick when he sees Banquo. My poor little wife was on my arm, and we were tripping away, laughing at the fellow's *accueil*, when we came upon my lady in a street stoppage in her chair. I took off my hat and made her the lowest possible bow. I affectionately asked after my dear cousins. "I—I wonder you dare look me in the face!" Lady Warrington gasped out. "Nay, don't deprive me of *that* precious privilege," says I. "Move on, Peter," she screams to her chairman. "Your ladyship would not impale your husband's own flesh and blood," says I. She rattles up the glass of her chair in a fury. I kiss my hand, take off my hat, and perform another of my very finest bows.

Walking shortly afterward in Park with my dearest companion, I met my little cousin exercising on horseback with a groom behind him. As soon as he sees us, he gallops up to us, the groom powdering afterward and bawling out, "Stop, Master Miles, stop!" "I'm not to speak to my cousin," says Miles, "but telling you to send my love to Harry is not speaking to you. Is it? Is that my new cousin? I'm not told not to speak to her. I'm George's cousin, Sir Miles Warrington, Baronet's son, and you are very pretty!" "Now, *duce* now, Master Miles," says the groom, touching his hat to us; and the boy trots away laughing and looking at us over his shoulder. "You see how my rela-

tions have determined to treat me," I say to my partner. "As if I married you for your relations!" says Theo, her eyes beaming joy and love into mine. Ah, how happy we were! how brisk and pleasant the winter! How snug the kettle by the fire (where the abashed Sampson sometimes came and made the punch); how delightful the night at the theatre, for which our friends brought us tickets of admission, and where we daily expected our new play of Pocahontas would rival the successes of all former tragedies.

The fickle old aunt of Clarges Street, who received me on my first coming to London with my wife with a burst of scorn, mollified presently, and as soon as she came to know Theo (whom she had pronounced to be an insignificant little country-faced chit), fell utterly in love with her, and would have her to tea and supper every day there was no other company. "As for company, my dears," she would say, "I don't ask you. You are no longer *du monde*. Your marriage has put that entirely out of the question." So she would have had us come to amuse her, and go in and out by the back-stairs. My wife was fine lady enough to feel only amused at this reception; and I must do the Baroness's domestics the justice to say that had we been duke or duchess we could not have been received with more respect. Madame de Bernstein was very much tickled and amused with my story of Lady Warrington and the chair. I acted it for her, and gave her anecdotes of the pious Baronet's lady and her daughters, which pleased the mischievous, lively old woman.

The Dowager Countess of Castlewood, now established in her house at Kensington, gave us that kind of welcome which genteel ladies extend to their poorer relatives. We went once or twice to her ladyship's drums at Kensington; but losing more money at cards, and spending more money in coach-hire than I liked to afford, we speedily gave up those entertainments, and, I dare say, were no more missed or regretted than other people in the fashionable world, who are carried by death, debt, or other accident, out of the polite sphere. My Theo did not in the least regret this exclusion. She had made her appearance at one of these drums, attired in some little ornaments which her mother left behind her, and by which the good lady set some store; but I thought her own white neck was a great deal prettier than these poor twinkling stones; and there were dowagers, whose wrinkled old bones blazed with rubies and diamonds, which, I am sure, they would gladly have exchanged for her modest *parure* of beauty and freshness. Not a soul spoke to her—except, to be sure, Beau Lothair, a friend of Mr. Will's, who prowled about Bloomsbury afterward, and even sent my wife a billet. I met him in Covent Garden shortly after, and promised to break his ugly face if ever I saw it in the neighborhood of my lodgings, and Madam Theo was molested no further.

The only one of our relatives who came to see

us (Madame de Bernstein never came; she sent her coach for us sometimes, or made inquiries regarding us by her woman or her major-domo) was our poor Maria, who, with her husband, Mr. Hagan, often took a share of our homely dinner. Then we had friend Spencer, from the Temple, who admired our Arcadian felicity, and gently asked our sympathy for his less fortunate loves; and twice or thrice the famous Doctor Johnson came in for a dish of Theo's tea—a dish, a pailful! "And a pail the best thing to feed him, Sar!" says Mr. Gumbo, indignantly; for the Doctor's appearance was not pleasant, nor his linen particularly white. He snorted, he grew red, and sputtered in feeding; he flung his meat about, and bawled out in contradicting people: and annoyed my Theo, whom he professed to admire greatly, by saying, every time he saw her, "Madam, you do not love me; I see by your manner you do not love me: though I admire you, and come here for your sake. Here is my friend, Mr. Reynolds, that shall paint you: he has no ceruse in his paint-box that is as brilliant as your complexion." And so Mr. Reynolds, a most perfect and agreeable gentleman, would have painted my wife; but I knew what his price was, and did not choose incur that expense. I wish I had now, for the sake of the children, that they might see what yonder face was like some five-and-thirty years ago. To me, madam, 'tis the same now as ever; and your ladyship is always young!"

What annoyed Mrs. Warrington with Dr. Johnson more than his contradictions, his sputterings, and his dirty nails, was, I think, an unfavorable opinion which he formed of my new tragedy. Hagan once proposed that he should read some scenes from it after tea.

"Nay, Sir, conversation is better," says the Doctor. "I can read for myself, or hear you at the theatre. I had rather hear Mrs. Warrington's artless prattle than your declamation of Mr. Warrington's decasyllables. Tell us about your household affairs, madam, and whether His Excellency your father is well, and whether you made the pudden and the butter sauce. The butter sauce was delicious!" (He loved it so well that he had kept a large quantity in the bosom of a very dingy shirt.) "You made it as though you loved me—you helped me as though you loved me, though you don't."

"Faith, Sir, you are taking some of the present away with you in your waistcoat," says Hagan, with much spirit.

"Sir, you are rude!" bawls the Doctor. "You are unacquainted with the first principles of politeness, which is courtesy before ladies. Having received a University education, I am surprised that you have not learned the rudiments of politeness. I respect Mrs. Warrington. I should never think of making personal remarks about her guests before her!"

"Then, Sir," says Hagan, fiercely, "why did you speak of my theatre?"

"Sir, you are saucy!" roars the Doctor.

"*De te fabula*," says the actor. "I think it

is your waistcoat that is saucy! Madam, shall I make some punch in the way we make it in Ireland?"

The Doctor, puffing, and purple in the face, was wiping the dingy shirt with a still more dubious pocket-handkerchief, which he then applied to his forehead. After this exercise, he blew a hyperborean whistle, as if to blow his wrath away. "It is *de me*, Sir; though, as a young man, perhaps you need not have told me so."

"I drop my point, Sir! If you have been wrong, I am sure I am bound to ask your pardon for setting you so!" says Mr. Hagan, with a fine bow.

"Doesn't he look like a god?" says Maria, clutching my wife's hand: and indeed Mr. Hagan did look like a handsome young gentleman. His color had risen; he had put his hand to his breast with a noble air; Chamont or Castalio could not present himself better.

"Let me make you some lemonade, Sir; my Papa has sent us a box of fresh limes. May we send you some to the Temple?"

"Madam, if they stay in your house they will lose their quality and turn sweet," says the Doctor. "Mr. Hagan, you are a young saucebox, that's what you are! Ho! ho! It is I have been wrong."

"Oh! my lord, my Polydore!" bleats Lady Maria, when she was alone in my wife's drawing-room:

"Oh! I could hear thee talk forever thus!

Eternally admiring; fix and gaze

On those dear eyes! for every glance they send

Darts through my soul, and fills my heart with rapture!"

Thou knowest not, my Theo, what a pearl and paragon of a man my Castalio is! My Chamont—my—Oh! dear me, child, what a pity it is that, in your husband's tragedy, my Hagan should have to take the horrid name of Captain Smith!"

Upon this tragedy not only my literary hopes but much of my financial prospects were founded. My brother's debts discharged, my mother's drafts from home duly honored, my own expenses paid (which, though moderate, were not inconsiderable), pretty nearly the whole of my patrimony had been spent; and this auspicious moment I must choose for my marriage! I could raise money on my inheritance: that was not impossible, though certainly costly. My mother could not leave her eldest son without a maintenance, whatever our quarrels might be. I had health, strength, good wits, some friends, and reputation—above all, my famous tragedy, which the manager had promised to perform; and upon the proceeds of this I counted for my present support. What becomes of the arithmetic of youth? How do we then calculate that a hundred pounds is a maintenance, and a thousand a fortune? How did I dare to play against Fortune with such odds? I succeeded, I remember, in convincing my dear General; and he left home fancying that his son-in-law had for the present necessity at least a score of hundred

pounds at his command. He and his Molly had begun life with less; and the ravens had somehow always fed them. As for the women, the question of poverty was one of pleasure to those sentimental souls; and Aunt Lambert, for her part, declared it would be wicked and irreligious to doubt of a provision being made for her children. Was the righteous ever forsaken? did the just man ever have to beg his bread? She knew better than that. "No, no, my dears! I am not going to be afraid on *that* account, I warrant you," the good soul said. "Look at me and my General!" Theo believed all I said, and I wished to believe myself. So we actually began life on a capital of five acts and about three hundred pounds of ready money in hand!

Well, the day of the appearance of the famous tragedy drew near, and my friends canvassed the town to get a body of supporters for the opening night. I am ill at asking favors of the great; but when my Lord Wrotham came to London, I went, with Theo in my hand, to wait on his lordship, who received us kindly enough, out of regard for his old friend her father; though he good-naturedly shook a finger at me (at which my little wife hung down her head) for having stole a march on the good General. However, he would do his best for her father's daughter; hoped for a success; said he had heard great things of the piece; and engaged a number of places for himself and his friends. But this patron secured, I had no other. "*Mon cher*, at my age," says the Baroness, "I should bore myself to death at a tragedy: but I will do my best, and I will certainly send my people to the boxes. Yes; Case, in his best black, looks like a nobleman; and Brett, in one of my gowns, has a *faux air de moi* which is quite distinguished. Put down my name for two in the front boxes! Good-by, my dear! Bonne chance!" The Dowager Countess presented compliments (on the back of a nine of clubs), had a card-party that night, and was quite sorry she and Fanny could not go to the tragedy. As for my Uncle and Lady Warrington, they were out of the question. After the affair of the sedan-chair I might as well have asked Queen Elizabeth to go to Drury Lane. These were all my friends—that host of aristocratic connections about whom poor Sampson had bragged, and on the strength of whom the manager, as he said, had given Mr. Hagan his engagement! Where was my Lord Bute? Had I not promised his lordship would come? he asks, snappishly taking snuff (how different from the brisk and engaging and obsequious little manager of six months ago!). "I promised Lord Bute should come?" "Yes," says Mr. Garrick; "and her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales, and his Majesty too!" Poor Sampson owned that he, buoyed up by vain hopes, had promised the appearance of these august personages.

The next day, at rehearsal, matters were worse still, and the manager in a fury. "Great Heavens! Sir," says he, "into what a pretty *guet-a-pens* have you led me! Look at that

letter, Sir! Read that letter!" and he hands me one:

"MY DEAR SIR [said the letter],—I have seen his Lordship, and conveyed to him Mr. Warrington's request that he would honor the tragedy of 'Pocahontas' with his presence. His Lordship is a patron of the drama, and a munificent friend of all the liberal arts; but he desires me to say that he can not think of attending himself, much less of asking his Gracious Master to witness the

performance of a play, a principal part in which is given to an actor who has made a clandestine marriage with a daughter of one of his Majesty's nobility! I am your well-wisher,

SAUNDERS M'DUFF.

"MR. D. GARRICK, at the Theatre Royal in Drury Lane."

My poor Theo had a nice dinner waiting for me after the rehearsal. I pleaded fatigue as the reason for looking so pale. I did not dare to convey to her this dreadful news.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

UNITED STATES.

OUR Record of Domestic Events presents few striking features when compared with the stirring news from abroad. Politicians are, indeed, busily engaged in laying schemes for the next Presidential election; but, as yet, no names of probable candidates have been brought prominently forward. Perhaps the most noteworthy movement now making is the bold and combined effort in several parts of the South to bring about the opening of the African slave-trade. It is quite certain that, in addition to that of the *Wanderer*, several cargoes of native Africans have been landed at different points, and the slaves are now dispersed over the plantations of the far South. In some sections the prevalent feeling appears to be favorable to the project, though we apprehend that the general sentiment in the South is adverse to it.—The Grand Jury of Savannah, Georgia, who found bills against several persons charged with complicity in the slave-trade, have published a protest, in which they say that they were compelled by their oaths, under the instructions of the Court, to find bills, but desire that it should be known that they did so unwillingly. They say: "We feel humbled, as men, in the consciousness that we are freemen but in name, and that we are living, during the existence of such laws, under a tyranny as supreme as that of the despotic governments of the Old World. Heretofore the people of the South, firm in their consciousness of right and strength, have failed to place the stamp of condemnation upon such laws as reflect upon the institution of slavery, but have permitted, unrebuked, the influence of foreign opinion to prevail in their support. Longer to yield to a sickly sentiment of pretended philanthropy and diseased mental aberration of 'higher law' fanatics, the tendency of which is to debase us in the estimation of civilized nations, is weak and unwise. Regarding all such laws as tending to encourage such results, and consequently as baneful in their effects, we unhesitatingly advocate the repeal of all laws which directly or indirectly condemn this institution, and those who have inherited or maintain it; and think it the duty of the Southern people to require their legislators to unite their efforts for the accomplishment of this object."—The "Southern Commercial Convention," which assembled at Vicksburg on the 11th of May, passed a resolution, by a vote of 47 to 16, to the effect that "all laws, State or Federal, prohibiting the African slave-trade, ought to be abolished." The resolution was vehemently opposed by Mr. Foote, formerly Senator of Mississippi, who showed that ten Southern States had laws directly prohibiting the trade.—Captain Townsend, the commander of the brig *Putnam* or *Echo*, which was captured as a slaver, and the survivors of whose cargo were sent to Liberia in the steamer *Niagara*, was brought to trial at Key

West on the 19th of May. The Court directed the Jury to acquit the prisoner, on the ground that there was no proof that the vessel was owned in whole or in part by a citizen of the United States, or navigated in behalf of a citizen of the United States, which was material to be proved in order to maintain the indictment, nor was there any proof that the vessel was a foreign vessel.

The Attorney-General, by the direction of the President, has replied to a joint letter from the Judges of *Utah*. He says that if crimes have been committed by the Mormons, it is not the intention of the Government to allow any one to escape whose guilt can be proved, and that the District-Attorney has been instructed to use all diligence to bring to justice criminals of every degree; but that the usual modes of procedure must be exhausted before others are adopted. The President condemns the recent action of Judge Cradlebaugh. He is of opinion that the Governor of the Territory alone has the power to issue a requisition upon the commander for military support; that there was no apparent occasion for the presence of the military at the Court in Provo; that if a rescue of prisoners had been attempted, it was the duty of the Marshal, not of the Judge, to summon the necessary force to protect the authorities; that the troops should not have been summoned without the concurrence of the Governor, nor retained against his remonstrance; and that the recent disregard of these principles has been in many ways extremely unfortunate.—The latest intelligence from the Territory represents that the people are in a very excited and turbulent condition. At the final adjournment of the United States Court, Judge Cradlebaugh caused an entry to be made upon the records to the effect that the interference of the Mormons with the course of justice had rendered the administration of justice impossible, and that in consequence the Court had adjourned *sine die*.—Governor Cumming having received information that large bodies of men had assembled with apparently illegal objects in the mountains surrounding the Salt Lake Valley, issued a proclamation, on the 9th of May, ordering them to disperse under pain of being declared, in case of refusal, disturbers of the peace, and of being dealt with accordingly.—The *Deseret News*, on the contrary, says that unusual quiet prevails, most of the people being engaged in industry.—The Superintendent of Indian Affairs asserts that the Indians who committed the Mountain Meadow massacre were aided by whites. He has succeeded in recovering 16 children, who are believed to be the sole survivors of the party of 140 persons composing that party.—From *Arizona* we have intelligence of outrages committed by organized bands of ruffians, who, under the name of Regulators, attempted to expel the Mexican inhabitants from Sonora Val-

ley, and committed several murders. The Americans at Tubac publicly denounced these outrages; and a company of troops were detailed from Fort Buchanan to put a stop to further proceedings.—In *New Mexico* the Comanche hostilities still continue. After a march of more than 200 miles Captain Van Dorn came up, on the 12th of May, with a band of about 100 Indians. A brisk fight took place in a ravine covered with underbrush, in which fifty Comanches, among whom were eight women, were killed, five wounded, and thirty-six made prisoners. Of our troops two were killed and eleven wounded.

The Secretary of the Treasury has issued a circular saying that the immunity of our vessels at sea from seizure, search, or detention, or visit, in time of peace, by vessels of war of any foreign nation being now admitted by all the maritime powers of the world, it is desirable that the nationality of our vessels should always be promptly displayed in the presence of a ship of war. Collectors of customs are therefore directed to request captains of merchant vessels to display their colors as promptly as possible whenever they meet upon the ocean an armed cruiser of any nation.—The Secretary of State, in reply to an inquiry of a naturalized citizen, born in France, writes: "It is understood that the French Government claims military service from all natives of France who may be found within its jurisdiction. Your naturalization in this country will not exempt you from that claim if you should voluntarily repair thither."—Recent investigations into the affairs of the Post-Office, lead to the belief that the Department loses large sums by the use of counterfeit stamps, and genuine ones which have been before used, the marks of cancellation having been removed by acids. There are said to be two classes of persons engaged in these frauds, those who manufacture counterfeits either by photography or from spurious engraved plates; and those that gather genuine stamps from waste paper collections, clean them, and sell them as new. As there are 50,000 postmasters and clerks in the country, who are authorized to sell stamps, it is almost impossible, under the present system, to guard against these frauds.

The election in *Virginia* for Governor and members of Congress and the State Legislature was held on the 28th of May. For Governor, Mr. Letcher, Democrat, was elected by about 6000 majority. For members of Congress, seven "regular Democrats," five "independent Democrats," and one "Opposition" are probably elected. The Legislature is Democratic in both branches.—The message of Governor Goodwin, of *New Hampshire*, recommends a short session of the Legislature, and economy in the administration of government. The debt of the State is only about \$72,000. There are in the State about 700 miles of railroad, which cost more than \$20,000,000: much of the stock is unproductive; but as the roads have largely developed the resources and increased the wealth of the State, the Governor suggests a reduction of their taxation. He says that *New Hampshire* yields to no State in her adherence to the Federal Union and the Constitution, and her people will never tolerate the doctrines of nullification, or the idea of a dissolution of this Confederacy, but while she allows to all other States their rights, she will maintain hers. She will never meddle with the domestic institutions of her sister States, but is bound to prevent the extension of Slavery over territory now free.

From *Pike's Peak* the prevailing tenor of the in-

telligence is that the reports of the gold discoveries are almost wholly fabrications. The public prints have for weeks been filled with reports of the sufferings of the emigrants to that region; thousands of whom had turned back long before they reached their destination. They threatened to destroy several towns on the Missouri, on the ground that they had been decoyed into emigrating by the inhabitants and land-speculators. Many, however, still pushed forward, confident that gold existed. The latest accounts, which come down to June 1, strongly confirm this opinion. According to these, rich nuggets had been discovered at the north fork of Vasques Creek, one of the localities indicated in previous accounts as highly auriferous. A careful comparison of all the reports which have been as yet received, leads to the belief that gold does actually exist there in considerable quantities; but leave it doubtful whether the amount is sufficient to warrant the undertaking of the long and difficult journey to the places of deposit. At all events, none should go there unless thoroughly provided with outfit and provisions for some months.—From *Frazier's River* the accounts assume a decidedly favorable aspect.

From almost every section of the country we learn that the amount of land under cultivation is larger than ever before; and the general prospects of the coming harvest are highly favorable. An almost unexampled frost occurred on the night of the 4th of June. It extended over a considerable part of New England, the western portions of New York, and the northern parts of Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Illinois. It was at first supposed that the crops of almost every species were cut off; but from more reliable investigations the damage is thus stated: "Garden vegetables have been nearly all destroyed. Corn in some few places is also totally ruined; but there is yet time for it to mature if planted again. In other localities we find that corn is reported as being materially injured, but not to such an extent as to preclude the probability of its starting again from the roots and yielding a reasonable crop. Apples, where the frost was most severe, are killed outright, and most other descriptions of fruit have suffered past redemption. Wheat, rye, oats, and barley escaped with very little damage. Grass was not damaged in the least."

SOUTHERN AMERICA.

From *Mexico* we receive no intelligence of special importance, beyond the report that the Government of Miramon have issued a decree restoring Santa Anna to all the rights and titles which he formerly held, and had invited him to return to the country. In reference to the recognition of the Government of Juarez by our Minister, Mr. M'Lane, Miramon's Minister of Foreign Affairs says, in a circular addressed to the Governors of Departments, that although it imports an insult to the majority of the Mexican nation, it is not to be supposed to be in conformity to the views of the North American people, and that Americans will not be molested while they abstain from taking part in the dissensions of the country. He says that certain speculators have fixed their eyes upon portions of the Mexican territory, which they desire to appropriate for the purpose of introducing slavery, which is reprobated by all. He also alludes to the suggestions for alienating the frontier states. This he says would be injurious to the honor of the nation, and would be opposed to the rights of the holders of the foreign debt.—The Government of Miramon is straining every nerve to raise money to carry on the war, which is still

raging all over the country with varied success. The American fleet in the Gulf has been considerably strengthened. It will soon consist of fifteen vessels, of which six are propellers, three side-wheel steamers, five sloops of war, and one frigate, carrying in all 228 guns.

The Legislature of *Nicaragua* has finally ratified the Belly canal contract with certain important modifications. As the contract now stands, two years are allowed for the commencement of the work and six for its completion. If events of grave importance impede the progress of the work, the Company are to have three more years. If the canal is not completed within this time, the grants of land made to the Company are null and void. All cultivated lands within the limits granted are to remain the property of their present possessors, the Company to receive an equivalent from the public lands.

The revolutionary movements in the various South American States have met with ill success. In *Venezuela* the partisans of the Monagas dynasty had risen at various points against the present Government, but had been uniformly put down.—In *Chili* a severe action took place on the 29th of April, between the Government forces under Vidaurri and the revolutionists commanded by Gallo. The latter were completely defeated, the commander being obliged to flee for his life. The insurrection is now thought to be at an end; and Government has opened the ports which had been closed to commerce.

—Recent intelligence from the *Argentine Republic* renders it probable that President Urquiza is about to make a serious effort to bring the province of Buenos Ayres again into the Confederation, from which it has been practically separated since 1852. He is said to be concentrating his forces with that purpose, and to have secured the assistance of President Lopez, of Paraguay, in return for his aid in bringing about a settlement with the United States.—Captain Page is now engaged in the prosecution of his explorations of the waters of La Plata, which were interrupted by the difficulties with Lopez. The immediate object of his expedition is to endeavor to ascend the Pilcomayo to Bolivia.

EUROPE.

The sovereigns of Austria, France, and Sardinia have each put forth manifestoes expressing their views in respect to the war which is now raging. That of the Emperor of Austria is addressed to the Austrians and Germans. He says that he has ordered his army to put a stop to the inimical acts which, for a series of years, have been committed by Sardinia against the rights of his crown and the integrity of the realm which God has placed under his care; which acts have now attained their highest point. More than ten years ago, Sardinia, violating international law and the usages of war, entered the Lombardo-Venetian territory, without any offense being given, with the intention of acquiring possession of it. They were defeated; yet he proposed reconciliation, and did not appropriate to himself one inch of Sardinian territory. The reward for this forbearance was a continuation of enmity and perfidious agitation against the peace of the Lombardo-Venetian territories. Yet knowing the value of peace he bore with these hostile acts. He accepted the mediation of the friendly Powers, and agreed to the suggestions of the Government of Great Britain, with conditions calculated to bring about a sincere and durable peace. One of these conditions was that Sardinia—the Power which had brought about

the danger of war—should, as a preliminary measure, disarm. Urged by friendly Powers, he had finally consented to a proposal for a general disarmament. This failed in consequence of the conditions insisted upon by Sardinia. He then demanded that Sardinia should place its army upon a peace footing, and disband its free corps. This was refused, and he had ordered his army to enter Sardinia. He was aware of the importance of the step, and fully sensible of the evils of war. But, he says, “the heart of the monarch must be silent at the command of honor and duty. On the frontiers is an armed enemy who, in alliance with the revolutionary party, openly announces his intention to obtain possession of the dependencies of Austria in Italy. To support him, the ruler over France, who, under futile pretexts, interferes in the legally established relations of the Italian peninsula, has set his troops in movement, and detachments of them have already crossed the frontiers of Sardinia.” The young Emperor goes on to say, that the present revolutionary movement was caused by monarchs as well as by private individuals; and that when the interests of humanity had been in danger of overthrow in Europe, Providence had often used the sword of Austria to avert the evil. He hopes, in conclusion, that Austria will not stand alone in the struggle. The soil where the battle was to be fought had been made fruitful by the blood of Germans. The enemies of Germany had generally begun the attack in Italy; and the feeling that Germany was now menaced was prevalent.

The manifesto of the Emperor of France boldly affirms that the object of the war is to expel the Austrians from Italy. The invasion of Sardinia, says Napoleon, after terms had been accepted which ought to have secured peace, “means that Austria has brought matters to such an extremity that she must either rule up to the Alps, or Italy must be free to the shores of the Adriatic.” Moderation, he says, has heretofore been the rule of his conduct; energy had now become his duty. France should arm and resolutely tell Europe that she desired no conquests, but would maintain her traditional policy. She would observe treaties so long as they were not violated against her. She would respect the territories and rights of neutral powers; but her sympathies were for a people who groan under foreign oppression. “The object of the war,” says Napoleon, “is to restore Italy to herself, not to impose upon her a change of masters; and we shall then have upon our frontiers a friendly people who owe to us their independence. We do not go into Italy to foment disorder or to disturb the power of the Holy Father, whom we have replaced upon his throne, but to remove from him this foreign pressure which weighs upon the whole Peninsula, and to help to establish there order based upon legitimate satisfied interests.”—When this formal declaration of war had been read in the Senate, M. Troplong said, by way of explanation, that the Emperor could not allow Turin, which is the key of the Alps—any more than Rome, which holds the keys of the Church, by the hands of a holy and venerable Pontiff—to fall under the usurped yoke of an influence hostile to France. Italy would be restored to her nationality—she would not be revolutionized, but liberated.

The King of Sardinia addresses his manifesto to the army. He says: “Austria, who is increasing her armies on our frontier, threatens to invade our territory because here liberty reigns with order; because not might, but concord and affection between

the people and the sovereign, here govern the State. Because the groans of oppressed Italy here find an echo, Austria dares to ask us, who are only armed in self-defense, to lay down our arms and submit to her clemency. The insulting demand met with the reply it deserved. I rejected it with contempt. Soldiers, I tell it to you, convinced that you will take an insult to your King and your nation as an insult to yourselves. The announcement I make to you is an announcement of war. You will have to face an enemy not new to you. But if it is brave and disciplined, you need not fear the comparison. I will lead you. We have made each other's acquaintance before this on more than one occasion, in the heat of battle, when, fighting by the side of my magnanimous father, I had occasion to admire your courage. You will have for companions those intrepid soldiers of France, conquerors in so many noted battles, who were your brethren in arms on the Tchernaya, and whom Napoleon III., who is always to be found where there is a just cause to defend, or civilization to promote, sends generously to our aid in numerous battalions. March, then, confident of victory, and twine new laurels round your flag—that tricolor under the folds of which the *élite* of the youth of Italy is collected, and which indicates to you that the task before you is the independence of Italy,—that just and holy word which will be your battle-cry.”

The dismemberment of her Italian dominions from the Austrian Empire is thus definitely laid down by the allies as the object of the war. The smaller German states apprehend danger to themselves from the threatened supremacy of France, and seem strongly inclined to give to Austria that support which the Emperor anticipates in his manifesto. The King of Saxony opened the Diet with a speech demanding money for warlike purposes. He said that the “war threatened to make doubtful the treaties upon which the rights of Europe now rest. Should war ensue for the protection of the just cause, his Majesty hopes with confidence that God will be with Saxony and with Germany in general.”—In the Federal Diet a proposition for placing an army on the Rhine was introduced by the Hanoverian deputy. This was opposed by the Prussian envoy. He said that Prussia had repeatedly given assurance that in case of need she would put out her whole strength, and go far beyond her federal obligations to defend the safety and independence of Germany. The Prussian Government had therefore a right to expect that its confederates would leave to it the initiative of adopting such military measures as might be required, and it could not give its approval to any proposition which anticipates events. In his address at the closing of the Prussian Chambers, the Regent announces that “Prussia is determined to maintain the basis of European public right, and the balance of power in Europe. It is her right and duty to stand up for the security, the protection, and the national interests of Germany, and she will not resign the assertion of these her prerogatives. She expects that all the German confederate Powers will stand firmly by her side in the fulfillment of that mission.” This we interpret to mean that if Austria is attacked in her German dominions, all Germany will be ready to aid her; but that so long as the war is confined to Italy, the Confederation will maintain an armed neutrality. In the mean while her army has been raised to the war footing; the federal fortresses are being rapidly armed and garrisoned, and war budgets are created by all the minor powers. Every thing

betokens that the German Confederation will be prepared to act against France and Sardinia at a moment's notice, should the existence of Austria be seriously threatened.—On the Swiss frontier efforts have been made by Italian refugees to incite an insurrection in Lombardy, but they were put down by the Swiss authorities. The Swiss Federal Diet has passed a decree prohibiting the exportation to and collecting arms by the inhabitants of places near the Italian frontiers. Fugitives able to bear arms are prohibited from passing through the Cantons from the territory of one belligerent to that of the others.—The Russian Government denies officially that there exists any treaty of alliance, either offensive or defensive, between Russia and any other Power whatsoever. “At a moment,” says the official journal, “when all Europe is making maritime or military arrangements on a large scale, the Emperor was obliged to provide, by the means of political prudence, for any emergencies. His Majesty retains in the present juncture entire liberty of action, and we need hardly add he is animated by the sentiment of preserving the dignity of his crown and the interests of the country.”—The *Moniteur* announces that a note had been sent to foreign Governments to the effect that the commerce of neutral States will be respected, and the principles laid down at the Paris Congress observed; pledges the French Government to the protocol annexed to the Treaty of Paris, which enacts that privateering is and remains abolished; that the neutral flag covers enemy's goods, with the exception of contraband of war; and that neutral goods, with the exception of contraband of war, are not liable to capture under an enemy's flag; and that blockades, in order to be binding, must be effective; that is, must be maintained by a force sufficient really to prevent access to the coast of the enemy.

The German Confederation, which must play so prominent a part in case the war becomes general, is a defensive league between the governments of thirty-five independent States. These are, Austria, Prussia, the Kingdoms of Bavaria, Saxony, Hanover, and Wirtemberg; twenty-five Duchies, Electorates, and Principalities; and four Free Cities—thirty-five members in all. Only about one-third of Austria and three-fourths of Prussia belong to the Confederation. The population is about 43,000,000, of which the German States of Austria contain 13,000,000. By the articles of confederation all the members possess equal rights; they pledge themselves to each other to defend each member from foreign attack and domestic insurrection; any member can enter into any league or treaty which does not injure other members, except in case of war declared by the Confederation, when no member can form any separate league or treaty; the members can not make war upon each other, but must submit all differences to the Diet, whose action is final. If any federate State commences a war out of Germany, the Confederation, as such, has nothing to do with it; or if any State having foreign possessions is attacked in them, the Confederation is not obliged to assist it, unless the Diet decides that the federal territory is endangered. Thus the Confederation took no part in the Hungarian and Italian wars of 1848, '50; Austria or Prussia might have taken sides in the Crimean war without involving the other States. So, while the present war is waged in Italy, or even if it should be carried into Hungary, the Confederation is not bound to take part in it. It is necessarily involved only in case some part of Germany is endangered. The affairs of the Confederation are man-

aged by a Diet, which sits at Frankfort on the Maine, in which Austria presides, the larger States having two, three, and four votes each, the smaller one each—the whole number being seventy. The ordinary affairs of the league are managed by a committee of seventeen members, in which Austria, Prussia, the four smaller kingdoms, and four other members have each one vote; the remaining six votes are divided among the other members. The smaller Powers have thus a voice in the Diet quite out of proportion to their population; but this is neutralized by the tacitly admitted claim of Austria and Prussia to the sole right of proposing important measures. The military force of the Confederation is nominally very large. When raised to a war footing it amounts to about 550,000 men, made up of the contingents of the various States, of which those of Austria and Prussia compose more than half, leaving about 250,000 to be furnished by the smaller Powers. In case, therefore, of a general war, in which Prussia and the other German States should take sides with Austria, the entire Prussian army (which is shown in our "Editor's Table" to number nearly 400,000 men, exclusive of the Landwehr of the second levy), together with the 250,000 of the minor German Powers, would be arrayed against France, Sardinia, and such other allies as they may secure.

The actual advance of the Austrians into the Sardinian territory was delayed until the 29th of April. On that day the Commander-in-Chief, General Gyulai, with a strong force, crossed the Ticino, the Sardinians falling back without offering any resistance. The presumed object of this movement was to crush the Sardinian forces, and even to advance upon the capital before the arrival of the French allies. If such was the design it was not carried out. The Austrians advanced less than forty miles, and then spread themselves out in the most fertile province of Piedmont, where they levied exhausting contributions upon the inhabitants, although Gyulai had issued a proclamation promising that the inhabitants should be treated with the utmost consideration. "The Imperial eagles," he said, "if you salute them on their arrival without anger and without resistance, will bring you order, tranquillity, moderation; and the peaceable citizen may be assured that liberty, honor, the laws, and property shall be respected and protected as sacred and inviolable things. The constant discipline, which in the Imperial troops is equal to their valor, is a guarantee for my word." Austria, he says, appears solely to "combat a turbulent party, few in number, and strong only in audacity, and which prevents the voice of the true Piedmontese people from being heard. When your adversary and ours," he concludes, "shall have been vanquished, when order and peace shall have been restored, you, who may now call us your enemies, will soon consider us as your liberators and friends." The reason assigned for the failure of the Austrians to advance further is that sudden and unexpected rains had caused such inundations as to render it impossible for an army to march through the flat, marshy country.

In the mean while French troops had been pushed forward with the utmost rapidity, across the Alps by land, and by sea to Genoa, so that in a few days the allies were fully as strong as the Austrians. On the 10th of May the Emperor Napoleon, having confided the regency to the Empress, set out for Italy to take the command of the army in person. He arrived at Genoa on the 12th, where he was wel-

comed with the utmost enthusiasm. His first "order of the day" reminds us of the addresses by which the First Napoleon was accustomed to excite the enthusiasm of his troops. We give it in full:

"Soldiers, I come to place myself at your head, to conduct you to the combat. We are about to second the struggles of a people now vindicating their independence, and to rescue them from foreign oppression. This is a sacred cause, which has the sympathies of the civilized world.

"I need not stimulate your ardor. Every step will remind you of a victory. In the Via Sacra of ancient Rome inscriptions were engraved upon the marble, reminding the people of their exalted deeds. It is the same to-day. In passing Mondovè, Marengo, Lodi, you will, in the midst of those glorious recollections, be marching in another Via Sacra. Preserve that strict discipline which is the honor of the army. Here—forget it not—there are no other enemies than those who fight against you in battle. Remain compact, and abandon not your ranks to hasten forward. Beware of too great enthusiasm, which is the only thing I fear. The new *arms de précision* are dangerous only at a distance. They will not prevent the bayonet from being what it has hitherto been—the terrible weapon of the French infantry.

"Soldiers! Let us all do our duty, and put our confidence in God. Our country expects much from you. From one end of France to the other the following words of happy augury re-echo: 'The new army of Italy will be worthy of her elder sister!'"

The Emperor then devoted himself to maturing his plans for the campaign, while the Austrians, after as far as possible exhausting the country, slowly retired toward their own frontiers. Want of full preparation of supplies, unfavorable weather, and the overflow of the rivers prevented the allies from advancing in force, and beyond unimportant skirmishes of advanced parties no actual engagement took place until the 20th of May, when a severe action was fought at Montebello, on the very spot where, on the 9th of June, 1800, the Austrians were defeated by Lannes. The bulletin of the French commander, General Forey, says, that at about noon he received intelligence that a strong Austrian column, with artillery, had driven the Sardinian advance posts out of Montebello; he immediately pushed forward reinforcements, and after several military manoeuvres, made an attack upon Montebello, where the Austrians had entrenched themselves. A desperate hand-to-hand conflict then ensued in the streets of the village, which was carried house by house; at length the Austrians, though strongly entrenched in the church-yard, were forced to give way, their last position being carried at the point of the bayonet. It was now half past 6 o'clock, and the French General did not think it prudent to follow up his success. The French loss, he says, was from 600 to 700 men, killed and wounded, there being among them an unusual proportion of officers. Among those who were killed was General Beuret, who led the attacking column. The Austrian loss he thinks must have been much greater. Two hundred prisoners were taken. He estimates the Austrian force at from 15,000 to 18,000 men. The Austrian bulletin simply says: "On the 20th General Stadion sent out a reconnoitring party to learn the strength and position of the enemy's right wing. They advanced toward Teglio and Montebello, where they met the enemy in superior force. After a very severe conflict General Stadion drew back his troops in perfect order to the left bank of the Po, after having, however, forced the enemy to employ his full strength." The official report of General Gyulai says that the Austrians lost 290 killed, 718 wound-

ed, and 283 missing. It states that the French and Sardinians numbered 40,000 men, while the French accounts estimate the number actually engaged at from 6000 to 12,000. There seems to be little doubt that the Austrians actually engaged outnumbered the French; but the latter were every moment receiving reinforcements, troops being brought from the head-quarters, some 20 miles distant, by railway, almost within sight of the field of battle. The fighting on both sides was of the most desperate description; the fire of the Austrian riflemen was terribly effective, while the new French artillery more than fulfilled all that had been expected from it. On the following day an action took place between the Austrians and the left wing of the allies, under General Cialdini. According to the bulletin from Turin, the Sardinians crossed the Sesia in two columns; one of these sustained a fierce attack from the Austrians at a place called Villata, where the Austrians were routed, and the Sardinians established themselves at Borgo Vercelli. The other column crossed the river near Cappucini Vecchi, and after having surprised two companies of the enemy, remained at that place. Our loss is insignificant; that of the Austrians considerable. The Austrian account of this affair differs materially from the foregoing. It says: "At noon on the 21st about 15,000 of the Franco-Sardinian army attacked our troops, numbering 3000, at Vercelli. Our men retreated fighting to Orfengo. At this place two other Austrian brigades hurried to the rescue, and threatened the enemy's flank, who retired across the Sesia to the western side of the river." The French account of the affair is probably correct, for we hear of the French Emperor having visited Vercelli on the 26th.—A still more important undertaking was committed to General Garibaldi. With a force consisting chiefly of Italian volunteers he was sent northward to carry the war into Lombardy. He crossed the frontier on the 24th of April, took possession of the town of Varese, where he was attacked on the 26th by an Austrian force, who were repulsed. On the 27th, after a severe fight, he entered Como; the Austrians retreated to Camerlalla, where the combat was renewed, and the Austrians again retreated toward Milan. All the steamers on Lake Maggiore had fallen into the hands of the allies.—The Emperor of Austria left Vienna on the 29th of May for the seat of war, arriving at Verona on the 31st. The three sovereigns are now with their respective armies.

The pecuniary state of Austria is very critical. A loan of 200,000,000 florins was ordered; but it having been found impossible to negotiate it, the National Bank undertook to advance two-thirds of the nominal value of the loan in new notes, and was released, for the present, from the obligation of meeting its notes by specie payments; at the same time it was decreed that all duties and certain excise dues should in future be paid either in silver or in payable coupons of the national loan. An additional loan of 100,000,000 florins was demanded from Lombardy and Venice. It is to be made at the rate of 70 per cent., and is to bear interest at 3 per cent. upon the whole amount. The money is to be paid in by twelve monthly installments. The repayment of the loan is to commence in 1862, and is to be completed in twenty-five years at the rate of 3,000,000 of florins a year.—Napoleon, on the other hand, for the present, at least, finds no difficulty in obtaining money from the people without having recourse to money-lenders. A national loan of 500,000,000 francs was asked. There was such a rush of sub-

scribers that it was found necessary to open additional offices. In Paris the office of the Ministry of Finance was surrounded by a line of people, many of whom had been there all night. In the five days during which the books were opened the subscriptions amounted to 2,307,000,000 francs—nearly five times the amount required. The number of subscribers is 525,000. The Minister of Finance, in his report, points to this result as showing the solidity of the French financial system, the wealth and patriotism of the nation, and its entire confidence in the wisdom of the Emperor, and its warm sympathy in the contest which he is now waging.

In *Great Britain* the Parliamentary elections have been completed; 654 Members have been chosen, of whom 301 are classified as "Conservatives," or Ministerial; and 353 "Liberals," or Opposition, of various shades. If the Opposition can combine, the Derby Ministry, although it has gained some 25 votes, will still be left in a decided minority.—The Queen has issued a proclamation of neutrality: It says that as war has broken out between the Emperor of Austria on the one part, and the Emperor of France and the King of Sardinia on the other; and as Great Britain is on terms of friendship and amity with all the belligerents; and as great numbers of British subjects reside, carry on commerce, possess property and establishments, and enjoy various rights and privileges within the dominions of each of these sovereigns, protected by the faith of treaties; and as the Queen is desirous of preserving the blessings of peace, she is determined to abstain from taking any part in the hostilities now waging, and to remain at peace with all; she therefore "does strictly charge and command all her loving subjects to govern themselves accordingly, and to observe a strict neutrality in and during the aforesaid hostilities and war, and to abstain from violating or contravening either the laws and statutes of the realm in this behalf or the law of nations in relation thereto, as they will answer to the contrary at their peril."—Among the things specially prohibited by this proclamation is the carrying to either belligerent any articles which are contraband of war. In reply to a question whether coal would be considered as coming within contraband articles, the Government declined to decide; but said that any person who conveyed it did so at his own risk; and if any vessel carrying coal should be seized the question whether she was a lawful prize must be decided by the prize courts before which the vessel is brought.—Military and naval preparations on an extensive scale are being made; and the formation of volunteer rifle corps is strongly urged.—A meeting of the Atlantic Telegraph Company has been summoned to consider the propositions made by Government. These are to secure a guarantee of 8 per cent. per annum on the cost, for 25 years, provided that the telegraph is in successful operation at the rate of one hundred words an hour; £20,000 per annum to be paid for messages. Additional confidence in the ultimate success of the enterprise has been occasioned by the successful laying of the Red Sea cable from Suez to Perim, a distance of 1260 miles.—From India the most important news is that of the capture of Tantia Topee, the last important rebel leader, who has for some time been carrying on a harassing guerrilla warfare. He was captured on the 15th of April, brought before a court-martial, found guilty of rebellion, sentenced to death, and hung on the 18th. Only small bodies of insurgents now exist; and are easily dispersed whenever encountered.

Literary Notices.

The Greek Testament, by HENRY ALFORD, B.D., Vol. I. (Published by Harper and Brothers.) The labors of Mr. Alford on the critical revision of the New Testament have given him a high place among the biblical scholars of England. The first volume of his great work is here reprinted from the last London edition, containing the revised text of the Four Gospels, a digest of various readings, marginal references to verbal and idiomatic usages, copious introductory essays, and a critical and exegetical commentary. "Its digest of various readings," says a recent authority, "is incontestably the best ever presented to the world. The exegetical commentaries and the prolegomena will be variously valued, of course, by persons of various theological views; but no one will deny to him the praise of exemplary diligence in the collection of authorities, of acuteness in the investigation of vexed questions, of a noble candor not always characteristic of critical scholars, and of a sound common sense equally rare and admirable."

The Life of General H. Havelock, K.C.B., by J. T. HEADLEY. (Published by Charles Scribner.) The character of this eminent British General is familiar to the American public, although no complete account of his military career has hitherto been given to the world. In the composition of the present volume Mr. Headley has made use of the various incidental memoirs that have been published in England, the official papers issued in India, and the valuable articles on the Indian war in different periodicals, besides having access to some of General Havelock's personal records and journals. He has wrought up his abundant materials into a lively and agreeable narrative, marked by the graphic power of his former productions, but to a very considerable degree toned down from their characteristic luxuriance. The subject is entirely congenial to his taste, and he has treated it with his usual success. Few biographies of recent publication are better adapted to be read both with interest and instruction. Combining the highest virtues of civil life with rare military talents, the course of General Havelock presents an example of manly excellence of which there are not many instances in modern history. His intellect was more remarkable for its soundness than for variety or originality; he displayed none of the splendid extravagances which often distinguish the progress of a great commander; but for integrity of purpose and bravery of conduct he will long challenge the admiration of the world. In the union of religious principle with military enthusiasm he bears a strong resemblance to the valiant heroes of the English Commonwealth.

Cosmos, by ALEXANDER VON HUMBOLDT, Vol. V. (Published by Harper and Brothers.) The recent death of the greatest historian of physical science, in the splendid maturity of his fame, gives a fresh interest to his imperishable record of the harmonic unity of creation. The present volume is devoted to the more important phenomena of the Earth, including the determination of its size, form, and density, with a full account of earthquakes and volcanoes. No work is more remarkable for its rigid adherence to facts, for its copiousness of detail, or its nice discrimination of evidence. At the same time, its expositions are vivified by a sense of the poetical aspects of nature, while its vast array of particulars are grouped, by their mutual relations, in a philosophic whole. The intelligent study of "Cosmos" not only enriches the mind with an immense amount

of substantial knowledge, but enkindles a profound feeling of the order, majesty, and admirable harmonies of the universe.

To Cuba and Back, by RICHARD H. DANA, JUN. (Published by Ticknor and Fields.) In this rapid sketch of a rapid tropical excursion the reader will find some repetition of the enjoyment which he experienced in the perusal of the author's "Two Years before the Mast." Mr. Dana now hails from the forum instead of the fore-castle, but he has lost nothing of the freshness and vivacity which gave such a perpetual charm to his former narrative. The volume consists of descriptions of the voyage to Cuba and back, of social life in Havana, of rural scenes on a sugar plantation, and brief comments on the political condition of the island. Without burdening the reader by a load of statistical details, he presents a series of admirably colored pictures, which bring the scenery and society of the tropics before the mind's eye in striking perspective.

Summer Pictures from Copenhagen to Venice, by HENRY M. FIELD. (Published by Sheldon and Co.) The memorial of a pleasant summer tour, somewhat off the usual track of American travelers, is recorded in this attractive volume. After spending a week or two in England, Mr. Field proceeded to Paris; but instead of devoting a large part of his vacation to the enchantments of that capital, in a short time took his departure for Holland, thence to Hamburg, and at length to Copenhagen. Crossing the Baltic, he makes the tour of the most interesting German cities, returning to Paris by the way of Venice, where he passes a delightful week in exploring the wonders of the ancient City of the Sea. In the account of his travels he has wisely avoided the temptation of ambitious writing, and contents himself with the simplest description of his daily experiences, without growing tedious by protracted comment. He evidently entered into the enjoyments of his tour with the most hearty zest, and by his singular naturalness of statement causes his readers to share his pleasure. Always fixing his eye on the bright side of things, and with the spirit of the largest charity, he mostly dwells on the agreeable aspects of foreign countries, and often finds occasion to commend even the features which are usually mentioned by travelers only with censure or spleen. Thus he finds many ingenious excuses for the conceited and insolent manners of the snobbish Englishmen who often so sorely affront the self-love of Brother Jonathan; and presents a pleasing picture of domestic life among the upper middle classes of French society, which is generally represented as hopelessly given over to heartlessness and frivolity. His book thus leaves a highly favorable impression, not only of the catholic and genial temper of the writer, but of the scenes and society with which he became familiar.

The Convalescent, by N. PARKER WILLIS. (Published by Charles Scribner.) Another installment of the sparkling letters with which Mr. Willis makes glad the hearts of the readers of the *Home Journal* from his breezy nest at Idlewild. They are fragrant with the odors of the forest and mountain, and, seasoned liberally with the spice of personal gossip and social experiences, form a piquant compound of rural meditation and worldly knowingness. The topics are certainly of rather a limited range, but the writer has the happy gift of presenting even hackneyed themes in a fresh aspect, and with every new turn of the kaleidoscope produces a new combination of

brilliancy. Mr. Willis has no reserve in the expression of his fancies—he is obliged, by habit and profession, to coin his feelings into phrases—but somewhat more reticence in using the names of his friends would not damage the effect of his style.

Harper and Brothers have published an essay on *The Union of the Oceans by Ship-Canal without Locks*, by FREDERICK M. KELLEY, containing an account of the explorations of the Atrato and the neighboring country, at the instance of the author. Mr. Kelley is widely known as an ardent advocate of the construction of a ship-canal between the Atlantic and the Pacific, *via* the Atrato Valley, and his views on the subject are here explained with earnestness and vigor. An interesting account is also given of the reception of his plan by Humboldt, Sir R. Murchison, Mr. Robert Stephenson, and other eminent scientific Europeans.

A selection from the most interesting productions of French literature in standard English translations, edited by O. W. WIGHT, is in course of publication by Derby and Jackson. Among the volumes thus far issued are MONTAIGNE'S *Complete Works* and the *Telemachus* of FENELON, which, in point of intelligent editorship and neat and accurate typographical execution, give favorable promise of the character of the series. The edition of Montaigne comprises the substance of Hazlitt's edition; the biographical memoir by Bayle St. John, in an abridged form; and copious bibliographical notices. Lamartine's *Life of Fénélon*, and Villemain's *Essay on his Genius and Character*, are appended to the volume of *Telemachus*, together with a selection of critical opinions on his works. The indices have been prepared with special care, and greatly enhance the value of the edition. Whatever may be thought of the adaptation of these works to popular reading, the painstaking fidelity with which they have been prepared is certainly creditable to American literature.

Among the publications of Harper and Brothers for the past month are *An Elementary Grammar, Etymology, and Syntax*, by Professor WILLIAM C. FOWLER, presenting in an abridged form, adapted to the younger class of students, the leading principles and illustrations of the larger works of the author on the same subject; a new edition of Miss MULOCK'S *John Halifax, Gentleman*, with illustrations by AUGUSTUS HOPPIN; and a popular history of *The Wars of the Roses*, by J. G. EDGAR, whose success as a writer of historical narratives for young people has been tested by frequent experience.

The Bible in the Levant; or, the Life and Letters of the Rev. C. N. Richter, by SAMUEL IRENEUS PRIME. (Published by Sheldon and Co.) The subject of this interesting memoir was an agent of the American Bible Society in the Levant, who was removed from the scene of his earthly labors in the morning freshness of youthful promise. From the autumn of 1854 to the close of 1856 Mr. Richter was employed in the arduous duties of his mission, which he discharged with unchanging self-devotion and admirable intelligence. During the Crimean war he visited the British camp before Sebastopol, and having been kindly received by Lord Raglan, was permitted to distribute the Bible among the soldiers. Of his experience in this work numerous striking passages are related. He subsequently traveled in various parts of Turkey, Greece, Egypt, and Palestine, in the performance of his official duties, and visiting many of the most celebrated scenes of Biblical and Oriental history. In his journeyings in the Holy Land he was one of the party of whose "tent-life"

Mr. William C. Prime has given the public such vivid descriptions in his well-known narrative of Eastern travel. His own letters and journals have been freely used in the compilation of this volume, and afford a more life-like impression of the character of the writer than could be given by pages of general eulogium. He was a man of a singularly happy temperament, with whom the most austere devotion to duty did not chill the kindly sympathies of nature; and whose cheerful spirit, blended with a vein of poetry, made his companionship as agreeable as his character was pure and noble. The simple record of his life in this volume, though brief, is a valuable piece of biography.

Ancient Mineralogy, by N. F. MOORE, LL.D. (Published by Harper and Brothers.) In this little volume we find a large amount of curious erudition, which, though perhaps not important in a scientific point of view, possesses no slight degree of antiquarian interest. Although the science of mineralogy, in its systematic arrangement, is of quite recent origin, many of the ancients were acute observers of this department of nature, and of the results of their observation this volume embodies a variety of interesting examples. Dioscorides has given a description of many mineral substances in his work on the *materia medica*. Theophrastus has left an express treatise on stones. The last five books of Pliny's great work on natural history are chiefly devoted to the consideration of minerals. Other ancient authors have incidental notices of the subject in treating of the history and geography of different countries. Only nine mineral substances, exclusive of the metals and various precious stones, are mentioned in the Bible—namely, marble, alabaster, lime, flint, brimstone, amber, vermilion, nitre, and salt—unless bdellium and bitumen should be added to the list, concerning the nature of which antiquaries are not fully agreed. Gold, which has always held such a high place in the estimation of mankind, was certainly one of the first with which they were acquainted. The first mention of this precious metal is where it is alluded to, with silver and cattle, as forming part of the wealth of Abraham. The earliest account of its being applied to practical use or ornament is in reference to the ear-rings, bracelets, and jewels of silver and gold which Abraham's servant presented to Rebecca. Cadmus is said to have opened the first mine of gold in Mount Pangæum. Eleven hundred years later Philip of Macedon drew treasures from the same region. The Pharaohs obtained great quantities of gold from mines on the borders of Egypt and Ethiopia, between the Nile and the Red Sea. Mines of gold were worked in Siberia at a period anterior to the introduction of iron tools. Spain also contained rich gold-mines; nor was it wanting, according to some authorities, in Italy and Arabia. Silver, in ancient times, was often found in the same mines with gold. It was found in most of the Roman provinces, but especially in Spain; and, like gold, was obtained from mountainous and barren regions. Not a little recondite information concerning the various kinds of precious stones is also given in this volume, which combines the researches of many more elaborate works.

On Civil Liberty and Self-Government, by FRANCIS LIEBER, LL.D. (Published by J. B. Lippincott and Co.) A new edition of a treatise which has attained the rank of a standard authority on the subject which it discusses, enriched by illustrations from the most recent historical developments, and equally valuable for its learning and its force of argument.

Editor's Table.

EUROPEAN ARMIES AND ARMS.—At this moment there are in Europe fully four millions of men actually under arms. Every tenth able-bodied man has been taken from the plow, the loom, and the anvil, and set to handling the musket, lance, and sabre. Besides these four millions, every arsenal and dock-yard swarms with artisans and laborers fabricating implements of death. Not one of these men produces any thing for his own subsistence. They must be fed and clothed by the labor of others. We may safely estimate that in the middle of this nineteenth century of grace, one-third of the productive energy of Europe is absorbed in the armies or in maintaining them.

Men have flattered themselves that all this war-like preparation meant only peace. No state or ruler of Christendom had any serious cause of complaint against any other. The ancient enemies, France and England, were sworn allies; and both had made friends with Russia. Austria and Prussia, hostile to neither belligerent during the war, had joined in the Peace Congress which closed it. If there were any differences of opinion as to the constitution of the Principalities, the navigation of the Danube, or the misgovernments in Italy, the Great Powers could easily arrange them at another Congress, the very day of whose assembling was fixed. On the last day of the last year who dreamed of a European war?

Twenty words coldly spoken at Paris on New-Year's Day—a day sacred to the offices of friendship and kindly feeling—dispelled these dreams of peace. A few haughty sentences written at Vienna on Good Friday, and as haughtily responded to at Turin on Easter Monday—days memorable in the calendar of Christendom—sent hundreds of thousands of Austrians across the Ticino, roughened the waters of the Mediterranean with French steamers, and blocked up the Alpine passes with French troops, hurrying to the old Italian battle-fields. Half a million of men drawn from hamlets a thousand miles apart now stand confronting each other in Piedmont and Lombardy; while all the frontiers of the Continent bristle with armies, waiting to meet they know not whom.

The most astute statesmen hardly dare to guess the issue. Can the war, as they hope, be confined to Italy—France and Austria being left to fight it out alone? Must it, as they fear, spread beyond, and involve other nations? If so, who will be allies; who enemies; and who can maintain an armed neutrality?

Events march so rapidly that the shrewdest speculations of to-day may by to-morrow be proved to be absolutely false, or may have become a part of actual history. We propose no speculations, but present an estimate of the military resources of the Great Powers as they existed on that Good Friday of 1859, which will be so memorable in the world's history. From this we may form some idea of the expectations of those who have appealed to the arbitration of the sword.

Viewed simply as a contest between France and Austria, there is a singular equality between the combatants. France has a population of 36,000,000, Austria has 37,000,000. The armies of the two Empires, when put upon war-footing,* present, ac-

cording to the elaborate analysis of Mr. Wraxall, an almost perfect equality of numerical force available for actual service against a foreign enemy. But numbers, whether of inhabitants or soldiers, form but a single element of the military strength of a nation. Discipline, equipment, martial spirit, physical vigor, and pecuniary resources enter largely into the account.

The Austrian Empire is composed of many nationalities, some hostile, and all ignorant of each other's language. Of the troops ranged under the banners of Francis-Joseph one-fifth are German by race or tongue; two-fifths are Slaves—Poles, Czechs, Croats, and the like—speaking half a score of dialects; one-fifth are Magyars, who hate and despise both Germans and Slaves; the other fifth are Wallachs from the military frontier, and Italians from Lombardy and Venice, who have ample reasons for hating all the rest. The army is raised by conscription from all these diverse races. To add to its discordant character, it abounds with officers who are not Austrians at all. Military adventurers from every nation in Europe; cadets from the impoverished noble houses of Bavaria, Hanover, and Brunswick; sons of the rich Catholic nobility of Westphalia and Silesia, who dislike the leveling system of the Prussian service; soldiers of fortune from Switzerland and Tuscany, who have only their swords and their cloaks for heritage, find ready welcome in the Austrian army. The evils inseparable from these discordant nationalities in the army are in a measure neutralized by stationing the troops in other provinces than those from which they are drawn. German regiments are ready to repress disturbances in Italy; Poles and Croats quelled the insurrection in Hungary; Magyars and Italians may be trusted to defend the empire from any uprising in its German States. The army, well-fed and clothed, perfectly equipped and thoroughly disciplined, belongs to the Emperor, not to the Empire. In one respect, at least, this variety of nationality is turned to positive advantage, by recruiting troops for each branch of the service from the race best adapted to it. The Magyars, whose home, like that of their Tartar ancestors, is the saddle, furnish the dashing hussars; the Polish hulans are unequaled in the use of the national lance; the mountaineers of the Tyrol furnish riflemen hardly inferior as marksmen to our American backwoodsmen; while broad-shouldered Bohemians and Styrians, stout Germans and hardy Poles, supply the heavy cavalry and infantry.

The disasters of 1848-'50, which led to the accession of the present Emperor, showed his astute counselors the necessity of a thorough reform in the army. The young monarch entered heart and soul into their plans; and hardly a month has elapsed during his reign which has not been signalized by some decided improvement in arms, uniform, equipment, or discipline.

The population of France is singularly homogeneous, with a common language, common habits, a common history, and common traditions. Every French soldier is a comrade to every other. The recruit from Flanders or Languedoc, from Brittany or Alsace, from Normandy, Paris, or Dauphiny, is a Frenchman, at home in every Department of the Empire. His military life is so arranged as to strip him of every provincial peculiarity. To-day he

* *The Armies of the Great Powers.* By LASCELLES WRAXALL: London, 1859.

may be garrisoned at Paris, to-morrow at Marseilles or Lisle, and next year sent to Algiers. His regimental comrades are drawn from every part of France; for the annual complements are summoned one year from one province, the next from another, so that the regiments may remain national, not provincial.

The French army of to-day is the creation of the first Napoleon. Though there may not be a man in the ranks who served in the army of the Great Captain, the talk at every mess-table and around every bivouac-fire is of what "we" did at Austerlitz or Eylau, at Wagram or Borodino. The saying of the Emperor, that "every French soldier carries his marshal's staff in his knapsack," has never been forgotten. Every soldier knows the history of the men who entered the army in blouses, and died in marshal's uniform. They do not doubt that there are Neys and Murats now shouldering a musket; and a great war is all that is needed to show who they are. Hence, when troops were drafted for the Crimea, there was a strife as to who should be allowed to go. Sub-officers were eager to enter the ranks again, and serve as privates before Sebastopol. One corporal was heard by an Englishman to offer his whole fortune of 2000 francs to a comrade if he would consent to an exchange; and this money was the price which he had received for serving as a substitute for six years under the burning sun of Algeria. "*Vive Napoleon! Vive la guerre!*" Six years more of war like the last and I am safe to be a colonel!" shouted a young *Chasseur d'Afrique* in the hearing of the same Englishman. He was an *enfant de troupe*, had entered the army as a bugler, won his rank of sergeant-major in Africa, fought in the Crimea, whence he returned wounded, but decorated with the cross of the Legion of Honor, and holding the rank of lieutenant. He had no doubt that he should be a general one day. These men are types of the French soldiers. With them war is a lottery in which the death of a comrade increases the chances of the survivors to draw a prize.

The discipline, training, and equipment of the French soldier are eminently practical. He is not merely instructed to obey mechanically the word of command, but is made to understand the reason for each manœuvre. German and Russian officers say that they like stupid soldiers the best, for they only need to execute the word of command. No French officer would join in this opinion. With them the more intelligent the man the better. From the moment when the recruit dons his uniform steps are taken to arouse his intelligence and military pride, not only by the officers, but by the old campaigners, who take pride in transforming the awkward conscript into a thorough soldier. He is taught not only to march and wheel, to load and fire, but how to do every thing which may be required in a campaign: how to build a hut and pitch a tent, to cook his food, repair his arms, and mend his clothing, to cross a river or enter a railway train. At Sebastopol the English troops came near starving because they did not know how to prepare their raw provisions, while the French, far less abundantly provided, were regaling themselves with coffee, soups, and joints cooked by their own hands at the camp-fire. In size and physical strength the French soldiers, taken individually, are undoubtedly inferior to their Austrian opponents; but every newspaper correspondent who has seen the troops, notes with surprise the easy and rapid manner in which they march, loaded with their muskets and knapsacks,

soup-kettles, and tent-poles. Mere courage is too common to all European soldiers to allow one army to claim a marked superiority in this respect over any other. Fidelity to their colors may be safely predicated of all. The superior weight of the Austrians, which would tell in a hand-to-hand fight, may be assumed in a campaign to be fully counterbalanced by the greater lightness, dexterity, and enthusiasm of the French.

All estimates of the numerical strength of the great European armies must at best be approximations. In time of peace the regiments are never full; and even when raised to a war-footing, it is impossible to say precisely how large a proportion are fit for actual service in the field. The following table presents a comparative view of the French and Austrian forces, drawn from the most reliable authorities:

FRENCH ARMY.		AUSTRIAN ARMY.	
Infantry of the Line	300,000	Light Infantry . . .	370,000
Foot Chasseurs (Riflemen)	19,000	Riflemen	32,000
African Regiments.	25,000	Borderers	55,000
Imperial Guards . .	35,000		
Gendarmes	23,000	Gendarmes	10,000
Cavalry	82,000	Cavalry	73,000
Artillery (1182 g'ns)	60,000	Artillery (1344 g'ns)	69,000
Engineers, Sappers, and Miscellaneous troops	36,000	Engineers, Sappers, and Miscellaneous troops	41,000
Total	580,000		650,000

These numbers represent the forces which each Emperor has now at his disposal for all purposes. By calling in all reserves either might probably add 200,000 men to his army. If self-defense should render a general conscription necessary, like that of the last days of Napoleon, the armies might be still more augmented; but the population of the two empires being so nearly the same, this ultimate resource would be equal in either case. The apparent Austrian preponderance is fully neutralized by the circumstances of the empire, which demand large garrisons in several provinces. To provide for these can not require less than 100,000 men. France can hold Algeria, her only disturbed possession, with 25,000. Allowing each empire to retain 125,000 men in dépôts at home, each sovereign can probably at this moment bring into the field a force of 400,000 men, ready for actual service in any direction. In special arms, the Austrian cavalry is undoubtedly superior to the French; while the French artillery as certainly surpasses the Austrian. Upon the whole, leaving out of view all foreign interference, so nearly equal is the material force of the two empires, that we may safely assume that the issue of the struggle will depend upon the military genius of the commanders. We have yet to learn whether Europe possesses a Great Captain—a Napoleon or a Frederick.

The peculiar circumstances of Prussia have enforced upon that kingdom a military organization of its own. With a population less than one-half that of France or Austria, and hardly one-fourth that of Russia; with a country destitute of all natural defenses, Prussia claims and maintains a political and military equality with the other Great Powers. She has no mountain ranges in which to entrench herself in case of defeat, no great rivers beyond which to retire, no immense distances in which to hide. She must rely for safety solely upon her people. She must be all hand. She must be able to turn every man into a soldier. The governments of France or Austria, with a population of nearly 40,000,000, can engage to furnish a substitute for

every conscript who will pay four or five hundred dollars. Prussia, with but 17,000,000 inhabitants, must, in case of need, be able to raise an army able to cope with those of her neighbors. She can therefore allow no exemption from military service. The Prussian system of compulsory education is well known. Not less stringent is the system of military training. Every able-bodied Prussian must devote the years between twenty-one and twenty-four to military service. He is then for two years enrolled in the reserve, from which he passes to the *Landwehr* (National Guards) of the first levy, in which he remains until the age of thirty-five. He is now relieved from constant military duty, can enter into any sphere of life; but is still enrolled in the army, is exercised at stated times, and may at any moment be called into active service. A regiment of the *Landwehr* is attached to each regiment of the line, which is provided with supplementary officers to take command of the addition. So perfect is the organization that every *Landwehr* regiment can be assembled in full marching order in four days. After the age of thirty-five the soldier passes into the *Landwehr* of the second levy, and is relieved from military exercises during peace. Still the lists are accurately kept up, and in case of need these men can be brought into service for the defense of the fortresses and for other military purposes at home. The regular Prussian army in time of peace numbers only 122,000 men. Its strength, when placed upon a full war-footing, is as follows:

Regular standing force	122,000
<i>Landwehr</i> of the first levy	273,000
<i>Landwehr</i> of the second levy	130,000
Total	525,000

The main strength of the Prussian army lies in its infantry, the cavalry numbering only 36,000. The artillery also is much inferior, both in number and armament, to that of France or Austria.

Our information as to the actual strength of the Russian army is very defective. The regular active force amounts, on paper, to 637,000 men of all arms, with 1436 guns, though it is asserted on good authority that even during the Crimean war there were never more than 500,000 men actually under arms. The troops serve for fifteen years, and then pass into the reserve for five years longer, being called out for exercise three weeks in the year. The entire reserve numbers 253,000 men. There are also 118,000 garrison troops, who perform duty in the governmental towns. In addition to all these are the irregular troops—Cossacks, Tartars, and the like—who number about 150,000. The entire Russian army thus nominally exceeds a million of men. But so defective is the organization of portions of it, and such is the immense extent of territory from which it is drawn, that it may be doubted whether the Emperor could by any possibility bring half that number into the field to act against a European power.

We can hardly rank Great Britain among the great military Powers. The infantry, consisting of 132 battalions, numbering 130,000 men, is dispersed all over the world. About 70 battalions are in India; 10 at Gibraltar, Malta, and the Ionian Islands; 5 in Canada; 4 in Australia; 8 at the Cape of Good Hope and in China; 3 in the West Indies; leaving only 32 at home. An army of 120,000 infantry, 12,000 cavalry, and 2000 engineers, with 300 guns, is probably the utmost that the kingdom could devote to an offensive war. To raise these it would be necessary to recall every available man from In-

dia and the colonies. If Great Britain is drawn into a Continental war, she must take part with her fleet and her money, rather than with her soldiers. As a principal she would be almost powerless; as an ally to either military power she would be invaluable; for France and Austria can find men far more easily than the means to maintain them during a long war.

The last ten years have witnessed an almost total change in the weapons of the civilized world. "Brown Bess," the simple musket with which the great wars of Marlborough and Frederick and Napoleon were fought, is as thoroughly superseded as are the bows and slings of the ancients. It was tolerably effective at a distance of one hundred or one hundred and fifty yards; beyond two hundred yards an enemy was as safe as though he were a league off. As long as both sides were armed alike this was of no consequence. But when the French in Algeria found themselves opposed to the Arabs, whose long carbines had twice the range of their own muskets, the need of a new weapon was at once apparent. The long effective range of the rifle had long been known to hunters; but it had never been successfully introduced into European armies. Though terribly effective in guerrilla warfare, when used by men like the mountaineers of the Tyrol, or the frontiersmen of America, the time and skill required for loading it, when the ball had to be driven by force down the grooved barrel, rendered it useless in the hands of ordinary soldiers. A rifle capable of being quickly loaded was the desideratum for the French in Algeria. To effect this the ball must, while entering the barrel, require but slight pressure to force it down; while, when it emerges, it must fit so tightly as to be forced into the grooves, and thus acquire the rotary motion which is the peculiarity which gives the rifle-shot its increased range. Failing this, the ball and charge must be inserted at the breech.

After various experiments the *carabine à tige* of Monsieur Thouvenin was introduced into a portion of the French army. This, and not the greatly improved weapon of Minié, is the one still used by the greater part of the *chasseurs à pied*, the famous French rifle corps. The Minié gun is the common rifle, with a ball shaped like a sugar-loaf, the bottom having a conical excavation, in which is placed the point of an iron thimble somewhat larger than the excavation. This thimble acts like a wedge, any blow given to it forcing it up, and expanding the base of the ball so as to fit the rifle-grooves. This blow is given by the force of the explosion of the charge. The Minié gun is thus loaded simply by dropping the ball down upon the charge, the act of firing completing the operation.

Any improvement in arms made in the army of one nation compels a corresponding improvement in all others. The Prussians experimented upon breech-loading rifles, and the result is their "needle-loading gun," which has the advantage of greater rapidity in loading than can be attained in any muzzle-loading rifle; but such is the delicacy of its construction that grave doubts are entertained as to its efficiency in actual war. If report speaks truly, it soon "leaks fire" to such an extent as to render it dangerous to the user, and almost useless. Some 50,000 of these are in use in the Prussian army, where no doubt seems to be entertained of its superiority over every other weapon.

The British Government entered upon these improvements with characteristic delay. It settled

finally upon the Enfield rifle, which differs from the Minié gun mainly in having a plug of hard wood inserted in the base of the picket instead of the iron thimble, which is affirmed to be a decided improvement in many respects. The size and weight of the gun, the number and pitch of the grooves, and the nature of the charge, were decided upon after careful experiment. The new weapon having been once settled upon, its introduction was effected with great rapidity, and the entire British infantry is now armed with the Enfield rifle. The cartridge is greased, and the end must be bitten off by the soldier. The proposed introduction of this gun, with its greased cartridge, was seized upon as a pretext for the insurrection in India. It was affirmed that the grease used was the fallow of the sacred cow, and that the Hindoos would be defiled by putting it in their mouths. Their pretended religious scruples proved their destruction. Had the native troops accepted the new rifles, and postponed the revolt until they were armed with them, we can hardly believe it possible that they could have been put down by any European force that England could have brought against them. Without any disparagement to the bravery and indomitable "pluck" of the British troops, we are warranted in ascribing their triumphant success to the weapons rather than to the men. Three hundred thousand natives armed with "Brown Bess" were no match for an eighth of their number of Europeans provided with the Enfield rifle.

When the marvelous powers of the Minié rifle were fully demonstrated in the Crimea, it was thought by many that the days of artillery, for service in the field, were over. Cannon would still be required for siege purposes and for naval warfare; but the rifle would take the place of field artillery. A two-ounce Minié ball is as effectual as a 24-pound solid shot. In fact, solid shot, in the field, had long given place to grape, shrapnel, or "scatter-shot" of some description. For these three or four hundred yards is the most effective distance—only half as far as the Minié rifle carries with perfect accuracy. A few riflemen lying beyond cannon range might disable a battery by picking off the men, one by one. Experiments were set on foot in France and England so to improve artillery that the old relation between cannon and small-arms should be restored.

France, as usual, was earliest in the field. For months it has been known that the old artillery of the Empire was being rapidly replaced by a new cannon called the "Napoleon Gun." The secret of its construction was well kept; but fact after fact slowly oozed out, which gave pregnant hints as to its character. It was acknowledged to be a field-piece, and therefore must be adapted for shells. It was a four-pounder: this could only mean that its bore was the size of a four-pound round shot—say with a diameter of $4\frac{1}{4}$ inches; for a four-pound shell could not carry enough explosive and "scattering" matter to be worth any thing. The projectile, of the diameter of a four-pound shot, must be much heavier; therefore it must be elongated—a picket or a bolt, instead of a ball. Such a projectile, according to well-known laws, demands a rifled barrel. The Napoleon Gun must therefore be a rifled cannon, in size and weight not greatly exceeding a common four-pounder, capable of easy transport, and available as a field-piece; bearing therefore to the old cannon something the relation which the Minié rifle bears to "Brown Bess." That it was being introduced into the French artillery was proof enough that its powers had been tested. France

having such an arm, England could not be without it or its equivalent.

Sir William Armstrong (knighted therefor) solved the problem in England. An effort was made to keep the invention secret. It was unsuccessful. Accurate descriptions and drawings have been published of it; and all the world may know precisely what the "Armstrong Gun" is. Without going into mechanical details, we may say that it is a rifled cannon, loading at the breech, with a bore of the size of a four-pounder, and consequently not varying greatly in size and weight from such a piece, yet carrying an elongated shrapnel shell of any desirable weight. Pieces up to 32-pounders have already been constructed, and the inventor says that 70-pounders and 100-pounders will be made. Its range has been thoroughly tested. "At a distance of 600 yards," says Sir William Armstrong, "an object no larger than the muzzle of an enemy's gun may be struck at almost every shot. At 3000 yards a target of nine feet square, which at that distance looks like a mere speck, has on a calm day been struck five times in ten shots. A ship would afford a target large enough to be hit at much longer distances; and shells may be thrown into a town or fortress at a range of more than five miles. The shell, which consists of about 150 pieces, can be made to explode at any moment of its flight. Seven of these were fired, from a distance of 1500 yards, at two targets nine feet square. They were struck by these seven shots in 597 places.

This cannon, with its French equivalent, the Napoleon Gun, flinging explosive shells to a distance of miles, yet so light as to be easily handled in the field, may be regarded as the ultimate achievement yet attained in the fabrication of implements of destruction. Being in the possession of two Powers, all other military states must adopt it; and it can not fail to work a great change in military tactics. Corresponding to these advances in weapons of destruction, now actually in the hands of commanders, are the improved modes of transit, by which distances which formerly required weeks for the transit of armies and their necessary stores are now accomplished in hours. The third Napoleon has been able to send 200,000 men to Italy in a tenth of the time which it cost his uncle to lead a fourth of that number to the same point.

When so much has actually been accomplished, it seems almost idle to speak of the speculations put forth by men of science of possible inventions to which these are but playthings. Still we must advert to that remarkable paper, the last production of the late Dr. Lardner, in which he speaks of newly-discovered chemical compounds which may be made available for warlike purposes on a scale frightful to contemplate. He tells us of shells charged with materials which, coming in contact with atmospheric air, will evolve clouds of the gases of arsenic and prussic acid, which will poison all who breathe them. He assures us that it is possible to get to the windward of an army, and by the help of a few bottles of these compounds, convert the soft breeze into an agent of destruction as potent as that which swept away the hosts of the Assyrians; that a town or a fleet may be burned with as much certainty as one lights a lucifer match—all by chemical means. Leaving these speculations aside, we are warranted in the assertion that the Powers of Europe, with their present armies and arms, have the means of carrying on war upon a scale of destructiveness compared to which every thing that the world has seen is but child's play.

Editor's Easy Chair.

WHOEVER wishes to know the details and romance of the war in Italy will naturally inquire next door at the Foreign Bureau; but the very fact that we have questions to ask shows that we have an interest to satisfy, an interest that every civilized human being must now have in every war among civilized nations. And although the seat of the present war is off the usual line of travel of Italian tourists, there are few who have been in Italy with any thoroughness who do not remember Genoa, and Genoa will be the port of the Sardinians and their allies.

Indeed, why should not every American traveler to the old Europe be a pilgrim to Genoa, where Christopher Columbus was born? We have his own word for it in his own will.

There is, indeed, a little village two or three miles from Genoa which claims to be the very spot; and it is not impossible that, by a pardonable extension of the city limits far enough to include the little village, Columbus may have chosen to associate his name with superb Genoa—*Genova la superba*, as the Italians delight to call it.

And who that has seen it does not delight to remember it, especially those to whom its rising terraces of orange and olive trees, lifting themselves from a base of marble palaces and spires that cluster in a semicircle around the harbor, were the introduction to Italy.

A semicircle of hills incloses the city, which is built upon the shore. If you take the French steamer at Marseilles, as once the Easy Chair did, and glide along the base of the Montferrat Mountains, under the villas and convents and little white towns, and reaching Genoa after dark, go to your hotel, which will probably be the Feder, you will, if you are lucky, get a room which looks out upon the quay, and the gleaming, glittering harbor.

In the Hotel Feder, if you are fortunate, and the nightly enemies of man traveling in Italy are not too much on the alert, you will sleep as soundly as at the United States, at Saratoga, or the Ocean House, at Newport.

In the morning the proud Genoa, the superb Genoa, will reveal itself to you by a noise such as you believed to be simply impossible in a land given over to sleep and dreams like Italy. You spring to your window convinced that the Carbonari have arrived, that the revolution has commenced by a general slaughter of all the men, women, and animals in proud Genoa, or, at least, that the land of sleep and dreams is suffering with a grievous nightmare.

O sweet surprise—delightful undelusion! you will cry, if you are recently from Germany.

For, reaching your window and gazing down, you behold the very carnival of peace. The square or triangle beneath is full of a motley crowd, of which the most striking component parts are men and donkeys.

Long strings of asses bearing every sort of burden, oil in flasks packed in panniers, bundles of wood, tiles, cloths, fruit, vegetables, and flowers—asses in carts dragging huge white bales of something or other—bareheaded women pushing their persons through the crowd and their tongues into the confusion—women with baskets poised and borne upon their heads with a kind of Egyptian silence and repose—priests in flat black cocked-hats, and black tights and stockings, and low black shoes with large, bright buckles, and a long, narrow, black cloak

streaming behind, like old Yankee generals, preserved and curiously transfigured, yet not without a lingering flavor of knee-breeches and cocked-hat; mendicant friars of every order, with coarse frocks, and a girdle from which a cross hangs, with dirty, naked feet in sandals, and dull, coarse, bestial faces; beggars porters, soldiers, and a few bewildered *forestieri*, strangers and travelers—these are all hurrying, sitting, lounging, smoking, lying, chatting, shrieking, sleeping, jabbering, braying, and swearing among the piles of boards, and bales of cotton, and heaps of stone for repairing the square, which occupy parts of the Place, but there are no drunkards.

Not a solitary drunken man on the quay of Genoa the proud.

—The Easy Chair here hits its leg to remind itself that it is not a Foreign Bureau, and that its information is quite superfluous.

Stop one moment, teasing *Ego*!

Here are streets too narrow for carriages. They are Venetian in their narrowness; and they are so cool, so still, so hollow-echoing after that hot, reeling, glaring, loud piazza or square! Only once a day, and for a few moments, can the sun look in here, and at night lamps are swung across the street. They are paved with smooth, flat stones, and there are no sidewalks. The crowd swarms through them as through lofty halls in vast Titanic palaces. The shops open out of them like little rooms; but the shops blaze and glitter with the famous flagree work—the silver frost-work of Genoa, which some day, in the shape of breast-pin or ear-ring, adorning the beautiful women of your own land, shall take you over the sea as you look at it, and set you walking again in this cool dimness of an Italian noonday in Genoa.

One moment more, please—for here are ladies walking—ladies with black hair and light gay-colored scarfs thrown over their heads, who look at us in passing with a kind of amused pity, as who should say, "Poor foreigners, they were not born in Genoa the superb!"

And churches all day long, and every day, stand with wide open doors, like private chapels opening out of this lofty hall in the vast palace. You push aside a heavy curtain, like a leather mattress, and lo! such a burst of gold and precious marbles that the eyes are dazzled which seek to find the forms and details of the inlaid, incrustated, and rarely wrought altar.

This is San Matteo—the chapel of the Doria, and here lies the body of the great Doria—Admiral Andrea Doria, whom Genoa and Venice remember. Some snuffy priest (all Italian priests take snuff; the Easy Chair has seen with reverence the white garments of His Holiness Pius IX., the Father of the Faithful, soiled with snuff, which His Holiness took as it were by the shovelful), seeing that we are strangers, thinking that we may be pleased to see pictures and tombs, and pay liberally therefor, attaches himself to us—learns that we are not *Inglese*, that we are *Americani*: "*Cospetto!* sons of Columbus, then!"

There is a street of palaces in Genoa—patience! you are not to be taken through them. But beyond there is a house, *la casa di Cristofero Colombo*. It is a graceful, handsome dwelling-house of marble, with an honorary inscription over the entrance, and is called the House of Columbus.

In the square beyond is his statue which Bartolini made and the Archbishop blessed.

There is another one side by side with one of An-

drea Doria. It is a young man, and there is an inscription on it, of which Columbus is not the author.

"I said, I willed, I created. Behold a new, second, unknown world arise from the wave."

But beyond this is the Palazzo Doria; and in the garden a gigantic statue of the great Andrew as Neptune, lofty, white, and cold in the hot noon, and set in the midst of dense, lustrous, green foliage.

Ah! that peaceful September day, when first these things were seen!

The proud Genoa has been receiving the French Emperor. Perhaps by the time this page is read the superb city may have suffered sadly. It is not likely; but who knows? It is the chance of war. These streets swarm with soldiers; rough, fierce, furious allies, who have served in the Crimea—in Algeria. The soft Italians, who wear cockades in their hats and shout in frenzy at the theatre over the "Liberty duet" in *I Puritani*, may well be appalled by their terribly robust allies. These new friends of ours from France, will they eat us up? Let us now take out the cockades, and shut up the opera-house, and sing no more liberty duets with immense slapping of our breasts and heroic thrusting out of the hands—let us now consider what we can do for Italy, and whether Sardinia is really invaded by two armies, the Austrian and the French.

The proud Genoa—the superb Genoa, must take its share and its chances of the great war that hangs over Italy, and will have burst probably before these lines are printed.

As the Easy Chair steps into the Foreign Bureau and reads the names and events, it can not help recurring to the bright days in the splendid city, and feeling that it is the city of all others in Italy which, as the birth-place of Columbus, will have a natural and peculiar interest for every American.

BEFORE going into the country to hear the birds sing a wise old Easy Chair will sometimes devote a spring evening to hearing the opera in the city. But he must have a real love of music and be able to dispense with very good singing, or he will find himself running out of the house in a kind of despair.

The opera in this country is a good deal like what boys call "the caravan." A company of singers wander over the land from town to town, from State to State, and sing in concerts before audiences for which they have no respect, and of which they have no fear. They sing a few songs over and over and over again. There is no ambition to excel, because there is no feeling that the audience knows what excellence is. There is none of the excitement and advantage of rivalry, because the singers have the field to themselves. Consequently they acquire slovenly, coarse, and disrespectful habits; they degenerate from artists into hacks, and after several months of this miscellaneous campaigning they return to the city.

Then they hurry up an opera. Of course it is crude, inexact, and unsatisfactory to the last degree. There is no evidence of knowledge, interest, or attention in the performance. The audience is cold, the singers careless, and every one is disappointed.

We can not, of course, have an opera except upon the conditions of an opera; and those are the most incessant care and attention. In many a little town of Germany or Italy the Easy Chair has heard the best operas performed without any theatrical resources, without any famous or even well-known singers, but with an entire success of which there is

scarcely a tradition in our Academy, with all the clusters of all the stars that can be produced.

This was not because it was foreign opera, but simply because it was opera conducted with common sense. When it crosses the sea and lands on our shores the opera becomes Americanized. It is infected with our haste and shiftlessness and inaccuracy. Any thing that will "do" serves. A noted opera, a fine array of names, behold all that is considered essential!

On such terms "Don Giovanni" was represented for two evenings this spring. "Don Giovanni," the work which every lover of music (lovers of the Italian opera are another class) considers one of the great monuments of the art—the work which is as full of the soul of melody as the spring of blossoms or singing birds.

It is the most popular of operas for a night or two. If any manager can only contrive somehow to get up a representation of "Don Giovanni," he is quite sure to see the golden advantage in his treasury. Every body goes, and somehow every body wonders that they are wearied and disappointed. The curtain falls in solemn silence. There is an aching void in all minds, and if the opera be immediately repeated it will draw those who did not come the first time and those who always go to hear the music, irrespective of any thing else. The curtain descends again in the same silence, and the opera is laid aside for the next six months.

People complain of the libretto—of the plot. But that does not explain the mystery. The fact that it depicts a dissolute career would not repel any audience; and then the plot of any opera, the opera itself, in truth, is preposterous. It is a world by itself. It does not acknowledge the laws that govern the world with which we converse. Nowhere in mortal experience do people make love in recitative and expire in roulades. Nor does it help to call it old-fashioned. It is no more old-fashioned in essence than Shakespeare. In Mozart's day, indeed, the orchestra was comparatively limited, and he had not the knowledge of the variety of instruments which are open to Meyerbeer and Verdi. But the orchestra is sufficient to show the music, and no opera has ever been composed which can compare for a moment with the "Don Giovanni" music in essential dramatic expression and movement. Other operatic music is a level surface in the comparison.

Moreover, to complete the case, it is necessary, and only true, to say that the plot is not, in any just sense, an immoral plot. In what is it? It is simply a picture of the career of a man of pleasure, who lives merely for the selfish indulgence of his passions, and ruins bodies and souls in its pursuit. But from the first scene to the last Nemesis haunts his steps, naturally in the shape of the mourning Donna Anna, and supernaturally in the effigy of the Commendatore who waits for vengeance. The music itself constantly recurs to this impending judgment. Indeed so tremendous is the effect produced upon a hearer who surrenders himself entirely to the spell of the work, that he feels a kind of pity for the heartless Lothario who dances, smiling, to his fate.

The objection to the story is not that it is immoral, which it certainly is not, but that it has no movement. The character and career of the Don are presented in the very first scene, and all the episode with Zerlina which follows, and which is really the substance of the libretto, is only a repetition. The Don is made no better and no worse by it. It is only affair number one thousand and fourth in Spain.

But notwithstanding this, the music and the situations are quite enough to interest and fascinate by themselves. Where, then, is the difficulty? Simply in the actors.

Although Don Ottavio and Donna Elvira are merely "walking characters," Don Giovanni himself, Leporello, Zerlina, Masetto, Donna Anna, and the Commendatore, require consummate dramatic ability. How much ability may be felt in the music which accompanies their parts! How much is obtained may be seen upon any stage.

Take, for instance, the last scene, which is entirely unequaled in its scope by the finale of any or all of the operas. Only a man of extraordinary dramatic genius could be in the slightest degree just to it. Kean or Garrick might have done it. The great shocks and surges of the music—the loud and ever-louder approach of the inevitable and terrible end—the despair, the anguish, the mortal horror, which are all beating and sighing, wailing and thundering in the orchestra, entirely overbear any actor who is not of a commanding power. To a musically-sensitive person the force of the composition is such that the utter inadequacy of the visible accompaniment of action makes him close his eyes.

Why, in the name of nature and art, should the Don always stand like a broomstick, as if he were only waiting to sing his part out and see the Commendatore go down the trap-door?

Alas! because that is all he *is* waiting for! It is an Italian gentleman, who thinks the opera an insufferable bore and Mozart a humbug, and who wants to have it over as soon as possible.

That is the secret. The actors have neither the talent nor the sympathy without which the work is sure to disappoint the hearer. They have no reverence for it, no comprehension of it. It is not a very difficult thing to understand, and, if you have been sufficiently trained, to execute, the tum-ti-idity melodies of the "Trovatore," and that style of opera. It is all very pretty and pleasing. The singers can deploy all the resources of their voices, if they have any; and as the work is written to suit certain voices, and not as a great musical creation, it is all just as it should be. The Easy Chair can enjoy the "Trovatore" as well as another.

But now we come to music—not to somebody's singing with more or less of the *ut dieze*. Now we come from twittering sparrows to a choir of nightingales in a garden of roses. Now we come from Mr. Tommy Moore sweeping the harp of Erin in white kid gloves to Shakespeare and Milton and the eternal singers.

Those who really enjoy and understand the great masters of any art, and who can, therefore, satisfactorily interpret them, are very few. A chance company of Italian singers, who are born with a traditional contempt of German music, can not do any thing but the most utter injustice to Mozart's "Don Giovanni."

Therefore, kind Sir and gentle Madame, when you feel the deep disappointment that every such representation of the opera—and we have no other—is sure to produce, do not ascribe it to the immorality of the plot, to the dullness of the music, or the insufficiency of the orchestra. Let the blame rest where it belongs—upon the singers, who need to have music in their souls as well as on their lips, and deep sentiment and imagination, and a sense of all that is mystic and awful in human life, before they can sing the opera of "Don Giovanni" as it existed in the composer's soul, and as it stands in the

imagination of every thoughtful man who feels what a subtle interpreter of life music is.

My dear friend, where do you mean to pass the summer?

It is the question which agitates us all in the city from the middle of May to the first of July; and then we depart, and count the days until our return.

We are naturally tired of the magazines and newspapers that are forever making fun of the small, hot rooms to which we are doomed for our summer penance. It is enough to be confined in them. To be laughed at besides is a little intolerable.

And if, having danced all winter in the city, we choose to go and dance all summer in the country, whose business is it but our own?

If we like to drive in a string of carriages, and be smothered in the dust, is it the editor, comfortably sitting in his cool office, drinking iced water, who is suffocated by it, that he must needs point a paragraph against us?

Who is it that has to hang his coats upon the bed-post, and put his clean linen between the mattresses, and step into the entry when he wishes to change his clothes? Is it our suffering selves, or the complacent author of social sketches lolling at his ease in an airy chamber at home? But if for reasons of our own, and entirely satisfactory to us, we think proper to undergo such accommodations, will that denizen of the airy chamber kindly inform us what business it is of his?

We may prefer to eat a scant, cold dinner in a vast barn called a dining-room—we may choose to pay waiters large private fees and get nothing to eat in return—we may decide to sit next to the Midases who pay fabulous sums for the best bits, and who have their private servants to procure them, leaving us, so to say, in an outer darkness of hunger and rage: if we do prefer these things, is "our correspondent" to make himself witty at our expense? to write such letters that every body laughs and says at once, "he means Sluggins?" Is there no independence of action left among our boasted free institutions?

Being clerks upon salaries of six or ten hundred dollars a year, we may conclude to pass our fortnight's vacation where we can keep worse hours—eat worse dinners—drink worse liquors—haunt worse houses—lose our time more utterly, and pay a hundred-fold more for the privilege than at any other place we might select. We may hire a horse and wagon at a ruinous rate—we may play billiards and bowl at a double price—we may visit the Tiger, as all men of the world and a proper fashion must—and will Mr. John Timon, or any of his fraternity, the people who write for magazines, please to inform us why they should stick their noses into the matter and write in a highly sarcastic and moral strain about our proceedings?

Are we not human beings, and free and independent agents, and, "which is more," gentlemen and citizens, quite as much as Messrs. John Timon and Co.?

Have we not a perfect right to squander our money if we choose to? We made it honestly, probably.

And to throw away our time if it pleases us to do so? Our time is our own, we believe.

And to lose our health, if our occasions require? Probably Mr. Timon's head doesn't ache when we sit up late.

And to visit the jungle and contemplate the royal

Bengal to the top of our bent if we will? It is our own purses that suffer.

Being mothers of families whose children must begin very much as father began, and make their own way in the world, if we choose to take a suit of rooms and devote ourselves to expensive idleness and expose our children to the chances and influences of a scene in which money is the only desirable and beautiful thing, and vulgar show and coarse manners are admirable—is any impertinent scribbler to fash his pen at us?

It is a pretty time of day when things have come to that!

Suppose our boys do get dissipated, and run into debt, and lose every simple, honest principle in something that is called "gentlemanly" and "honorable"—that is our risk, we trust. Why on earth should any body else bother his soul about it?

And suppose our daughters do feel that to be "stylish" is the real charm of any girl, and that to "marry well" means to marry a rich man—suppose the bloom of their maidenly modesty is rubbed off, and that men do make remarks upon them—what then? Are we not mothers? May we not be supposed to have some idea of our duties and responsibilities? Are people who vent their jealousy and ill-humor in the public prints to teach—ha! ha!—their betters how to behave? ha! ha!

Kind Public—kind, but so patient and so infamously abused—a word in your ear!

When you see these attempts at satire and moralizing, be sure of one thing: *it's all envy and disappointment and malignity.*

At Ballston Spa, this summer, for instance, the Midases will doubtless give a grand and beautiful picnic—a feet shampeeater, as the French say. Now some of us will be asked—of course, those of us who are somebody always are. *Some of us will not!*—ha! ha!—and when you read in the papers the sarcastic letters, and see the feet served up in some biting sketch, *search for the author among the "will nots!"*

They wanted the Champagne—
And the boned turkey—
And the salmon and pease—
And the terrapin—
And the lobster salad—
And the salmi of soft crabs—
And the meringues—
And jelly—
And ice-cream—

Ha! ha! they couldn't get 'em, and they take their revenge for not getting 'em.

That's the secret of this kind of literature. It has no wit, no humor, no sense, no point, no substance, no spirit, no aim, no moral, no any thing, nothing.

This summer, at least and at last, let us hope we are not to be bothered and heated by this ridiculous business. The thing has been overdone. These people have been firing away for how long? Let us see. There was old Aristophanes in Greece, and down they come through all countries and times to John Timon. They present, fire, and away. Their satire, as they call it, fizzes or crackles or explodes. There's a look, maybe—a laugh, and lo! Antæus has touched the ground again, and is as lusty and lively as ever. The clown has twirled on his toe, grins, and "Here we are!"

They have blazed away until it is to be hoped they are tired, and have used up all their ammunition. And as for us, we are going into the same

small, hot rooms, with a pine table daudling on uncertain legs, plaster walls, and, well! something called a bed. Yes, and we are going to pay for it—and for the dinners—and drives—and dances—and et cetera—just as we have all experienced.

We choose to do it. We choose to call that kind of thing going into the country. We choose to call it breathing fresh air—change of scene—refreshment—enjoyment. We choose to do it because we like it. If any body doesn't like it let him stay away! Why should we be abused for it? We don't abuse people who go away and live comfortably and pleasantly all summer long. If they actually want to have rest and enjoyment and sense in their methods of life, in the name of toleration let them have it. For ourselves we don't like country eggs. They are too fresh. We like the city flavor in them.

One word more, only.

Don't say that we furnish the ammunition which we thought must be exhausted by this time. Don't say that as long as there is game there will be sportsmen—that while folly flies there will always be a shot at it. Don't say such things, because if you do, we shall be compelled to think of you as envious and jealous and malignant, and you wouldn't like to have us think so of you, would you? You wouldn't now, would you, like to have Mrs. Grundy say that you were unworthy of her approbation?

The posthumous justice that is done to the poet Keats, if slow, is sweet. Every one intimately familiar with the contemporary English poetry feels in it every where the influence of that subtle genius—that utter poet.

"A youth did plight his troth to poesy,
'Thee only!' were the fervent words he said:
Then sadly sailed across the restless sea,
And lay beneath the Southern sunset dead."

Robert Browning, in one of the most striking, characteristic, and grotesque of his poems, speaks of the singular influence of Keats upon our literature. The Easy Chair would gladly quote the whole in honor of both poets, but it has something else in hand.

The poem is the one in the "Men and Women" called "Popularity." It addresses a poet whom Browning hails as a true poet, and whose genius—like the pure saccharine element—too intense to be immediately recognized, feeds a whole literature at last.

"Who has not heard how Tyrian shells
Inclosed the blue, that dye of dyes
Whereof one drop worked miracles,
And colored like Astarte's eyes
Raw silk the merchant sells?"

The poet's genius is the unmixed, unworked dye—the very soul of the color whose splendor is a proverb. By-and-by the dye gets into commerce, is thinned, washed, manipulated, and being printed upon cloths gives them a value and a beauty.

"And there's the extract, flaked and fine,
And priced, and salable at last!
And Hobbs, Nobbs, Stokes, and Nokes combine
To paint the future from the past,
Put blue into their line.

"Hobbs hints blue—straight he turtle eats.
Nobbs prints blue—claret crowns his cup.
Nokes outdares Stokes in azure feats—
Both gorge. Who fished the murex up?
What porridge had John Keats?"

The people who dilute the dye flourish. The

fisher who found it has such porridge as he can get.

Browning himself is an illustration of his poem. He is thought rough, strange, incomprehensible; but his color tinges a great deal of contemporary poetry, both here at home and in England. Much that is greatly admired is Browning under another name.

Of course, long resident in Italy, and full, by study and sympathy, of Italian lore and character, Browning could not fail to be profoundly just both to Shelley and Keats. Those two young men's graves are side by side. How strange it is!—these two young Englishmen, whose spirit appears in all the living English poetry—under the walls of old Rome, in the shadow of the pyramid of Caius Cestius.

It is one of the earliest pilgrimages that every lover of poetry makes, that to the twin tombs. Shelley's grave is in the new, inclosed yard; Keats's is in the old one, surrounded by a dry ditch. "It might make one half in love with death to think one should lie in a place so fair," wrote Shelley, when Keats was laid there; and soon after, when his own life's fitful fever was over, he was brought there also.

And there they both rest well. There, in the soft Italian air—in the silence of the ruined city—in the streaming sunshine, which keeps roses on their graves even in February—the wild hearts are at rest.

Here is a poem which a poet wrote who has never seen the grave of Keats, but whose heart has answered to the very spirit of his song:

A PANSY FROM THE GRAVE OF KEATS.

"That's for Thoughts."—SHAKESPEARE.

Three velvet petals darkly spread
In sumptuous sorrow for the dead,
Superbly sombre as a pall
Wrought for an elfin funeral;
Two, hued like wings of silver light
Unfurled for Psyche's heavenward flight;
And every petal, o'er and o'er,
All legended with faery lore,
A palimpsest of fables old
And mythic stories manifold.

Endymion in enchanted swoon
Tranced by the melancholy moon;
And, hovering near, the crescent-crowned
Artemis, with her sylvan hound;—
The virgin huntress, proud and pale,
Betrayed to passion's blissful bale,
Till all her beautiful disdain
Is lost in love's imperial pain.

Sad, star-eyed Lamia's serpent spell,
And the wild dirge of Isabel.

Hyperion in his palace bright
Bastioned with pyramids of light,
Superb in his majestic ire,
And blazing on his orb'd fire—
The pregnant fable left half told—
A fading blush of morning gold.

The vigil of Saint Agnes' night,
The visioned slumber, soft and light,
In chamber silken, hush'd and chill,
Where Madeline lies dreaming still,
Lost in the lap of legends old,
And curstained from the moonlight cold;
Till, like a phantom, unespied,
The minstrel lover woos his bride.
I hear afar the wassail roar
Surge through the distant corridor,
As through the ancient, bannered halls
The midnight music swells and falls;
The castle lamps are all aglow—
The silver-snarling trumpets blow—
'Twas ages, ages long ago,

The vigil of Saint Agnes' night—
The ruse, the revel, and the flight;
But, till love's faery lore be past,
The charm of Agnes' Eve shall last.

The poet sleeps, and pansies bloom
Beside his far, Italian tomb;
The turf is heaped above his bed,
The stone is mouldering at his head;
But each fair creature of his thought,
In pangs of glorious travail wrought—
From depths of some immortal dream
Transferred to daylight's common beam—
Lives the charm'd life that waneth never,
A Beauty and a Joy forever. S. H. W.

"THE HEART OF THE ANDES" shall not go away from us without a word of welcome and affection from this Easy Chair. Our readers know that this is the name of Mr. Church's last picture of the scenery with which he is familiar, and which, as an artist, he has made his own, as Humboldt made it his as a traveler and a man of science.

The "Niagara" of Mr. Church is probably more widely known and admired in this country than any other picture ever painted in America. It is so satisfactory a portrait of the great cataract that we all have an individual pride in it, as we have in Niagara itself—which has the great good fortune of being situated upon the same continent with ourselves.

But in the "Andes" there is a charm superior to that of the "Niagara"—a finer light of imagination and power. It is, in fact, a continental picture. It seizes the very spirit and splendor of our most characteristic scenery as a poem does. Upon the same canvas we see what in the heart of the continent may be also seen at once—the extremes of the year, with all their degrees of magnificence.

How, in this picture, in the right foreground, the eye revels in the rich heart of the summer, tangled in a maze of tropical luxuriance; and then wandering on, passing along and over varying heights and climates, settles at last upon the snowy summits of winter at the upper left of the canvas.

And what conscience, what fidelity, what intelligence, what ability, in every part!

The exhibition of this picture was one of the events of May. The large room in the "Studio Building" was incessantly thronged; and on the last day the crowd was so great that many were obliged to turn away and not see the picture. Let us hope that it will return safely, and remain with us—but in some public gallery, so that it may be always seen. The galleries of private amateurs are too often, with the best intention in the world, the graves of the painters' reputations.

Yet one sad thought accompanies this picture from our shores. No man who has been in the tropics in Central America and the equatorial region of South America, and who has eyes, heart, and mind to feel their charm, but must be conscious of his great debt to Humboldt, who, in a generous sense, was really the discoverer of that region. Its best picturesque and scientific descriptions are in his books.

How pleasant it would have been for Mr. Church, who is the man who could feel and know all that, if Humboldt could have seen his picture! And such was his hope. It was intended that it should be taken to Berlin. But the eyes of the old man are closed; and he did not know that the stupendous natural scenery which he had so well loved and described had found its adequate interpreter in art among the children of that nation which makes the continent famous.

Our Foreign Bureau.

IN our *sanctum*, upon the Quay Voltaire, where we still (though the Piedmont country is rocking with the thunders of war) break our eggs quietly each morning, and dip into the shell a strip of the *pain Viennois*—into our sanctum there sometimes strolls a humorous friend, of fierce Republican tendencies, who delights in calling the French Emperor "Mister Bonaparte," who has a tender yearning for the days of the guillotine, and counts upon their revival as offering the only hope to his errant nation, and who laments in dreary way the enthusiasm with which his countrymen follow with quick eye and ear the great campaign of Italy. The liberalism of Cavour, the sacrifices of Piedmont, the chivalric daring of King Emanuel, the deep and controlling sympathy of the Savoyard for his Lombard brothers, the glad acquiescence of all those patriots who thought and plotted with Manin and with Garibaldi in the helping alliance of France, and the cordial welcome given to the Imperial troops wherever they go in Italy, can not overbalance in his mind the damning reflection that Mr. Bonaparte is leading on the army, and that the pretty Montijo girl is queen-ing it in the Tuileries.

Our dreary friend is, of course, saddened by what gives hope and promise to nearly all. He dreads the tidings of a victory. He would not lighten the hopes of a suffering nation with such poor instrument as Mr. Bonaparte. Things are looking very gloomily for him. He is in a terror lest Kossuth, or even Mazzini, or Ledru-Rollin, should slip away from the stern faith, and say God speed! to the Imperial Army.

Judge if he be not an amusing companion! It costs such dogged and weary effort to resist the contagious enthusiasm with which nearly all the civilized world welcomes and recognizes the brilliant and the daring endeavor to wipe out all traces of the Hapsburg tyranny from the land of art and song. We confess that we yield ourselves to it most ungrudgingly and ardently; we wish every battle may be a victory for the West, and every defeat a shame and a humiliation for the East. We hope that Louis Napoleon may prove himself as capable in the field as he has shown himself wary and strong in the cabinet; and we hope and pray that battling for liberty elsewhere may give him more tender love for it at home than he has shown hitherto. A man who does good works (isn't it old Dr. South who says as much?) is more than half way toward being a good Christian; so the champion of a good cause is in the best school for learning how to make his own life cause of good.

We said there was enthusiasm about this campaign; only across the street we see traces of it. The old books of the stalls, Anquetil, and La Harpe, and Voltaire, in twenty russet-colored duodecimo, are covered now with new lithographs of the war country; the cabmen who are off duty are grouped over one of them; the seller has thrust into the paper chart a blue pin or two to indicate the position of the French forces, and another red pin or two to show where the Piedmontese are waiting, and then a group of white-headed pins to show what points the Austrian is guarding; and the earnest bookseller loses chance for customers in his eagerness to explain how it is and why it is, and gesticulates frantically as he warms with his theme, and knocks the chart with his knuckle (as if he had clinched an

argument), and waits for approving response, and reaffirms his statement more energetically than before, and passes down the quay, using his dust-brush upon the backs of limp-covered odd volumes in most violent and discursive way.

Every morning crowds of workmen gather about the bulletin boards of the *Moniteur*, eager for some story of a triumph. The *Evening Patrie* is printed now at the rate of sixty-five thousand a day; and the *Pays*, under Government auspices (edited by Casagnac), has reduced its price to the minimum of ten centimes (two cents) a copy.

Every grisette you shall meet upon the Boulevard, or at the fresh opened Garden Mabilly, shall carry with her perfume of the *Violets de Parme* and head-dress in which shall mingle the tricolor of Italy. The great tragedy queen, Ristori, has been just now chanting, in her impassioned way, an ode in memory of the patriot Manin, written by the new Academician, Monsieur Légouvé. And at the Madeleine, three days since, the world might have heard (such portions of it as could crowd under the gilded ceiling) Tamberlik lending that wonderful voice of his to the funeral obsequies of the first dead General of the campaign—Bouat. Not killed in battle indeed, but smitten down by stroke of apoplexy just as he had crossed the mountains, in the town of Susa, on his way to Turin and battle.

On the Boulevards, at the *Variétés* theatre, they have already brought forward a *pièce de circonstance* entitled "*En Italie*." The first act has for title "The Oppressors" (Austrians), and the third and crowning act (welcomed each night with downright cheers), "*A nous les Français!*"

And listening to those cheers, and knowing under what grinding, miserable thralldom Lombards and Venetians all have been living the last thirty years, we take up and echo the cheer—albeit our guillotine friend shall whisper in our ear, "Mr. Bonaparte, he broke his oath!"

Yet it seems to us that even a man of reddest and most Robespierrean sympathies must feel the nobler, if only he can permit his sympathy with a nation struggling against tyranny to override and for the time silence all personal antipathies. What is Louis Napoleon, or Walewski, or Cavour, or Palmerston, or Garibaldi to you, or to us, in view of the great Italian field yonder, beyond the mountains, in which this people of quick and tender sympathies—so alive to all that is graceful in art, or verse, or song—so quick to a tear or a smile—so outspoken of heart!—are making that terrible, bloody up-lift against the crushing weight of tyrannous wrong?

Shall we look about us for reasons of dissent, or yield with fullness and heartiness to the promptings of generous instinct? Is not the cause of Piedmont the cause of humanity—no matter who dares or who suffers in her behalf?

We were speaking of the feeling in Paris. The other day—it can hardly be a week since—a young soldier, in crossing the bridge leading from the *Place de la Concorde*, threw himself over the parapet into the river.

Why should a soldier commit suicide? There was an on-looker who intimated that the man feared battle; and the crowd, accepting for a moment the belief, made little effort to save him.

But there was one who thought better. "A French soldier afraid of battle? It is impossible!" And he rushed below, seized a boat lying near, and caught the man as he was sinking.

The police came up; the usual means of restora-

tion were resorted to, and the poor fellow presently recovered consciousness.

What could have tempted the suicide?

By accident his regiment had left for Piedmont without him. Not for fear of battle, but for fear of losing a battle, he had leaped the parapet.

We are beginning now to count the mourners, and the terrible war-echo that lingers in sighs over bulletins of maimed and killed is reaching the Paris streets and homes—not humble homes only, or garrises only, or vineyard districts where this year's recruit was pruning vines last season, but chateaux and luxurious houses. The officers are falling under the Tyrolese sharp-shooters by scores. Francis-Joseph is fairly "up" with the advance in military art. There is nowadays no such pleasant assurance of escape as belonged to the old musket times.

It seems droll, to be sure, to listen to the gabble of ancient gunnery books (printed only thirty years since) which recommended a man in firing upon advancing foes, while yet five hundred yards off, to aim at least a hundred and fifty feet above their heads! And now, a thousand yards is such a pretty distance in which to drop an aid-de-camp from his saddle!

And while upon this matter of guns, let us give mention of the most fearful of all—the Armstrong-gun, with which, however, as yet, both Austrians and French are unprovided. We take full description from a late British paper:

"In external appearance the gun differs very little from the ordnance commonly in use, except in being a little more than half the diameter in proportion to the weight of shot carried, and not quite half the weight. It may be familiarly described as a hollow tube, the bore extending from the muzzle out at the breech. The upper portion of the bore, from the chamber to the muzzle, along which the projectile passes, is rifled by about thirty grooves, one-sixteenth of an inch wide and one-tenth of an inch deep, which have a spiral pitch of one complete turn in 16 feet. The other portion of the bore, from the chamber to the extremity of the breech, through which the charge is introduced, is smooth, and rather wider than the rifled part. Immediately behind the chamber in which the charge is exploded, and about a foot or so from the breech, there is a square slot, some four or five inches across, which extends from the upper surface of the gun, and cuts right across the bore. When the charge has been inserted through the breech a solid piece of iron is dropped into the slot, and, by a screw placed in the breech, is firmly forced against the conical base of the chamber, forming an effectual break which is capable of resisting the explosion. To the projectile, however, is owing in a great measure the efficiency of the gun. It is formed of iron, elongated in shape, like the Minié bullet. Two grooves are cut at different places along its length, into which are cast belts of lead which project about one quarter of an inch beyond the diameter of the shot. The projectile and the charge of powder are, as we have said before, introduced through the breech. The plug which fits into the slot is then screwed into its place, so as effectually to prevent any lateral escape of the explosion. When the charge is ignited the conical shot is driven forward into the rifled portion of the bore, which being rather narrower than the diameter of the shot, the leaden belts are firmly forced into the grooves, and the whole bore so effectually wedged up during the passage of the shot that there is absolutely no 'windage,' or escape of the explosion, until

the shot has left the muzzle. Thus the whole of the propulsive power of a given charge of powder is utilized, and an enormous range obtained. The construction of the body of the gun itself is ingenious, though not perhaps quite novel. It is entirely of wrought iron. In the original plan proposed by Mr. Armstrong the bore was intended to be of steel, strengthened outside by massive cylinders of wrought iron welded on while at a high temperature, and firmly fixed to the steel core by the contraction consequent upon cooling. This plan has been altered, and the cores are now either made of wrought or cast iron. The wrought iron cylinders are made like the twisted steel barrels of a fowling-piece by winding red hot bars of wrought iron spirally round a polished metal drum of the required diameter. These successive spirals are then pressed and welded together, forming a tube whose greatest tensile strength is in a direction transverse to its length. These tubes, in lengths of one or two feet, are welded on to the core in a state of incandescence, and are contracted firmly to their places on cooling. Outside this a second covering of the same description of wrought iron cylinders is welded, which completes the gun. This combination of iron cylinders, the tensile fibres of which run in different directions, has the effect of preventing the expansion of the bore during firing. It stops the vibration so destructive to the strength of iron, and it renders the piece considerably stronger than the cast-iron gun of the same calibre, though only one half the weight of metal is used. Of the effects produced by this wonderful weapon the public have already been partially made acquainted; but it may not be out of place here to advert to them again. The iron 32-pounder, Armstrong's gun, tried at Shoeburyness, was found capable of throwing its projectile, with perfect accuracy of aim, a distance of five miles with five pounds of powder, one half the charge of an ordinary 32-pounder, which carries but $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles. At a distance of 3000 yards (the extreme range of a long 32-pounder), of twenty-five shots fired at a target ten feet square by an ordinary gunner, every one struck the mark."

We were among flowers last month—guns, this. Even the pretty Empress, as she drifts by under lilac bloom, is hedged about with naked steel; and the dragoons who make the body-guard of the Prince Imperial carry their pistols *au poing*. It has a rash, war look, and is stern reminder of what may be doing on the plains of Lombardy.

And as if guns and gun-making were not enough (the stolid *Edinburgh Review* and bulky quarterlies all joining in discussion of rifle bores), scientific men are reckoning up the available capacity, for war purposes, of fetid gases.

Dr. Lardner leaves us a pretty legacy of this sort, in a short letter about "Kakodyles"—a hard word, meaning certain chemical compounds which, on explosion, diffuse deadly gases. "The compounds," he says, "being eminently volatile, explode spontaneously when exposed to the air. What the effect of shells charged with such compounds would be, bursting in a ship, or within a besieged fort, or in the midst of closely packed ranks, need not be described. The chemist can supply many compounds having these properties in different degrees. But the laboratory can furnish agents still more destructive. There are compounds into which the gas called cyanogen enters in combination with arsenic. A shell charged with such a compound, upon exploding, would produce terrific effects. The humidity with which the

surrounding air is always more or less charged would be decomposed; its oxygen, combining with the arsenic, would form the vapor of arsenious acid, which is the substance commonly called arsenic, and known as a deadly poison; while the hydrogen, the other constituent of the decomposed moisture, combining with the cyanogen, would form the still more fearful poison called by chemists hydrocyanic acid, but more familiarly known to the public as prussic acid. Thus, by the explosion of such a shell, the surrounding air would be instantly impregnated with the vapors of two of the most fearful poisons known in medicine. It is easy to perceive what formidable missiles might be produced by such shells thrown into towns, or among crowded bodies of men, from distances of six or eight miles by the artillery recently invented. Before such agents gunpowder would 'pale its ineffectual fires.'

A breath of west wind, blowing over garden banks of roses, comes in at our window as we write—roses that have had their prunings, and waterings, and enrichments—all to gladden our eye and to give fragrance that shall delight, and quicken thanksgiving.

And at the arsenal beyond, whose sooty turrets just lift over waves of green foliage, men are giving the cautious experience of years to the contrivance of odors that shall destroy. Florists and chemists—both civilizers: here a cruel thrust between the ribs of struggling humanity, and there a little dewy fragrance to titillate the nostril! A little dried bullock's blood (capital dressing for geraniums) to make town gardens bloom; and a little fresh man's blood on the rice plains (at great loss of its ammoniacal salts) to make a brilliant red page of history.

Hubner's daughter, you know (that is, the Austrian Ambassador's daughter), has just now married a rich vineyard owner of the Loire country. The wedding had been fixed for an early day in May, but before it came Hubner had asked his passports: he was an enemy: the groom's brothers were busy killing the bride's brothers.

Walewski addressed a private note to the Ambassador, trusting that the unfortunate relations of the two countries would not interfere with the personal engagements of the father of the bride. But Hubner did not stay for the wedding. Other parties standing in place of the father gave the Austrian girl to the French landowner. What a pity that French soldiers and Austrian peasant girls, and Hungarian dragoons and French grisettes, should not marry up quietly, and let the Emperors Francis-Joseph and Louis Napoleon fight it out independently! As if the 600,000 French soldiers were not as near and as kindly feeling to 600,000 Bohemian and Slavonic and Dalmatian maidens as ever the vineyard owner of the Loire to the pretty Miss Hubner! Then—the roses, and none of the Lardner brimstone! But, after all, grandest accomplishment, by whatever name we call it, comes out of dreariest sacrifice: and if from the slaughter of thousands shall come forth freedom for Italy, we will fling our cap in the air.

What sad aspect is belonging to the great Southern Church in these days! Its feeble chief, bolstered in his chair with the pricking bayonets of France at Rome, and of Austrians at Ancona—governing neither and fearing both, and only giving sign of vitality by the dreary iteration, through pinched lips, "*Pax vobis! pax vobis!*"

But the sound of it is hollow and faint, carrying

no human force and no holy intensity; a single crack of a Tyrolese rifle drowns it for a day.

Yet the bishops, obedient to the encyclical letter, cry out, under all the graceful vaultings of those Italian temples, *Pax vobis! pax vobis!* Dried leaves whistling in the wind.

Poor old Duke of Tuscany! We have some sympathy for him, turning his back so suddenly upon the pretty Boboli gardens; all the more sympathy because we hope he may never see them again—never enjoy a siesta upon that pleasant hill-side, in the hearing of the plaintive sighings of the pines, and in the sight of that silver ribbon of a river that loiters under the quaint bridges, and ripples past the tufted Casino, and that lightens and waters that wondrous valley-plain where Florence the Fair lies camped like a queen.

The old Duke had his amiabilities: and his tyrannies were rather ceremonious and courtly ones than earnest and ill-natured—a sort of Sir Leicester Dedlock, who was no match for the Tulkingshorns of Vienna. Peace be with him!

And with what admirable calm that rare city made up their adieux, and gave the Duke *congé*: a pretty escort of outriders to attend the outgoing tenant; a flourish of trumpets; a curious new tri-colored banner on the quaint old tower of the Ducal Palace; a short proclamation by the municipality; an open, earnest, straightforward declaration for the cause of Italian liberty; the pride and the traditions of the fair city all sunk in favor of the grand endeavor; the Savoyard King invited to assume dictatorship till the Italian nationality should find new organization.

All this—quietly; never a gun there on the Arno to break the May quietude; gently and earnestly, as the flow of a summer river, the old city gathers up its inheritance of honors, of art, of song, of beauty, of wealth, of luscious fields budding in May glories, and hands them over into the common treasury of Italy. And there the even summer life is flowing on now, under the shadows of the palaces, calmly as ever; here and there upon the walls a printed proclamation, bearing the magic words of Liberty, and Italy, and *Gonfaloniere!*

What can the Prince Napoleon be doing at Leghorn? Why there? As husband of Clothilde, one would think he should be in the front of Piedmont. He must keep by the fight in this campaign, or his old retirement from the Crimea will be sharply remembered against him. Lack of bravery is the one thing that Frenchmen can never forgive. Least of all is his presence needed in the city of Dante and of Michael Angelo.

When we took our readers last to Turin, by the pass of Mount Cenis, we had pleasant chamber fire, and we looked out upon a quiet scene. Groups of low and earnest talkers there were; Cavour was pleading in the Legislative Chamber; the King was taking his evening ride, from day to day, welcomed every where, and returning kindly salutations. The city has lived an age since then. First, hurry and alarm at the gathering of the Slavonic hosts upon the banks of the Ticino; wives and children of those who were able sent back to the mountain towns; volunteers of all ages and professions thronging to the barracks; marquises and dukes putting their delicate fingers to the handling of rough musketry locks; men who, a month gone, were driving their phaetons upon the smooth Lombard highways outside of Lodi or Novara, now enter the cavalry stables of Turin, groom their own horses, rise at four

in the morning for sword exercise, submitting to all imaginable privation for the cherished cause.

Then came the joyful news of French troops upon the heights of Mount Cenis. Swift travelers, who had hurried forward, reported them struggling through the snows. Mounted messengers in French uniform came in and were received with cheers. People went to Susa to see the army defile down the last slopes of the mountain. A moving black trail, twinkling with show of steel, was to be seen, with a glass, along the outer curves of the zigzag road; then, as the wind favored, came bursts and broken echoes of trumpets; then flutter of pennants dashing out above the black moving trail, and above the twinkling line of steel. The news runs, and all the house-tops are crowded. The bells ring in the churches. Girls come in from the country highways in white dresses bringing aprons full of spring flowers. The trees hide the dark trail for a while, but the music grows clearer in sound and steadier. It is some patriotic air, which the boys catch up and repeat. There are guns of welcome somewhere, but nobody cares for these.

Out from the chestnuts now, two miles away, the streaming thousands pour down, the silvered line of bayonets wavering and rippling; the knowing ones make out the uniform of the *Chasseurs de Vincennes*. The head of the moving column lost now in trees again, but no break in the trail; fuller and richer pours the music over intervening fields; there are faint cheers from country outsiders, never dropped for a moment, but growing in volume and power till the people of the house-tops take up the shouting; flowers are thrown down at the city gates; women wave their kerchiefs; the deliverers have come. Why should not Italy be free?

After the arrival at Susa comes the halt; then the crowded railway and the new ovation at Turin, where balconies rain down flowers.

If for a moment we shift our outlook to Genoa, what see we there? Within that glorious amphitheatre of hills, where lies the blue bay, great war ships of France are rocking upon the water; the crowded merchant fleet, from Maltese and Ionian feluccas up to Virginia tobacco-ship from James River, are dwarfed by the huge steam transports from Toulon. Men-of-war barges, that look like water-going centipedes, with their blue-capped rowers and flashing banks of oars, glide wantonly (as it seems) across all open spaces of harbor. On every ship mast and tower tricolor flags are flying. From the offing white-sailed ships are beating in, and beyond them, speck upon speck, black rafts of smoke, and white fleeces of sail-cloth, fainter and fainter, and fleecier and fleecier, carry the eye to the clear blue line of sea horizon.

In the city we look from a window of the irregular Piazza delle Fontane Amoroze, the great thoroughfare; "cavalry and artillery, hussars and dragoons, and officers by twos and threes; majors inclining to obesity arm in arm with stalwart captains who count on the coming campaign for the big bullion epaulet, on the attainment of which they also, in obedience to the mysterious law of nature regulating such matters, will doubtless begin to gather flesh; and lithe lieutenants rejoicing at the prospect of victory over the Austrians. At night all this warlike bustle diminishes, and is transferred elsewhere; tattoo calls the soldiers to quarters, and the officers throng the cafés. The principal of these, the Café della Concordia, in the Via Nuova, offers a most lively and amusing scene. It is one of the

prettiest cafés that is any where to be found. It occupies two sides of a spacious square platform, below which are shops and the principal vender of bouquets in Genoa, so celebrated for its floral wealth. The platform is laid out as a garden, or, it would be more correct to say, it is a grove of orange-trees, fine, well-grown plants, mingling their boughs overhead, and affording abundant shade to the numerous tables placed beneath them. Most of them are now laden with fruit, varying in tint from the palest yellow to the deepest orange red. In the centre is a fountain, which spreads as it rises from the tube and falls over in the perfect semblance of a large circular glass clock-shade. The windows of the café open on this garden, and, in the summer temperature that now prevails at Genoa, are habitually left wide open. Independently of the light that streams from them the garden is illuminated at night by a score of large gas-lamps. Every nook at which a table and chair can be placed is occupied by French officers, chiefly of the Guard, taking their coffee and ices, while in the centre some musicians of the National Guards' band play waltzes and polkas. One sees nothing but uniforms of all arms and corps; the Grenadiers, with their cumbersome costume of huge bearskins and very long surtouts. Here are the Chasseurs, to whose service-like and excellent dress you will hardly find an objection. And here the Zouaves, of most picturesque and truculent aspect, with bearded chins and shaven heads, and tightly-rolled white turbans, and with vigor and activity in every muscle of their frames and movement of their limbs. No regiment in the world comprises so many strikingly martial and characteristic physiognomies, so many admirable models for a Charlet or a Vernet, as the Zouaves of the Guard. Not far behind them in this respect, but presenting the African instead of the European type, are the Indigènes, or Turcos, as they are familiarly called, whose costume differs from that of the Zouaves only in its colors, and who are as good soldiers, as clean, and as skillful in manœuvring, as any of the French themselves."

SHALL we turn away now from war scenes to find what other topics are astir?

We should hear of Prince Alfred of England, and of that trip of his to Jerusalem, if Piedmont were not engrossing attention.

It is something new for an English prince to go to Bethlehem, and to the Holy Sepulchre (how many since Cœur de Lion?). It sounds oddly to hear the Court paragraphists detailing the holy pilgrimage—not altogether as old Joffroi de Villehardouin would have recorded royal progress to the Orient. "On Monday, the 28th, his Royal Highness left Jerusalem for the Dead Sea. As soon as the sun was risen crowds assembled to see him depart, and the terraces and domes of the houses were covered with spectators. The troops lined the street, and when his Royal Highness left the consulate the castle guns fired a salute of 21 guns, and another when he passed out of the St. Stephen's Gate. At the Garden of Gethsemane the heads of the Armenian and Greek churches were waiting to take leave of the Prince, who proceeded then to the Dead Sea, and thence by Bethel to Damascus. It will be gratifying to the people of England to know that his Royal Highness was in excellent health and spirits, and charmed all the world by his unaffected courtesy as well as his dignity and manly English bearing. Many a one responded a hearty Amen to the prayers which the

people of Bethlehem uttered so loudly for his long life and happiness."

Another royal item is made out of a certain interpolated prayer, which an English rector has felt it his duty to use, in reference to the Prince of Wales's late visit to Rome. A British journal characterizes it as an affront to her Majesty. We give the facts:

"The Rev. E. L. Ward, Rector of Blenworth, Hordean, Hants, announces, through the columns of the *National Standard*, that 'feeling deeply the extreme imprudence of which Lord Derby has been guilty, in permitting the Prince of Wales to visit and reside for a time at Rome (for I consider such a step fraught with peril to the cause of Protestant truth), I have adopted a suggestion which I found in the last number of the *Protestant Magazine*, and have made this visit of his Royal Highness to Rome a subject of prayer in my church for the last three Sundays, in the following manner—before the Litany, and before the Collect for the Royal Family, in the afternoon service: The prayers of this congregation are earnestly desired for his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, that it may please Almighty God of his great mercy to preserve him from the dangers to which he will be exposed during his residence at Rome, the head-quarters of Popish error, superstition, and idolatry.'"

In contrast with this, or rather in keeping with it, we may mention that at one of the Dissenting chapels at Preston (England), the minister, in his prayer on a Lord's-day not long gone, said, "God bless John Bright, Richard Cobden, Edward Miall, and all the noble reformers of our land!"

And since we have touched upon the pulpit—though only by plucking away a little lint from its upholstery—we may remark that just now the sacred desks of Paris are illuminated by a few men of quite extraordinary power and popularity. At Nôtre Dame, first of all is the Père Felix, holding through Sabbath mornings an engrossed auditory of thinking, earnest men. Judges of the courts, artists, men of science, great barristers, these all may be seen among those who go in under the towers of Nôtre Dame. For two hours before the discourse is to begin the rush-bottomed chairs are all taken, and within an hour of the time for Father Felix to begin you will listen upon your feet, and from a long way off, to rare logic, astuteness like a lawyer's, and flashes of gorgeous metaphor that break through his argumentation like daisy blossoms through heavy grass.

At St. Sulpice again, whose clumsy towers used to bear in Louis Philippe's time the automaton telegraph, and where go the small shop-keepers of the neighborhood, the mechanics, thousands in blouses, and an occasional black coat from among the employés at the Luxembourg, one may hear at seven of a Sunday morning the well-known Père Milleriot. He is not captivating in manner; he is not the one to win upon such men as may listen on week days to Jules Lefavre and Chaix d'est-Ange; yet he wears an earnestness and boldness that are convincing: he scolds, he commands, he castigates; he seizes upon the patois of the quarter and makes it flame with some Christian appeal or some church denunciation. Always the inflexible will, and spirit of the man, strike through exhortation or argument, and fasten his listeners to the end.

At St. Germain again (*des Prés*) is the Dominican preacher Père Sicart—full of old monastic perfume, lean with fastings, haggard with ascetic life, and yet with an energy that nothing can subdue. One meal a

day for months, and sleep broken at three every morning, according to Dominican custom, might take flesh and fullness from a man (Père Sicart has little of either), but it seems to take away no soul-power. His words cut through his subject-matter like a knife; and the ordinary humanities of earth seem to smoke, and fuse, and consume away under the heat of his fierce spiritualism. Opposed to him, in every sense, so far as externals go, is the Père Lavigne, who with mellifluous voice and in honeyed way discourses every Sabbath to the gay thousands who throng the courts of the Madeleine. It is the Grace Church of Paris; nowhere such wealth of flowers (artificial ones) and of perfumes; nowhere such delicacy of lace adornment, such unction of the boudoir. And yet marchioness and bonnet girl sit together; doors are not locked upon strangers; distinctions are overruled, even under the delightful preachments of the Abbé Lavigne. He never scolds; he leads his auditors in a flowery path: God grant (he says, and we say) that the end of it be Peace!

And if one wanders far up the Boulevard—far as the church of Bonne Nouvelle—he may hear the Abbé Bautain—a most remarkable talker; his speech absolutely pure; every sentence flowing and rounded to a line; full, luminous, exact; every argument its fair proportions; every tone its mellowness; every dogma its development. He is just the man, in short, to write the book he has written upon extempore speaking (*"Art de parler en Public"*). The great secret, he says, is apprenticeship to the pen; the only way to secure purity and exactitude. The book, for its intrinsic merit as well as by reason of its author's reputation, as one of the first pulpit orators of France, should find American publication.

But after all, it is the elegance of the Abbé Bautain's sermons that weaken their force. You are charmed with the aptitude, the beauty, the limpidity; but there is none of the stirred water that tells of strong currents and floods. It is the fine sermon you admire, and not the grand faith he upholds. You feel that he belongs rather in the schools than in the Church; he wants an auditory of belle-lettres students and not of eager, hopeful, waiting, watchful sinners. 'Tis the way he tells it, and not *it* that keeps you.

Our readers owe us a debt for introducing thus a few names to them which are not to be found in the encyclopedias.

Is it too late to drop a word about De Tocqueville—how he began as advocate; how he had small royal appointment under the old Bourbon stock, in the magistracy, with hopes all running in that direction; how the Revolution of 1830 came and broke his hopes, and he went traveling over the new country of America; how he wrote such record of it as made men ask after him, and point him out, and recognize rare brain-force in him; force which sold one hundred thousand copies of his book? So he went into the Institute as moral and political philosopher, and after that, into the Academy as one of the forty literati of France. He was on the top wave which broke over the fallen dynasty of 1848, but he was not a man of active administrative capacity. He settled away quietly to new political and historic inquiry; the result every body knows, or should know—one of the fullest and *kernel-est* books about the Revolution in France that has yet been written; being in fact altogether kernel, with no husk but binding.

Nothing more do we hear of him until the story of his bad health; lungs are failing; and so, down at

Cannes, by the warm shores of the Mediterranean, the other day, he died. Ampère followed him to a quiet country tomb, and Lord Brougham. There were no escutcheons on his funeral cloth, nor marks of princely favor, nor sword; only the black pall, with a white cross upon it—the only symbol he cherished: a philosopher, a republican, and a Christian.

And what far other ceremonial belonged just now to the funeral of a young woman—of no title, of no great wealth—who died recently in St. Petersburg! She had not a relative save her husband in the city; she was of foreign birth, and her residence only dated two years back; yet her coffin was covered with the rarest flowers; the students flocked from the Imperial University to be her mourners; the church was filled with a dense mass of sorrowing people; a squadron of dragoons marched at the head of the procession which attended her body to the grave, and soldiers on either side flanked the funeral-car. Streets and balconies were crowded with lookers-on; the pall-bearers were princes, and the grand master of Imperial police acted as marshal to the throng; and so with flowers, and music, and splendid retinue, the dead woman passed on to her place in the Cemetery St. Marie.

The humbler people of the suburbs wondered who this great lady could be; and even when the name was told them they knew no better—they had never heard of Bosio.

It was a graceful Russian tribute to the sweet voice and the tender heart of the Piedmontese singer. She leaves a sister upon the stage of Turin—not, however, possessed of the power and charms of Bosio.

Another great funeral of the early summer has been that of Baron Alexander Von Humboldt. Before this accounts of it must be old to you. The particular obsequies you read of at Berlin—the oak-coffin; the chaplet of laurel-leaves; the brazen, spiked helmets of the Prussian soldiery thickening round the grave, as stars thicken when the sun goes down, are nothing. Berlin and Prussians were only a committee: the world buried Humboldt, and the pall-bearers were the continents: for incense, smoking Cotopaxi; and for tomb-stone, Chimborazo.

Should there be any inscription more than the name—HUMBOLDT? Can Latinity or classicism of any sort add to that? Particular and even notable facts stand in the light of some great memories: as if we were to read on some up-turned stone of Greece, "Here lies Mr. Socrates Sophroniscus, the son of a marble cutter. He served as hoplite in Delium with great credit, and was an excellent schoolmaster. He had a son or two, and a wife Xantippe, who erects this stone, and is quite inconsolable."

We remember, after a certain pleasant walk, of a kindly morning in May, among the hills of Ambleside, in Westmoreland, how we stole down at length into the quiet church-yard, where sleep the ashes of Wordsworth. A little turf mound in the corner, with a single modest slab of granite, and on the granite, only "William Wordsworth." The mountains, and the lakes, and the daisies, and the meres carry out the inscription.

And if the memory of Wordsworth is strong enough to make such simple mention big and full, why, then—Humboldt!

The linnet is a fine bird; but there are eagles.

Have you seen that just now the pleasant cottage of Rydal Mount has been stripped of its furnishings?—books, tables, chairs, the cups out of which the poet drank—all sold!

But the house stands, and the hills stand. Grassmere is always yonder: always Rydal water shimmering through the trees: always—the Poems!

In these fair vales hath many a tree
At Wordsworth's suit been spared;
And from the builder's hand this stone,
For some rude beauty of its own,
Was rescued by the bard.
So let it rest: and time will come
When here the tender-hearted
May heave a gentle sigh for him,
As one of the departed.

Editor's Drawer.

"With genial joy to warm the soul
Bright Helen mixed a mirth-inspiring bowl."

THE bowl having been banished in these halcyon days of cheerful temperance, and the flow of soul having taken the place of flowing wine, the Drawer is always on tap and demand. Indeed, if we were to judge by the letters that we receive from the four quarters of the compass, the Drawer must be one of the necessities of social life—as much so as lager among the Germans, and whisky in Ireland. We were out dining a day or two ago, and took note of the good things said; three-fourths of them were borrowed from the Drawer, and the other fourth, though good, were not up to the average. The wit was sparkling, and so was the Champagne; but had the Drawer never been, the dinner would have been a sad affair. And with these preliminary observations we begin again.

EVERY month or so some kind correspondent sends us some new version of the ancient story of the country merchant who kept his accounts in hieroglyphics and confounded the cheese and grindstone. This is to certify to our numerous readers that that cheese is too old to be good, and the grindstone has been turned too often to answer our purposes.

CAPE COD, in one of its fishy towns, has a clever doctor, and a wag withal. In one of his rides, just leaving home, he was met by a fleshy, panting female, whose bandaged face and forlorn aspect denoted only too well her ailment.

"Oh! doctor, doctor!" she exclaimed, "I am almost dying with toothache! You must return immediately to your office and give me relief."

The good man instantly signified his willingness to do so, and they soon reached his residence.

The lady, all trepidation and nervousness, tremblingly sank into a chair and awaited the dread process. The doctor, meantime, with the kindness and considerateness which were always his characteristics, endeavored to reassure and encourage her. But as he stepped up to her with the "cruel" forceps, the perspiration ran more profusely, the patient sat more uneasily, and the mouth opened wider and wider, as if it would take in every thing in its immediate neighborhood.

"Again I beg you to be calm, madam," were the words of the physician, "and suffer yourself to have no fear. It will be but the work of a moment, at the longest. And perhaps," he added, with a glance at the "cavernous" opening before him, and with just the *slightest* approach to a waggish smile, "perhaps you might even venture to close the mouth a little, particularly as I purpose to stand upon the outside during the operation."

Of course the suggestion was complied with, but

not until the droll smile upon the hitherto grave face of the patient had assured the doctor that his wit was appreciated, and that it had driven away all fear of the operation.

THE Western justices and the Dutch justices have been in the Drawer often. We are now to introduce one of these gentlemen from the State of Vermont:

Judge C——, of Vermont, was fond of a joke when it could be "done" without special injury to public or individual rights. On one occasion, as he was traveling toward the southern part of the State to hold a term of Court in the County of W——, he came to a public house where a Justice's Court was in session. As it was late, and the weather cold and wet, he concluded to put up for the night. Sending his horse to the stable he entered the bar-room, which he found crowded with people, who seemed greatly excited about the case on trial. He had thrown off his outer garments, and was composing himself before a good old-fashioned blazing fire, when a young man came up to him, and, bowing respectfully, asked his assistance in the case.

"The evidence," said he, "is all agin me; but they say yer Honor is death on desperit cases, and mine ain't so bad as it might be, arter all."

Upon inquiry, the Judge learned that his applicant had been arrested for wantonly upsetting a churn of sap in his neighbor's sugar-lot. The youngster had been caught in the very act by two respectable witnesses; and thus the evidence was, as he said, "clear agin him."

After hearing all the facts, the Judge informed him that it was really a desperate case; but he added, "I will watch the progress of the trial, and if an opportunity presents itself I will help you." Accordingly, he threw open a door leading from his apartment to the room where the trial was going on, and sat a careless spectator of the proceedings. The counsel for the State put in his testimony, and proved the charge conclusively. Thereupon the magistrate turned toward the respondent, and, with a stern voice, asked him if he had "got any thing to say to all this ere evidential testimony?" The prisoner was dumb, but looked imploringly toward the Judge, who at once arose, and approached the table at which the Justice was sitting.

"Ye needn't think ye can do any kinder good here; for the mind of this ere Court is eternally made up about this consarn, that I can tell ye, mister."

"May it please your Honor," said the Judge, bowing very gracefully, "it is no doubt true that the charge made against the respondent is fully sustained by the testimony. I do not deny it; but, for all that, he has a defense."

"A defense! What on airth can it be?" growled the Court.

"And, your Honor, it is this: I profess to know a little about law, having practiced in that profession more than thirty years past, especially the statute laws of Vermont. Now, your Honor, I may be mistaken, but I am confident there is nothing in the statutes of Vermont against upsetting either an empty churn or a churn full of sap. I beg the Court not to rely upon my word; but if your Honor is not satisfied upon this point, I would recommend an examination of the statutes."

The counsel for the State arose to reply.

"Stop! stop!" vociferated the Court; "this pint must be settled before we move another inch." And thereupon, seizing the statute-book and turning to the index, he began searching under the letter C for the word *Churn*. Not finding it, he next looked under S for *Sap*. Not finding "Sap," he continued his search under the letter U for *Upsetting*. Still unsuccessful, he looked under the title "*Crimes and Misdemeanors*." Finally, he rummaged the book from beginning to end, and finding it silent upon the subject of "upsetting churns," he laid aside the book, and, addressing the prisoner, said:

"Young man, this ere Court is satisfied that there ain't nothin' in the laws of Vermont agin tippin' over a churn full of sap. There ain't nothin' about churns any way—nor sap nuther. But I want ye should remember one thing—that this ere Court has made up his mind that it's a very naughty trick, and it's a shame that there's so many maple-trees in the State, and no law agin tippin' over sap." Whereupon the prisoner was released.

WE have a specimen of railroad literature that can not well be beat. The rule is a safe one, and very sure.

The directors of ——— Road were in session. Many an important measure had been decided upon. The business was nearly completed, when the Superintendent rose and remarked that he intended issuing an important order immediately on his return.

The road was a *double track*; and a short time prior to this there had been a very serious accident, caused by the eastward bound train jumping the track just as it met the train bound west, running into it diagonally, and doing great damage to life and limb, as well as property.

To prevent like occurrences in the future, the Superintendent proposed to issue to conductors and engineers the following rule:

"Hereafter, when trains moving in an opposite direction are approaching each other, on separate tracks, conductors and engineers will be required to bring their respective trains to a *dead halt* before the point of meeting, and be very careful *not to proceed till each train has passed the other*."

ONE of the Little Rock lawyers having been retained to bring a divorce suit for Mrs. Muggins, writes us that his chance for a fee was incontinently *squashed* by a Justice of the Peace, who, as the mutual friend of Mr. and Mrs. Muggins, drew up, and caused to be executed and recorded, the following short cut to a divorce. He sends us the document, to be published for the benefit of the profession:

STATE OF ARKANSAW, } *too with.*
COUNTY OF PULESKEY,

This agreement, of disagreement and divorce, this day made between John P. Muggins and Sarah Ann Muggins, his wife, witnesseth: That the parties aforesaid agree that they never can agree without a full and final seperashion; and that this articul of agreement shall forever hole good in the presents of the undersigned. That I, John P. Muggins, and Sarah, my wife, agree that we are free frum eech other forever. That I, the said John P., neither at law or equity, or otherwise, have enny claim in or upon said Sarah Ann, nor she to me nor to enny thing of mine. And I hereby surtify that I do this day deliver up certain property to said Sarah Ann, as and for her own use and behoof forever; namely, 1 bull, 2 cows, one hoss. A lott of hogs. 1 Shanghai cock & 7 hens, and one occupant clame by pre-emption—all in said State & County, to have and to hold the same for the benefit of

said Sarah Ann and 2 little children. And, furthermore, that I, the said John P. Muggins, have no further government or guardianship over said family from this day henceforth and forever, from which time both of said parties hereto are free and unincumbered to do and to pick and choose as they please, free from enny let or hindrance from either. Witness our hands and seals this 25th Decr., 1857.

JOHN P. MUGGINS (*seal*).

SARAH A. MUGGINS (*seal*).

Came the parties, and acknowledged the above to be their free act and deed, before me.

J. TOMPKINS, J. P.

A FAR South correspondent writes: "Nowhere in the realms of Uncle Sam are 'military titles' so ridiculously common as here on the confines of Louisiana, Texas, and Arkansas. Majors are in the majority, Generals are very general, and every other man you meet is 'Colonel.'"

"On the great Texan thoroughfare that runs through our parish an excellent old lady—very clever, very shrewd, but poor—kept a house of entertainment. Upon one occasion it was her fortune to entertain for the night a batch of these gentry; and as she passed in and out of the common sitting-room, intent upon her household cares, her ears were stunned with the lofty titles of 'General,' 'Colonel,' and 'Major' lavishly bestowed upon each other by her guests. Sick of so much military greatness, she approached the fire around which they were assembled and proceeded to administer hearty kicks to several dogs comfortably snoozing before the fire, accompanying each kick with the exclamation, 'Get out, General! Begone, Colonel! Out, Major!'"

"One of the magnates, with ill-concealed anger, remarked,

"'Why, madam, you have singular names for your dogs!'"

"'Oh! yes,' she naively answered; 'any mangy pup may be a General or Colonel nowadays!'"

WHY was Eden so pleasant to Adam,

So rid of connubial ills?

Because his ingenuous madam

Never bored him with milliners' bills.

No bonnets had she for her tresses,

No silks did her person enroll;

So cheap were her costliest dresses,

For a fig one had purchased the whole.

THE Drawer is deeply in debt to its New England contributor for these reminiscences of one of its divines; they are at once new and old:

Many anecdotes are related of the Rev. Mr. M——, a Scotch Presbyterian of the Old School, who forty years ago ended a long and successful ministry in the venerable town of L——, New Hampshire.

As the inscription on his tomb-stone testifieth, "from nature he inherited an energetic and capacious mind, with a heart of tenderest sensibility." His manner had not only "something of patriarchal simplicity," and "something of apostolical gravity and authority," but was frequently relaxed by much of native wit and genial humor.

During the agitation in 1812, relative to the declaration of war with Great Britain, it is well known that the subject met with a strong opposition in the New England representation in Congress, as well as in a great portion of the people in this section of the country. Meetings expressive of hostility to the bill were held by the people throughout these States, and it was proposed that the good people of L—— should manifest their pacific spirit and

"define their position." A public demonstration was agreed upon, and old Parson M——, being considered the "man for the times," was called upon by a committee appointed for that purpose, with the request that he would prepare an address appropriate to the occasion.

The Parson did not yield a ready compliance, but illustrated his reply on this wise:

"I once knew," said he, "a widow lady in Scotland who had an only son. Upon him she had expended much to enable him to acquire an education. He was absent from home for a long while attending school. Having completed his course of studies, he returned to his good old mother.

"'Come, John,' said she, on the night of his arrival home, and when they were about making preparations to retire, 'you've been a long time away from me, my son, and have studied much. I know ye are a good lad, but I have never heard ye pray. Try it, John; for ye surely must now know how, with all the learning ye have got.'"

"Accordingly John complied—made a long, humble, and, as he supposed, satisfactory acknowledgment of his sins and general unworthiness, and of his great indebtedness to his Maker.

"'Well, mother,' says John, 'how did it suit ye?'"

"'Pretty well—pretty well, John,' replied the old lady; 'but *why didna ye gie the old de'il a slap or two?*'"

"'Ah!' says John, 'not I—not I; for you know, mither, there's none of us knows *whose hands we may some time fall into!*'"

The old Parson used to give the following leaf from his private journal with characteristic good nature:

He was appointed as delegate to the Presbyterian Synod which convened at Philadelphia. Before leaving home he made all domestic provisions that would be requisite during his absence, not omitting to select a substitute for himself to occupy the head seat at table, as well as to conduct the family service. The appointee was J——, one of his hired laborers, he being a member of the Parson's church, who, though rather more liberal with his professions of goodness than replete with its spirit, was nevertheless regarded by the charitable, unsuspecting Parson as an upright, conscientious man, and, under the circumstances, the "most available man for the office."

On the morning following the Parson's departure his good lady, Mrs. M——, informed J—— what was expected of him during her husband's absence, and he accordingly, after having officiated at breakfast, read passages from the Scriptures, and concluded the services with prayer. In fact, he performed the duties assigned him in a very creditable manner, quite in accordance with the requirements of Mrs. M——. His prayer was, to be sure, somewhat prolonged beyond the usual time allotted by the Parson to that sacred ceremony; but Mrs. M——, with extreme delicacy of feeling, refrained from insinuating that any abbreviation in future would be desirable. The next morning, however, the services—the prayer more especially—consumed so much time that she was forced to remark that in "*hayin' time*—especially in fair, warm weather like this—Mr. M—— always cut short the service; he bearing in mind the old adage, 'Make hay while the sun shines.'"

"Perhaps he does, ma'am—perhaps he does," replied J——, very *benignly*; "but, you see, *I'm paid*

by the month, ma'am; and in hot weather like this I'd rather pray than mow, any time!"

"IN a little country town, not far from here, a debating club has been recently established. The subject of discussion was, on one occasion, 'Was Columbus a greater man than Washington?' The gentleman on the affirmative, being unused 'to speak in public on the stage,' sat down after having delivered the following single but unanswerable argument: 'Mr. President, I believe that Columbus was the greater man; because, if Columbus hadn't been, how could Washington have been?'"

"IN a late number I see a clever anecdote in reference to one of our citizens," writes a far Western, "who has recently removed from St. Joseph, Missouri, back among us. I mean your 'Ditto' anecdote. John W. Ditto has a brother *Frank*, who is quite a genius. I heard him say one day, speaking of hunting, that his 'br-bro-brot-brother Jo-Joh-John, hi-him-him-s-himself, a-an-and th-thr-three o-ot-oth-er *d-do-dogs*, ca-cau-caught one thousand ra-rab-rabbits in one d-da-day!"

"NOT long since 'Frank' was a witness before Justice O'Brien, in reference to what constitutes a lawful fence. He said, 'Of course it's a lawful fence; for any fence that I can't straddle'—going through the motions—'will turn me or any other hog!'"

"THE WITCHERY OF WIT" is the title of a rarely beautiful and entertaining chapter in a volume of "Mosaics," by the author of "Salad for the Solitary," etc. The chapter that belongs to the Drawer is but one out of a dozen, all of them as full of good things as an egg is full of meat. Its motto is Sterne's; and with this introduction the Drawer gives its readers a taste of the quality of the humor that lurks in the pages before us:

"I am persuaded that every time a man smiles—but much more so when he laughs—it adds something to this fragment of life."—STERNE.

"Laugh and grow fat," wrote Henry Giles; "if you should grow exorbitantly fat by laughing, laughing still will keep you in healthy motion. It is a most admirable system of stationary gymnastics. Humor puzzles logic; who can give a reason for the folly that is in him? But could logic be applied to humor, and dare I describe the syllogism that would suit it, here is my description: Its major should be good temper, its minor a good fancy, its middle term a good heart, and its conclusion a good laugh. Who can define humor? who can dissect it by analysis, or square it by the rules of logic? Who can methodize the vagaries of the mirthful brain? Who can make mathematics out of merriment? Who can postulate a pun? Who can square the circle of a joke? The calculus of cachinnation would be a pleasant kind of ciphering. Ratiocination is too hard and dry a process to have any association with a thing so glowing and so mellow as humor, which is, as Corporal Trim would say, the radical heart and moisture of the human mind. We have heard of Rabelais 'laughing in his easy-chair;' but who ever heard of Aristotle laughing in any chair, or Thomas Aquinas, or Emanuel Kant? Their very names suggest a nightmare of abstracts, concretes, syllogisms, enthymemes, and categorical imperatives. Conceive, if you can, the recovery of appetite by exercise in polemics, and the improvement of com-

plexion by a regimen of metaphysics; suppose a man's getting rosy on statistics, and plump on political economy."

Dr. Henniker was once asked by Lord Chatham to define wit. He replied: "My lord, wit is like what a pension would be, given by your lordship—a good thing well applied." There are many types of false wit; these include vulgar jests, personalities, ribaldry, and scoffing against religion; and it is well they carry their own condemnation with them. "Wit," said Bishop Horne, "should excite an appetite, not provoke disgust. Wit, without wisdom, is salt without meat; and that is but a comfortless dish to set a hungry man down to. Wit, employed to disguise or prejudice truth, is salt thrown into a man's eyes."

"True wit is like the brilliant stone,
Dug from the Indian mine,
Which boasts two different powers in one,
To cut as well as shine.

"Genius, like that, if polished right,
With the same gifts abounds;
Appears at once both keen and bright,
And sparkles while it wounds."

"Wit is the philosopher's quality, humor the poet's; the nature of wit relates to things, humor to persons. Wit utters brilliant truths; humor, delicate deductions from the knowledge of *individual* character. Rochefoucault is witty; the 'Vicar of Wakefield' the model of humor."

English humor is frank, hearty, and unaffected. Irish light as mercury: it is extravagant. Scotch humor is sly, grave, and caustic. Surely the analysis of Plesantry is possible, and its cultivation practicable.

"Humor originally meant moisture—a signification it metaphorically retains, for it is the very juice of the mind, oozing from the brain, and enriching and fertilizing wherever it falls. Wit exists by antipathy; humor by sympathy. Wit laughs *at* things; humor laughs *with* them. Wit lashes external appearances, or cunningly exaggerates single foibles into character; humor glides into the heart of its object, looks lovingly on the infirmities it detects, and represents the whole man. Wit is abrupt, darting, scornful, and tosses its analogies in your face; humor is slow and shy, insinuating its fun into your heart. Wit is negative, analytical, destructive; humor is creative. The couplets of Pope are witty, but 'Sancho Panza' is a humorous creation. Wit, when earnest, has the earnestness of passion, seeking to destroy; humor has the earnestness of affection, and would lift up what is seemingly low into our charity and love. Wit, bright, rapid, and blasting as the lightning, flashes, strikes, and vanishes in an instant; humor, warm and all-embracing as the sunshine, bathes its objects in a genial and abiding light."

Laughter, like gaping, is infectious; we catch the impulse by sympathy. Swift, it is said, seldom laughed, yet his love of the ludicrous is sufficiently apparent in his pages. The same remark applies to Hood and Liston, whose faces were any thing but mirthful. We have illustrations of serious wit in the *Parson Adams* of Fielding, Addison's *Sir Roger de Coverley*, and Pope's *Essay on Man*. Charles Lamb's wit is *sui generis*.

A woman has no natural grace more bewitching than a sweet laugh. It is like the sound of flutes on the water. It leaps from her heart in a clear, sparkling rill; and the heart that hears it feels as if bathed in the cool, exhilarating spring. Have you ever

pursued an unseen fugitive through the trees, led on by her fairy laugh—now here, now there—now lost, now found?

The greatest minds of the world—those most remarkable in life and literature—have made puns or enjoyed them. We do not lay any stress on Rabelais, Swift, Lamb, Hood, Moore, who, as every body knows, punned away pyrotechnically, in right of their brilliant and renowned wit. But what will the reader say to the austere Emperor Julian and Cotton Mather; to Aristotle and Jeremy Bentham; Plato and Lord Chesterfield?

Stewart, in his "Essay on the Human Mind," treats the pun slightly, and says every one that pleases may be a punster. Goldsmith held something of the same opinion with respect to witticisms and good things, which he said could be elaborated by thinking. No doubt there is some truth in both these positions. Brinsley Sheridan and Tom Moore, who certainly worked hard to bring out their airy brilliancies of wit and metaphor, justify Oliver's notion; and in the same way Hood and others prove that people can hatch puns at a great rate, by brooding over them. Still, a certain cast of mind—a vivacity and judgment—are requisite in these cases. Nothing can make a dull thinker witty—no amount of brain-cudgeling; and it is not from every stick you can get the mercury of a happy punster.

IN the February number we told something about the Colonel who declined drinking water for the Captain's sake. We will follow the Colonel on that trip from Wheeling to New Orleans. The Colonel always wanted excitement; he looked every where for "something lively," as he expressed it. We came to Napoleon, a spot familiar to all who go upon the river. The Colonel inquired mysteriously of the Captain how long they had to stay there. The Captain said half an hour. Away goes the Colonel, perfectly sound, up to the "town," or as we ought to say, "shanties." In a very short time the gentleman was seen feeling his way down the wharf by the fence. After considerable financiering he got on board, when the following conversation came off:

"Captain!" roars the Colonel.

"Ay, ay, Sir!" responds the mariner.

"What did you say was the name of this 'ere town?"

"Napoleon, Colonel."

"Na (hickup) poleon, eh (hickup)! and how long have I bin gone, Cap'en (hickup)?"

"Just twenty minutes," said the Captain, looking at his watch.

"Jas' twenty minits, eh (hickup)! smartest thing I ever did in my life (hickup); got drunk (hickup) an' got licked in twenty minutes (hickup). Na (hickup) poleon's the liveliest place on the river; must (hickup) come ag'in, Cap'en."

THE Colonel, on the way down, cleaned out all the gamblers, his grand final play being to shut off a certain customer who had skinned them badly at "Seven up." The Colonel, as he expressed it, "laid for him," and finally, just before reaching New Orleans, brought him to on a game of bluff. The gambler had been very successful, and had, as all knew, a heavy pile. The game went on; all stood by breathless. The Colonel saw him, and went \$1000 better. The gambler planked \$5000. The Colonel was apparently staggered. He saw it was "the merry gambolier's" last run. In a moment his face brightened, he stooped, and for an instant fumbled

at his boot. Up he came with a dirty load and roared, "I see *you*, and go you \$25,000 better." He was not long in raking down, and within two hours after lent the "gay gambolier" \$100, as he said, "to begin life on."

ON the passage up, a lady was "took bad," and the boat resounded with calls for a doctor. None responded, and a search was made on the passenger list, as the most of them had turned in for the night. On the list was found "James Jones, M.D., No. 55." In a few moments a rush was made for berth 55, and this was the conversation:

"Hey, Doctor, turn out! there's a lady taken sick. You're wanted."

"What?" drawled 55.

"Lady sick; hurry up, doctor!"

"Doctor! I ain't no doctor."

"Ain't your name Jones?"

"Yes, Sir, Jeems Jones; but I ain't no doctor."

"No doctor! what have you got M.D. after your name for, then?"

"Oh," says 55, with a tremendous drawl, "that's my profession: M.D.; that stands for Mule Driver."

Knows he that never took a pinch,
Nosey, the pleasure thence which flows?
Knows he the titillating joy
Which my nose knows?

Oh nose! I am as proud of thee
As any mountain of its snows;
I gaze on thee, and feel the joy
A Roman knows!

THE following sensible rebuke was administered to a truly learned, but in some respects fallible, member of the bar, by the name of Coons:

"The Supreme Court was holding its annual session in our county, with Judge Kent presiding, than whom a sounder or more learned judge the State could not boast. These annual sessions, of course, were looked forward to by the bar as the scene and opportunity for their highest efforts and greatest display—the members preparing themselves accordingly. Mr. Coons, having a case involving many elementary principles, and intricate questions withal, in presenting the case in the opening to the court, had gone back to my Lord Lyttleton, Coke, Blackstone, Hale, and other worthies, and was in the full tide of quoting the settled maxims and principles as laid down by them in law Latin—to the no little astonishment of the tyros of the bar, and a crowded court-room—when the learned Judge aforesaid, quietly leaning forward on the bench, thus *modestly* interrupted this act of violating the sepulchres of the dead languages:

"Mr. C., if you will put your Latin into English the Court will understand you a great deal better."

A CLEVER correspondent in Alabama details his pursuit of knowledge under difficulties:

"I was riding in the western part of the State of Alabama not long since, partly on business connected with a railroad company, and partly on an expedition in search of adventures. Night found me in the woods, hungry, cold, and houseless. To strike a camp and sleep in the recesses of the forest is nothing uncommon to the Alabamian; and so I passed a very comfortable night. The next morning I was ignorant of my whereabouts. I knew not whether I was in Wayne County, Mississippi, Choctaw County, or Sumter County, Alabama. I determined to

ask the first person I met. Presently there came along a tall, gawky, long-legged specimen, about eighteen years old, riding a white mule, with a bark bridle and no saddle. I thus accosted:

"I say, my son, can you tell me what county I am in?"

"The young fellow, after about ten minutes' continued effort to rein in and stop his 'creeter,' looked at me with a long, vacant stare, and then drawled out the euphonious word,

"'Tickebom.'

"Seeing at once that he didn't know what a county was, I thought I would try him on 'States rights,' so I asked him what State I was in. His answer was somewhat shorter, and delivered in a lower key than the other:

"'Tickebom.'

"Confident that he was ignorant of State rights, I asked him which was the court-house, for by learning that I could know where I was. So I asked him,

"'Where do people go to court about here?"

"His eye twinkled with a droll expression of mirth and delight, when he answered,

"'Down to Squire Ross's, I reckon; for he's got the prettiest gals in this country.'

"I soon after left my solitary friend in the swamp of Tickebom Creek, and made my way to Squire Ross's, who put me on the right road to the town of Butler."

PARSON B——, the pastor of a Hard-Shell Church in Middle Georgia, on one occasion selected for his text the following verse from Second Corinthians: "Of the Jews five times received I forty stripes *save one*." The exposition of his text was as follows:

"My bretheren and sisters, from the reading uv the tex we find that Paul suffered a heap in the flesh. He was beat and bruised and striped a great many times by the wicked Jews; fur the tex says, 'five times received I forty stripes *save one*,' and that time nobody knows how many stripes they did give him, for our tex doesn't say any thing about that; but, my bretheren and sisters, judgin' from the wicked natur uv the Jews, I think they beat him nigh unto death!"

MR. SERGEANT GARDINER, being lame of one leg, pleading before the late Judge Fortescue, who had little or no nose, the Judge told him he was afraid he had but a *lame* cause of it. "Oh, my lord," said the Sergeant, "have but a little patience, and I'll prove every thing as *plain* as the *nose* on your face!"

On board the *Ohio*, of 80 guns, Commodore Hull's flag-ship, was a sailor by the name of Weaver, from Vermont, a regular six-footer, and sailor all over. Being on liberty one day, he thought he would take a donkey-ride to Georgetown, at the mouth of the harbor in Minorca. Any one acquainted with donkey-riding in Mahon knows that, after the rider is mounted, a boy lays hold of the donkey's tail, and with a stick belabors the poor animal for some distance out of the town, so as to get him under way, as the sailor says. Weaver went tearing down the road like mad. It so happened that Captain Smith (now Commodore Smith) was coming up from Georgetown on his donkey. Seeing Weaver coming under pretty good headway, he drew up on the side of the road. When Weaver got abreast of him, the Captain hailed him:

"Hello, Weaver! where bound?"

Weaver drew up, touched his tarpaulin, and says:

"I don't know, Captain; you must ask the man at the helm!" pointing to the boy holding the donkey's tail.

Weaver started on, leaving the Captain convulsed with laughter.

OLD Colonel B——, of Amherst County, Virginia, an indefatigable spinner of "hunting yarns," being one day in company of several of his friends, boasted that he had a few days before killed a large buck by shooting him through the hoof of one of his hind-feet, the ball passing out at his forehead. Of course some doubts as to the possibility of performing such a feat arose in the minds of his hearers; whereupon the Colonel called upon his old body-servant, "Bob," to verify his statement. This Bob did, by saying that, "as the deer raise he foot to scratch he head massa's bullet pass through bofe." A short time after, when the company had dispersed, Bob turned to the Colonel, and exclaimed, "For Hebben's sake, massa, whenever you tell anuder sich a big lie prease to not scatter dem so; for I tell you what, Sir, I had mighty hard work to bring um togeder!"

A LEARNED lawyer, always welcome, says:

"In reading a work some sixty years old I have come across the following, which are worthy to be resuscitated:

"The witty Balsac informs his readers that, in a valley near the Pyreneans, two leagues broad and five long, the inhabitants had lived, from time immemorial, in the most cordial friendship, when their ill-fortune brought an *attorney* to live among them. These people, who had never known what a lawsuit meant before this unlucky arrival, immediately fell together by the ears; nothing was heard of but processes and appeals to the Parliament of Thoulouse.

"When they had thus torn each other to pieces and *spent all their money*, they began to consider what was the cause of this wonderful change. They unanimously agreed that it must be ascribed to the poor attorney, and regarding him as the source of all their misfortunes, they rose, drove the harpy out of the country, and the pristine tranquillity of the valley was entirely restored.'

"I have been diverted at observing a precaution in the English laws against the increase of this body of men; and one expression in an old statute proves that the honest Pyreneans were not the only sufferers by my unfortunate profession. In the thirty-third year of the sixth Henry an Act of Parliament was passed which states that, not long before that period, there had not been more than six or seven attorneys in Norfolk or Suffolk—in which time, it recites, great tranquillity prevailed (*quo tempore magna tranquillitas regnabat*); but that the number had increased to twenty-four, to the great vexation and prejudice of the King's liege subjects in those parts. It concludes by restricting the number in Norfolk to six; the same number is allowed to Suffolk; and two to the city of Norwich. As I believe this curious law was never repealed, I should like to ascertain how it was originally evaded by the cunning of my brethren."

It is customary in some parts of the country, either upon railroads or steamboats, to exact only *half* fare from ministers of the different Churches.

One pleasant day Captain S—— stood upon the upper deck of his steamer, tolling the last bell pre-

vious to her departure, when he was accosted by a serious-looking individual in the following terms:

"Are you Captain S——?"

"I am, Sir," said the Captain, with a turn of the head and a quizzical glance.

"What is the regular fare to Louisville?"

"Two dollars and a half."

"Well, Captain, I am a Methodist preacher. What will you charge me?"

Apparently in a deep study for a moment, the Captain seemed to take the measure of our clerical friend, and replied, in his peculiar, decided tone,

"Well, I guess we sha'n't charge you a cent more than any body else."

JUDGE CAMPTON, of the North Carolina bench, is a bright ornament of his profession; but his solemnity of phiz and stately dignity are the subject often of merriment to the youngsters of the bar. Your old friend Ham Jones and he were always the best of friends; but the latter was wont to take occasion frequently to discompose his Honor's gravity in the trial of causes by throwing in some witticism or droll remark that sometimes would prove irresistible.

Ham was the solicitor of the Sixth Judicial Circuit for many years, and in that capacity indicted a man by the name of M'Caleb for *stealing bacon*. The cause was tried at Cabarrus Court, and Mr. Ellis (now the Governor of North Carolina) defended him. The proof was that the meat had lately been taken out of pickle and hung up. It was barely discolored with smoke, and not near being cured. The prisoner's counsel took the ground that the proof did not sustain the charge in the bill of indictment; for it appeared that his client had taken *pork*, and not *bacon*. The solicitor replied. He insisted the article was properly denominated, for that it was not necessary that meat should be thoroughly *cured* before it becomes bacon; that these two words *pork* and *bacon* served rather to indicate the condition in which it was while undergoing the process of curing; that while it was in the salt, in bulk, it was called *pork*, but immediately on being hung up it was properly *bacon*; "and to show," says he, "that I am right, I will relate to your Honor an anecdote."

The brow of the Judge assumed rather a stormy aspect, but this did not intimidate the incorrigible wit.

"Your Honor need not be afraid for the decorum of the court; for my illustration is strictly *legal* and *historical*. Sir Nicholas Bacon once presided at the trial of a man by the name of Hogg, for some hanging matter, and, upon his conviction, asked him what he had to say why sentence of death should not be pronounced upon him. The culprit, who was an impudent fellow, said he didn't think his Honor ought to sentence him, for that they were akin.

"How do you make that out?" asked the Judge.

"Because your name is *Bacon*, and my name is *Hogg*, and these two should belong to the same family."

"I beg your pardon," says the Judge; "hog has to be *hung* before it becomes bacon."

"*E converso*," argued the solicitor, "when hog is *hung* it becomes *bacon*, and the charge in the indictment is correct."

The Judge stuffed his handkerchief in his mouth, and after a while commanded his countenance long enough to give poor M'Caleb the *benefit of clergy*,

which in this instance means thirty-nine lashes, and adjourned the court for dinner.

On the occasion of settling some *little preliminaries* between the dinner-bell and the gong, the Judge said, in a very grave way, that *that* was the only joke he ever heard *that* was worth any thing; but *it was good, for it convinced him of the correctness of a legal position*.

THESE are very rich, as every thing ought to be that comes from the land of gold. Our clever correspondent copied the following legal document from the original, and certifies it to be true:

Docket No. 998.

STATE OF CALA, } having had a laborious in-
COUNTY OF TOULUMNE } vestigation in the case No. —,
wherein — Banetta has been charged by an old Mexican woman, named Maria Taya, with having abstracted a box of money, which was buried in the ground, belonging to herself and daughter, and carrying it, or the contents, away from her dwelling, and appropriating the same to his owne use and benefit, the supposed amount being over two hundred dollars; but failing to prove positively that contained more than twenty, and that proven by the testimony of his owne witness, by his owne acknowledgement—the case being so at variance with the common dictates of humanity, and having been done under very painful surcumstances, at the time when the young woman was about to close her existence, the day before she died—and her aged mother at the same time lying upon a bed of sickness, unable to rise or to get a morsel of food for her self. And at the same time presenting himself as an angel of releaf to the poor and destitute sick, when twenty poor dollars might have releaved the emediate necessities of the poor infeasible sick and destitute old woman, far from home and friends, calls imperitively for a severe rebuke and reprimand for such inhuman and almost unprecedented conduct, as also the necessity of binding him over to the Court of Sessions in the sum of \$500.

RICHARD C. BARRY, J.P. [seal]

Nov. 10, 1851.

Endorsed—"Affdaved of the sick woman."

"ONE of our poets, a remarkably cadaverous-looking man, recited a poem descriptive of a country walk, in which the following couplet occurred:

"The redbreast, with a furtive glance,
Comes and looks at me askance;"

upon which a wag exclaimed, 'Gad! if it had been a carrion-crow he would have stared you full in the face!' a remark so humorous and unexpected that it was received with a unanimous shout of laughter. Here the absurdity of the idea, if it did not amount to wit, was something better; or, at all events, more stimulative of the risible faculties.

"THE late Jack Taylor, who was no mean proficient in turning the tables upon his opponent when he found himself losing, has recorded one of his exploits. He was rapidly losing ground in a literary discussion, when the opposite party exclaimed, 'My good friend, you are not such a rare scholar as you imagine; you are an everyday man!' 'Well, and you are a *weak* one!' replied Taylor, who instantly jumped upon the back of a horse-laugh, and rode victoriously over his prostrate conqueror.

"A GOOD thing is told of a physician of the old stamp who used to administer to our bodily ills at the time we were residents of Western Michigan.

"Some years ago he was called upon to treat an obstinate fever. His patient was an innocent, unsophisticated old Dutchman. He had labored diligently for years with his favorite instrument, the mattock—more generally known as a grubbing-hoe

—and, by dint of exertion, had rid a good 'eighty acres' of 'grubs;' and now had laid himself down to die. The 'old doctor' examined the case, mused long and intently, and finally came to the conclusion that *his* universal panacea, *calomel and jalap*, must be promptly administered.

"Not understanding the doctor's phraseology, our Dutchman supposed that he was to swallow *calomel and mattock*. He was horrified; but, in the honesty of his heart, never presumed to question the propriety of the prescription.

"While the doctor was preparing the terrible dose the old man was observed with clasped hands at his devotions—all in the room were silent observers. After a laborious but unavailing effort to become religiously reconciled to his fate, he turned, with despairing look and outstretched arms, and besought the doctor '*to knock out de handle, and den he takes him!*'"

"Down on the river, in the southeastern portion of our county, lives Squire —, a worthy citizen, and a man of mark in the neighborhood. He is the Squire, and does up the marrying, the deeds, and law business generally. He is a clever, whole-hearted little man, the father of a large family, and would be complete were it not for one slight drawback—he *has no legs*.

"He lives in a box, in which he eats, sleeps, dispenses justice, and travels about. It has pole handles, by which it is 'toted' and lifted about by the neighbors. Now the Squire was once a witness at court in a neighboring county, and on his arrival at the county seat was carried to the court-house by the folks about the tavern where he had 'put up.' As the 'sedan' was entering the house, a chap who was standing on the steps exclaimed to a companion,

"'Golly! Jake, look'ee there! What's that?'"

"'A man,' was the reply.

"'A man! Who the d—l is he?'"

"'Oh, it's Squire —, a Justice of the Peace over in — County.'"

"'A Justice of the Peace! Why, *he's got no legs!*'"

"'Well, that's nothing,' said the other. 'We elected a fellow Squire in our township, last spring, *who hadn't any head!*'"

A CLASS which graduated some time since had one Tom Elliot. Mathematics were his particular dislike. The Professor, during recitation, asked Tom to explain the method of ascertaining the horizontal parallax of the sun. Tom replied, "I don't know how." "But suppose you were appointed by the Government to ascertain it, what would you do?" "I'd resign!" gravely responded Tom.

JOE SNIPES was induced in a lucid moment to sign the pledge. Joe was a wild, rollicking dog, and his firmness in keeping his promise was a wonder to all his friends. At a wedding, one day, Joe was found behind the door taking a right good drink—a long pull, and a strong pull.

"Why," said Bob Pitts, "I thought you had signed the pledge, Joe?"

"So I have," said Joe; "but all *signs*, you know, fail in *dry* weather."

Down in Alabama lives a lively reader of the Drawer, who writes on this wise:

"Some years ago a gentleman by the name of

Poindexter was the solicitor of a circuit adjoining this, and being a man of popular manners and active business habits, became as well known as the Judge himself, although the people were somewhat puzzled as to the title of his office. His term of office expired, and a new solicitor was elected, and entered upon his duties. I need not tell you that the new official was completely electrified when, at his very first court, a raw-boned, sandy-haired specimen of the genus Alabama backwoodsman bawled out to him, 'I say, mister! are you the *Pinedexter* of this circuit now?'"

"MASS TOM! Mass Tom! Oh, Mass Tom! howse I gwine to get down dis ladder?"

"Come down the same way you went up, you blockhead!" replied the master, running up to see what was the matter.

"De same way as I come up, Mass Tom?"

"Yes, confound you! and don't bother me any more."

"Well; if I must, I must!" and down came the little darkey head-foremost.

"A VERY celebrated lawyer was old Squire Johns. Being a man of great influence, and withal a very testy old gentleman, when aroused he generally said and did as he pleased in court. He was once trying a case, the opposing counsel being a smart young lawyer named Davis, who so worried the old gentleman that he commenced cursing and swearing most outrageously in court. Such a contempt could not be overlooked by the court, but Squire Johns was a man of so much influence and consequence that the court could not think of punishing him. So the wise justices, after putting their heads together, announced that they would send Squire Davis to jail, *if he did not stop making Squire Johns swear so!*"

"A PRETTY good thing came off a few days since at one of our Justice Courts. Bill Cummings, an Irishman by birth, but a *native* of New Orleans by choice, was a witness in a squatter case, and was subjected to a severe cross-examination by the Counsel on the opposite side. Every body knows Bill, and knows his ways, and Bill knows almost every body. He was much harassed and surprised at the temerity of the disciple of Coke and Blackstone for his impudence in trying to corner him, and sometimes was short in his answers. C—, the lawyer, asked Bill for the sixth or seventh time which way a certain pair of stairs ran. Bill fixed upon the Judge a most imploring look, but did not answer. The question was repeated. "Answer the question, Mr. Cummings," said the Judge; and Bill, turning to the lawyer, with his large red face streaming with perspiration says, "That *depinds* where *ye are*: if ye are at the top, they run down, and if ye are at the *fut* they *jist* run up, and that's all I know of the case any how."

"A WOULD-BE cute politician was telling me how Mr. Thompson had made a speech saying that 'Mr. Buchanan was a very excellent 'old gentleman, no doubt, good to go to market every morning and attend to household duties, but was entirely unfit for the duties of President of these United States.'"

"Why," I replied, with some fervor, quite indignant at hearing such a thing of the great chief of the nation, "why, that was Billingsgate!"

"No," replied the politician quite innocently, "no, it was Thompson."

Mr. Bottle and his Friend.

Swill'm is introduced to the "Bottle"



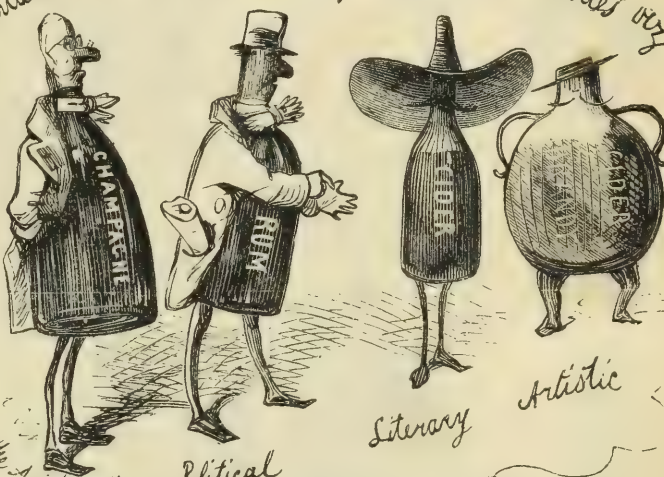
Becomes very intimate with same



They go on a "Bender"



And makes the acquaintance of several other Bottles viz



The Aristocratic

Political

Literary

Artistic

Fire Powder

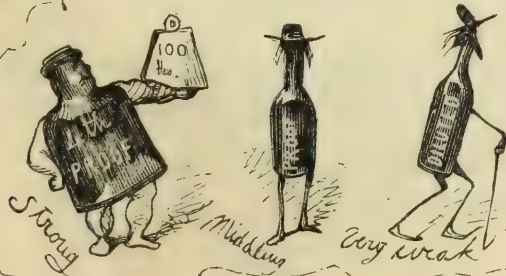


Scotch Whiskey

Irish Whiskey do

Also Old Brown Sherry

and Gin Bottle

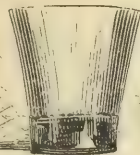


Strong

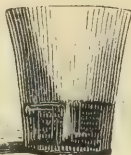
Middlem

Wing Break

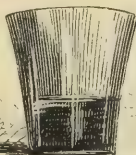
Size of Horns from careful observations by Swill'm Viz'



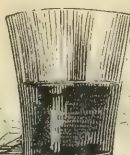
New Orleans



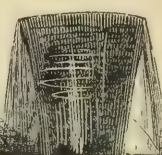
Louisville



Cincinnati



New York



Boston

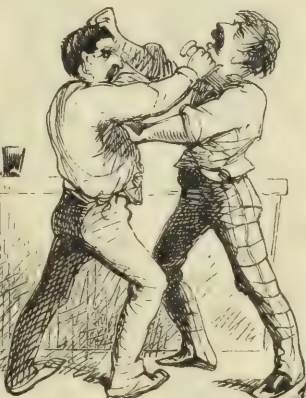
Hangung



Shooting



Stabbing



The Bottle shows Swill'm
some of the effects

Bottle drowns a poor d--l



All right
no danger



The Bottle robs

the poor Ward of his Vices



The End



Fashions for July.

Furnished by Mr. G. BRODIE, 300 Canal Street, New York, and drawn by VOIGT from actual articles of Costume.



FIGURES 1 AND 2.—DEMI-TOILETTE AND GIRL'S DRESS.

THIS unique style of HALF-DRESS commends itself by its novelty and freshness. In the drawing it is represented as made of *Barège à l'Anglais*, although it is still prettier when composed of the lighter summer silks. The corsage has a surplice front, with two wide bands, terminating in two points at the waist. The neck is surrounded by a narrow thread *engrèlure*. The sleeves, which correspond in style, are open in front up to the shoulder, where they are capped by small jockeys. There are two skirts; the under one plain; the upper one slashed to the waist, with boldly rounded corners, presenting, when seen in front, the appearance of being *en tablier*. The spaces thus left are occupied by the material of the dress, set in with more drapery than the other portions of the skirt. The entire outline is edged with Piccolomini trimming.

The GIRL'S DRESS is composed of a light silk, with broad box plaits, similar in front and back, continued from the neck to the bottom of the first skirt. The lower skirt is plain. The sleeves are also box-plaited. On each alternate plait, and upon the corsage, are placed fancy buttons and *brandebourgs*. There are narrow lace frills around the neck and sleeves. The pantalets are of Nansouk.

The CAP, Figure 4, is designed for a breakfast toilet at watering-places.

The UNDER-SLEEVE is so clearly represented in

the engraving as to supersede any necessity for verbal description.

The HANDKERCHIEF, Figure 5, is a new and extremely elegant article. It presents to the eye an appearance as though a group of embroidered leaves and flowers had been transferred to the ground-work, being attached to it only by a small portion of each. This is not the case, though they are in actual relief. The filling up of the design is in the usual style of needle-work ornaments.

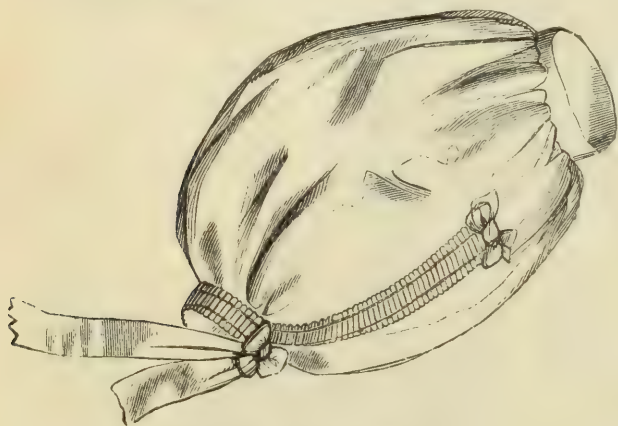


FIGURE 3.—UNDER-SLEEVE.



FIGURE 4.—BREAKFAST CAP.

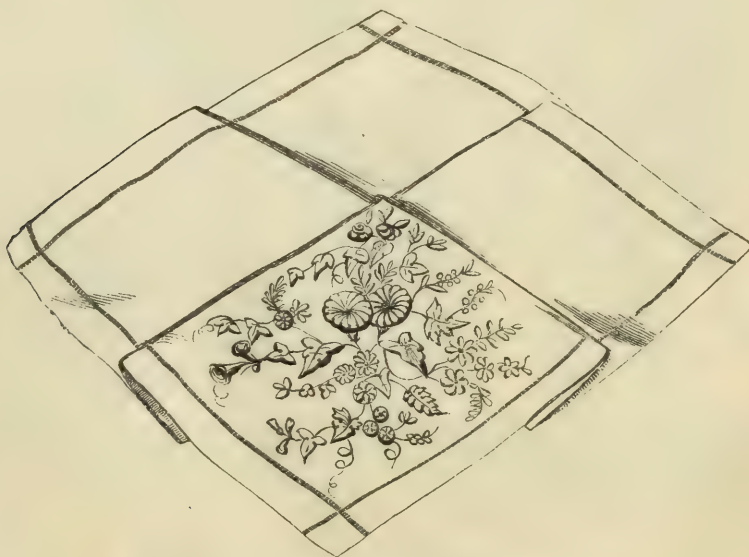
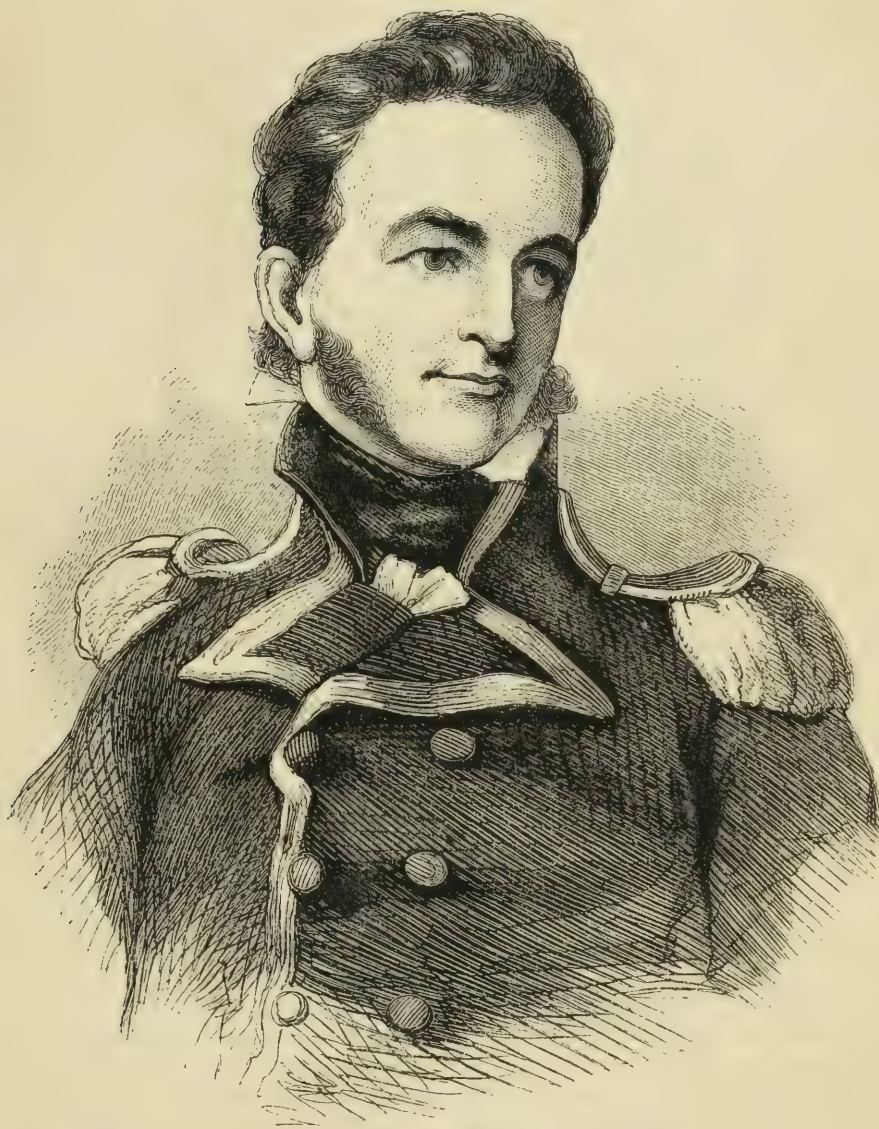


FIGURE 5.—EMBROIDERED HANDKERCHIEF.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. CXI.—AUGUST, 1859.—VOL. XIX.



CAPTAIN PORTER.

CRUISE OF THE ESSEX.

I.—FROM THE DELAWARE TO VALPARAISO.

WHEN Commodore Bainbridge sailed from Boston, during the war with England in 1812, with the *Constitution* and the *Hornet*, commanded by Captain Lawrence, whose achievements are among the most glorious recorded in our naval history, the *Essex*, Captain David Porter, then lying in the Delaware, was ordered to follow and join the squadron at St. Jago or Fernando de Noronha. The *Essex*, a 32-gun ship, fitted and provisioned for a long cruise, and manned with a crew of three hundred and nine-

teen, got to sea on the 28th of October, two days after Commodore Bainbridge sailed.

Having taken a southeast course after reaching latitude $36^{\circ} 7'$ north and longitude $58^{\circ} 54'$ west, with the view of crossing the tracks of vessels bound from England to Bermuda and those from the West Indies to Europe, the *Essex*, though failing in her object, met in her course with various Portuguese traders, and finally, on the 27th of November, sighted the villages upon the treeless mountains of St. Jago. Entering the harbor of Port Praya, but finding that the Commodore had not been there and the time appointed for his visit expired, Captain Porter,

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1859, by Harper and Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

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after receiving unexpected hospitalities from the Portuguese Governor, supreme in authority over thirty whites and some two thousand negroes, and loading his ship with pigs, sheep, fowls, a hundred thousand oranges, and large quantities of cocoa-nuts, plantains, lemons, limes, and cas-sada, sailed again. The seamen having been indulged with the privilege of furnishing themselves with monkeys and young goats as pets, the *Essex*, with this addition to her live stock, "bore no slight resemblance to Noah's ark."

After keeping the ship until she was well out of sight to the southeast, for the purpose of deluding the hospitable Governor of St. Jago with the idea that the coast of Africa was the point proposed, Porter suddenly shifted his course to the south-southwest, with the view of falling in with the island of St. Pedro de Ponedro. Not finding however the land in the longitude and latitude laid down in the only chart he had, the *Essex* continued her course and crossed the equator on the 11th of December in longitude 30° west. Next day, in the afternoon, a sail, bearing the appearance of a British brig-of-war, being discovered, all sail was made in chase. The attempt to decoy the shy stranger by a display of scant English bunting proving futile, the *Essex* continued her pursuit and came up with her during the night. Being desirous of doing her as little injury as possible, Porter ordered his great guns not to be fired, but as she attempted to run athwart the *Essex's* stern with the apparent intention of raking, and making her escape, gave her a volley of musketry which brought down a man and forced her to strike. The brig proved to be His Britannic Majesty's packet *Nocton*, of 10 guns and thirty-one men, bound to Falmouth. Taking out the 55,000 dollars of specie and the crew found in her, the prize was dispatched, under the command of Lieutenant Finch, to the United States; the English officers and passengers being permitted to go in the brig on parole of honor, and to embark in any vessel they might meet bound to England or elsewhere.

In two days more the peak of the Pyramid of the island of Fernando de Noronha, that dismal land of the galley-slave, shot up to the sight above the wide and smooth expanse of the southern sea. Hoisting English colors, and disguising his man-of-war as a merchantman, Porter ran the *Essex* close in. Lieutenant Downes, "in plain clothes," being sent ashore, was directed to inform the Governor that the ship was the *Fanny*, Captain Johnson, from London *via* Newfoundland, bound to Rio de Janeiro for a cargo; out sixty days; short of water; crew down with the scurvy; refreshments greatly needed; all anchors lost but one; cables bad and unable to anchor. After an absence of two hours and a half Lieutenant Downes returned with the information that two British frigates had taken their departure from the place during the previous week, having reported themselves as His Britannic Majesty's ships *Acasta* of 44 guns, Captain Kerr, and the *Morgiana* of 20 guns, from England, bound to India, and that a letter had been left

by the commander of the *Acasta* for Sir James Yeo, of the British frigate *Southampton*, to be sent to England by the first opportunity.

Porter having received at the same time a present of fruit from the Governor, hastened to respond to his generosity by a return gift of porter and cheese—a truly Anglican offering, well calculated to keep up the illusion of the English character he had assumed. By the same opportunity the wily Porter politely sent word that there was a gentleman on board of his ship who was intimately acquainted with Sir James Yeo, into whose hands he would deliver the letter, as he was going direct from the Brazils to England. The bait took admirably. The Governor received his porter and cheese with many grateful acknowledgments, and sent the letter which had been intrusted to his charge. Porter, without any nice scruples of etiquette, for he felt assured that he himself was the "Sir James Yeo" intended, and that his correspondent "Kerr of the *Acasta*" was no other than Bainbridge of the *Constitution*, broke the seal and read:

"MY DEAR MEDITERRANEAN FRIEND,—Probably you may stop here; don't attempt to water; it is attended with too much difficulty. I learned before I left England that you were bound to the Brazil coast; if so, perhaps we may meet at St. Salvadore or Rio Janeiro. I should be happy to meet and converse on our old affairs of captivity; recollect our secret in these times.

"Your friend, of H. M.'s ship *Acasta*,
"KERR."

Porter having read thus far, ordered a candle, and placing the paper near the flame soon brought these farther words, written in sympathetic ink, into distinct revelation:

"I am bound off St. Salvadore, thence off Cape Trio, where I intend to cruise until the 1st of January. Go off Cape Trio, to the northward of Rio Janeiro, and keep a look-out for me.
YOUR FRIEND."

Thus instructed, Porter, putting to sea again, was enabled to direct his course with a fair hope of falling in with Bainbridge. The *Essex* accordingly cruised off the coast of Brazil; but after stopping at the island of St. Catherine for water and provisions, and gathering from a stray Portuguese trader here and there, and a captured English merchantman, such intelligence of the *Constitution* and *Hornet* as induced him to think there was little prospect of meeting them, Porter determined to follow his own course and make his way into the Pacific Ocean.

The *Essex* had occasion, in her stormy and dangerous experience, to appreciate all the proverbial horrors of doubling Cape Horn. Groping his way into the Straits of Le Maire, Porter was startled by the dangers which beset him. The dreary coast of Staten Land bursting grimly upon the sight presented an aspect terrible to the boldest navigator. The whole sea, from the rushing of the current, appeared in a foam of breakers, the wind blew in violent gusts, and a dull haze added its gloom and dangers to the scene. Forced, in order to weather the land upon which the waves broke ominously only half a mile away, to carry a heavy press of sail, the ship pitched her fore-castle into the turbulent

waters, and was so tossed about that it was impossible for any man to stand upon her deck without grasping something to hold by. The stout qualities, however, of the *Essex* bore her safely through the straits, and, with a pleasant breeze from the northward and a smooth sea, she directed her course for Cape Horn. To meet the coming trials of this dreaded passage some of the guns were put below, the heavy spars stowed on a lower deck, new and strong sails bent, and preventer shrouds got up to secure the masts. The Cape was finally made on the 14th of February, 1813, under the promising auspices of a tolerably clear horizon, a moderate wind from the westward, and a bright sun. There was nothing to mar the prospect of pleasant weather, except "some dark and lowering clouds to the northward." Every man on board was exulting in the pleasing expectation of escape from the much-dreaded terrors of Cape Horn, when suddenly those ominous "black clouds" burst upon the ship with a fury which, in a few moments, reduced her flowing canvas to a reefed foresail and close-reefed main top-sail, and finally to storm stay-sails. With the violence of the wind came an irregular and dangerous sea, threatening at every roll of the ship to jerk out her masts. Storm succeeded storm, with only those intervals of deceitful calm to encourage the making sail and to add to the labors of the hard-working crew, who were immediately after forced to reef again to meet the coming blast. The men, with barely provisions enough to satisfy hunger, and which finally became so scarce that a rat was esteemed a dainty, and pet monkeys were sacrificed to an importunate appetite, and without sufficient clothing and shoes to protect them from the excessive cold and the constant drenching from the rain, snow-storms, and the water shipped from the heavy seas, suffered greatly, but spiritedly endured all.

On the last day of February, being in lat. 50° south and fairly in the Pacific Ocean, Porter, as his ship glided on a smooth sea before a moderate breeze, congratulated himself upon the cheering prospect. In this hopeful mood he began to replace his guns, get out his spars, renew his rigging, and, speculating upon the floating kelp, the sporting whales, the hovering birds and flitting clouds, cheered himself with the reflection that, having doubled Cape Horn, all danger was over. The wind, however, in the midst of these preparations for fine weather, and these consoling reflections of security, freshened to a gale, and soon blew with a fury exceeding any thing before experienced during the voyage. It was hoped, from the excessive violence of the wind, that it would soon blow out all its strength. This hope failing, all on board, worn out with fatigue and anxiety, alarmed by the terrors of a lee-shore, and in momentary expectation of the loss of the masts and bowsprit, began to consider their safety as hopeless. The ship, with her water-ways gaping, and her timbers separating widely from the heavy and continued straining to which she had been so long exposed, now made a great

deal of water, and, to add to the fearfulness of the danger, the pumps had become choked. The sea in the mean time had arisen to a great height, threatening to swallow the ship at every roll. For two days the storm continued without a change. On the third it was still unabated, but as the good ship had resisted its violence, "to the astonishment of all, without receiving any considerable injury," it was hoped that, from her buoyancy and other excellent qualities, she might yet be able to weather the storm. Before the third day, however, had passed an enormous sea broke over the ship, and for an instant destroyed all hope. The gun-deck ports were burst in, both boats on the quarter stove, the spare spars washed from the chains, the head-rails swept away, the hammock stanchions crushed, and the ship perfectly deluged and water-logged. One man, an old sailor too, the boatswain taken from the English packet, was so appalled that he cried out in his despair that the ship's broadside was stove in, and that she was sinking. The alarm ran throughout the vessel—caught up by those below, deluged by the immense torrents of water rushing down the hatchways, and re-echoed by those above, swept by the huge seas out of their hammocks, and from the spar to the gun-deck; for they all believed that the *Essex* was about to plunge forever into the depths of the ocean. The men, however, at the wheel, who were only able to keep to their post by clinging with all their might, distinguished themselves by their cool intrepidity, and were rewarded by the commander by advancement of a grade in rank, while the others, at the same time, were rebuked for their timidity.

Passing the inhospitable coasts of Patagonia and Lower Chili, the *Essex* now sailed into smoother seas, and with fine breezes from the southward, and pleasant weather, glided rapidly over the Pacific. The Andes, hundreds of miles distant, towering high above the land, presented, with their snowy summits, a wintry contrast to the arid hills of the Chilean coast, basking in a perpetual summer sun. With spirits cheered by the propitious change from tempestuous to temperate latitudes, and the prospect of soon falling in with some of the enemy's vessels, every man on board was in a mood of agreeable contentment and hopeful enjoyment.

In want of provisions and water, Porter stood for the island of Mocha, off and about one-third of the way up the coast of Chili. Its hills were soon discovered with their peaks rising high into the calm sky, and their rocky bases disturbed by the swell of the sea which broke tumultuously upon the extended reefs. Over the island hovered multitudes of birds, and in the surf sported great crowds of lively seals. In a sheltered anchorage the *Essex* finally found a rest and place of safety, and her people, eager to plant their feet once more upon the solid land, joyfully accepted their commander's leave to revel for a while upon the shore. The island, deserted by the Spaniards during the time the ruthless buccaneers roamed over those seas, was unpeopled, and its



OFF THE HORN.

woods and unclaimed pastures were left to the horses and hogs, grown wild in their long freedom from restraint. Here the men, armed with muskets, enjoyed a famous day's sport, which was unfortunately closed by the tragic accident of the loss of one of the men by an ill-aimed shot. A supply of fresh provisions, however, was secured for the refreshment of the half-famished crew; and it is recorded that the horse-meat was found much fatter and more tender than the hogs', which was tough and of an unpleasant flavor.

Weighing anchor again, the ship was steered directly for Valparaiso. Coasting along the arid Chilian coast, with the snow-capped Andes ever in sight, the Point of Angels, which forms the western limit of the bay of Valparaiso, was finally made on the 14th of March. Doubling the point with a stiff breeze from the southward, Porter, who had never before visited the place, looked anxiously through his glass for the town, and took care to sound cautiously at every moment. First, a long sandy beach, opposite to the Point of Angels, stretched into view; then a large drove of loaded mules were seen straggling down a zigzag mountain-road; and in a moment afterward the whole town, the shipping with their colors flying, and the forts, burst, as it were,

from behind the rocks, and the *Essex* herself, without a breath of wind, stood becalmed in the quiet bay under the guns of a threatening battery.

The animated scene looked tempting to the sea-rovers after their perilous voyage; but as a number of Spanish vessels, with their sails bent in readiness to go to sea and probably bound to Lima, were in the bay, and might give intelligence of the arrival of an American frigate, and thus thwart the concealed purposes of the *Essex*, it was not thought advisable to run in and anchor immediately. There was also an English whaler refitting for sea, which, it was hoped, there might be a chance of intercepting by lying in wait for her off the coast. Porter accordingly stood with his ship to the northward, and catching the breeze again, made all sail. In four hours the *Essex* was thirty miles away from Valparaiso.

On the 15th of March, however, the ship returned, and making Point Angels again, boldly entered the roadstead of Valparaiso and anchored. An agreeable surprise awaited our countrymen in a warm welcome from the authorities. Chili had just thrown off its allegiance to Spain, and, released from all obligations of the alliance



CHILIAN LADIES.

of the mother country with England, had opened its ports to every nation. The *Essex*, now confident of hospitality, proclaimed her recognition of the new relations with a salute of twenty-one guns, which were responded to punctually by the forts. The armed American brig *Colt*, which was lying in the harbor, also welcomed the arrival of her compatriot by nine guns, which the *Essex* returned with seven. Porter on landing found at once a warm reception from the Governor and his associates, and congratulated himself upon discovering that he had got among "stanch republicans," who, "filled with revolutionary principles, were apparently desirous of establishing a form of government founded on liberty."

A week now ensued busy with preparations for sea and daily interchanges of courtesy be-

tween the officers of the *Essex* and the people of Valparaiso. Mr. Poinsett, the American consul-general, hastened from Santiago, the capital, and, accompanied by Don Lewis Carrera, the young brother of the President of the new republic, and others of distinction, arrived at Valparaiso to give welcome to the new visitors and participate in the festivities of the occasion. Dinners, balls, excursions, and parties followed each other in rapid succession. The American officers were petted by the painted beauties of Valparaiso, and familiarly hobnobbing with them, sucked *mate*, the native tea, convivially through the single tube, helped themselves to satiety to sweetmeats with the single fork, and smoked the single cigar, which, with an excess of social communism, were served in common to the whole company. A Chilean lady, who

fastidiously rejects the arm or hand of foreign courtesy proffered for a walk, considers it the height of polished politeness to transfer to your lips the cigarette freshly moistened by her own, and will not hesitate, in the closest embrace, to join with you, in impassioned earnestness, in all the lascivious movements of their indelicate dances.

With a hope for needed succor, in their yet incomplete revolution, from the United States—a hope which Porter artfully encouraged—the Chilean authorities took care to conciliate the Americans. The duties on exportation of provisions were remitted in favor of the *Essex*, and every facility rendered for supplying and fitting her for sea. All being in readiness, Porter, with a sailor's easy compliance with the customs of the port he was in, invited the Catholic inhabitants of Valparaiso to a farewell entertainment on board his ship on the last Sunday (March 21). Every thing was prepared for the gala, and the commander, with his officers, on the day and hour appointed, was ready to take the fair Chilean dames in his boats to the *Essex*, when suddenly there came a messenger from her with information that a large ship had appeared in the offing. In a moment the ladies were unceremoniously dropped, and the gallant Captain, with his officers, accompanied by some of the more adventurous Chilean gentry, jumped into the boats and hurried to the ship. The *Essex* was at once in eager chase, when, getting alongside the stranger, she proved, much to the disappointment of all, and especially of young Don Lewis, who was among the Chileans on board, to be only a Portuguese trader. The youthful Don had become so inspirited that he urged the Captain to board the ship at all hazards, though she was no enemy. The wind proving light, the return to port was delayed, and the *Essex* was forced to stand off to sea during the night. This enlarged the nautical experience of the distinguished landmen on board, and effectually quenched, by a fit of sea-sickness, the rising naval ardor of young Don Lewis. Next day the *Essex* got back to her anchorage, and shortly after, having in the mean time banqueted again with the Governor, and compensated the beauties of Valparaiso, who expressed a great regret at having lost the chance of seeing a sea-fight, for their disappointment by a reception on board his ship, Captain Porter sailed from Valparaiso.

II.—THE GALAPAGOS.

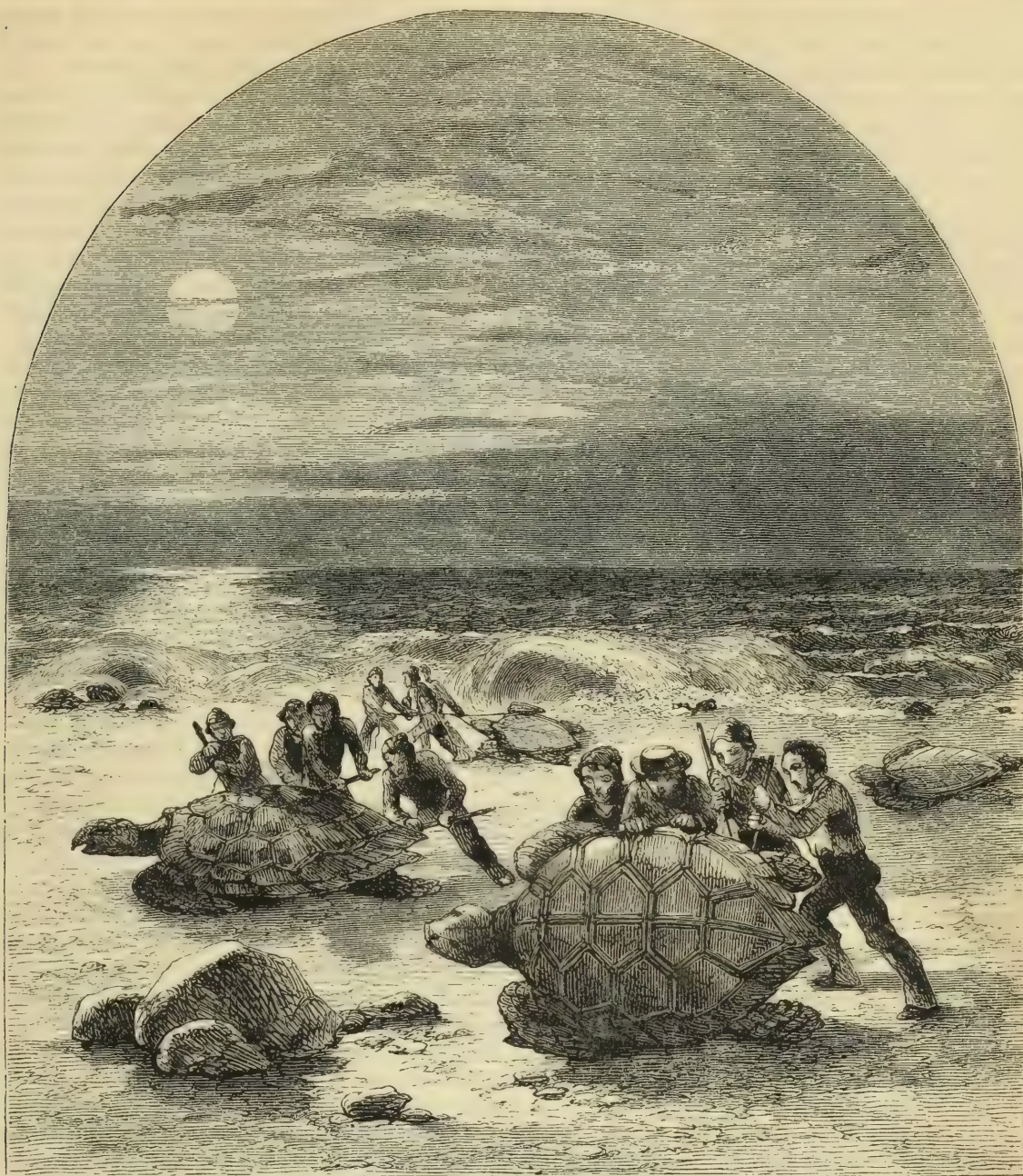
Porter, as he sailed up the South American coast, overhauled a Peruvian corsair, the *Nereyda*, and after disgorging her of some American prisoners, throwing overboard all her guns, ammunition, and small-arms, and leaving her nothing but her topsails and courses, sent her back to Callao, with a letter to the Viceroy of Lima denouncing the piratical conduct of the commander, and leaving him to be dealt by according to his Excellency's sense of justice. The *Essex* then peeped into Coquimbo, on the lookout for English whalers; but seeing nothing,

pushed on to Callao, where she recaptured the American ship *Barclay*, just as that vessel, in the hands of the enemy, was entering the harbor. Porter now, accompanied by his new consort, made sail for the Galapagos, which, from all information, was the great resort of the English whalers, and where, with the famous tortoises and turtles, there was known to be an abundant supply of refreshment. During the smooth transit from the coasts of Peru to the west every preparation was made for the expected struggle with the heavy-armed letters of marque engaged in the British whale-fishery, which it was confidently hoped to meet at the islands. The magazine was got in good order for service; and as calms were known to be prevalent there, the small boats, amounting to seven, were organized into a flotilla under the command of Lieutenant Downes. The crew responded heartily to their commander's enthusiasm, and submitted readily to the restrictions to which he thought it prudent to subject them. Notwithstanding the heat of the weather, they yielded without a murmur to the short allowance of two quarts of water a day. By diligent care the health of the people on board had been wonderfully preserved, and at this moment there were but two men on the sick list, and the chief surgeon, who, wasting with consumption, had been transferred, at his own request, from the bustle of the man-of-war *Essex* to the greater quiet of the *Barclay*.

On reaching Chatham Island, of the Galapagos group, on the 17th of April, disappointment met the bold navigators. An old bag, a fresh turtle-shell and bones, some remains of fish, and the ashes of a late fire kindled upon the shore, were evidences of previous visits at no distant time, but not an enemy's vessel was to be seen. Next day, on entering the harbor of Charles's Island, they still found themselves the only visitors. A search on land rewarded them, however, with the discovery of some useful information. A box was found nailed to a post, over which was a black sign, with the words, HATHAWAY'S POST-OFFICE. This was ruthlessly emptied of its letters—as mail robbery in that time of war was deemed no crime—and information was obtained of the visits of five well-laden whalers which had come and gone within a twelvemonth or less. Three American commanders were among those who had dropped their letters for unknown correspondents in that distant ocean post-office. Captain Macy, of the *Sukeey*, was more successful, it is hoped, in handling the harpoon than the pen, in the use of which he had boldly committed to the world this specimen of his skill:

"June 14th 1812

"Ship *Sukeey* John Macy 7½ Months out 150 Barrels 75 days from Lima No oil Since Leaving that Port Spaniards Very Savage Lost on the Braziel Bank John Sealin Apprentis to Capt Benjamin Worth Fell from fore top Sail Yard in a Gale of Wind Left *Diana* Capt paddock 14 days Since 250 Barrels I leave this port this Day With 250 Turpen 8 Boat Load Wood Yesterday Went up to Patts Landing East Side to the Starboard hand of



CATCHING TURTLE.

the Landing $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles Saw 100 Turpen 20 Rods A part
Road Very Bad

"Yours Forever
"JOHN MACY"

The roving *Essex* sailed from island to island, looking in vain, for a week or two, for any vessels to capture, but in the mean time giving her people an opportunity of becoming familiar with the Galapagos and their resources. These uninhabited islands are nearly of a uniform character, showing the mountainous peaks and irregular ridges forced up by volcanic action, which still bursts forth in frequent eruption. The acclivities are mostly cindery in appearance, and bare of vegetation; but here and there are sequestered nooks green with fresh verdure and shaded by groves of trees. Springs are scarce, and the ships which visit the islands have little reliance for water but upon the occasional transitory streams or wells in the hollows of the rocks after a copious rain. The pelican booby, the duck, and

other aquatic birds, are constantly hovering about the coasts; and in the interior doves of a beautiful plumage, mocking-birds, and thrushes abound. The notable animal products of the islands are, however, the land-tortoises, the turtles, the iguanas, and the crabs. The Galapago tortoise is of elephantine size, weighing frequently over three hundred pounds. Hideous to the sight as they move their massive bodies, incrustated with an ugly shell, toddle slowly along upon their heavy feet and legs, and project their long and serpent-like head and neck, they yet carry about them stores of the most delicious food. They are so fat that they require neither butter nor lard to cook them; and this fat, superior to fresh olive-oil, is of so delicate a nature that it never cloyes. When the meat of the Galapago tortoise has been once tasted all other food seems insipid in comparison. It is not less digestible than appetizing, and, always pleasing the palate, never fails to agree with the stomach. The animals,

moreover, offer the convenience of being easily caught, and the advantage of being long kept in perfection. Heaps of them are known to have been stored among the casks in the hold of a ship for eighteen months of a voyage, and when killed after that long period to have been as fat and eatable as when first caught. They supply not only food but drink to the voyager, for in a bag at the roots of their necks they carry a perpetual reservoir of fresh water, which is often found to measure full two gallons. The green turtles and the iguanas are abundant, and only less agreeable as food than the delicious tortoise. Seals and fish of many varieties also swim in the waters. Trees, though often blighted by the severe droughts, are found in sufficient abundance to supply vessels with necessary wood; and the prickly pear and the sorrel afford the vegetable diet so essential to the preservation from scurvy, and the cure of that disease of the exposed and afflicted mariner.

After cruising diligently through and about the islands, the crew of the *Essex* were at last aroused, on the morning of the 29th of April, with the cheering shout of "Sail, ho!" The long-sought-for prize was finally within their grasp. A short pursuit secured possession of the British whale-ship the *Montezuma*, with one thousand four hundred barrels of spermaceti oil. In a few hours after two other vessels were discovered, and, the boats being got out as the sea had fallen calm, these also were overtaken and captured. Thus the British whale-ships the *Georgiana*, of six eighteen-pounders, and the *Policy*, of ten six-pounders, were added to complete the success of that day's work, by which three prizes of an aggregate value in England of half a million of dollars had been secured. The *Georgiana*, which had the reputation of being a fast sailer, was now equipped as a cruiser. The ten guns of the *Policy* being added to her six, the small-arms and ammunition of the other prizes put on board of her, her decks cleared of the various works for trying oil, and Lieutenant Downes, with forty men, placed in command, she hoisted the American pennant, fired a salute of seventeen guns, and was dispatched at once to do duty as a United States man-of-war.

In the mean time the *Essex* continued to cruise in the neighborhood of the Galapagos, on the look-out for further prizes. Finding his ship in want of repairs and the weather fine, Porter had her rigging renewed, new spars fitted, and her hull painted, while floating on the calm Pacific, and entirely at the cost of the enemy, on whose vessels he had found all the rope, the tar, and other marine stores required. The *Georgiana* was not long absent, and was joyfully welcomed on her return by the *Essex*, at Charles's Island, where both vessels had gone with the same hope of picking up a British whaler. The *Georgiana* was again dispatched on a cruise to Albemarle Island, and the *Essex*, on the strength of the report of Chaplain Adams that he had seen a strange sail while on a scientific expedition to the mountains, went in search of the

stranger. While on her return from an unsuccessful cruise, and when in the neighborhood of Charles's Island, a sail was made ahead. The *Essex* now, with all her canvas spread, pushed on in pursuit, followed by her prizes the *Policy*, *Montezuma*, and the American ship *Barclay*. The day and night passed, and still the stranger was not overtaken. Next morning, however, she was again sighted and the chase renewed. Flying an English ensign and pennant, and having a warlike appearance, the enemy looked like a British sloop-of-war. Porter accordingly prepared for action, notwithstanding the disadvantage of a crew weakened by distribution, and the absence of all his officers, who were either in the command of prizes or of the boats, which had been lowered during a momentary calm to try to overtake the stranger. The energetic commander, however, exerted himself to remedy every deficiency. He ordered the marines and top-men, the bracemen, and all others on board, to take stations at the guns; and finding them full of energy and zeal, hurried to the combat with no fears about the result. The wind freshening, the *Essex*, with English colors flying, was soon alongside of her antagonist, whom she secured at once. The stranger proved to be the ship *Atlantic*, a British letter of marque, mounting six eighteen-pounders, and commanded by a renegade Nantucket skipper, one Obadiah Wier. At the moment the *Atlantic* was overhauled another strange sail hove in sight, when Porter, with characteristic energy, threw some of the men and Lieutenant M'Knight, of the *Montezuma*, into the new prize, as she was a fast sailer, and dispatched her at once in pursuit. The *Essex* at the same time, taking a little different course, joined in the chase, which proved successful, adding the *Greenwich*, of 338 tons, ten guns, and twenty-five men, to the list of prizes.

Porter now, with his squadron of five vessels—exclusive of the *Georgiana*, which he expected to meet there—made his way to Tumbez, in the Gulf of Guayaquil, on the South American continent, touching at the island of La Plata in his course. Arriving off the mouth of the River Tumbez, the commander went ashore in an armed boat and visited the wretched village of that name, where, on the oozy land thronging with alligators, the parti-colored natives had raised on stilts their huts of bamboo, and cultivated their abounding fields of cocoa, maize, plantains, melons, oranges, pumpkins, and sugar-cane. The Governor, a Spanish Don, in tarnished regimentals, could not conceal his predilections for his English allies, but was awed by the presence of the American force into a becoming hospitality toward his visitors, in which he was seconded by his wife—who cooked the dinner—a handsome young dame of mixed Indian and Spanish blood, though her bloom was somewhat variegated with blotches of flea-bites. While busy watering and wooding the ships and refreshing the crews with fruit and provisions, the *Georgiana* arrived with the *Hector* and *Catherine*, two of the three prizes Lieutenant Downes had captured off the Galapa-

gos. The third, the *Rose*, Downes had cleared of her cargo of whale oil, and filling her up with the superfluous prisoners, sent on her way rejoicing to St. Helena. Porter now counted nine ships in all in his possession. The *Atlantic* being the fastest of the prizes, she was mounted with twenty guns, appointed a cruiser, and named the *Essex, Jun.* Downes was transferred to her as her commander, and the *Georgiana* given in charge to "Parson" Adams, the chaplain. On the 30th of June, having left most of the prisoners with three small boats off the mouth of the Tumbez, and having pledged them solemnly on oath not to serve against the United States, Porter sailed again. The *Essex, Jun.*, was kept in close company with the *Essex*, whose carpenters and men were busy at work upon her in completing her conversion into a cruiser, until the 9th of July, when she was dispatched to Valparaiso with the prize-ships *Hector*, *Catherine*, *Policy*, and *Montezuma*, and the American ship *Barclay*, to sell or dispose of the four first as might prove most advantageous, and leave the last to act according to the discretion of her commander.

On the return of the *Essex* to her old cruising ground at the Galapagos she picked up in a few days three more prizes—the *Charlton*, of ten guns; a notorious corsair, the *Seringapatam*, of fourteen guns; and the *New Zealander*, of eight. The *Seringapatam* having been built in England as a man-of-war for Tippoo Saib, was a good sailer, and in every respect well adapted for a cruiser, into which she was accordingly converted, and twenty-two guns mounted on her. Terry, a master's mate, was promoted to the command. The *New Zealander* was also adopted into the service, under the charge of Mr. Shaw, the pursuer. The regular list of sea-officers had been already so far exhausted that it had been found necessary to give not only the chaplain, as we have seen, a temporary command, but Lieutenant Gamble, of the marines, aided by two expert seamen as mates to supply the deficiencies of his nautical education, charge of the *Greenwich*, now converted into a store-ship. The *Charlton* was filled with prisoners and given up to the command of her British captain, who promised solemnly on oath that he would deliver his passengers at Rio Janeiro, whither she now sailed. The *Georgiana*, with a hundred thousand dollars' worth of spermaceti oil, was dispatched under the command of an American lieutenant whom it was convenient to get rid of, to the United States, carrying with him the captain of the *Seringapatam*—a bold, unscrupulous fellow, whom it was desirable to keep from further mischief. Refitting his vessels and loading them with the abundant tortoises, Porter was prepared to sail again, when another prize, the *Sir Andrew Hammond*, after once eluding his grasp, fell into his hands. The *Essex, Jun.*, now returned. Lieutenant Downes, unable to dispose of them, had left three of the prizes moored in the bay of Valparaiso, and sent the fourth, the *Policy*, to the United States with her rich cargo of spermaceti

oil. He also brought intelligence that the British frigate *Phæbe*, with a consort or two, was on her way to the Pacific in pursuit of the *Essex*, whose notable doings had produced a great excitement in the British navy.

On the 2d of October the *Essex*, followed by the *Essex, Jun.*, the *Seringapatam*, the *New Zealander*, the *Sir William Hammond*, and the *Greenwich*, catching the gentle land-breeze, moved smoothly out to sea on the adventurous voyage to the distant and almost unknown islands of the Pacific. Porter, finding that his progress was necessarily slow, in consequence of his lagging prizes, and becoming impatient lest an English vessel, bound for India, should escape him, sent the *Essex, Jun.*, on in advance to intercept her at the Marquesas, where it was believed she would touch on her route. In the mean time the rest of the squadron floated slowly along on the broad Pacific with no important occurrence to vary the long monotony of the calm swell of the sea, the perpetual summer skies, and the gentle and uniform wind of those tropical latitudes. Porter, fearful that the lethargy which ensued from this unvaried and inactive life might demoralize his crew, and believing that cheerfulness was the best preventive of that sea-scurge, the scurvy, determined to arouse them by the incitements of the pleasures in prospect. He accordingly addressed to his men a note, in which, for the first time, he announced to them that the Western islands were the object of the voyage, and promised a free indulgence in their well-known delights as a reward to all deserving sailors. The effect of the remedy was instantaneous, and for the remainder of the voyage the men "could talk and think of nothing but the amusements and novelties that awaited them in this new world."

III.—THE MARQUESAS.

After a smooth and unvaried transit of three weeks across the Pacific the high land of the Marquesas was discovered by the sailor at the mast-head. The group in the distance appeared composed of irregular hills of a barren and desolate aspect, but on a nearer approach fertile valleys, watered by winding streams, shaded by groves, and clustered with bamboo villages, opened picturesquely to the view. As soon as the ships closed in, rounding the rocky headlands and sailing into the sheltered bays, the natives could be seen thronging toward the beach and launching their canoes from under the shade of the feathery cocoa-nut trees, through the surf, into the sea. A canoe with eight persons paddled timidly toward the *Essex*, and at last, after many persuasive signs and a diligent show of iron hoops, knives, fish-hooks, and other articles which they were supposed to value, came alongside of the ship, though nothing could induce the natives to mount her sides. They were all naked, but adorned from head to foot with tattooing of the most approved fashion. One of them, in the bow of the canoe, who appeared to be a chief, was crowned with a garland of yellow



THE MARQUESAS.

leaves, and, being spokesman of the party, kept repeating emphatically *taya*, meaning friend, as an indication of their friendly disposition. Letting down, by means of a rope and bucket, some trifling articles into the canoe, the gifts were immediately acknowledged by sending up in return a few fish and a belt made of the fibres of the cocoa-nut and strung with hogs' teeth. An Otaheitan, who was one of the crew of the *Essex*, acted as interpreter, and succeeded, though with evident difficulty, in establishing a mutual understanding. The natives were assured of the kindly intentions of their visitors, who received in exchange every expression of good-will, and the promise of a warm welcome on shore. The Indians finally pushed off, promising to return immediately with an abundant supply of fruit and provisions to barter for some whales' teeth, which having been displayed to them had excited their intensest longings. The other canoes still kept timidly in the distance, one of which, however, displayed a white flag, when Captain Porter, hoisting a similar emblem of peace, pushed off toward them. The Otaheitan interpreter was now directed, on coming up with the canoes, to state that the visitors were friends, and wanted only to purchase what the natives

had to sell. Porter's assurance, moreover, that he would proceed to the shore and remain as a hostage for their safety, seemed to remove much of their anxiety, and, as he moved toward the land, several of the canoes went off to the ship, though most of them followed the boats. Porter, being in advance, went close in, but ordered the lieutenant, in command of the other armed boat, to keep outside of the surf, which beat heavily on the beach, in order to be in reserve in case of an emergency. The natives, armed with their spears and war-clubs, stood in large numbers upon the shore; but as soon as Porter began to offer, in barter for their fruit, his pieces of iron hoop and other articles, they threw down their weapons, and, plunging into the water, swam out in shoals to the boat loaded down with their offerings. A brisk trade soon followed, and so much to their satisfaction that they gave vent to their delight by dancing, shouting, and clapping their hands with great vigor. The old iron hoops were so highly appreciated that a good sized porker could be readily purchased for a few inches. One of the natives, bolder than the rest, ventured to raise himself out of the water by the gunwale of the boat, and began to cast covetous eyes upon a pistol lying in the stern



NOOKAHEVA.

sheets. To frighten him off Porter pointed the weapon at him, when the innocent barbarian, evidently unconscious of fire-arms, held out both his hands, with a joyous welcome, to receive it.

Next, pushing on with his boat to a neighboring cove, Porter had an interview with another group of natives apparently of greater distinction. There were about fifty males and three females. Some of the men were highly adorned. Plumes of black feathers waved from their heads, inlaid wooden gorgets studded with red beans covered their breasts, bracelets of human hair bound their wrists, large shells and whales' teeth hung from their necks, strings of oval bosses of bone girdled their ankles and loins, and cloaks of white cloth fell gracefully from their shoulders. Though thus dressed in full martial array, and armed with their carved war-clubs, they assumed the most pacific aspect at the sight of the iron hoops, fish-hooks, and knives which were dis-

played as an indication of the friendly purpose of their visitors, and when the veteran chief Othanough, as he was called, made his appearance with nothing but a scant cloth about his loins and a fillet of leaves around his aged temples, the rest of the natives, following his example and command, stripped themselves of their warlike accoutrements and threw down their weapons. To each of them Porter gave some small gift, and they evinced their gratitude by the generous offer of the three naked women, two of whom being hardly sixteen years of age and handsome, were undoubted proofs of liberality.

After this satisfactory first intercourse with the natives of the Marquesas, Porter returned to the *Essex*, and sailed, coasting along, until he reached the island of Nookahevah, where he came to anchor in a beautiful bay. Peaked islets and rocky promontories bounded either



THE PRINCESS PITTENEE.

side of the harbor, and from the curved beach opened a charming valley formed between the interior hills. Native villages peeped here and there through the groves of trees, and the bottoms and sides of the valley were rich with a profuse natural vegetation and fields of culture. The *Essex* had hardly let go her anchor when a canoe came off containing, much to the surprise of all, three white men, one of whom was perfectly naked, with the exception of a cloth about his loins, and was tattooed from head to foot. Believing them to be worthless runaway sailors, Porter ordered them off from his ship, provoked to find such characters where he expected to meet with none but unsophisticated natives. Fearful, however, that he had committed a rash error, and that these people, angered by his treatment, would take their revenge by inciting the inhabitants of the island against him, Porter hastened to the shore to prevent their ill influence.

As the four armed boats of the *Essex* pushed in through the surf to the beach the natives who had gathered there retired, but the white men remained. One of them proved to be a midshipman, John M. Maury, of the United States navy, who having a furlough, had, with characteristic American enterprise, engaged with a fel-

low-officer in trade, and had been left with another man at Nookahevah, to collect a cargo of sandal wood, and await the return of his partner with the vessel, the arrival of which now seemed hopeless as the war had broken out. Maury accordingly, with his sailor, was taken on board the *Essex*. The naked and tattooed white man proved to be an Englishman of the name of Wilson, who for twenty years had been roaming about the islands, and having learned the language and adopted the habits of the natives, although he had not forgotten his national custom of rum drinking, was in every respect like one of them except in color. He became indispensable as an interpreter and as an agent for the Americans, to whose service he professed to be entirely devoted.

Advancing up the beach alone, Porter approached a group of native men and women,

who now met him with a fearless welcome. The file of marines even, who soon came marching up the beach, did not startle them, but on the contrary they appeared highly delighted with the beating of the drums, the manœuvres, and the *feu de joie* fired in honor of the occasion. Upon the summits of the mountains which overhung the beautiful valley thronged numerous bodies of men, who seemed by their warlike aspect, as they brandished their spears and clubs, less friendly disposed than those by whom Porter was surrounded. On inquiry he found that these warriors belonged to a tribe called the Happahs, who were neighbors of, and at war with, the Taeahs, as those styled themselves who inhabited the valley of Tieuhoy, where the Americans now stood. The Happahs were a warlike people, and had lately made several incursions, destroying many houses, plantations, and bread-fruit trees. Porter promptly sent a messenger to tell them that he had come with a sufficient force to drive them from the island, and that if they presumed to enter the valley of Tieuhoy as enemies while he was there he would punish them. They were, however, informed that they might come to dispose of their hogs and fruit without fear of molestation. This resolute mes-

sage to the Happaes greatly pleased the Tacees, who were delighted to secure such powerful allies as the Americans.

The natives now threw aside all reserve and cordially welcomed their visitors. The majestic Pittenee, the grand-daughter of the great potentate of the Tacees, Gattanewa, who was himself absent, even deigned to approach the strangers. She was a handsome young woman, not more than eighteen years of age, and showed her royal blood in her complexion, fairer than that of her companions, her more dignified composure and her statelier mien, while her rank was marked by the richer adornments of her person, which was studded all over with an opulent display of inestimable jewelry of hogs' and whales' teeth, and her black hair and her graceful form shone with an unexampled lustre of cocoa-nut oil. She was not only held in high esteem for her princely rank but for her beauty. Porter, wishing to pay his respects to so exalted a personage, advanced to meet her, but found that, in the consciousness of dignity, she haughtily repelled every familiarity, although, in the course of a better acquaintance, it was discovered that she was not less reserved or less general in her hospitalities to the strangers than the rest of her frail sisters. She subsequently "formed a connection with one of the officers which," reports a scandalous chronicler, "lasted with but little fidelity on her part as long as we remained, showing herself upon the whole a most notorious jilt."

In the mean time, while the commander was on shore, the ships were completing their moorings in the bay. The *Essex, Jun.*, too, had arrived and joined the anchored fleet. The beach was now lined by the thronging natives, among whom the women were conspicuous, waving their white mantles as an inviting welcome to the sailors. Porter, mindful of his promise, now gave the eager men leave to land. "The boats were got out and proceeded to the shore, where, on landing, they were taken complete possession of by the women, who insisted on going to the ship, and in a short time she was completely filled by them, of all ages and descriptions, from the age of sixty years to that of ten."

The females of the islands are models of beauty in form and grace. Their skin is remarkably soft and smooth, their eyes of a brilliant black, their teeth like ivory, and their complexion, though dark, is not of a deeper shade than that of many brunettes in America celebrated for their beauty. Though they generally presented themselves naked to strangers, and, in compliance with the practice of the country, sacrificed even their virtue to hospitality, their retired air gave them the look of modest innocence, while their coyness exalting their charms seemed like a reluctant concession of them to the claims of national custom. That they should attach any idea of dishonor to their ready yielding of themselves to the embraces of strangers could not be expected, when parents esteemed it so creditable that they used every persuasion to overcome the

natural reserve of their virgin daughters, and rewarded with magnificent presents, of hogs and fruit, those eager libertines who did them honor and gratified themselves by accepting the sacrifice. Before marriage, which seldom occurs until the age of nineteen, the young girls are left free to gratify every caprice of fondness and longing of passion. When married, they are at the disposition of their husbands, to act as household drudges or to serve as attractive sources of hospitality and profit to the domestic establishment.

Though the women are frequently seen almost naked, they, like the rest of the sex in other parts of the world, are fond of dress, and clothe themselves ordinarily in a graceful costume. The material of which it is made is manufactured of the inner bark of trees, by macerating it in water, and pounding it with a wooden mallet into a uniform white and soft texture; requiring neither needle nor sewing machine, all the thrifty housewife has to do, when her garment is torn, is to moisten the edges of the rent and fasten them together by a few gentle taps of the domestic hammer. A full dress, inside and out, can be made in less than a day, and will last an economical wearer full six weeks. It will, however, only stand one washing; but as a new one can be so readily obtained this deficiency is less to be regretted. The texture of this paper-cloth varies a little according to the use intended. When forming the head-dress, it is of open fibre, like gauze, and is worn upon the hair, which is carefully oiled and gathered into a knot, with the coquettish grace of a lady's lace cap, which it somewhat resembles. When covering the rest of the person the cloth is of a closer texture, and is worn as an under-garment or petticoat, attached to the waist, and as a flowing mantle fastened across the chest, attractively revealing the well-moulded arms and a rising bosom. Nor are the beauteous dames of the Marquesas indifferent to ornaments and jewelry. They adorn themselves with feathers and flowers, with necklaces of beads, wild cucumbers, and odorous red berries, and with ear-drops of hogs' and whales' teeth, fish bones, and shells. A mixture of cocoa-nut oil and turmeric, profusely used, gives a glistening red glow to the natural brown color of their skin, imparting to it that blended hue of the blonde and brunette so much admired everywhere.

The men are tall and well-proportioned, have teeth as white as ivory, intelligent and amiable expressions, and affable manners. Their complexion, from greater exposure to the sun, is of a darker hue than that of the women, and is in many instances still more heightened in color by the practice of tattooing. The tattoo is only seen in perfection upon the bodies of those distinguished by rank and venerable from age. An aged chief with time, long service, and frequent polishing with cocoa-nut oil, becomes like a piece of old mahogany, and over the black glistening surface of his body are seen the innumerable marks of the tattoo, running in wavy lines similar to the grain of ancient well-kept furniture,



A PRINCE OF THE MARQUESAS.

and no less admired. The operation requires the better part of a lifetime to reach perfection. It is generally commenced at the early age of nineteen, and seldom finished until thirty-five. The natural beauty of the women is fortunately exempt from but the faintest stains of the ugly black tattoo, which only shows itself in females in a little dash across the upper lip, which gives the appearance of a budding mustache, not inharmonious with their dark color, and a few touches delicately and artistically put in here and there upon the hands, feet, and legs. The operation, which is performed with a sharp-toothed bone like a comb, dipped into a mixture of burned cocoa-nut shell and water, and driven with a mallet through the skin deep into the flesh, is very painful, bringing the blood at every blow, and such agony of suffering that it is often necessary to tie those down who are undergoing the infliction.

Porter, after his first satisfactory visit to the valley, had no sooner returned to the ship than he was informed that the great potentate Gattanewa, the chief of the Taeahs, had returned from his tour of inspection to one of his two great strong-holds situated upon the mountains. A boat was immediately dispatched to bring

him on board, and "a fine large English sow" sent as a token of friendship, and as an offering to secure his Majesty's gracious favor. The great Gattanewa sprung, in a direct line traced through eighty-eight generations, from one of the forty sons of Oatea, or Daylight, and Ananoona, Daylight's wife, came; but, much to the surprise of all, his aspect was by no means majestic and kingly. No cock's feather plumed his royal head; no inestimable whale's tooth hung from his neck; no rich red mantle of paper draped his shoulders; not a fish bone pierced the lobe of his ear; and no formidable wooden club of war was fixed in his mighty grasp. The great Gattanewa came, a decrepit old barbarian of seventy years of age, tottering along, and leaning for support upon a stick. His head, body, and limbs were as black as those of a negro, from tattooing, and he was entirely destitute of all covering and ornament, except a withered palm-leaf about his aged temples, and a dirty clout about his royal loins. Devotedly fond of the intoxicating kava,* he had indulged in it so habitual-

* The kava is a root possessing an intoxicating quality, with which the chiefs are very fond of indulging themselves. They employ persons of a lower class to chew it for them, and spit it into a wooden bowl; after



THE MIGHTY GATTANEWA.

ly that its potent effects were shown in the peeling of his black coat of tattoo, which was turning up and falling off all over his body in flakes, as if his skin, like a bad piece of mahogany veneer, had been warped and broken by the intensity of the liquid fire he had so continually imbibed. He had fortified himself on leaving the shore with a fresh draught of his beloved kava, which had produced such an effect that he was perfectly stupid. An attempt was made to make an impression upon his Majesty by mustering the whole crew and the firing of a big gun; but he hardly opened his eyes to look at the one, and only closed his ears to the other, complaining that the noise disturbed his nerves.

The insensible Gattanewa, however, on going into the cabin, was aroused at once by the display of some whales' teeth. These were so highly prized in the islands, where they are worn

which a small quantity of water is mixed with it, when the juice is strained into a neatly-polished cup made of a cocoa-nut shell, and passed round among them. It renders them very stupid, and averse to hearing any noise; it deprives them of their appetite, and reduces them almost to a state of torpor. It has also the effect of making their skin fall off in white scales.

only by the chiefs, that ten of them would buy enough sandal wood to load a vessel of three hundred tons, and pay for the labor of cutting and hauling it from the remote mountains, and putting it on board ship in the bay. Ten whales' teeth thus judiciously invested at the Marquesas would bring near a million of dollars in China.* Porter, aware of the value of a whale's tooth, had taken care to buy up all he could find in the possession of the sailors, and had thus succeeded in obtaining, at a dollar a piece, an extensive assortment. This was now displayed before the astonished eyes of Gattanewa. His Majesty, fully aroused now to his own interest, being asked to name what he would prefer of all the things he had seen on board of the *Essex*, pronounced unhesitatingly in favor of a whale's tooth. On being presented with one he wrapped it, with great care and expression of happiness, in his clout, and begging Captain Porter not to let any one know that he had about his person so valuable an article, threw himself upon a sofa, stupefied by the effects of the kava, from which he had only been temporarily aroused, and fell

* Porter.

into a sound slumber. On waking, his faculties were so far brightened that he was able to talk upon the public affairs of his empire, and strove to negotiate with Captain Porter an alliance for carrying on war against the Happaahs.

IV.—WAR WITH THE HAPPAHS AND TYPEES.

Selecting a commanding site upon a plain retired a short distance from the beach, separated from the inhabited part of the valley by a hill, and pleasantly shaded by bread-fruit and coconut trees, Porter established an encampment upon land. The *Essex* was hauled close to the beach, and repairs began in good earnest. The skillful native swimmers were employed to dive under the ship, and scrape with shells the bottom, foul with barnacles and grass, and her sides were painted by means of an oil procured from a nut which grew on the island. The old water casks were landed, and used to build up an inclosure for the encampment, and the sails being unbent, the canvas was temporarily employed for tents, one of which was occupied by Porter himself, who hoisted the United States flag and established a guard of marines. An oven was built of some bricks found on board of the prizes, and good fresh bread was baked daily, by which the men were refreshed, and the sea biscuit saved for future necessities. All were kept busy from early morning until four o'clock in the afternoon, when the rest of the day was given up to pleasure. One-fourth of the crew were allowed daily to leave the ship after their work, and revel in the delights of the valley until daylight next morning.

While the Americans were thus occupied in their duties on ship and shore, the Happaahs, emboldened by the peaceful attitude of their visitors, began to assume a threatening aspect. Leaving their own valley, they thronged over the mountain into that of the Taeahs, and approaching within half a mile of the American camp, destroyed two hundred bread-fruit trees. They moreover sent back the messenger who had been dispatched to them by Porter on his first arrival, with the insulting declaration that he was a coward; for, notwithstanding his threat of opposition, they had gone into the valley and destroyed the bread-fruit trees of the Taeahs, and that they would soon repeat their visit, and not spare even the camp of the white men. Gattanewa and Mouina, the chief warrior of the Taeahs, a tall, handsome fellow, full of fire and activity, became more and more urgent in their entreaties for Porter to strike a blow against their enemies. The old chief, who had hospitably exchanged names with *Opootee*, into which he had metamorphosed the name of Porter, pathetically appealed to the Captain's filial affections, declaring that, as he was now adopted into the family, he was bound to vindicate the memory of their common mother, whose bones the Happaahs, in their insolence, had cursed. This respectable old lady, who had given birth to the great Gattanewa, had only been dead a short time, and her memory being yet fresh,

gave increased force to the filial appeal from brother to brother.

Porter appeared no longer to hesitate, and made a show of preparation for hostilities. He began by landing a heavy six-pounder cannon, and, more to satisfy the importunate solicitations of Gattanewa and Mouina than for intended use, he told them that, if their people would carry it to the top of the mountain, he would send men up to fire it and drive away the Happaahs. They readily assented; but upon a few natives attempting to raise it, they were astounded to find they could not stir it, and declared that it stuck to the ground. They were, however, not to be thwarted in their purpose; for they had become greatly enamored of the big gun, which, upon being fired, had excited so greatly their admiration that they danced and raised a general shout of applause, and had so endeared itself to them by its wonderful performances that they hugged, kissed, and fondled it with the utmost affection. They now succeeded, by increased numbers, in slinging it to two strong poles and bearing it off. In a few days Gattanewa reported that the heavy gun had reached the mountain's summit. The result seemed such a prodigy of laborious effort that it could hardly be believed; but it proved true. Porter now selected a detachment of forty men, armed with muskets, and, putting them under the command of Lieutenant Downes, sent them to attack the Happaahs. The force struggled up the mountain, followed by great numbers of the friendly Taeahs, who, for the most part, discreetly kept in the rear on approaching the enemy, who thronged upon the summit. The waving plumes and the scarlet cloak, however, of the bold Mouina, and the American flag, borne by an agile native, were ever seen in advance. The Happaahs were driven from mountain top to mountain top, until they sought refuge in one of their forts on the brow of a hill. Here, numbering some three or four thousand, they made a stand, and dared, with provoking gestures, their assailants to come on. Lieutenant Downes ordered his men to charge up the hill. The enemy began to pour down their spears, and with vigorous casts of their slings a shower of stones. Downes himself was struck by a stone and thrown breathless to the ground, and one of his men had his neck pierced through and through by a spear. The lieutenant, however, soon recovered, and calling on his men to renew the charge, they rushed on with cheers through the shower of spears and stones, carried the fort, and sent the Happaahs scattering over the hills and through the intricate windings of the valleys. They now returned to the encampment, followed by the Taeahs brandishing their spears dipped in the blood of their enemies, and carrying five of the dead slung on poles. This effectually put an end to all further hostility from the Happaahs, who soon sent in their messengers of peace with their flags of white, and submitted readily to pay their weekly tribute of hogs, coconuts, bananas, bread-fruit, tarra, sugar-cane,



THE ESSEX AND HER PRIZES IN NOOKAHEVAN BAY.

and kava. In a few days more envoys came in with their emblems of friendship and their tributes of subjection from every tribe on the island with the exception of the hitherto invincible Typees of the valley of Vieehee, and the Hataahcottwohohos of the remote valley of Hanahow. Temaa Tipee, of the valley of Shoueme, becoming somewhat remiss in bringing tribute, it was found necessary to call him to account. He, however, satisfactorily excused himself on the ground that the fierce Typees, who were only separated from his people by a small ridge, had interfered and prevented him from fulfilling his duty. He, however, made the warmest protestations of friendship, and gave the most signal proof of his sincerity by desiring to exchange names with the American Captain. Porter

having already disposed of his surname, had only his Christian one left to bestow. Temaa Tipee accordingly assumed from that moment the name of David, or Tavee, as he called it, and became ever after distinguished for his fraternal affection. Tavee being the handsomest man on the island, was, so far as his good appearance was concerned, a reputable addition to the Porter family; but as he was a good deal of a coxcomb, and fond of personal adornment, he was an unmitigated spendthrift, and would part with any of his possessions for the sake of a whale's tooth, a strip of red cloth, or a bauble, to decorate his handsome person. Tavee repeatedly offered his wife, who was no less noted for her personal charms than himself, and was, moreover, strange as it may seem, almost adored

by him, to Captain Porter for a string of glass beads.

The Tacehs, full of gratitude for the services rendered them by the conquest of their enemies, now readily conceded to their American visitors every honor and favor. Captain Porter was admitted to all the mysterious privileges of the *taboo*. He frequented their houses for feasting and drinking kava, which, like our clubs, were *taboo* to the women; he freely entered the innermost shrines of their temples, looked without interruption upon their rites of worship, handled familiarly their puppet deities, and had a glance at their dark ceremonies over their dead enemies, not without a shuddering suspicion of cannibalism—of the practice of which the well-picked bones and clean skulls every where seemed proofs, although the gentle character and the positive denials of the natives left the more charitable impression that the inhabitants of the beautiful island of Nookahevah were guiltless of the horrid barbarity of eating human flesh.

With the consent of the natives Porter now took possession of the hill overhanging his encampment, leveled the summit with the aid of his willing allies, and building up a breast-work with water-casks filled with dirt, and mounting it with four guns, hoisted the United States flag. At the same time firing a salute of seventeen guns, which was returned from the ships in the bay, Porter took formal possession on the 19th November of the whole island, which he called Madison's Island, while he christened, also in honor of the then President, the breast-work Fort Madison, and the village Madisonville. The bay was honored with the New England title of Massachusetts Bay.

The natives became more and more zealous in serving their new masters. One morning four thousand men from the different tribes who had given in their fealty, assembled at the camp with their material and implements for building, and with instinctive skill and orderly industry, though without a master to direct them or a plan to guide, set to work like so many beavers, and with such effect that, before night, they had raised eight handsome structures, including a dwelling-house for Captain Porter, another for his officers, a hospital, a guard-house, bakery, etc. Around this nucleus the industrious natives continued to raise building after building, and before the second day was past there stood, as if by magic, upon the site of the old encampment a beautiful village. The houses were of the largest kind, full fifty feet in length, and of proportionate height and width, and standing in a crescentic form, were connected to each other by a solid wall of twelve feet in length and four feet in height. Nothing was omitted to give them the utmost completeness and finish of their native architecture. Polished columns of the bread-fruit and cocoa-nut wood adorned the fronts; the bamboo walls were richly decorated with vari-colored paper cloth and cocoa-nut sinnet; the roofs compactly and neatly thatched with leaves of palm, and the interiors evenly

laid with stone pavement and carefully furnished with mats.

The Typees became every day more and more defiant, and the friendly natives more urgent in their solicitations for war. Lead us against the Typees, said the latter, and we shall be able to furnish you with supplies from their valley; you have long threatened them; their insults have been great; you have promised to protect us against them, and yet permit them to offer violence to us; and while you have rendered every other tribe tributary to you, you permit them to triumph with impunity. Our canoes are in readiness, our warriors impatient, and for less provocations, had you not been here, we should have met them in battle. Porter accordingly now no longer hesitated, and determined to begin hostilities at once. Five ships' boats and ten war-canoes of the Happahs, filled with native warriors, sailed into the bay, upon which the valley of the Typees opened toward the sea. The *Essex*, *Jun.*, followed and anchored. The rest of the natives scaled the mountains and proceeded by land. Soon there was gathered on the smooth beach a force of five thousand Taceh and Happah warriors, who, armed with spears, clubs, and slings, seemed eager for the fight. The Americans numbered only thirty-five in all, exclusive of Captain Porter, Lieutenant Downes, and the other officers. Not a single Typee could be seen, either upon the level plain which stretched from the shore toward the thickets which hid the entrance of the valley from view, or upon hill-side or mountain-top. One of the Tacehs, who had intermarried with the Typees, was sent forward as an ambassador with a white flag to offer terms to the enemy. He approached toward the valley, disappeared for a moment behind the bushes, but again, in an instant afterward, came running back in great affright, declaring that he had been set upon by a party of concealed Typees, who had driven him off with blows, and threatened to put him to death if he again ventured among them.

Porter now gave the order to march. The brave Mouina, as before, led the way, and the whole force followed, plunging into the thickets. The snapping of slings was distinctly heard, stones came pattering about, and spears whirled in the air, but not a man of the enemy could be seen. It would have looked like fear to retreat, and to stand still would have been fatal. Porter accordingly determined to advance and clear the thickets of the skulkers. Thus for a mile he kept advancing, and his unseen antagonists retiring secretly before him, while both continued an aimless contest with no serious damage to either. On reaching the river, however, the Typees, from the covert of its wooded banks opposite, poured a shower of stones upon the Americans, who were suddenly exposed to their aim by coming forward into a small open space. Lieutenant Downes fell to the ground with his leg shattered into pieces. As it was necessary to send him back to the beach with a party of men to carry and guard him, Porter's American

force was reduced to twenty-four men. The Taeahs still remained faithful, but even the brave Mouina began to falter before the increasing dangers, and no longer led the van. The Happaahs throughout had lent but feeble aid, and were now thronging the mountains and coolly looking on as indifferent spectators, without offering the least assistance. Porter, however, still persevered; and finding that he could not clear the thickets of the enemy by his musketry, ordered his men to fire a volley, give three cheers, and dash across the river.

Again on the opposite bank of the stream, the Typees, still retreating, kept up their harassing volleys of stones and spears. Porter, however, though deserted by all the natives but the faithful Mouina and a few others, pressed on with the hope of soon reaching the Typee village, and there meeting the enemy fairly, face to face. Struggling on thus through a deep morass and an undergrowth so thick-set that the men were obliged to crawl on their hands and feet, a cleared space was at last reached, and the Typees ceased to throw their missiles. Cheered with the hope of soon finishing this harassing expedition, the Americans went forward with fresh spirits, which, however, were soon dashed by the sudden appearance of a great wall seven feet high, which stretched over an eminence directly across the path. Behind this defense the Typees had concentrated their principal strength, and they now, with horrid yells, began to throw from their cover an immense shower of stones and spears. Porter, nothing daunted, ordered his men to storm the work; but discovering that the ammunition was nearly expended, was forced to postpone the attack until Lieutenant Gamble, who was now sent with four men to get a supply from the *Essex*, *Jun.*, in the Bay, could return.

Finding his men wearied by their fatiguing march, and uncertain about the return of Lieutenant Gamble with the ammunition, Porter now determined to return to the beach with his remaining force of only nineteen men. He, however, was resolved upon having a parting shot at the Typees, and accordingly, ordering his men to feign a retreat by running, he succeeded in drawing out the enemy from behind the wall and giving them a volley, by which several were killed and the rest frightened back to their cover. Porter, taking advantage of this alarm, hurried back to the beach, and thus escaped being harassed on his route by the thronging Typees. The men were too fatigued to renew the fight that day, and accordingly, Porter, although he was obliged to listen to the exulting boasts of the enemy, and suffer from the diminished reverence of his allies, the Taeahs, the Happaahs, and Shouemes, for a few hours, postponed the severe punishment of the enemy he meditated until next day.

Starting in the evening with two hundred of his own people, Porter reached the summit of the mountain which overhung the valley of the Tieuhoy, after a severe, clambering march up the steep and irregular ascent, during which several

of the men gave out from fatigue. Here he intended to have encamped for the night; but the moon shining out clear, and the guides declaring, though wrongly as it turned out, that the village of the Typees was only six miles distant, he determined to continue his march. The path led down the steep and rocky sides of mountains, through deep marshes and almost impenetrable thickets, and along the edges of precipices which were fearful to behold, and where a single false step would have been inevitably fatal. At midnight, on reaching the mountain ridge which overhung the valley where the Typees dwelt, the Americans, as they marched silently along, saw a great number of lights below, and heard loud shouts and beating of drums. The Typees were celebrating the victory they boasted of having gained the previous day. The path becoming more dangerous at every step, and the native guides declaring that it would be impossible to descend into the valley without the light of day, it was determined to halt for the night.

While the men were lying upon their arms there came a sudden pouring rain, with a cold and piercing wind. Chilled and wetted to the skin, fearful that the guns and ammunition would be spoiled for service, and placed upon a slippery ridge of rock from which there was so great a danger of falling into the fearful precipices below that no one hardly dared to stir, they all anxiously counted every hour of the passing night, and hailed the dawn of day, though gloomy with the continued rain, with a hearty welcome.

As the precipitous descent into the valley of the Typees was too slippery and hazardous from the flooding rain, the next day was spent in the neighboring village of the Happaahs; and on the succeeding morning, at early dawn, Porter stood again upon the ridge, and looked down upon the valley of the Typees, which presented a view of surpassing beauty. The valley, of a breadth of three or four miles, stretched for a distance of nine miles between the precipitous mountains which closed it in on all sides except at the beach, where the Pacific rolled in its heavy surf. Villages were scattered here and there, shaded by the luxuriant bread-fruit and cocoa-nut trees; richly cultivated fields, surrounded by stone walls, spread their bounteous products along the fertile acclivities, and were watered by a meandering river, which, taking its origin in a headlong cataract which rushed down the steep mountains, became in its course a gentle stream which flowed quietly between its shaded banks below, until it made its way through the beach into the bay. The Typee warriors, in great crowds, were thronging the banks of the river and daring their assailants to descend. Porter led down the steep path his little force, and although they made a vigorous resistance, throwing their missiles in showers, they were forced from one cover to another, from stone wall to stone wall, and from fort to fort. The few Taeahs and Happaahs who had joined the Americans soon abandoned them and left them to their own resources. The Ty-

pees continued to struggle so obstinately that it was found necessary to pursue them throughout the whole extent of their valley. As they pushed onward the Americans burned each village they reached until they arrived at length at the principal settlement, which, also, with its great public square, its imposing buildings, its war canoes, its temples, and its gods, was ruthlessly reduced to ashes. Ten villages in all were destroyed, and still the almost invincible Typees continued to struggle against fate. Sated with ruin and worn-out with fatigue, Porter at last led back his victorious force. As he regained the summit of the ridge he looked with a saddened heart upon the change which had been wrought in the charming valley since the morning sun shone upon that scene of abundance and happiness. A long line of smoking ruins now marred its beauty. The hills were covered with the fugitive Typees, who looked down upon their late abodes of plenty, beauty, and enjoyment, and saw nothing but ruin and desolation. In a few days the brave Typees too acknowledged the foreign visitors as their lords, and submissively paid them tribute.

IV.—THE END OF THE ESSEX.

The *Essex* now being ready for sea, Porter determined to seek out an enemy more worthy of his metal. He would hasten to Valparaiso, where he had every hope of meeting with one of those British men-of-war he knew were in search of him. His crew, however, who had tasted of the delights of the life at the Marquesas, were not so eager to quit those abodes of pleasure. Finding it necessary to keep his sailors on board the ship a few days before departure, to prevent desertion, the men became restless and discontented. The Marquesas beauties, deprived of their lovers, lined the beach from morning until night, and expressing their grief by dipping their fingers in water and allowing it to trickle down their cheeks like tears, besought the captain to remove the *taboos* from his men. Some declared they would cut themselves to pieces, some threatened to beat out their brains, some to drown themselves, and some boldly swam to the ship, and were torn only by force from their parting favorites. The crew finally became mutinous, when Porter summoned them to his presence, and declaring that he had heard they were about seizing the ship, assured them, although he did not believe the report, that if such an event should occur, "he would, without hesitation, put a match to the magazine and blow them all to eternity." The men gave him no further trouble. Leaving his prizes in the bay under the command of Lieutenant Gamble, Porter now sailed on the 12th of December for Valparaiso in the *Essex*, accompanied by the *Essex, Jun.*

On the 3d of February, of the year 1840, the *Essex* and the *Essex, Jun.*, were at anchor in the roadstead of Valparaiso. The authorities and people, though suspected to be favorably inclined toward the English, did not fail in their usual hospitalities to the Americans. Soon two

British men-of-war came sailing into the harbor, all prepared for action. One, the *Phæbe*, had been long expected and anxiously looked for by Captain Porter, who was eager to try his strength with her. Contrary, however, to his expectations, she was accompanied by another armed vessel, the *Cherub*. The former, commanded by Captain Hillyar, was alone more than a match in weight of metal and number of crew for the *Essex*. She mounted thirty long eighteens, sixteen thirty-two pound carronades, one howitzer, and six threes in her tops, and had a crew of three hundred and twenty people. The *Essex* had forty thirty-two pound carronades and six long twelves, and could muster but two hundred and fifty-five effective men in all. The *Essex, Jun.*, was so light of metal and so short handed as hardly to be of any account in an engagement with the enemy's heavy cannon. The *Cherub*, on the other hand, a twenty-gun ship, mounted eighteen thirty-two pound carronades below, eight twenty-four pound carronades and two long nines above, and was manned by a crew of a hundred and eighty persons.

As the *Phæbe* came sailing in she ranged up alongside of the *Essex*, with all her men at quarters. Her captain, who was an old acquaintance, hailed, and politely inquired after the health of the American commander. The enemy's ship was now so close that she seemed about to run afoul of the *Essex*. Hillyar, however, replied, when Porter shouted out that he was prepared for action, and that if the *Phæbe* touched there would be much bloodshed: "Oh, Sir, I have no intention of getting on board of you." As he luffed up, however, his ship was taken aback, and her jib-boom was thrust across the forecastle of the *Essex*. Porter now called all his crew to be ready to board the enemy, and ordered them, so soon as the ships' hulls touched, to spring with cutlasses in hand upon the *Phæbe's* deck. The Englishman was completely at the mercy of her antagonist, who, with the *Essex, Jun.*, lying near by, could have raked him fore-and-aft, and sunk him in fifteen minutes. Hillyar raised both his hands in consternation, and cried out, with great earnestness, that his ship was taken aback by accident, and that he had no intention of touching. Porter chivalrously accepted the apology, and forbore taking his advantage.

For nearly two months the opposing vessels remained sternly watching each other, and seeking a favorable opportunity for action. Now they were at anchor almost side by side in the neutral harbor; and although bent upon mutual destruction, the officers and crew met daily on shore, and interchanged friendly visits and kindly tokens of fellowship. Again they cruised off the port, and sought to meet in deadly encounter. Finally, while the enemy's two vessels had gone outside to blockade the *Essex* within the harbor, Porter got under way, and strove to provoke the *Phæbe* to come to action without her companion, for the two together made so overwhelming a force that it was entirely out of the question to



THE FIGHT.

attempt to master both. Wishing to irritate Captain Hillyar into a fair fight, Porter, one clear day towed one of his prizes, which had been so long lying in the harbor of Valparaiso, within reach of the guns of the two British men-of-war then in the offing, and setting fire to her, made his escape by the superior sailing of the *Essex*. The provocation seemed to have the desired result.

On the afternoon of the 27th of February the *Phæbe* stood close in for the harbor, hoisted her defiant flag, "God and Country; British sailors' best rights; Traitors offend both!"—which had been conceived as a reply to the "Free-trade and sailors' rights" that floated from the mast-head of the *Essex*—and fired a gun. Porter, believing this to be a challenge, eagerly made ready, and hoisting at his mizzen the retort: "God, our Country, and Liberty; Tyrants offend them!" sailed boldly out. When, however, the *Essex* came rapidly on, the *Phæbe* took to her heels and ran down for the *Cherub*, which was two and a half miles to the leeward. At last, finding it impossible to persuade Captain Hillyar to come to a fair fight—who was probably under strict orders not to engage except with his double force—Porter determined to put to

sea, and trusting to the superior sailing of his ship to escape the blockade of the two British men-of-war.

On the 28th of March, with a fresh wind from the southward, the *Essex* made a dash for the outlet of the bay. The enemy's two ships were on the watch close in with the point to the western side. The *Essex*, however, with single-reefed top-sails, boldly steered on, with the view of passing to the windward. On rounding the point a heavy squall struck the ship, and carried away the main-topmast, and with it into the sea the men who were aloft reefing the top-gallant sails, who sunk to rise no more. The British ships immediately gave chase, as the disabled *Essex* strove to regain the port to repair her damage. Not able to reach the old anchorage, she made for a small bay not far from the fort, and let go her anchor within pistol-shot of the shore. This was neutral ground, so close to Valparaiso that crowds of people gathered upon the hills to behold the scene. But still the enemy's two ships came on, with their defiant mottoes and all flags flying, evidently determined upon a conflict.

Crippled, however, as their antagonist was, the enemy approached with caution; and the *Phæbe*, taking up her position at long shot

astern, and the *Cherub*, equally discreet, hers on the starboard bow, the two opened their distant fire. The *Essex* cleared at once for action, and before she could get a spring on her cable that she might manœuvre at freedom, was hotly engaged. The *Cherub* soon found her position in the bow too hot, and she hauled off and joined the *Phæbe* astern. Both now suffered so severely from the *Essex's* three long twelve-pounders, thrust out of the stern ports, that they hauled off to repair damages. Every man upon the *Essex* was, like the brave commander, resolute in doing his duty to the last. Many had already fallen, the rigging of the ship had been much cut up, and the ensigns shot away. "Free-trade and sailors' rights" still, however, was flying at the fore, and another ensign was made fast in the mizzen rigging, and various jacks hoisted about, to secure the purpose of a flag at all hazards. Such was the determined spirit of Porter, who was resolved upon defending his ship to the last extremity.

The *Phæbe* and *Cherub* renewed their assault, but so cautiously, and in such a position, that while their long guns told fearfully upon the *Essex*, she was unable to return an effective shot. Porter now ordered his cable to be cut, and with only a jib hoisted—for all the rest of his sails were unmanageable from the destruction of the ropes—made directly for the enemy, with the bold purpose of laying the *Phæbe* aboard. Closing in, the fire became tremendous. The decks of the *Essex* were now strewn with dead, her cockpit filled with wounded, and the ship caught fire again and again. Many of the cannon were dismounted, and three successive crews of one single gun were killed. Out of the fifteen men only one, and he wounded, survived. The work had proved too hot for the *Cherub*, and she had moved to a safe distance; the *Phæbe*, too, taking advantage of the comparatively good condition of her sails, cautiously manœuvred to avoid closing with the *Essex*, which, now almost a wreck, was unmanageable. Finding it impossible to board, and the carnage becoming horrible in his ship, which the enemy was raking with his heavy guns, while Porter, from the position of his helpless vessel, was unable to return a shot, he let go an anchor, with a hawser attached, in order to bring round the head of the *Essex*, and once more to present her broadside to the enemy. Firing away again, the guns of the *Essex* told with good effect, and the *Phæbe* now in her turn appeared disabled, and was drifting away on the tide. There seemed a probability that she would soon be out of gun-shot, and leave the *Essex* to the glory of the victory. At this moment, however, of hope, the hawser attached to the anchor gave way, and the ship again floated a helpless wreck toward the *Phæbe*, whose guns still kept up their fire and their havoc upon the *Essex*, which, in her position, could neither strike nor fly. There was now no longer any hope of saving the ship. She, too, had again caught fire; and an explosion of powder threatening the destruction of all on board occurring,

Porter told his men that all who, in preference to being blown up, would take the risk of trying to reach the land by swimming, might jump overboard and make the effort. Many accepted the offer. Some reached the shore, but most were drowned in the attempt. Porter himself, untouched by a shot, would have still kept his flag flying, and gone down with his ship without striking, but on being entreated to remember the wounded, he consented to call a council of his officers. Upon being summoned, one only came! The rest were either slain, drowned, or disabled. Almost every gun was useless, had there been even men to fight them; the berth-deck, steerage, ward-room, and cockpit were full of wounded, and many of these wounded again, and some of their comrades killed, while under the hands of the surgeon; the carpenter had not a man of his crew left, and he himself, while over the side plugging the shot-holes, narrowly escaped drowning, by having his slings cut away by a ball; seventy-five men were all that were left to do duty out of the two hundred and fifty gallant fellows who, two hours before, had so spiritedly gone into action. Porter feeling it a duty under these circumstances no longer to hesitate, hauled down his flag.

By an arrangement with Captain Hillyar, the *Essex, Jun.*, was converted into a cartel, and Captain Porter sailed in her, with the survivors of the *Essex*, for the United States. On arriving off New York she was overhauled by a British cruiser; and her papers being questioned and the vessel detained, Porter, indignant at the treatment, made his escape in a whale-boat, and succeeded by the help of a fog in eluding his pursuers, and landing at Babylon, on Long Island, where he was received with suspicious coolness, as it was thought he might be an enemy in disguise. On his arrival in New York, however, a warm welcome met him after his adventurous cruise, and such honors were conferred as proved that our countrymen recognized in David Porter a man of whom the country should be proud.

A FOREST STORY.

I.—THE HUNTING-GROUNDS OF THE SARANAC.

BY T. ADDISON RICHARDS.

THE happy hunting-grounds of the Saranac lie in the silent heart of a wondrous wilderness of mountains and lakes in the upper part of the great Empire State. Our destination being thither, we struck a bee line from the city of New York, up the Hudson to Albany, and thence to Burlington, on Lake Champlain. Thence we crossed over to Port Kent, on the opposite shore. As Port Kent was quite small enough to be thoroughly studied *in transitu*, we were ready to leave it at the earliest opportunity, which, luckily, was even then waiting for us in the omnibus for Keeseville, five miles back in the interior.

Keeseville we found to be quite a notable village, with nice hotels within and delectable

mountain landscapes without, and with iron ores and iron products *ad libitum* all around. At Keeseville, also, or hard by, we saw the brave waters urging their determined way over the precipices and through the dark glens of the grand ravine, known to the country about as the Walled Banks of the Ausable. But as neither this nor other winsome scenes which charmed our eyes here were what we went out to see, we did not pause long to look, nor shall I tarry overmuch to remember.

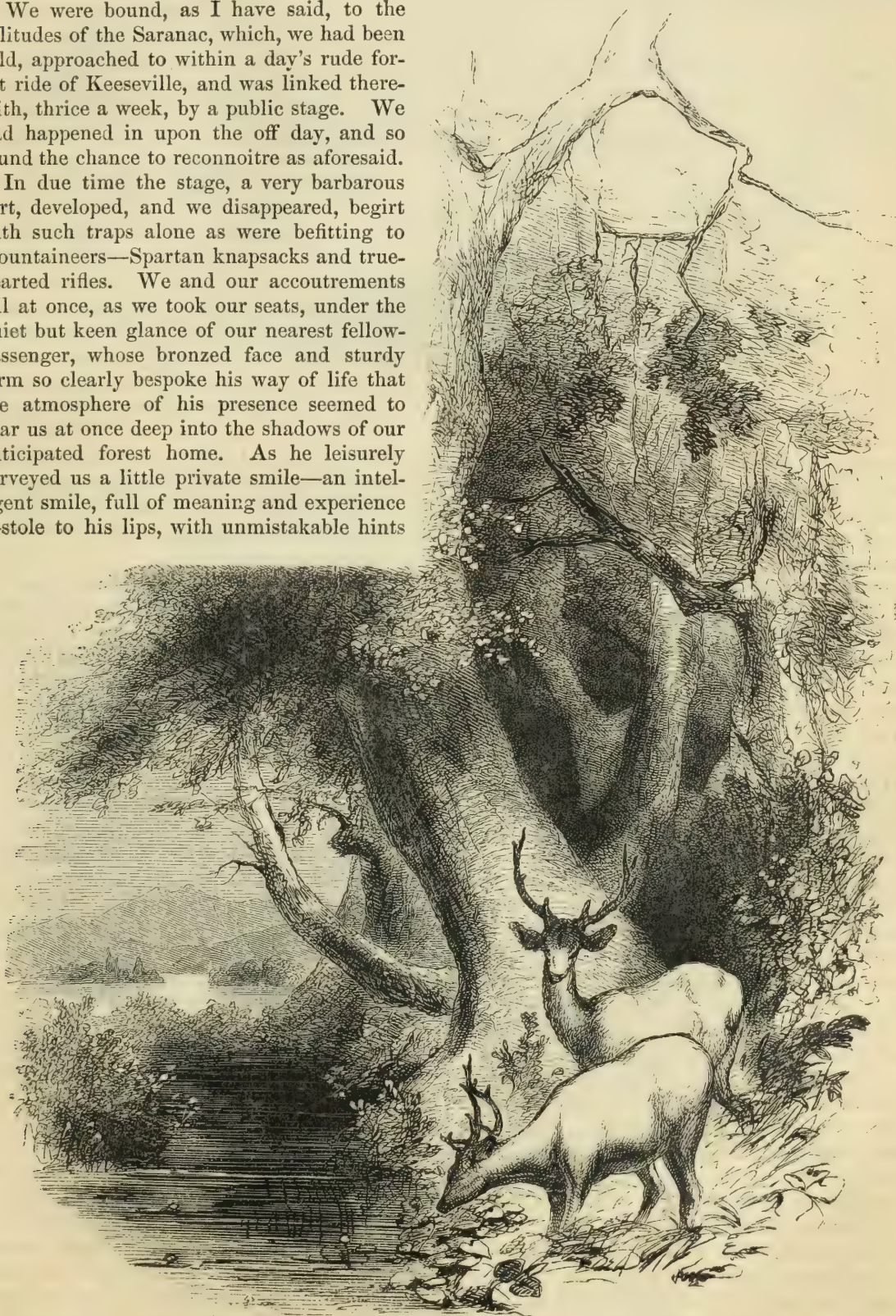
We were bound, as I have said, to the solitudes of the Saranac, which, we had been told, approached to within a day's rude forest ride of Keeseville, and was linked therewith, thrice a week, by a public stage. We had happened in upon the off day, and so found the chance to reconnoitre as aforesaid.

In due time the stage, a very barbarous cart, developed, and we disappeared, begirt with such traps alone as were befitting to mountaineers—Spartan knapsacks and true-hearted rifles. We and our accoutrements fell at once, as we took our seats, under the quiet but keen glance of our nearest fellow-passenger, whose bronzed face and sturdy form so clearly bespoke his way of life that the atmosphere of his presence seemed to bear us at once deep into the shadows of our anticipated forest home. As he leisurely surveyed us a little private smile—an intelligent smile, full of meaning and experience—stole to his lips, with unmistakable hints

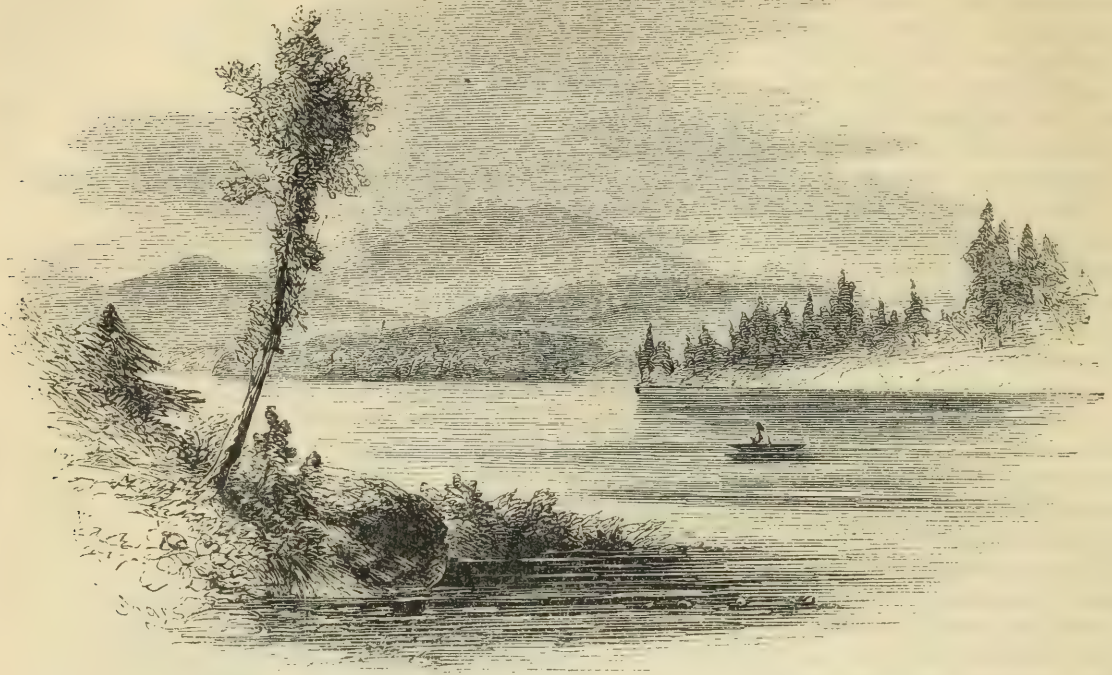
at the perhaps forgotten prose, as well as the eagerly-trusted poetry, of our coming life.

The smile passed away as quickly as it came, but was there again, and more assuring than before, as my companion sprung, with a gay jest, back into the vehicle, from which a sudden lurch just then unceremoniously pitched him into the deep, sandy road.

"It ain't worth mentioning, my friend," said he—and the smile grew more kindly than ever—"if you're bound for the woods, you'll laugh at



ST. REGIS LAKE.



THE CROCHET MOUNTAINS—LOWER SARANAC LAKE.

many harder thumps. We take things as they come out there, and calculate that it's all right."

The talk which followed the acquaintance thus auspiciously begun might have beguiled us to a censurable inattention to the changing beauties of the way, had not our new friend himself continually reminded us of our forgetfulness with many a brief parenthetical speech, fragrant with the aroma of a true and hearty love of nature.

Our way followed the banks of the Saranac River, which was gayly bearing the waters of its wild namesake lakes to the great Champlain. All around us was a charming landscape, full of the picturesque surprises of a mountain land; here, in the shadows of the forest-glen, and yonder, over far-reaching hill and vale, with glimpses ever and anon, as the fitful skies above us vouchsafed, of soaring peak and precipice.

"There," cried my companion, as the lifting clouds exposed to view a grand rocky summit, which we had not before observed; "there, at last, must be Mount Marcy, the monarch of the Adirondacks!"

"That is White Face," said our forester; "the tallest of these hills after old Tahawus. Tahawus ain't to be seen any where from the settlements. He don't make himself too common."

"Tahawus?" we inquired.

"'Mount Marcy,' as most of the city folks call him," answered our bronzed friend, but with a kind, exceptional look at us, as though he thought we might be the one or two righteous men whose virtues should save Sodom; "but Tahawus, *The Sky-piercing*, as the Injins, who

had a sort o' nat'ral insight into sich matters, used to say. Them red-skins was raised among the mountains, and had too much respect, like, for 'em to name 'em arter mortal men like you or me, or the biggest on us."

When my companion had followed up the woodman's thought with a very complimentary and eloquent speech upon the poetry of the red man's nature, and the shame of his great wrongs, with a concluding sigh for "the poor Indian with untutored mind," and when he had been answered that "the Injin didn't want no tutoring—that Natur herself always did the right thing in that respect," I seized an opportunity, suggested by our stranger's defense of the aboriginal nomenclature, to ask about a certain guide on the lakes recommended to us in Keeseville, whose reverent love and veneration for the mountains, and especially for the grand sachem, had won for him the odd *sobriquet* of "Old Tahawus." The information I elicited was satisfactory so far as the actuality of "Tahawus" was concerned, but not so our friend's suddenly incommunicative manner on the subject, and still less certain disparaging hints which he threw out about his fellow-woodman's fabled virtues and exploits. When at last he went even so far as to qualify a very moderate admission of merit in its way with the dubious remark that after all he didn't consider that Tahawus was the least mite better than he should be, our growing esteem for our fellow-traveler was suddenly checked, and the gossip became less and less interesting from that moment, until he bade us good-by, as we approached the end of our journey; and it was with hesitation that we accepted his offer to hunt up "Old Tahawus," and, if possible,

secure his desired companionship for us in our proposed excursion into the wilderness. This grace, however, we ventured to concede, when he assured us that the eccentric guide was a "non-come-at-ibus" whom no one could find, in the first place, or when found, persuade, unless it were himself.

Now, as we touched the verge of civilization in our approach to the scattering hamlet, which lies almost on the margin of the Lower Saranac, the storm which had been gathering through the day came down with force, and we were quite contented to get within the shelter of our inn, and stay there quietly until the morrow should come with more sunny welcome.

In our busy dreams we saw Tahawus asleep in his forest tent, from which we were vigorously cudgeling the wolves; and so did we deem ourselves occupied, until we awoke and found that our vengeful knocks were neither more nor less than thumps on the door, from the hard fist of our fellow-voyager of the previous day, who had been long vainly trying to arouse us to a knowledge of the fact that the sun was up and we should be so too.

He brought us the good news that Tahawus had been discovered and had consented to be of our party, and he advised us to be making our

preparations for a start, while the guide was arranging some little preliminary affairs of his own.

"Tahawus," said he, "will take his own boat, the *Polly Ann*, for you've got to travel the whole way by water. You might pull a boat through the brooks and lakes of these woods for a hundred miles, with mayhap a 'carrying place' now and then."

"And what shall we do about provisions?"

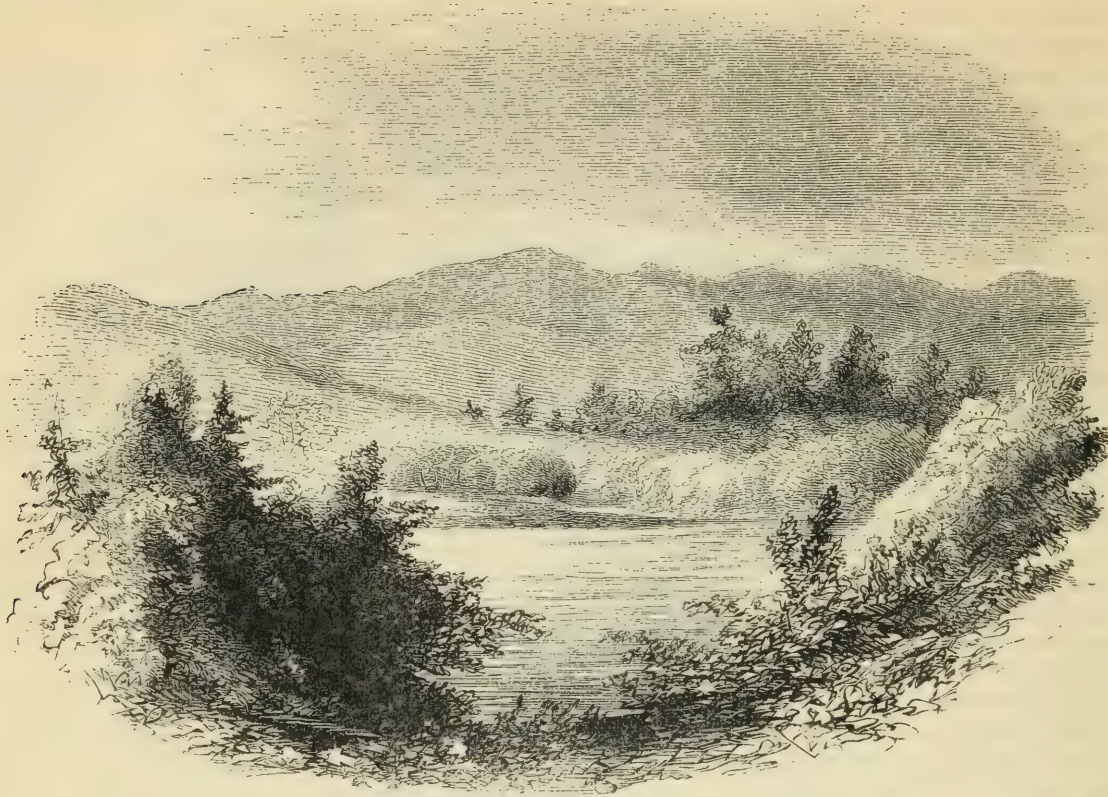
"Well, you see, you'll have Tahawus's tent and kitchen fixins—such as you'll want, and that ain't a great sight; then you must lay in, here at the tavern, some coffee and sugar and crackers, with mayhap some pork, and any thing else you think you'll want, and then with the dogs you can fetch up a deer sometimes, or you can take a lot of trout; so that, altogether, you won't starve, I guess."

With these and other instructions to follow, we very soon filled the hampers which our friend provided, and when breakfast had been dispatched we were quite ready to pitch them, with all the tent equipage which had come to light, into the wagon, for the tramp of two miles which yet separated us from our proposed point of embarkation on the Lower Saranac.

When every thing was prepared, and the



LANDING-PLACE ON THE SARANAC.



OUTLET OF THE LOWER SARANAC.

hounds, Spot and Jack, could no longer restrain their impatience to be off, our worthy assistant invited us to take seats with the driver in the wagon, leaving himself to march off ahead. But this degrading proposal we indignantly rejected, having already shouldered our respective plunder, duly tucked our trowsers inside our boots, and assumed a general expression of countenance, calculated to be terrible to wild cats, and indicative of our unalterable determination to see the elephant sturdily, tusks and all.

"Well, you're right, I guess," said the hunter, approvingly, "and Tahawus won't think the worse of you for your coming on your own pins. We shall meet the old chap, I suppose, down at the landing-place."

Before the distance seemed to us half traveled a sudden bend in the path revealed the fair expanse of the silent lake to our expectant sight, and yonder, under the pendent willow, the boat lay moored, the famous *Polly Ann*, in which we were to make our novel mountain-journey. In a jiffy we had brought her round to the landing, and in another jiffy stored her with our miscellaneous cargo of hardware, dry goods, and groceries. Obedient to the intimations of the hunter, we followed the dogs into the boat, when pointing one of us to the helm, he seized the oars and was pushing off from shore, when we inquired eagerly for the whereabouts of Tahawus. "Did you not tell us," we asked, "that we should meet him here?"

"Sartain," said the old rogue, with a sly chuckle; "sartain, and who says he ain't here, I should like to know!"

The truth broke upon our benighted minds as

we severally and collectively exclaimed, "Then you are yourself Tahawus, you old—"

"That's what they call me," he replied, quietly, and giving a sturdy tug at the oars, which put the obedient craft far out into the lake.

Our sudden movement to seize and shake the hand of our waggish friend would have inevitably upset our boat but for his own quick and judicious balance of power.

"You are the very chap for us, old fellow!"

"And you," said he, "are just the boys for me! You have come out for a good time, and you're going to have it, sartain. Still, Jack! Down, Spot! Be quiet, won't you!"

And with sundry hearty cheers, which must have astonished the quiet woods and waters, our wilderness life was fairly begun.

After a few more mutual felicitations as guide and guests, and a reiteration of merry compliment to Tahawus upon the success of his pleasant jest, we fell for a while into that silence which the temper of the scene around, superadded to the excess of our late hilarity, so naturally induced. Only occasionally, as our bark sped on, was the stillness interrupted by brief question and answer as new and curious features arose in the landscape.

The lake which we were traversing was the nearest to Champlain of a numerous group, the whole only a link in the great chain which covers all this unoccupied, almost unexplored, portion of New York. The Saranac lakes proper are three in number. The Lower waters, which we are now passing, are some six miles in length, and occasionally of great depth. They are full of picturesque islands, of curious headlands, and

of inviting bays, with shores of striking interest, crowned in the distance by many a fantastic mountain-top.

"Those peaks," said our guide, pointing to some eccentric forms which led the hill features of the landscape at the moment, "are the Crotchet Mountains, and your old friend White Face. You'll see them again often as we sail. I've slept many a sound sleep in the woods there."

"That," he resumed at another moment, as our eyes fell upon a bizarre islet, in the centre of which grew a solitary tree, table-shaped, like the Italian pines—"that is Umbrella Island. I was cast away there once in a terrible storm. It rained harder than it did in Noah's time, and the 'umbrella' warn't of any great use, though it might be pretty good shelter in a shower."

"The Twins?" Yes, they are the Two Sisters, because they look so loving-like, I suppose; though there was a man here once, a poet they said, who told a long yarn about two young gals, sisters they were, who were out sailing on the lake years ago, when the white folks first began to come here. He said they were chased by the Indians, when they left their boat, and swimming unseen to the Islands, hid away for several days among the rocks, and escaped. Whether it was true or not, I don't know, but it sounds a sort of

nat'ral. A good many things have happened in these lakes. I've seen some sights here myself."

At our suggestion Tahawus filled up the flying hours with narrations of his varied adventures, until the sun and our sharpened appetites told that lunch-time had fairly arrived. Our rather rueful remembrance of our larder at this juncture was brightened by a proposal from the guide, as he ran the *Polly Ann* upon a pleasant beach at the mouth of a little brook, to take a mess of trout, while we hunted up the fuel to cook them. No sooner said than done, for even as the fire of dry brush began to sparkle and to send up to the sky its incense of blue smoke, there lay the dainty fish, all ready for the grid-iron, which Tahawus was fashioning from a three-pronged twig. With a trifle of pork which soon simmered in the frying-pan, a few slices of bread, which we at present had fresh, and a cup of aromatic coffee, which we were not very long in concocting, the trout made us a repast, at the thought of which we blushed then, as we have since, for Delmonico himself in all his kitchen glory.

A quiet, lazy smoke, and a few more hours of ever-interrupted progress, completed our explorations, and brought us to the end of the Lower Saranac, where our advance to the new waters



MAKING A PORTAGE.



CAMP-SCENE NEAR ROUND LAKE.

beyond was abruptly checked by some bold cascades in the connecting passage. Here, then, we were near a fresh experience in our forest travel; for we had now to make a portage, and convey boat and baggage through the intervening woods.

"The carrying-place," said Tahawus, "ain't more than ninety rods, and we shall easily manage it. I'll take the boat, I carry it bottom up with a yoke on my shoulders, and you, I calculate, can fetch over the rest of the stuff."

As he said, so it came to pass, but he was trudging off with his boat, like a turtle with his shell, long before we had managed to load each other with the packs and bundles and the hundred stray articles which made up our cargo. Indeed it turned out at that first trial to be a very perplexing task, first to place the things, and next to keep them in place, as each addition upon back or head, in hands or arms, tumbled over a former deposit, until we were in as lamentable a predicament as an overloaded clown in a pantomime. We certainly must have been a sight to see, thus plastered from top to toe with pots and pans, rods and rifles, tent-equipage and provisions.

We effected the transit though at length with success, and in subsequent trials brought our engineering to great perfection.

When we were again afloat on the waters of the Middle Saranac or Round Lake there re-

mained to us daylight sufficient only to make the passage of three miles across to the spot where we had resolved to pitch our camp for the night, and night drew on apace by the time we had provided and planted our tent-poles and spread our protecting canvas thereon.

Then we had to cut and gather hemlock boughs for a mattress, to hunt up fuel for the night, and not the least important duty to discharge was to cook our supper. All was rapidly and successfully accomplished, our house put in order, the fire bravely blazing, the evening meal spread upon the forest grass, and all of us comfortably taking "another cup of coffee I thank you," and "another trout?—yes, if you please, don't care if I do," as the bright moonbeams fell into silvery sparkles upon the gently rippled waters of the broad lake.

Hours of fresh and pure delight were those of this first soft summer night in the calm fragrant woods; and wearied as we were by the day's toils and pleasures, we were beguiled into long delay by our cheerful camp-fire, sometimes in the telling of feeling or of incident, and sometimes in happy musings and rainbow imaginings.

The katydids were in full orchestra, and the owls were telling their doleful tales, when, spreading a blanket upon our elastic bed of leaves, and adjusting over-coats for pillows, we at last went off to Dreamland.

All was happy there, and we were up in the morning with the larks, eager for the new day's adventures. We now determined to make a detour before continuing our projected route, and to visit the Upper Saranac and St. Regis Lake, yet beyond.

Content as we had been with our journey of the previous day, the upper of the Saranac trio yet more delighted us with its wilder aspect and its more rigorous mountain forms. Tahawus assured us also that it was then a more abundant hunting-ground than the lower ponds.

Here we found a very comfortable cabin for the region, the abode of Corey, a celebrated young hunter of the Saranac. Corey's name is always a warrant for a good day's sport. Our second night's camp was made in his neighborhood, and enlivened by his companionship. It was while strolling in the woods on the banks of the Upper Saranac that we got our first peep at a deer—a noble buck directly crossing our path. My companion took aim at once, and the piece at once went off, but so too, unhappily, did the deer, in gallant, taunting style.

To reach the St. Regis lake with our boat it would have been necessary to make a tedious portage of three miles, and as Corey had a craft moored there, we determined to leave our

own on the Saranac side of the carrying place, and trust to our chance of finding his on the other. Our faith was rewarded with success, though the rickety vessel had been so long neglected that it was hardly sea-worthy, being half full of water, and bent, despite all our bailing, to stay so. Still we were none the less inclined to explore the St. Regis when we reached its shores than before; so we ventured our ragged pinnacle upon the deep, dark waters, and added another charming remembrance to our rapidly swelling Saranac list.

The hunters, Corey and the rest whom we encountered here, were anxious that we should spend a day with them in the chase; but our programme had assigned that delight for a later hour, when we should reach the still better hunting-grounds of Tupper's Lake near the end of our voyage. An accident, however, compelled a slight deviation from our inexorable *carte*.

In the morning following our third night in the woods, passed near the spot where we had left our boat when we crossed the portage to the St. Regis, scarcely had we pulled up stakes and resumed our seats in the *Polly Ann* when it was discovered that Spot and Jack were missing. We had not searched long for them before Tahawus recognized their cry, evidently in full and



THE UPPER SARANAC LAKE.



STONY CREEK POND.

excited chase. A few moments later and a noble buck sprang into the water within half a rifle's shot of us. He made bravely for the opposite shore, with both dogs in hot pursuit, but he had no novice to deal with in Tahawus, and a faithful shot quickly brought him to bay. He was yet disposed to fight for the little life left to him as our boat came up, but a thwack of the oar in the hands of my companion, and a merciful dig with the knife with which our guide honored my own hand, finally settled the parley. We bore our prize—and it was a gallant one—back with us to Corey's, where we left it, excepting such portions as went to the furnishing of our larder, subject to order, and resought for our fourth night's rest the pleasant camping-ground of our first.

The next morning we made the second and longest of the only three portages in our whole journey—in the passage from Round Lake to the Stony Creek Ponds—named after the brook which connects them with the bold Racquette River.

The winding traverse of these lovely lakelets, with their densely wooded banks, from which it would have been no surprise to see the bark canoe of the red man glide, was a delight to be ever had in sweet remembrance. The journey direct would have been but two miles, but we made it many, with many detours, and half the day was happily passed in the labor of love. We found here, and in the brook beyond, examples of the luxuriant vegetation of the region, in tree and shrub, in grass and flower and weed. Gigantic pines of many varieties, soaring balsams and spruce, trailing hemlocks, the vermilion-berried

mountain-ash, with all the families of maple, beach, and birch. Rank grasses and many-hued plants decked the banks, and the fresh footprints of the deer were every where thick upon the shore, where they had that morning been to feed on the lilies with which the lakes were covered.

This abundance and abandon of the forest was doubly attractive in the air of freedom and security in which it seemed to live, for then the desecrating axe had never entered its precincts. The feeling of isolation and solitude was, if possible, made only the more impressive by the plaintive voices and the stealthy movements of the wild dwellers in the woods; the bounding flight of the frightened deer; the shrill, mournful note of the loon, far off on the bosom of the deep lake; the flapping of the heron's great wings as he is startled from the dank marsh; and the lordly eagle proudly sailing in his free native air above. The sentiment of the scene was taking almost oppressive hold upon our hearts, when luckily there chanced a little let down, as my companion, bending over a jot too far, in his eagerness to grasp a magnificent lily, was plunged “ker swop!” as Tahawus expressed it, to the muddy bottom of the lake as if he were seeking the root of the plant instead of the flower. Our solacing assurance that he would soon dry up he thought but a dry jest, with a suggestion of the propriety of our “drying up” ourselves.

We had now to navigate the Stony Creek for three miles to its junction with the Racquette River. This romantic little passage led through a natural meadow of such extreme fertility that the vegetable vigor, which had so struck us in the forest, seemed almost sterile in comparison.

We felt the excess the more as we had to push our way through the dense shrubs and grasses, the shallowness of the brook having made it necessary to lighten the boat of our weight. Our guide himself, indeed, was often required to take to the water and give the craft a stout tow. It was on this tramp that happened our only snake encounter in all our journey, though Tahawus assured us with various personal anecdotes that the "varmints" were to be found there occasionally in all varieties. Our friend was a respectable-sized fellow of the adder tribe. He addressed himself with startling and unwelcome impudence to my companion as he was making his hasty way into a thicket to inspect a magnificent cluster of the blue aster.

We discussed our venison and trout, and slept our sweet forest sleep that night within sound of the rapid waters of the great Racquette River—great in contrast with the other smaller streams of the region. The Racquette is an important tributary of the St. Lawrence, to whose markets it will, by-and-by, bear the immense freights of timber which the wilderness here is destined to yield. Indeed, as Tahawus informed us with a sigh, enterprise had already penetrated with its winter hordes and axes into the hitherto unprofaned sanctuary of the sacred woods; and we

afterward saw, with a full share of our worthy guide's regret, the shanties and desolate clearings of the lumber-men.

The chief attraction of this beautiful river was, at the time of our visit, its wondrously wooded banks, which often met above our heads in mighty forest arch, verdantly framing here and there a loving bit of blue mountain surprise. We descended it for twenty-five miles to Tupper's Lake, near the end of our promised voyage.

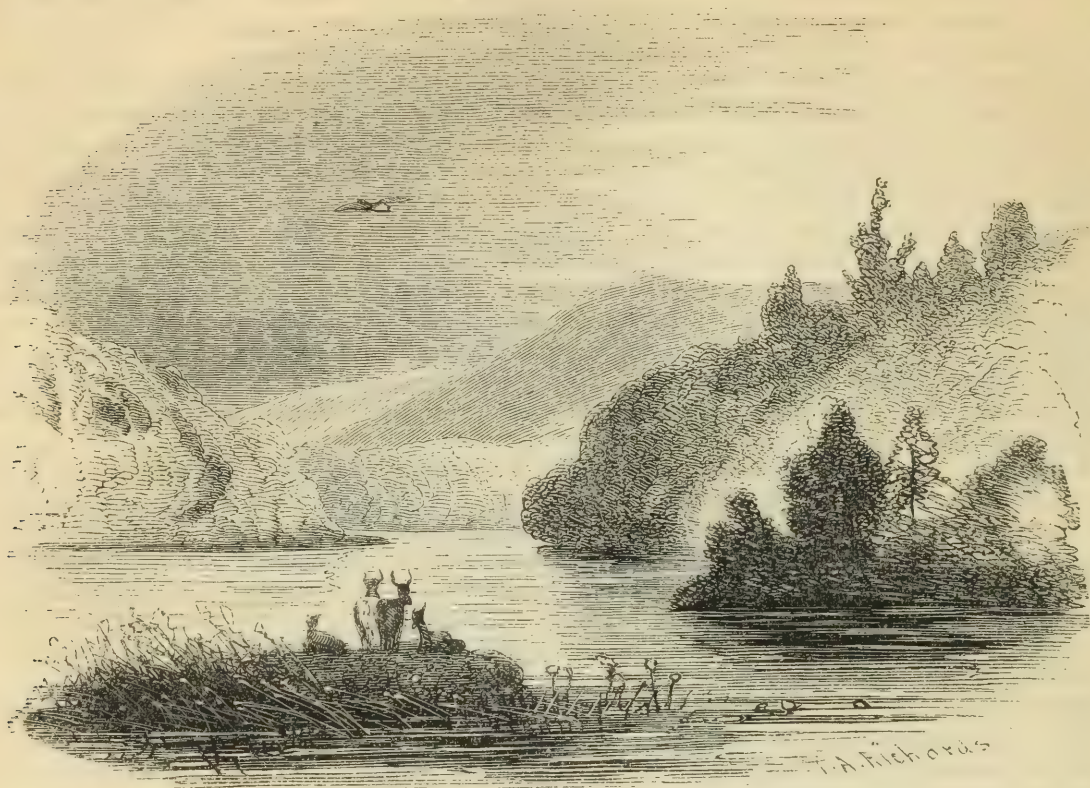
We had not journeyed far upon the river on the following day, when we approached one of the lumber shanties of which I have spoken, and to our surprise found a fleet of boats, no less than three in number, with full complements of crew and passengers.

"It's the commodore and his folks," said Tahawus, after one glance of his practiced eye; "and the other boat must be Jim Wescott's. The commodore builds most of our lake craft, and he has brought them new chaps from his place down on Lough Neah for a sort of trial like, I guess. It would go mighty hard with him to be beat!" he added, musingly.

We looked at our old weather-worn scow inquiringly, as we caught our guide's half-expressed thought. "Can the *Polly Ann* do it?" I asked.



DEER FEEDING.—STONY BROOK.



RACQUETTE RIVER.

"She can try," he replied, with an inspired pull, which sent us up with prophetic speed to the general anchoring-ground.

When we had exchanged salutations with the commodore and his son the captain, and had duly complimented them upon the beauty of their equipage, Tahawus expressed his satisfaction at the prospect of their companionship down the river.

"Should be glad to have you go along," said the commodore with a smile, as he looked affectionately at his own trim boats, and then askant at our poor homely *Polly Ann*; "but we want to keep moving, you see, and can't very conveniently wait."

The commodore did not notice, but *we* did, the sly look of intelligence which at this moment passed between our guide and his friend Wescott. We saw the smile again in the manner in which they both handled their oars, when the whole party soon after embarked.

The companionship with which the voyage began continued pleasantly for a mile or more, but at last ended with the advance of the commodore's boats. The perception, at their first look back, of our evident intention to keep up, was confessed with a jolly roar; but the merriment subsided, a little later, as they found us still close at their heels; and at last, when they observed Tahawus and his fellow-boatman in private discourse with our pocket-flasks, and saw our two crafts equally manned and doubly oared, they set themselves seriously to work, and our famous race of the Racquette was fairly begun.

The commodore hoisted his flag in defiance,

and certainly made breeze enough to float it, but we were in no haste, knowing that if we should pass him soon enough to get first to the obstruction in the navigation, miles below, called the "Floodwood," and over which the boats had to be pulled, the day would be ours.

The interest of the game was doubled when both our boats had fairly distanced their rear craft, and the flag-ship of the commodore alone remained to be overhauled. When it came to be neck-and-neck between us, Tahawus apologized for the presumption of the *Polly Ann*; "but the fact is, you see, commodore," said he, "the old gal's got her sperit up, and there's no stopping of her any how."

Our adversaries bore their losses with fortitude, and worked bravely to retrieve them, until Tahawus, now fairly in the van, proposed to take their flag and hang it up below, as a guide to them round the great Ox-bow. At this supreme taunt, which I will explain anon, their vexation induced a miracle of effort, which threatened to change the aspect of affairs, and made the event again, and for a long while, doubtful. The precedence in crossing the Floodwood, and after that the Ox-bow, was now to decide the dispute.

Across the point at the great bend in the river called the Ox-bow there was a carrying-place, by crossing which full two miles of water-passage was saved. As the commodore was, once upon a time—so our guide afterward informed us—racing upon the river, he quietly proposed to himself an advantage in the crossing of this short portage of which he supposed his opponent to be ignorant. But, unfortunately, in his haste he

passed the landing, made the entire circuit of the bend, and was then about to cross when he found out, too late only, that he was at the wrong side. In the mean while, to his utter dismay, the rival boat had played him his own trick and was just disappearing far ahead. "It was quite dark that night, and there warn't many folks a stirring," said Tahawus, "when the commodore slipped quietly down to his clearing below!"

He expected no Ox-bow advantage from us, and so strained every nerve when we rapidly approached the decisive Floodwood. But the star of the valiant *Polly Ann* was in the ascendant, and there was no hope for him left. Leaping boldly from log to log of the yielding mass, and pulling our boats after us, we were gallantly floating on the opposite side as the commodore came breathlessly and despairingly up. We bade him farewell, with a world of good advice, sped on to the carrying-place of the Ox-bow, crossed with success, and then quietly rested upon our oars and our laurels! And that night also the commodore was dreadfully belated.

At last behold our camp-fires burning on the margin of our long-sought Eden, the gentle waters of Tupper's Lake! These beautiful shores, and those of Lough Neah hard by, were the scenes

of our last adventures among the Saranacs. From inlet to outlet, seven and a half miles apart, every turn in our passage of the Tupper water exposed a winning picture of wooded island and rocky point, with all imaginable vagary in the interlacings of the blue hills beyond.

It was for Tupper's Lake that we had all along been reserving the display of our prowess in the chase, and here, with every opportunity at command, we established our everlasting fame both as anglers and hunters. Day after day we came back to the camp laden with trophies of victory, until the sport almost began to weary from its very ease and success.

Luckily before we were quite spoiled by too much good fortune there came a relief in the shape of a storm, an inveterate equinoctial storm, which put a sudden and total extinguisher upon our field pleasures, and kept us for days close prisoners in our tents.

We had now a new experience in wood-life which, at an earlier period of our journey, might have proved somewhat irksome; but, happening as it did, and with our sources of amusement indoors, it was not without its delights. Our camp, fortunately, had been pitched near a ledge of rocks, which sheltered us effectually from the



TUPPER'S LAKE.



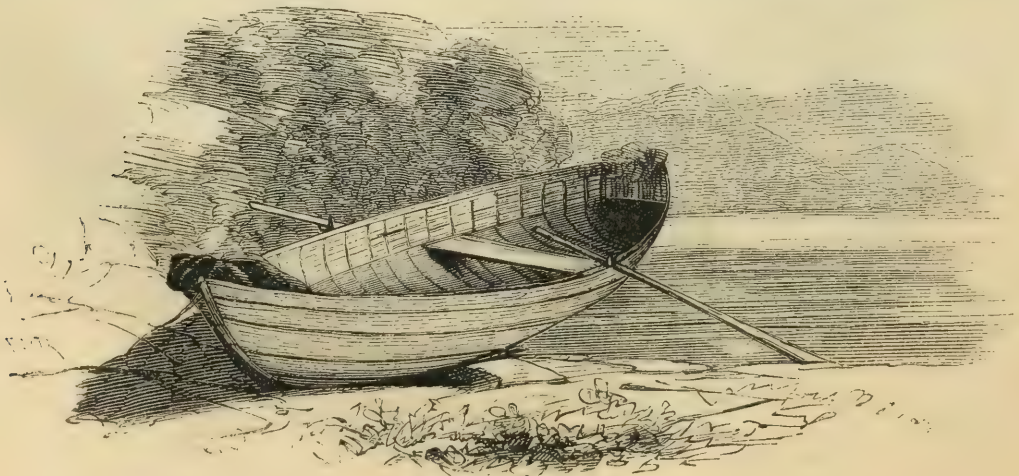
LOUGH NEIL.

winds; the tent proved impervious to the rain; and such was the topography we had selected that the water ran readily off without at all annoying us. Tahawus also ingeniously managed to protect our fires from the worst furies of the tempest.

With plenty of time on our hands, we made every imaginable experiment in the culinary art which our tastes suggested and our means allowed. Surely never before was venison prepared in so many and in such curious ways. We lingered like true epicures at our primitive table, burned the fragrant weed with leisure, and even scribbled letters to our friends, with portfolios only for writing-desks. In the intervals of the storm, when the sky would brighten and the rain cease for a while, we were off in quest of fuel for our ever-craving fires. But our great

and inexhaustible pastime was to listen to the gossip of our guides; for it must be remembered that Wescott, our companion of the river, was still with us, and with his fiddle too, which, though not so powerful as it might have been in the hands of Paganini, still served to vary and beguile the hours. Many were the histories rehearsed in those long days and nights of adventure with panther and bear and wolf; of the hunt for the deer, the beaver, and the otter; of the gentler sports of the angle; of the labors of the lumbermen in the woods, and the social life of the hunters at the firesides.

The intimations of character which we gathered from the narrations and opinions of Tahawus established him momentarily higher and higher in our esteem and interest, and made us curious to learn something of the life which, we were per-



THE "POLLY ANN."

suaded he lived apart from his fellows; for despite his familiar cognomen of "old," he was yet too young in years, and his nature too social and susceptible for the hermit habits to which we were told he was much given, unless it were that some unlucky experience had turned the true current of his temper quite awry.

Often did we venture to bend the talk toward the themes which seemed to us likely to elicit some light in the matter, but ever without success, until the very eve of the breaking up of our protracted camp, and of our mutual farewell. Then, as we were alone, Wescott having vanished in quest of fuel, we dropped some happy thoughts which led our eccentric friend into a confidence sufficient to assure us of the truth of the surmises we had already made. How explicit his story might have been I know not, for he was still in the midst of it as the voice of our hunter Wescott came to our ears, and as he soon after appeared himself, merrily bearing a huge log upon his broad back.

We had but time to throw out a few hasty words of advice and cheer. "You did right," said we, "to return, as the result shows, to your active woodman's life, which you know so well how to enjoy; and the *Polly Ann* you have got high and dry there on the rocks, is no doubt a much greater treasure to you than would have been the faithless *Polly Ann* you have lost."

"Lost!" cried Wescott, here poking his returning nose into our tent. "Who's lost?"

"You," said we. "At least we feared that it might be so, and were just talking of starting the hounds in pursuit!"

"Pooh!" he replied, beginning to tune his beloved fiddle, already in his hands, "there's no loss in this world but life;" and the old catgut gayly responded, "Life let us cherish!" as we nodded to Tahawus to help our voices in the refrain.

In the morning, after a leap with the first beams of the rising sun into the crystal waters, as had been our daily wont in all our tramp, our party breakfasted together for the last time, and again embarked for the head of Tupper's Lake, where Tahawus and his friend were to ascend the tributary Bogg River for a few days' hunt, and we were to bid them adieu and venture alone into the woods in search of a new chapter of adventure.

THE MUSICIANS OF OUR WOODS.

WHO can count the myriads of sentient beings destroyed in the felling of one tree? Who can count the myriads existing alone upon its foliage? Who has a right to rejoice when a tree dies and a host is extirpated?

"More servants wait on man
Than he'll take notice of. In every path
He treads down that which doth befriend him."

Silently and quietly the small workers perform their parts. The most minute particle, to an appreciative eye, is marked with the indus-

trious footsteps of the Unseen. Figure 1, for instance, is a leaf from that grand historical tree, the old Charter Oak, that once grew near Hartford. It was given as a token of friendship years ago, and treasured as such. Mark what remains of it—how beautifully executed is the work still in progress upon it. The little miners are imperceptible unless with a very high magnifier; their existence would be ignored if their



FIGURE 1.—LEAF FROM THE CHARTER OAK.

march was not perceptible. They work between the parenchyma of the leaf, showing us as the result a beautiful skeleton, in which you can perceive the thousand stomata or mouths of the leaf, always asking of the clouds to be fed; drinking, digesting, nourishing, then communicating the draught to the trunk, which carries it to the roots, sharing with the streams the bounty of Heaven—giving us the priceless treasure *water*. With all this before us trees are being felled by the thousands, and no one lifts up a prayer to stay the destroyer. Oh, voices of the land! why are you silent? Do you wait for a time when your songs will indeed be sung in a strange and dry land? Fate worse ten-fold than that of the captives of Israel! Cry out, ere it be too late, and our wooded hills and shaded vales, stripped of their trees, will have lost also their pleasant music of feathered and insect songsters!

But it is time you should see a few specimens of the thousands who pass their joyous lives in leafy bowers. Upon the topmost branches of our loftiest trees you may hear, if you can not see, our principal musician—the strange and wonderfully-fashioned Katydid (*Platyphylum concavum*), Figure 2.

A bold, loud-voiced son of the forest, he looks, as he is, a true Democrat. He sings when he likes, eats, rests, and sings again, unmindful of the lowness of the Treasury, despising most heartily the Right of Search, and avoiding every breach of etiquette as knowingly as a modern diplomat. As to be expected, he is thor-

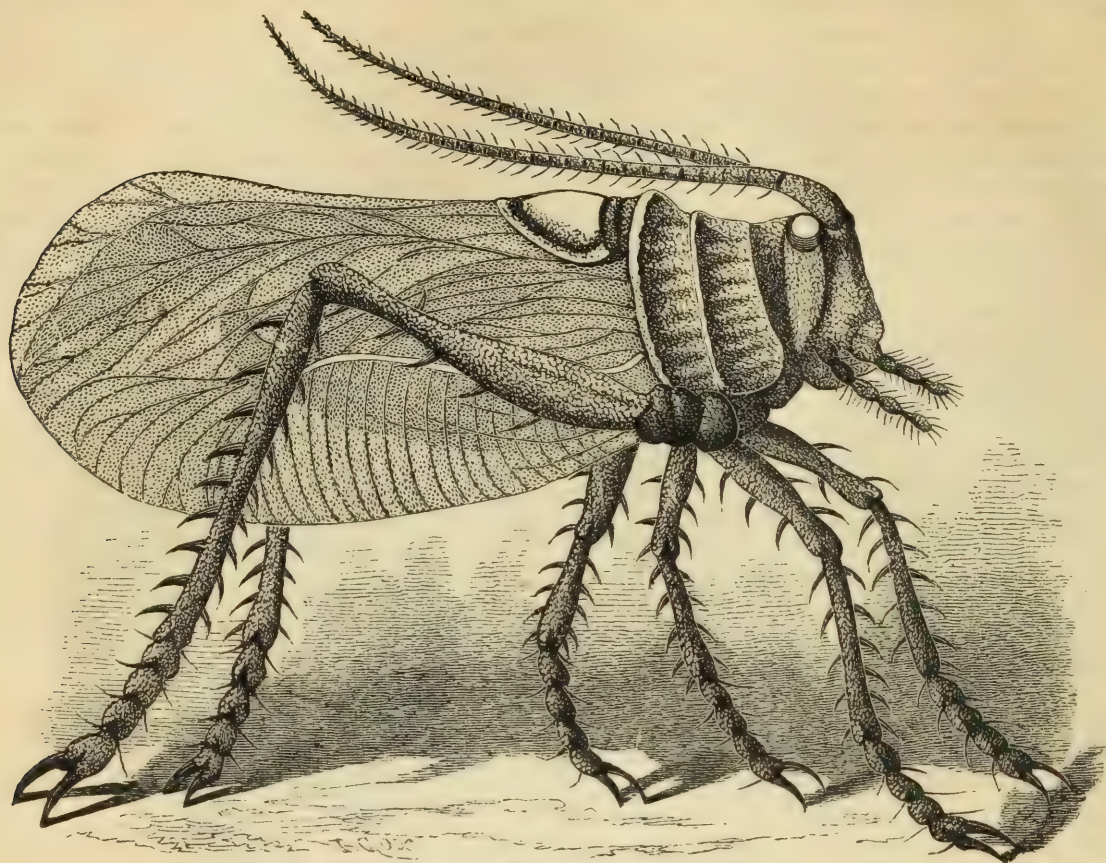


FIGURE 2.—THE KATYDID.

oughly despised by one party, abused, ridiculed, hunted, and burned out if nothing else can reach him; while the opposition, of which I am a loving member, listen to his notes with wonder and admiration, and are never weary of crying, "Hear, hear!" How almost human are the syllables composing his song: "Katy did—she did." Always performing, never-accomplishing Katy, what a strange wood-nymph thou art! There is no complaint made of her, however; it is an affirmation, joyous and full: "Katy did—she did;" and the asseveration comes louder and louder, fuller of delight and assurance and approbation, from every echoing

bough—"She did!" "She did!" Oh, envied Katy!

This beautiful insect, in its brilliant green dress, is truly American; and if, like the Athenians of old, we should ever wish to designate our true paternity in the soil, this is the grasshopper which must be our badge of American blood, and designate our birth-place, borne aloft on manhood's brow or amidst

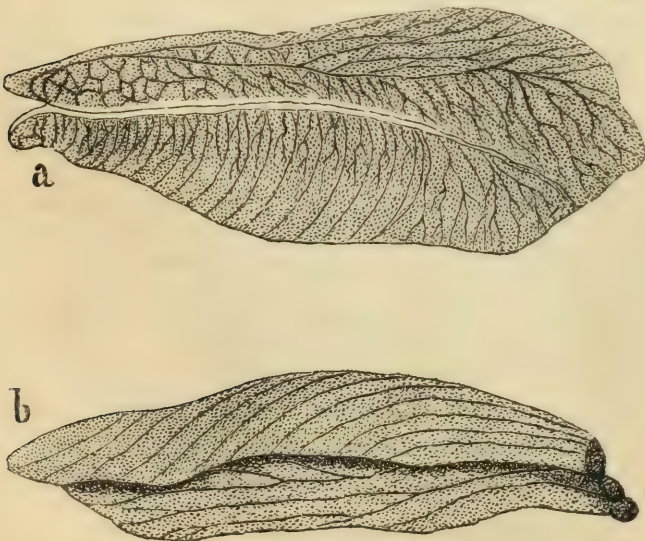


FIGURE 3.

a. Upper Wing. b. Fold of Under Wing.

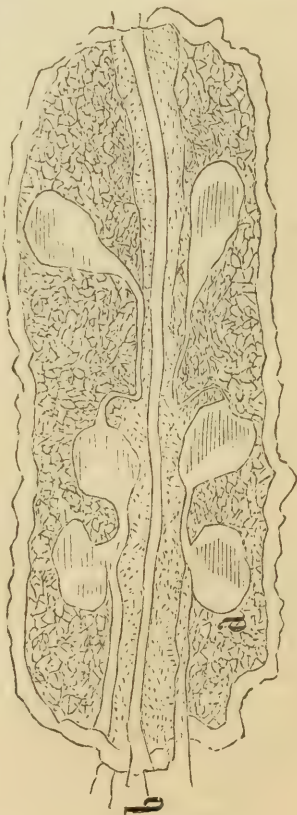


FIGURE 4.

a. Air-sacs. b. Intestinal Canal.

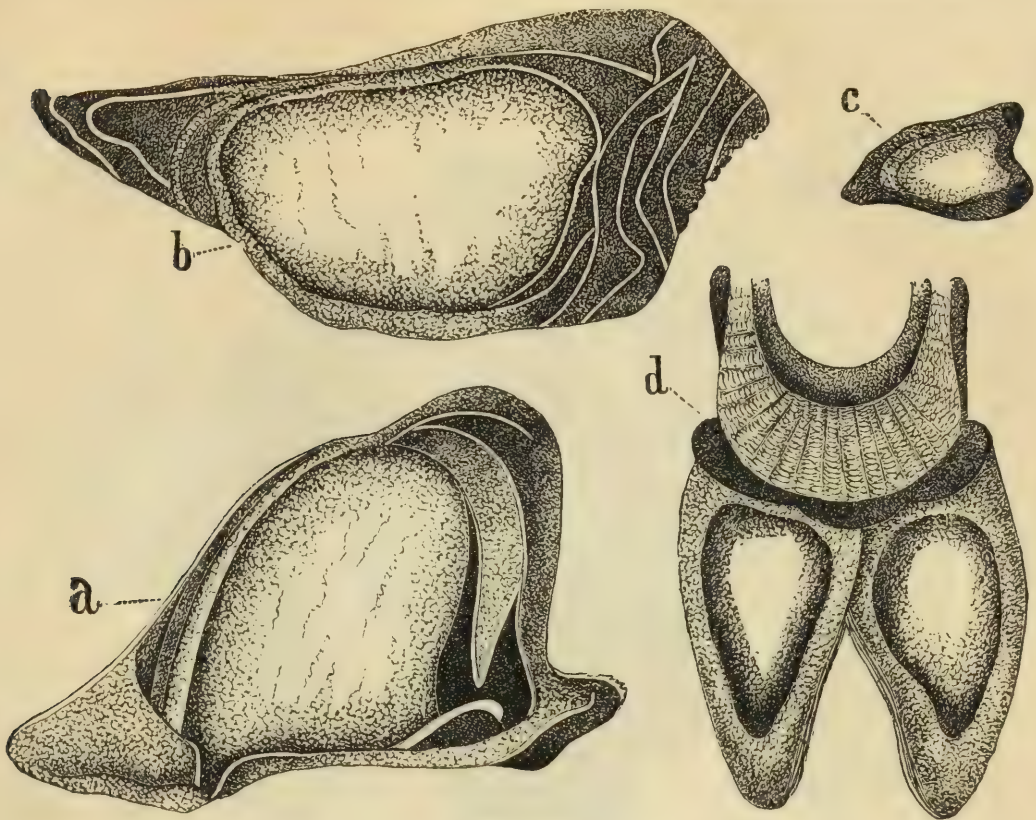


FIGURE 5.

a. Under part of Taborets.

b. Upper part of Taborets.

c. Natural size of Taborets.

d. Taborets open.

the clustering ringlets of woman. The Katydid is a full-blooded Native American.

The home of the Katydid is rightly on the *Tachamahaca*, or Balsam poplar (*Populus balsamifera*); but as they approach the seaboard they "spread" themselves with true American proclivities, and assert boldly the doctrine of Squatter Sovereignty. Thus every tree is more or less thoroughly "located," and becomes vocal with the charming song of the "grasshopper - bird" — *tachamahaca*, meaning grasshopper among the Indians of the West and Southwest. A favorite food of the Indians is their "mahaca" cake, to make which the bodies of the insects are parched and ground into flour, which is quite as palatable as oat or corn cake, and decided-

ly preferable to the clay-balls devoured by the Indians of South America, or the "mountain-meat," composed of the shells of infusoria, used by the Swedes and Fins of the present day.

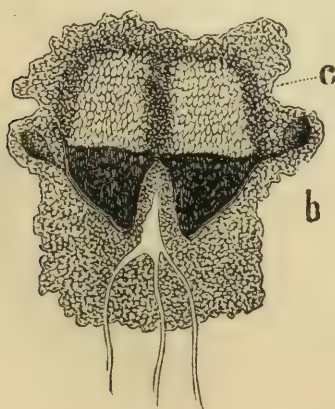


FIGURE 6.

c. Sounding-board. b. Shagreen-like valve.

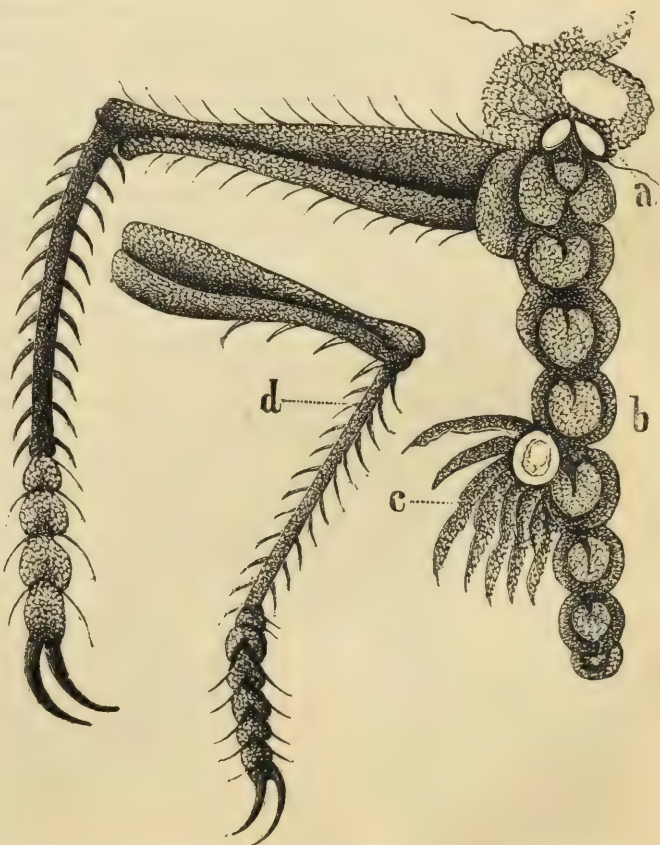


FIGURE 7.

a. Small cavities at joint of leg.
b. Plates of thigh extended.c. Stomata, or air-holes.
d. Leg, natural size.



FIGURE 8.—FRONT FACE OF THE KATYDID.

a. Two outside rings of neck.

Let us examine more closely this vocal spirit of our woods, so full of life, freedom, and pleasure. First, the wing: "It resembles a peapod," says Harris; but rather a beautifully-veined leaf in its markings, if it were not for its great concavity. The wings of my specimen, once a denizen of Tennessee, you perceive are stronger and more prominently marked than the wing (Figure 3) of my companion of the past summer. The field for foraging is more contracted in Connecticut; therefore the insect is more delicate and smaller. It is a provision of nature with them, as with the human family: illy taken care of in the larva state, and badly fed, the insect will degenerate as well as the man.

Its musical apparatus is a marvelous combination for producing sound. At *a*, Figure 4, you perceive two air-sacs on each side of the intestinal canal. These are filled with air by the opening and shutting of the wings, which inflate two black, shagreen-looking valves, *b*, Figure 6, over which is a strong piece of horn or gristle, quite transparent, which serves as a sounding-board, *c*. Air being injected, the wings are closed rapidly with a grating noise, occasioned by the rubbing together of the plates of the taborets (*d*,

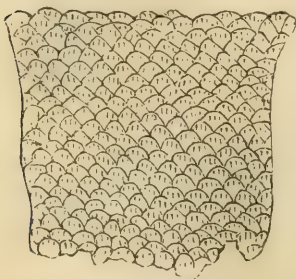


FIGURE 9.—SMALL VALVES UNDER TABORETS.

Figure 5), whose nervures, you perceive, are strong and horny. The opening of these taborets produces the first syllable, "ka." At the joining of the legs to the body (*a*, Figure 7) there are four small cavities on each side, into which you can run the point of a fine needle. As the wings are closing slowly "ty-ti-ti" is murmured forth; and as they are tightly closed the sound "she did, she did" is muttered by the scraping taborets folding over each other, forcing the air through the large stomata, or air-holes, in each side (*c*, Figure 7). At *b*, Figure 3, you will see the under wing (*a* being upper or outside wing). Observe how this folds over and forms an exterior sounding-board. This fold in the under wing is found in every insect that has the power of producing sound, and is larger or smaller according to the noise produced. These are the most prominent parts of this instrument; but see the thousands of small valves (Fig. 9) which form the covering of *c* over the first sounding-board between it and the taborets. Then the throat, or gullet (Figure 10), is composed of valves

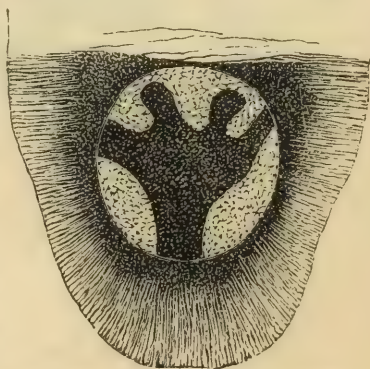


FIGURE 10.—THROAT, OR GULLET.

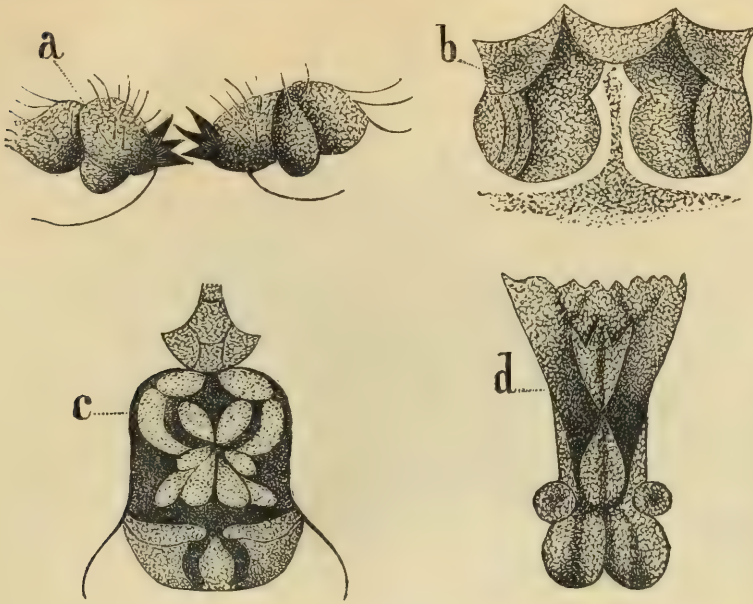


FIGURE 11.

a. Mandibles. b. Upper Lip. c. Mouth, closed. d. Under Lip.

as thickly and distinctly marked as a honey-comb. The air vibrating through all these small orifices helps to compose an aggregate of sound which can easily be formed into syllables, aided by the imagination, running thus: "ka-ty-ti-ti-di-di-did — sthe-di-did — sthe-did." When the lesser sounds are lost in the distance the combined whole is "katy did—she did," the love-song of this gay gallant of the woods wooing his lady-love by an affirmation of love, and not timidly and doubtingly. It is only the males in this family that have the power of sound; and certainly, if loquacity be a nuisance, they redeem the opposite sex from a monopoly. I have been told by many who have been very far West that in some locations their music becomes insupportable, never ceasing from the time the evening star beams forth until the sun sends them to rest from their revel. Toward the sea-

board they are becoming fewer in number yearly. Many years ago, in some of the streets of Philadelphia, the human voice could not overcome them without an effort; now they are a rarity, and come to many like the visions of youth, full of memories of beauty.

There is something peculiarly spirituelle in the face of this insect. You are undecided whether it resembles Columbus, or Scaramouche in the pantomime. You can decide for yourself. I present you his full face, and a most capital likeness it is (Figure 8).

His body is of a most brilliant green, of a shade belonging alone to his family—tender and soft in hue, prismatic and glowing; when the sun falls directly upon him he scintillates

like a green star. His legs fade away into the greenish white of the sky at early dawn—the thorns giving them character by their dark, brownish-black hue. His eyes, you perceive, are divided.



FIGURE 12.—HOOK AND EGG.

d. Ovipositor, detached.

The upper portion is a clear bright green; the lower part mottled with green, red, and brown. When, alive, it turns its strange weird face full upon you, you might almost feel justified in list-

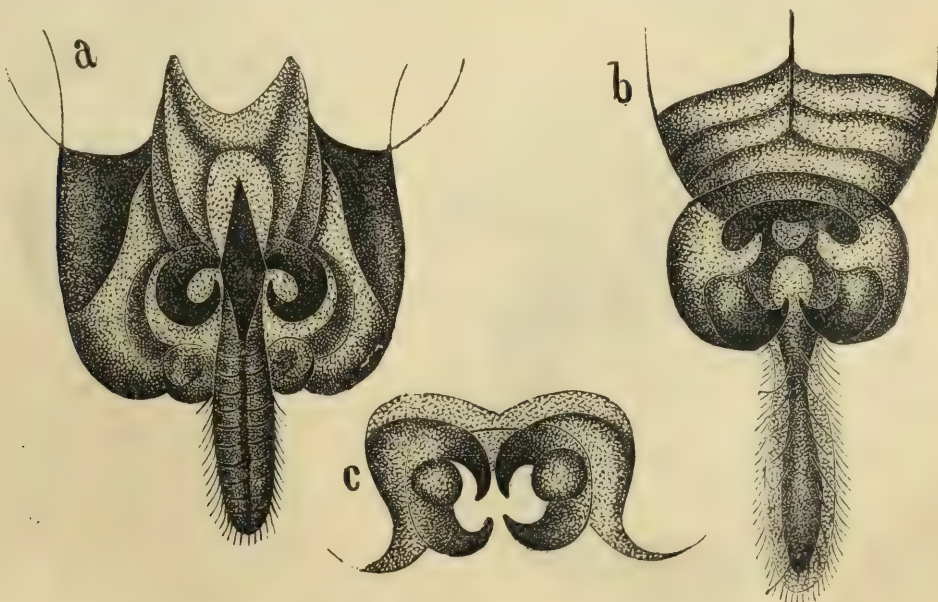


FIGURE 13.

a. Under side of Ovipositor. b. Upper side of Ovipositor. c. Side view of Hooks.



FIGURE 14.—GREAT AMERICAN ANT DESTROYING KATYDID'S EGG.
a. Mandible of Ant.

ening for some wondrous revelations of the woods. The calm, sagacious look with which he examines every thing, the leisure and dignity of his move-

ments, the neatness and precision of his toilet—every claw run through the strong mandibles—the indifference and *insouciance* of his air after a meal during the day, and his pompous and restless perambulations after nightfall, are vastly amusing. My summer companion was, indeed, unapproachable in his entertaining qualities. It was charming to see the pause he would make after he had announced so boldly, from under his glass, or a corner of the room if I allowed

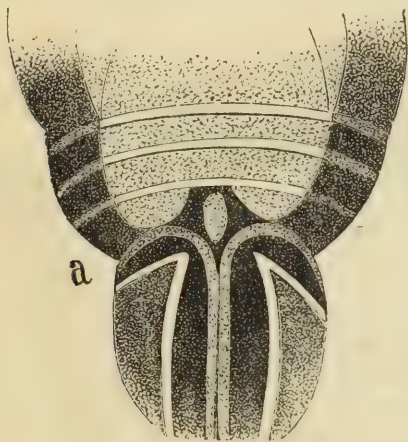


FIGURE 15.—CICADA'S OVIPOSITOR.
a. Handles of the Saw.

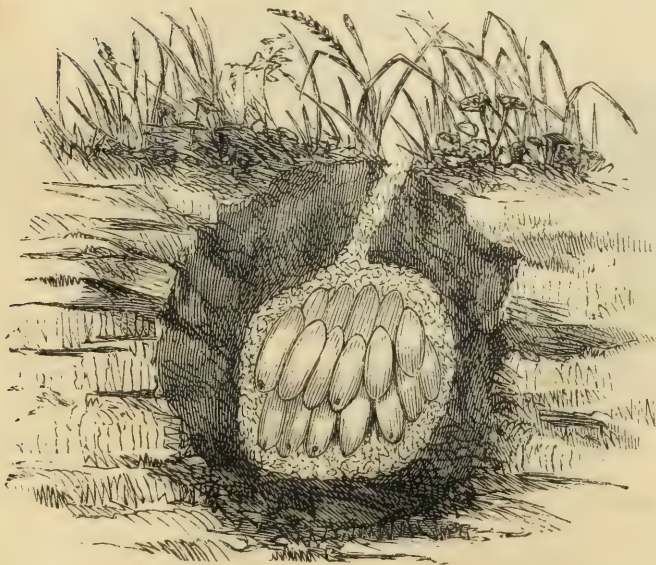


FIGURE 16.—NEST OF KATYDID.

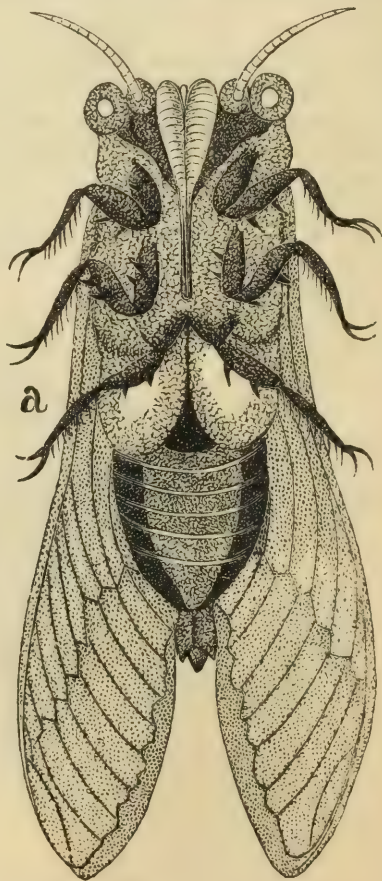


FIGURE 17.—CICADA OF THE FAR WEST.
a. Exterior plates of Drums.

him an evening walk, "Katy did, she did"—pausing for an answer from a friend; when the cricket shrilly screaming its assent from under a neighboring glass, or the large green grasshopper scraping forth his sharp approbation near by, made him pause a second, then hurry about restlessly, as if indignant at such *canaille* presuming to agree with him; and rushing up to his bit of melon, or peach,

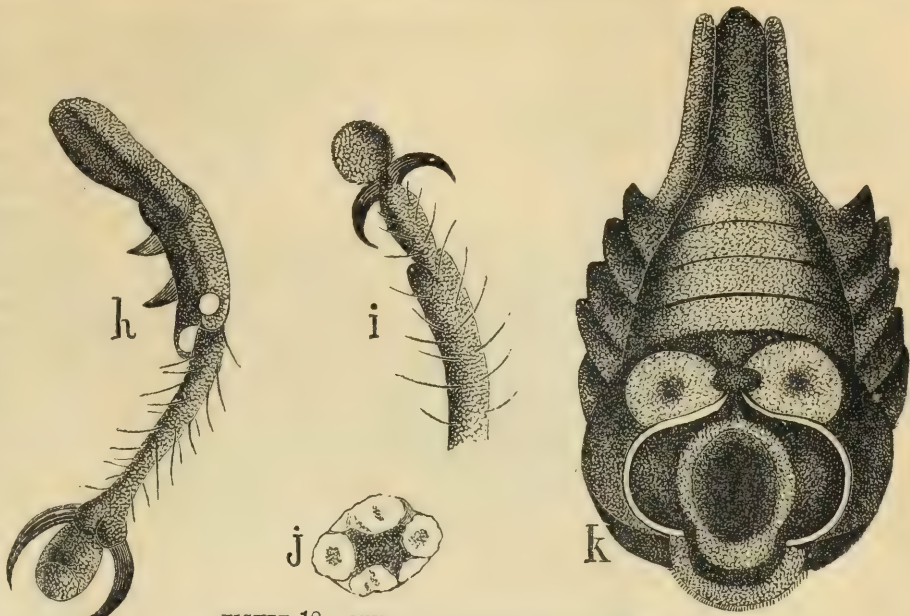


FIGURE 18.—MUSICAL APPARATUS OF CICADA.
h. Stomata. i. Foot. j. Interior of Leg. k. Upper Drums.

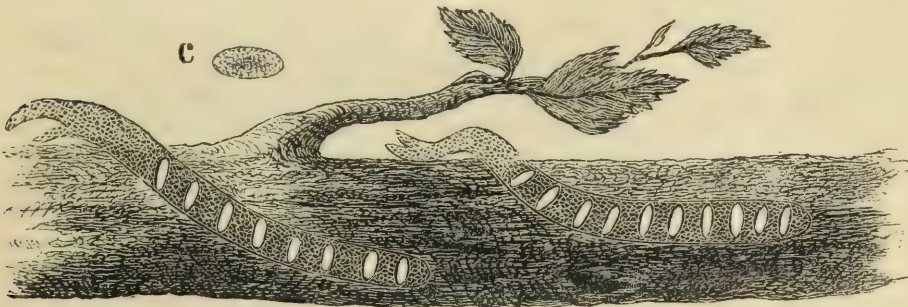


FIGURE 19.—NEST OF CICADA.
The white spots show the elevations left on the branch. c. Egg.

or apple, whichever it happened to be, bite into it with all his strength, as if he wished it was one of his neighbors he was devouring. For several nights the call was made, but no genial answer coming to him he gave

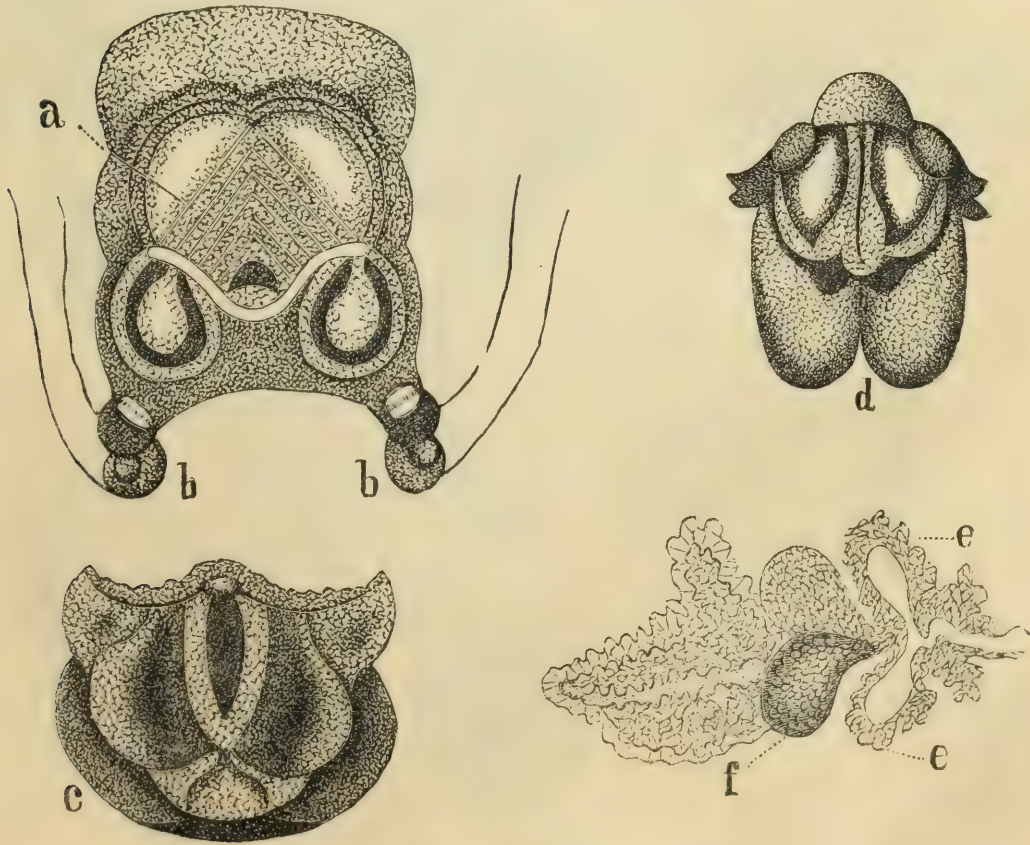


FIGURE 20.—MUSICAL APPARATUS OF CICADA.
a. Strings. b. Stomata. c. Horizontal view of Body. d. Under side of Plates. e. Stomata. f. Air-sacs.

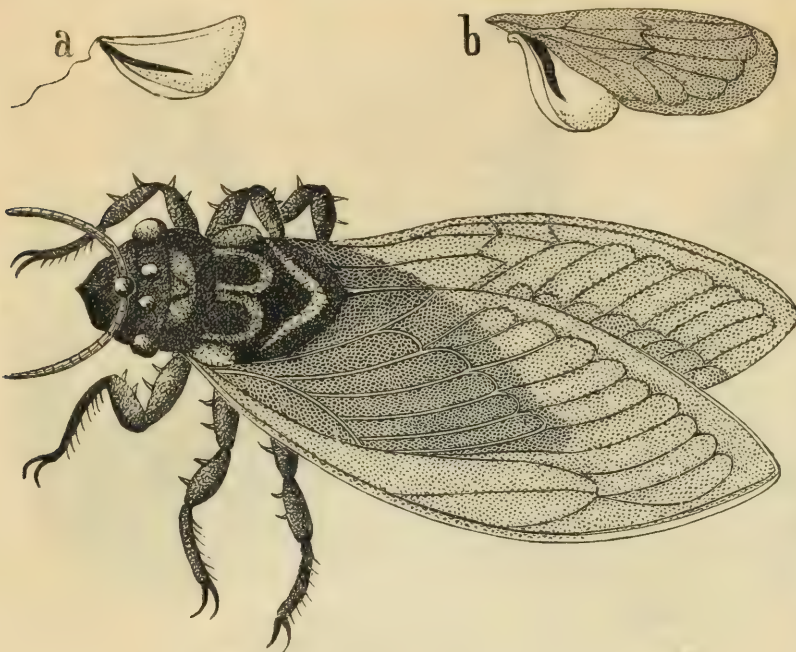


FIGURE 21.—CICADA OF ATLANTIC STATES.
a Fold of under Wing b Under Wing

it up, and seemed to resign himself to feasting without music. He ate fruit all night, and passed the day in meditation "with his eyes open," or cleaning himself. One beautiful moonlight night I placed him outside on the window-sill (as it was very warm), giving him all the air I could consistent with security. Perhaps remembering other nights of beauty, he commenced his song; and presently, from just over across the river, from the hill-side, came an answer. What a long

talk now was held! How he called, and his friend answered in such glad tones! What news was told from those green woods; what secrets of the trees and flowers were communicated from one to the other; what messages from loved ones, perhaps; what questions, what answers! As I sat, that soft and lovely night, listening to the tale, perhaps, of despair from the poor prisoner (I fancied such sadness in his tones), I was tempted to raise the glass and give him freedom. But the marks of time were too visible upon him. Old age was creeping over him rapidly. A few days more and his voice would fail him, and the trees and flowers

would know him no more. So I nursed him and comforted him, and he died eventually of a surfeit of peach. He might have lived several days longer if I had been less generous; but fruit had been scarce for a day or two; cake or sugar and water were poor diet—thus, when the peach was given, he died as would an Epicurean. How human is this, that instinct should fail as well as reason in subduing the appetite!

The Katydid will live in confinement, with

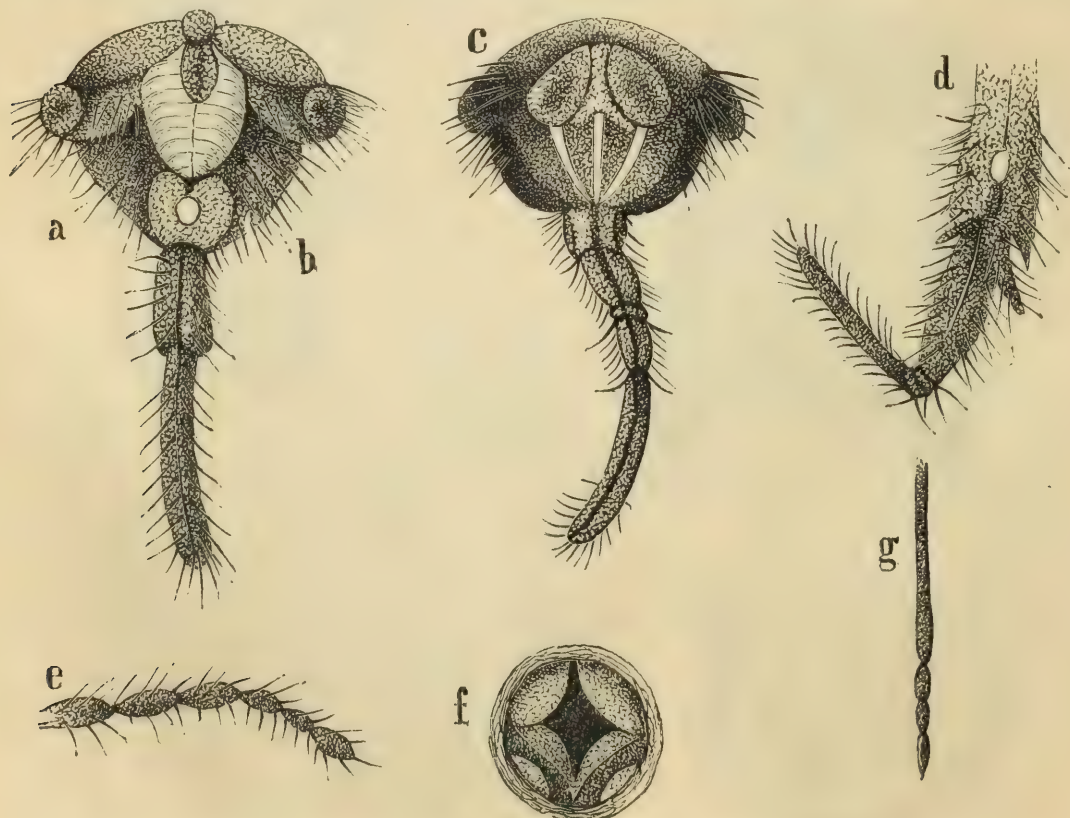


FIGURE 22.

a. Eye of Cicada. b. Exterior of Sucker. c. Interior of Sucker. d. Sucker bent. e. Antennae. f. Throat. g. Tongue.

care, sixty days. The one just mentioned I had twenty-nine. By examining the mouth-piece you will perceive, without any scientific description, the power and complexity combined in its construction (*a, b, c, d*, Figure 11). The action in masticating resembles that of the cow, except that it is from right to left. The mandibles leave long ridges or seams in the substance they bite, and the proof of digestion is as powerful and distinct as that of the silk-worm—a strange

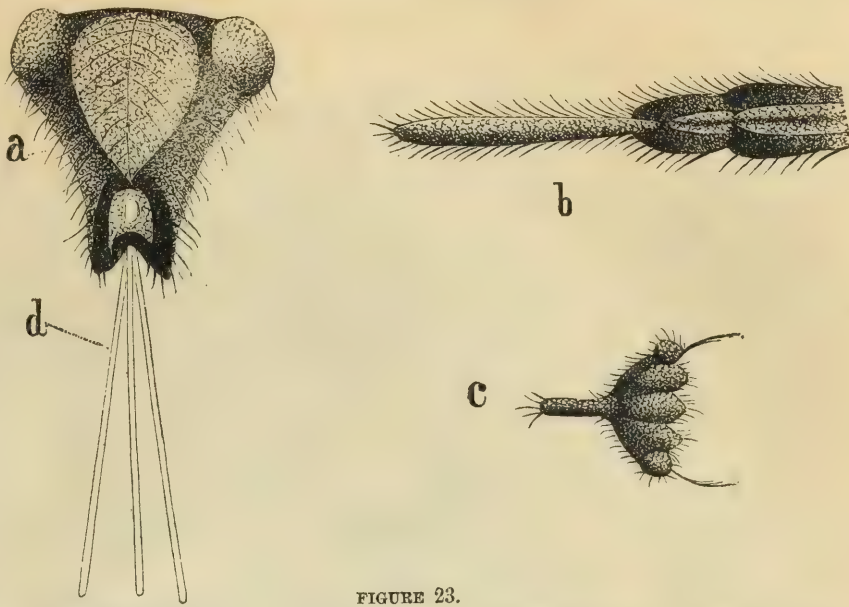


FIGURE 23.

a. Ribs of Cicada's Head. *b.* Sucker of Tubes *c.* Sucker of Nymph. *d.* Tubes of Sucker.



FIGURE 24.—NYMPH EMERGING FROM HOLE.

fact, considering the delicacy of the digestive organs.

The leg (*d*, Figure 7), you perceive, is very long. The thigh is stout and full, and the muscles are strong which connect it to the body. In its movements the animal is assisted by the wings as much as by the legs. The hooks on the feet are exceedingly elastic, and they are capable of walking against gravity with ease. The ovipositor in the female is broad and compressed like a wedge in the centre (*a, b*, Figure 13), shaped something like a reaping-hook; on each side are large hooks, which open as the egg emerges, guiding it to the hollow in the piercer; they secure it there, and it slides gently down into the cavity which the ovipositor has previously made in the soft earth to receive it. The ovipositor is worked round and round until the hole is made large enough for a certain number of eggs; but whether she deposits

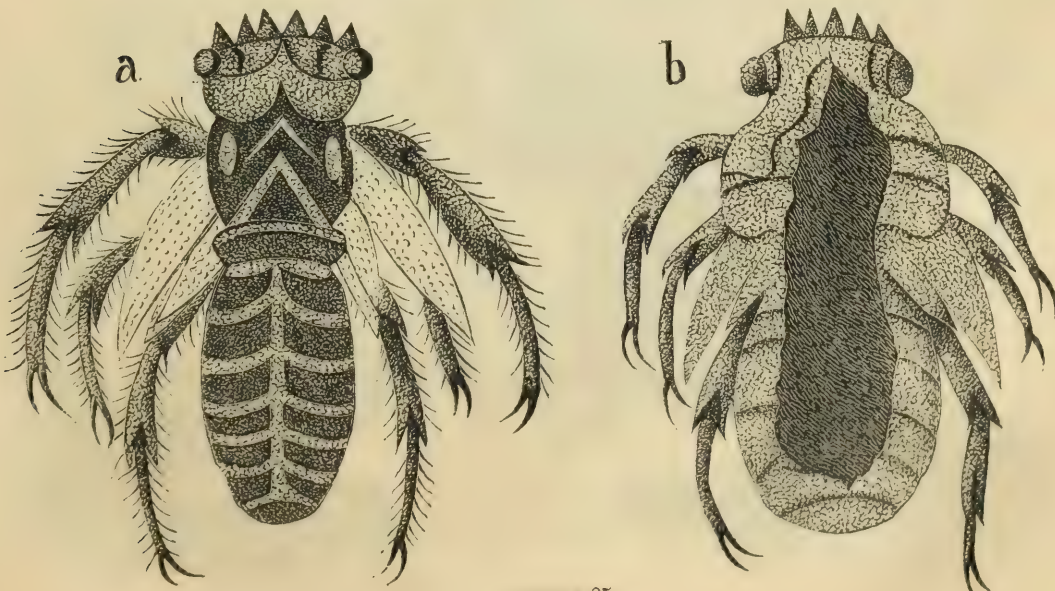


FIGURE 25.

a. Nymph or Larva of Cicada.

b. Discarded skin of same.



FIGURE 26.—SECOND CHANGE OF CICADA.

all at once, or so many in one nest at a time, I could never discover; for when caught in the act, if disturbed, she will deposit no more. With every egg exudes a soft transparent liquid, which covers it and causes it to adhere to the previous one; and as they glide in singly they are natur-



FIGURE 27.—PHYLLOPTERA OBLONGIFOLIA (GRASSHOPPER WITH OBLONG-LEAFED WING).

ally arranged on end. (Figure 16). When the nest is full enough she closes it with some of the gum, and they remain until the following spring. The larva I have never been able to assure myself of with sufficient certainty to make a monograph, never having been able to see a positive transformation. I never present that of which I have not had ocular demonstration, so as to make assurance doubly sure. I therefore omit the larva. The nests I have secured often, and tried every experiment to have the eggs hatch, but have hitherto failed, owing, I feel assured, to sudden changes of atmosphere, which can not be guarded against closely enough to insure success. To leave the eggs to hatch where they were laid is useless. No insect is so beset with enemies. Beetles, ear-wigs, crickets, all the family of ants, besiege her nest. A gray ant—the *Formica fusca Americanus*—often runs off with her eggs between her powerful jaws. (Figure 14.) Often, again, you will, after watching weeks, find all the eggs in the nest perforated with a small hole and emptied of their contents. There is no doubt the larva is exceedingly injurious to the tender roots of cereals of all kinds. I planted once some valuable grass seeds sent from distant countries, in a bed under a very beautiful silver-leaf aspen-tree (*P. Alba*). All the grass was cut down as if with a knife. Some weeks subsequent the tree was crowded with the Katydid. The year following I made another

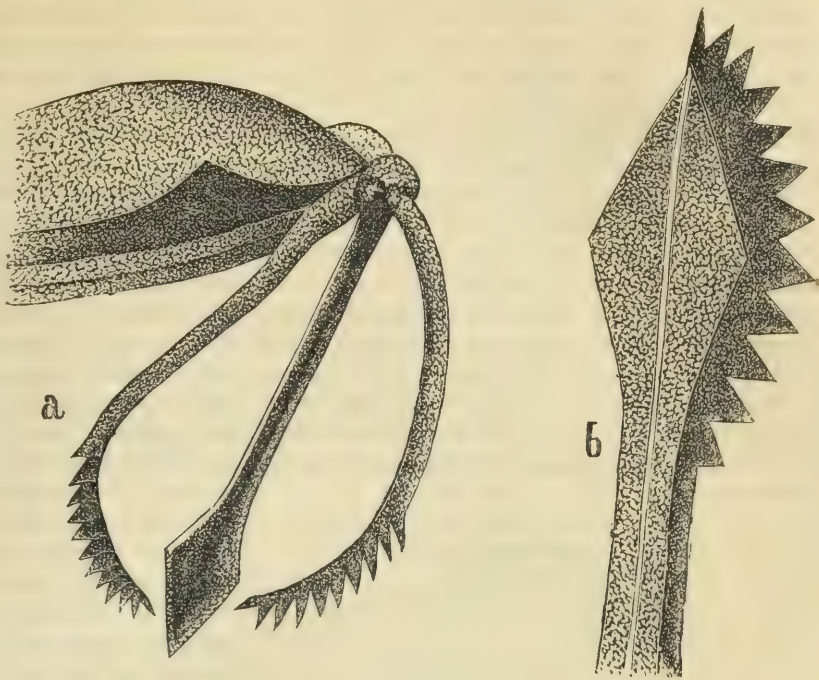


FIGURE 28.—CICADA'S OVIPOSITOR.

a. File.

b. Centre-piece with one File on.

attempt with wheat, with the same result. But any thing planted in this bed after the insects had undergone their transformation and come out perfect was left undisturbed. Thus I had every right to conclude they were the depredators; but although I made every effort to satisfy myself with regard to the identity of this larva with the Katydid, I failed in every instance of ascertaining it as a fact. When full grown they do not devour the leaves of trees, but will eat out the interior of flower-buds, the young germs of fruit; even the resinous cones of the fir do not come amiss. In confinement they enjoy all kinds of fruit amazingly. There is, of course, much more for the student to learn of their habits and formation; but I must not weary you with scientific details.

But here is another musician of our woods in

whose company our little friend the Katydid is indeed a parvenu. Homer, Virgil, Anacreon, and a dozen other poets, have sung his praises. The Athenians called themselves "earth-born," and wore it as a golden symbol in their hair, to show their common origin, supposing they sprang from the ground—how erroneously will be shown as we proceed. In Latin its name is *Cicada*; the Greeks called

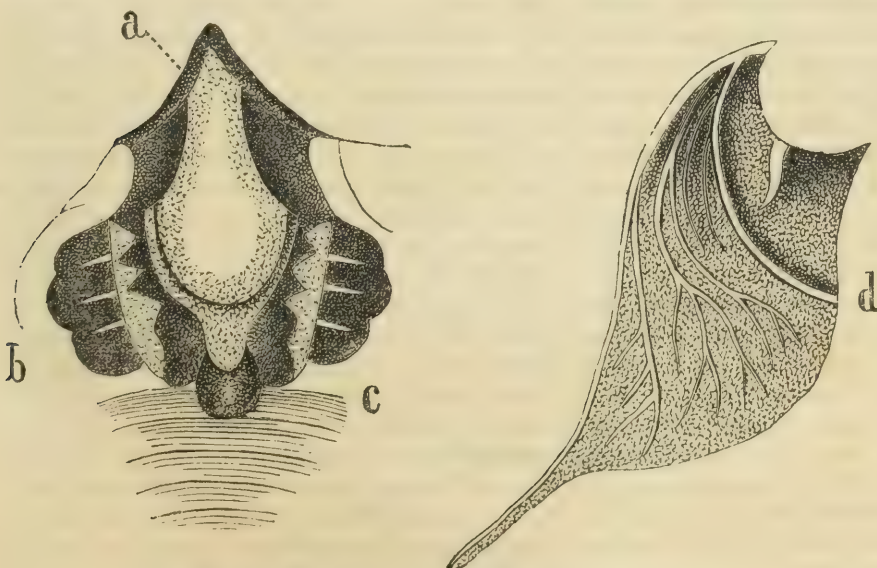


FIGURE 29.—MUSICAL APPARATUS OF GRASSHOPPER.

a. Escutcheon.

b, c. Points of Wing-sockets.

d. Left Wing Taboret

it *Tettix*. They not only delighted in its music, but one of their daintiest dishes was composed of the pupa as well as the perfect insect. They called the former *Tettigometrae*. When the females were full of eggs they were esteemed a decided delicacy. They are sold daily in the markets of South America. The head, wings, and legs being first plucked off, they are parched in a slow oven and then rubbed down into flour. If the cake were eaten unwittingly, you would think it composed of pounded chestnuts. Like the toad's head of our lamented Strain, it tastes better than you would anticipate. It certainly belongs to the aristocracy of the insect world, if antiquity of family and early mention hold good with them as with us. This is he whom Anacreon immortalizes in his verses :

"Happy creature! what below
Can live more happily than thou?
Seated on thy leafy throne,
Summer weaves thy verdant crown.
Sipping o'er the pearly lawn
The fragrant nectar of the dawn;
Little tales thou lov'st to sing,
Tales of mirth—an infant king."

Now, as you cast your eyes upon it, I hear you exclaim, "It is only a locust!" (Figs. 17, 21.) Only a locust? Let me enlighten you. Look at the tube through which it "sips the dew," and acknowledge it has not the power to "devour and eat up all green things," even if it desired so to do. This Cicada has a world of abuse to wear as its "verdant crown" among us moderns, and is accused of deeds Nature has prevented him from performing by his formation, at least in the perfect state. His musical apparatus is much more complex than that of the Katydid. Figure 18, at *k*, you have the body as it looks when the plates (*a*, Figure 17) are taken off. The drums are as transparent as glass, and compose the upper pair. Take off the covering entirely and you have Figure 20, *a*. You perceive the sounding-board, the inner drums, the taborets, and the strings, as elastic and muscular as those of a guitar. They communicate under the concavity of the drums, and when the wings vibrate, as they do when the insect sings, they strike against the lower pair of taborets, then against the upper pair, while air passes out of the stomata at the socket of the wings (*b, b*), supplied during the process from the air-sacs (*f*). In some species, as the *Cicada pruinos*a of Say, there are two stomata at the thigh-joint (*h*, Figure 18), through which the air escapes, as the leg is entirely hollow. You have a horizontal view of the drums at *j*, holding the body to your eye and looking in. *d* is the under side of the plates going over the outside drums. The insect before it commences to sing forces out both of its wings to the utmost so as to fill the air-sacs; then commences a slow vibratory movement, increasing in rapidity until it becomes almost imperceptible to your eye, and a sound is produced which may be construed thus :

r-r-u-r-h-st-sh-ee-seè-è-è es-shheeu-ueee-e.

fortissima. piano. piano.

The first buzz of a top, or the running out from its reel of the lead at sea, will convey something of the sound of its notes to your imagination. It is a very pleasant, exhilarating song, and is delightful when it comes on the air from a lofty tree; it tells of such exquisite enjoyment :

"Perhaps the self-same song that found a path
Through the sad heart of Ruth, when sick for home
She stood in tears amid the alien corn."

Reaumur had an uncontrollable desire to see and hear a Cicada. Some dead ones were sent him from the south of Italy, and he relates that he could make the music by pulling the muscles, and "letting them jerk quickly back." The scraping sound might be made, but the long reeling, whirling sound would be impracticable, as the wings must have life to cause it. You will see at *a*, Figure 21, on the under wing, the fold alluded to above, assisting as a sounding-board or vibratory conveyance of sound. The longest trilling I ever obtained, by timing them, was from the superb Cicada found in Georgia and Alabama; the song lasted forty-five seconds. As they grow old the time diminishes. The throat has something to do with the music, if one might judge from its construction. At *f*, Figure 22, the half circles you see are all of thin transparent material, with strong bands of horn, and can be moved to and fro when the head moves; they evidently increase the grating crinkling sound at the commencement of the song.

This insect has a large prominent eye on each side of the head, mottled blue and green. Between them are three simple eyes (Figure 21), placed in a triangle resembling small rubies, and evolving most brilliant scintillations when the sun strikes upon them. In some species there is a fourth in the middle of the sucker at the head of the tube, and of the same color (*a*, Figure 22). The antennæ are ordinarily six-jointed, but vary according to the genera. The sucker is composed of four pieces in the rare and larger kind, as *C. Superba*, *C. Binotata*, *C. Florida*. Figure 22, at *b*, you perceive the exterior of it: at *c*, the interior. In the tube there is an opening in which the tonguelet is exposed. The piece of horn can be moved at will, closing or opening at the inclination of the insect. The tongue in this species is sharp at the point, with two knobs or joints above it. The other two suckers are simple. With these the sucker can be bent at need. With *C. Canicularis*, *C. Rimosa*, *C. Septemdecim*, etc., the sucker is more simple (Figure 23, *b*). The tubes, two in number, with the tongue between them, are as fine as a cobweb. They are tubular and filled with cilia, and penetrate through the case of the sucker at three small holes at its extremity. With this tube it obtains all its nourishment. If it does commit the mischief people affirm, it must be one of the most marvelous performances in insect history. What extraordinary stories are told of their devastations! One does not like to take up the gauntlet against such a host of libelants. But I would like to know how these depredations are carried out. I deem it

an impossibility. They are contented with less nourishment, in the perfect state, than any other insect I have ever raised. A small piece of sponge, saturated with sugar and water, will serve one a week; and when their habits come to be better known, people will discover that the destructive propensities of which the perfect insect is accused is a gross error. Not satisfied with their devouring capacity, we hear accounts of persons being stung by them, and dying in consequence. *They are the gentlest and most harmless creatures imaginable.* The tubes of the sucker, when extended to the utmost, do not penetrate beyond the case the half of a hair's breadth. As they imbibe only dew, they simply require the tubes to touch the surface of the fluid. Besides, these tubes are so frail it is the most difficult process to draw them through the opening of the sucker without breaking them. Out of fifty specimens possibly you will obtain one complete. Does it look reasonable that these minute, exquisitely pointed tubes can penetrate the tough skin of the human body? You may object that the bee and the wasp sting. True, but their stings are short, and constructed and placed for the purpose; while in the Cicada the tubes are as long as their blunt horny case. Their length alone would cause them to snap in two if forced against any hard substance. Besides they must have, if this was the case, a poison-bag located in the head, and sting with the tongue—a concession alone allowed to man in all creation.

They are accused of hopping, and by some authors are called tree-hoppers to distinguish them from grasshoppers. How absurd this appears when we examine their short, slim legs, and the bulk of their bodies! One might as reasonably anticipate the sight of a locomotive hopping with a train of cars behind it as to see a Cicada hop. They have obtained the popular name of *locust* from their extreme partiality to all the varieties of this family of trees. In some parts of Kentucky, where the locust-tree is indigenous, the Cicadæ can be gathered, I am told, by the bushel; yet there has never been a mention made of their devastations in this State. Writers affirm there are ten broods of the migratory, devastating locust appearing at stated intervals every seventeen years, in different locations. We are promised the next visit in 1866. Yet there is never a year but the Cicadæ abound in every State south and southwest. The varieties are very numerous. The French call them "*Chanteuses*"—singers. Harris designates them "*harvest flies*." It would be very pleasant for them to be known as they really are the "*Cicadæ*," "*Trillers*" of whom Virgil tells us: "*The Cicadæ burst the very shrubs with their querulous music.*"* They are so idyllic in their nature, so simple, and as harmless and useless as a flower. Their name is but slightly changed at the present day in the south of Europe. Between Ravenna, which was once a sea-port, now five miles from the sea-board, intervenes the famous Pineta, or forest of pines, where poets have

wandered and Cicadæ sung from time immemorial. Byron writes:

"The shrill *cicalas*, people of the pine,
Making their summer lives one ceaseless song,
There the sole echoes, save my steed's and mine,
And vesper bells that rose the boughs along."

The female has an ovipositor for constructing her nests, the most beautifully contrived of instruments. It is concealed in a groove in the last ring of the abdomen, and is protected by a sheath. When examined, you will find it composed of three pieces (*a*, Figure 27). The centre is shaped something like a spoon, with a deep groove down the middle, and is pointed. On each side are the files, on each of which you will find, in every variety, nine large teeth; at the ends four or six smaller teeth, according to the species. These files are scooped out so as to work closely into the grooves on the centre-piece on each side, as at *b*, Figure 28. They are capable of being moved in any manner, separate or together, as the insect prefers, while the centre-piece is stationary. The entire instrument is most exquisitely polished, and it is difficult to convince yourself that it is composed of three pieces instead of one, they fit so closely, and their work is so rapidly performed, aided by strong muscles. The handles (*a*, Figure 15) of these files are composed of curves of horn, which not only give purchase to the muscles but cause them to press closer and firmer to the centre-piece while in the act of sawing. The female selects a branch from which the sap has commenced to dry up; in other words, which will soon become pithy. This fact is authenticated by M. Pontedera—the best authority, as far as it goes—that we have on these insects: "She makes choice of dead, dried branches, for the mother seems aware moisture would injure her progeny."* She clasps the branch on both sides with her legs, with her saw slits up the bark carefully, then placing the instrument longitudinally, she works on until she has obtained length and depth. The small teeth of the saw are now used crosswise of this fissure; a bed is made in the soft pith; when large enough, and sufficiently prepared, the centre-piece is turned toward it, and carefully down the groove, in its centre, glides a beautiful pearly egg, pointed at both ends, and so transparent you can discover the little one within. Gently it is laid in its bed, and a thin gum is dropped on it to secure it from moisture. A space is now left in the pith, and she proceeds to deposit another; and so on, until a sufficient number fills the fissure, then over this is drawn the bark. You can perceive where they have been by the elevations on the branch (Figure 19). She deposits four, five, or seven hundred eggs, going from branch to branch where her instinct teaches her the suitable wood is to be found, careless what tree she uses, occupying from fifteen to twenty minutes in the construction of each nest; and when her mission is finished she drops exhausted from the branch and dies; while the male, who is always near by trilling his song, goes on indifferent or un-

* Georgics, iii. p. 328.

* René, Reaumur, etc., etc.

conscious that her task is finished, singing ever until he, too, drops beside her, and the woods become mute, and no sound is heard but the sobbing of the winter winds through leafless branches. When the winter winds, in their strength, tear from the trees these very branches which the instinct of the insect proclaimed were dying months previous, then men point up and exclaim, "See how the forests are destroyed by locusts!"

From the nests on such branches it is easy for the nymph to secure itself in its future home—the earth. But those who come out while the branch still holds to the tree have to make a more perilous descent. Fifty or sixty days from the time the egg is deposited there emerges an ugly little creature (*a*, Figure 25), something grubbish in appearance, covered with hairs; very much smaller than an ant, and far more lively and bustling, a pale yellowish white in color, with reddish eyes, and fore-legs which, at this time, are strong and clawed. They run directly to the end of the branch, and without any hesitation drop themselves deliberately to the ground, where, without loss of time, they commence descending. Their claws enable them to turn up the earth most expeditiously: one will clearly get out of sight in less than fifteen seconds. They evidently change their skins several times during this metamorphose, for at first they show no rudiments of wings or antennæ. They grow rapidly, and are said to remain ten, fourteen, and seventeen years before they make their exit. There seems a variety of opinions among authors abroad and at home on this point; but it is certain that Cicadæ can be seen in any quantities every year, and in all parts of the country. Our woods are vocal with their song every summer.

During the term they are under ground they exist upon the small rootlets and fibres put out on every side by plants. They press in their little beaks (Figure 23, *c*) and soon tap these of all their moisture. Now again is raised the cry of the evil they commit. But let us take into consideration what the earth would become without the aid of this and hundreds of other similar insects. You can see the result, on a small scale, by turning out a flower-pot when the plant has exhausted the soil and its roots have formed a solid net-work impervious to heat and moisture. If the earth were not kept constantly loose by thousands of her industrious children within her bosom, and all superfluous fibres cut off and drained, we should soon see the difference in vegetation. Where one tree dies now, thousands would then decay; their roots netted into a vast and impenetrable mass, and the earth baked to stone by the sun drawing away all moisture, while the dews and the showers would evaporate from the surface. Are we not perverse and ungrateful creatures? Shall we ever be convinced evils are but blessings in disguise? that evil springs from ourselves—all good from above?

When the animals have arrived at maturity

in the nymph state they ascend nearer the surface. Day after day they may be seen at the entrance of their holes, accustoming themselves to the light and warmer air. When they have gained sufficient strength and the heat has caused much of their moisture to evaporate, a dark, warm night will induce them to crawl from their holes by thousands, as shown in Figure 24. They ascend trunks of trees, shrubs, or palings, and there rest for a while. The moisture gradually evaporates between the body and the old skin, which now resembles a horny substance of amber color. At last, with a mighty effort, the old skin cracks down the back (*b*, Figure 25), and through this rent the Cicada draws the whole body—the wings, legs, and antennæ emerging from their separate cases—and disdaining its old habitation it crawls off, leaving it still clinging to the spot where the struggle took place. The renewed insect is at this period of a most beautiful green shade—the color deepening from exposure until it becomes almost black in some varieties. It takes four hours, sometimes longer, for the flexible parts of the body to expand and dry sufficiently to allow the insect to fly. At the end of fourteen days another change of skin takes place, and the insect has then arrived at maturity. Fourteen days from this period the male commences his song, when they pair, and the female in a few days after commences to saw out her nests. When casting the second skin the insect has to make a great effort. It attaches itself to some soft pulpy-leaved plant—oftenest the common mullein—into which it sinks its hooks very firmly. A rent then begins and spreads down the back (Figure 26), and after great exertions the insect emerges. I have watched one a whole summer day performing this troublesome change. At last it is accomplished, and for a few minutes after the wings are expanded it is very brilliant—indescribably bright and green, tender and delicate, in all its tissues and markings. But every second beholds a change. They grow darker and darker—the fine pencilings becoming more and more indistinct, until many become very black—though others are powdered over with what is apparently a kind of meal, but in reality tufts of a very fine soft hair, which, retaining the moisture of the body, is converted into a kind of white mould; which in its turn serves to keep the rings of the body, and in particular the ribs on the brow, connecting the tube to the head (*a*, Figure 23), moist and elastic.

I must not omit to mention a peculiarity in the feet of some species: between the hooks they have a long flat foot (see *h*, *i*, Figure 18) which doubles over and expands as the insect walks. It answers the same purpose as the cushion of the fly's foot, enabling it to walk back downward with security. Others, again, have them round, immediately under the roots of the hooks, like small balls, which flatten to the surface when the foot is pressed down. This would be the easiest mode of classing them. Out of half a dozen before you the most experi-

enced eye will perceive no difference until you examine the feet.

The eggs are the food of every bird, particularly of the woodpecker family. Likewise the young larvæ as they escape from the nests. No ant refuses them in the egg or larva state; and they may often be seen running down the trees with them in their jaws. Blackbirds congregate at early dawn to devour the pupæ as they emerge from their holes; toads and frogs will travel any distance to revel on them, and hogs become very fat where they are plenty. Thus you perceive they are acceptable to other portions of the creation if they are obnoxious to man.

The next best musician of our woods is the *Phylloptera oblongifolia*—grasshopper with the oblong leaf wing (Figure 27). This is a beautiful insect, of a very brilliant green, softening into the most tender hues. The wings are exceedingly delicate and very minutely veined. The under wings, you perceive, extend very far beyond the upper and are very transparent; the fold of the wing is doubled over to correspond with the upper pair, but not in length. The musical apparatus is composed of a strong transparent escutcheon (*a*, Figure 29), on each side of which are three firm sharp points of horn; the wing sockets are very large, with divisions running across them, sinking into stomata above the joints of the long pair of legs. Under the escutcheon are two deep valves which connect with the air-sacs. The left wing taboret (*d*) is very much thicker than that of the right, which is transparent and has fewer veins. When the insect commences its song it fans out its wings to fill the air-sacs. Crossing the wings very rapidly they produce a grinding, scraping sound, resembling "Tschsen-she-en-eeèèèèè," closing slowly. Did you ever listen to a knife-grinder? If so, you have heard the instrument of this insect. It pauses a second, then recommences, continuing each time until the air-sacs are exhausted. For about two weeks this singular song proceeds, without intermission, through the long summer night; then the intervals become longer and longer, until the song ceases, and in three or four days after the insect dies. It is a melancholy spectacle to watch its gradual decay. In its youth, it eats voraciously the young leaves of flower-buds, of fruit, and forest trees. When about twenty-seven days old, the appetite begins to fail; soft fruit is daintily consumed; the hooks on the feet and the lower joints begin to wither and twist like decayed vegetable fibres; presently the long legs drop off entirely; and the antennæ lose joints daily until they become quite stumps. Still the insect is quite lively on four legs. By the thirtieth day the next pair of legs have dropped off. The under wings are now dry and tarnished; the abdomen begins to shrivel; it consumes little or no food, and about the fortieth day it can scarcely crawl. Yet it is so tenacious of life that it will linger on, and if you fancy to nurse it, by placing it three or four times a day on a piece of soft apple or fruit of any kind, it will languidly eat a little and con-

trive to lengthen out its span of life to the fiftieth day. But this is very rare, and will testify to your great care.

The wreck of my companion of last summer is now before me, silent and sad; his brilliant wings folded like a bright mantle around him. I am ashamed to say how long I missed his crinkling vesper hymn. It is these voices of the earth and woods which make life, to the contemplative, something more than a shadowy dream. Who can say that these sweet songs do not reach, and, perchance, blend with the grand symphonies of harps tuned by seraphic hands, who sing the eternal praises of Him who created these small atoms as well as man in all his symmetry?

"For us the winds do blow,
The earth doth rest, heavens move, and fountains flow;
Nothing we see but means our good,
As our delight, or as our treasure:
The whole is either our cupboard of food
Or cabinet of pleasure."

MY WIFE.

SUNSET poured its gracious splendors over sea and sky, fading out of glory into gloom, and one star after another throbbed into its place, and panted with light; but still we all lingered among the rocks on the shore—a gay and picturesque party from the great hotel on the hill above us. Ellen Bond, her delicate aquiline features and smooth brown hair relieved against the black rock where she leaned her beautiful head, the belle of Newton and of Hill Beach; Mrs. Ford, a demure little widow, much more gay and girlish than any of her girl-friends when she chose to forsake her rôle, but just now as pensive as her piquant face permitted, and apparently thinking of the deceased Solomon Ford, who died five years ago in the odor of million-ty (forgive the new coinage, words will sometimes grow of necessity); Miss Hall, a dark and proper maiden lady, as prim, and orthodox, and canonical, and rubrical, and conservative as—she liked to be; Marian Hall, a young lady; Gratia Henningsen, my father's ward and an orphan, a tall girl, with a varying face, dressed in dark gray, now solely distinguished from the shore and stones by the drapery of a carnation-colored shawl, that clung to her pliant figure and caressingly defined its unconscious grace of position. She completed the ladies' part of our circle; and here and there were scattered Steele the artist, jovial and genial; Edwin Vernon the clergyman, delicate, refined, rich, and extremely punctilious; Frank Ledyard, a dolorous, hairy little man, who wrote poetry as a profession, and talked weak wickedness and strong sentiment, just now attitudinizing on the rocks at Ellen Bond's feet, and gazing up into her fair and subtle face like an entranced spaniel; Mr. Gaius Clark, a very excellent young man from New York, a merchant; Mr. Griffing, a senior of Yale's last fruitage; and I, a do-nothing just then, son of John Hamilton Fanning, M.C. from Massachusetts, wear-

ing my father's name and spending his plentiful money, otherwise noway like him—clear-headed, strong, steady, magnanimous man that he was! These were the men. Steele sat facing us all, swinging his feet from a perch on top of a great rock; Mr. Vernon sat near Gratia, looking at her over his white neckcloth with an air at once benign and uneasy; Mr. Griffing talked mitigated misanthropy, high art, and didactic literature to Marian Hall, interspersing frequent quotations from Mrs. Hemans; Mr. Gaius Clark sucked the top of his cane, now and then removing it to utter an assenting word, all the responses that Miss Hall's fluent moralities and theses required in what she called conversation; and I sat at Mrs. Ford's feet, keeping sympathetic silence with her pensiveness, not that I was mourning for Solomon Ford, if she was. So we sat, growing slowly visible in a calm light that grew brighter and colder in the east till at length the round disc of the full moon lifted itself with the slow motion of perfect power across the heaving sea-line, and the ocean was paved with sudden weltering silver to our feet. Every body became silent for an instant, the half-articulate waves whispered to each other with a rushing hush among the stones, and a low wind rustled the sea-grass on the shore behind us.

"Oh, isn't that—! That is!"

We were indebted to Miss Marian for the characteristic remark. Ben Steele looked stony for one second, and then began to whistle "Villikens and his Dinah."

"Oh!" ejaculated Ellen Bond.

"Why don't you swear?" drawled the poet.

She looked at him as if she could have—at him; and answered with a tone of strict propriety:

"It isn't right to swear, Mr. Ledyard."

"I'm sure you wanted to do it, Miss Bond, at that profane creature Steele; why, was it any worse to say than to think? Now I swear to relieve my mind; it lets the feeling express itself and go, instead of working about and making me uncomfortable."

"Then I should have been profane as well as Mr. Steele, and somebody else would have sworn at me, and the evil would have spread."

"Evil always spreads," sententiously remarked Mr. Vernon.

"Nothing could be evil from such lips as Miss Bond's!" languished in the deepest drawl from Ledyard.

Gratia Henningsen's attitude changed, as if she stirred because a thought stirred her; she always moved so, her soul swayed her perpetually, like a bee in a flower.

"Mr. Steele!" said she, in her deep, uncertain contralto voice, "why are you turning your back to the moon?"

"Because I had rather look at the group before me, Miss Gratia."

"Saul among the prophets!" Mrs. Ford serenely sniffed. "Mr. Steele complimentary?"

"Not at all, Madame, to some of you over

there! don't you know that moonlight is a traitor? Come here, Fanning; the rest of you sit still!" I obeyed.

"Now look at them," said he, in a voice inaudible to them, "moonlight brings out the spiritual expression of a face like no other light; you are a face-reader; take your book up and interpret."

"Not aloud!" said I.

"Oh no!" laughed Mr. Steele, "unless you are in a hurry to lose all your friends."

I looked at Ellen Bond; the delicate outline was sharp, the eyelids cold and critical, wanting color, the cheek was unimpressible as that of a statue, and in the lines of her usually reserved and defiant lips now lurked a very spider-line of cunning, unscrupulous yet weak; and her round chin betrayed in its unshadowed curve traits of pure earthiness. I did not like her. Frank Ledyard looked like a low style of pirate; such as miss of being peaceful tailors by reason of a weak ferocity that unfits them for any thing very good or intensely bad.

Miss Hall's dark face deepened into the likeness of Bloody Mary's morose and seamed visage; Gaius Clark, with his peaked beard, only wanted the proper adjuncts to have stood for John Rodgers in the primer, smirking with Puritanism and paternity, over his Geneva band and the fagots.

Marian Hall became a doll, washed of its charming pinkness. Mr. Griffing needed nothing but reducing and condensing to have made just such a Noah as lives, blandly wooden and grim, in the Ark of toy-shops.

Mrs. Ford's *retroussé* nose and full lips lost their widowed meekness and developed the sauciness of a grisette, sparkling in her inquisitive eyes, and coquetting in the play of her pretty foot under the floating folds of her aerial black dress. Mr. Vernon should have lain back on the rocks and folded his hands on his breast, a mild, chalk saint, ready for worshipers, got up regardless of æsthetic expense; conscientious, cautious, but chalk—altogether hopeless of achieving or inspiring any Prometheus.

Gratia changed most of all; her face grew quite different from its daylight mask, pale, variable, and irregular; every shadow brought out a depth of expression singularly unusual in a woman's face; the defined lips were full of tender power; the eyes brilliant with clear darkness, as amethysts sometimes are; the broad brow, outlined with heavy bands of hair, carried a legend of strength and energy; and the fine moulding of the lower face told of swift intellect and purity, the look of a moth that eyes the burning lamp through a window-pane, with eager diamond eyes and beating wings; ardent but unscathed worshiper of Isis unapproachable. She was something more than beautiful.

"What is it that the moon plays traitor in, Mr. Steele?" said Mrs. Ford.

"In all your faces, Madame," he answered. "I've been entertaining Fanning with the aspect of your characters instead of your faces!"

"My gracious!" giggled Miss Marian, "what a dreadful idea!"

"Never mind, my dear," curtly remarked the widow, "we're not to be looked at in that way, on the best authority; don't you know men think that

"Women have no characters at all."

"You misquote, Madame," interposed Mr. Steele; "it is, 'Most women,' and most women are not here to-night—only a few."

The little equivoque puzzled Mrs. Ford into a moment's silence, and before she recovered Mr. Vernon remarked, clerically, "Women have done too much for the Church to have Pope's slander accepted."

"Women have done too much for their children for a woman's son to have written it!" indignantly seconded Gratia. Steele took off his hat; I knew why, for I knew his mother, and what she had done for him.

"Pope was a poor, crooked devil!" condescendingly remarked Mr. Ledyard. "Women didn't like him; so he revenged himself by abusing them."

Gratia's face grew cold, but she did not speak.

"There is nothing true in this world," said Mr. Griffing, in a bland aside to Marian Hall. "Men are swayed by such paltry motives that the hiss or laughter of the crowd are alike worthless."

Marian looked puzzled and pityingly on this child of affliction who suffered for want of sympathy; Gratia Henningsen laughed; the quiet of her face broke into one flash of amusement that lit even those "intricate eyes," but subsided before any one but Steele and I perceived it. I could feel him shaking in concert as I leaned against his knee.

"He might have had the respect of women, if not their affection," grimly satirized Miss Hall.

"Hang respect!" heartily groaned Mr. Ledyard.

"Amen!" said Ben Steele, with a broad grin.

"Really, gentlemen—" began Miss Hall, in a lady-like rage.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Hall, with all my heart," said Steele, irresistibly honest and good-humored. "I never can hear Ledyard make a fervent remark about any thing without adding my benediction to it. It's such a sign of grace in the fellow!"

"Look here, Steele," began Ledyard. "Never mind though, old fellow, now; wait a bit. Miss Hall, I beg your pardon, too. The fact is, I do sometimes speak my mind before ladies, from my extreme impulsiveness of nature—" ("Impulsiveness of ginger-pop!" growled Steele, under his breath, parenthetically)—"when I ought not to. Understand me to apologize for the manner, not the matter, of my remark. The poet must ever prefer sympathy to admiration; the shelter of the valley to the cold glory of the mountain-peak. Love is life; respect is—"

"Sunday clothes," interrupted Steele.

Every body but Miss Hall and Gaius Clark laughed. Miss Hall coldly said the evening was growing damp, and presently rose to return to the hotel. Marian, of course, followed; Mr. Clark and Mr. Griffing attending. I could hear the sharp nasal tones of the latter youth spouting Carlyle and Byron as he receded along the beach, facing the south wind, that brought his voice back to us; and in the intervals a pretty little giggle, or an interjectional "How perfectly sweet!" "Isn't that beautiful?" from Miss Marian.

We sat still for a moment after they went. Mr. Vernon fidgeted a little, and cleared his throat twice, but did not speak. Ellen Bond's keen eye visited him and fathomed his intention. For her own reasons she broke the silence with her clear, fluent tones, tinged with artfully innocent wonder:

"Would you really like better to be loved than respected, Mr. Ledyard?"

"I really like brandy better than skim-milk, Miss Bond."

Gratia turned her face and looked at him.

"Why don't he curl right up?" said Steele, softly, to me, seeing that I saw and understood the look.

"I don't know how a woman can love a man she does not respect," said Ellen Bond, with a thoughtful and vestal expression.

"Wh-ew!" muttered Steele, to himself.

Mr. Vernon turned his approving face toward Miss Bond, whose dropped eyes did not seem to perceive him, and beamed upon her with a very sufficient and admiring regard.

"Indeed you apprehend the question from the right point, Miss Bond. Your feminine instinct quite silences our men's arguments. You have vindicated your sex nobly."

"Oh! Mr. Vernon," replied she, with the perfectest mask of sweet modesty, "all women think as I do on that subject, I am sure."

"Do you think so, Miss Henningsen?" said Steele, in a very audible voice.

"No," said Gratia, simply.

Mr. Vernon looked shocked. He had been evidently much interested in her, as, indeed, every body was who ever met her. Ellen Bond knew it; and she had fixed on Mr. Vernon for her own prey, waiting patiently for a time to spread her net not in vain. I believe she knew Gratia did not care for him; whether it would have made any difference if she had, I can not tell. Miss Bond was not cruel naturally, but she was not magnanimous—few women are—and she saw no good reason why she should give up a good match to any body else, merely because they wanted it; nor, to do her justice, had she feeling enough herself to understand what might have been the pangs of a sensitive woman in losing even such a man as Mr. Vernon. Now she spoke with a nice tone of polite and virtuous indignation:

"Gratia! You could not love a bad man, I am sure."

"I think it's very possible I could and should," said Gratia, with calm honesty.

Mr. Vernon coughed—he really sighed, but was ashamed of it; so he coughed.

"Well, I am sure I never could," said Miss Bond. "The very idea is revolting. I don't believe you could either, Gratia."

Mr. Vernon smiled with deeper admiration upon the charity that dropped so balm-like from those beautiful lips.

"But I could," said Gratia, in a very steady and self-reliant voice. "I don't think love depends on respect, or even admiration."

"Then you think it quite an irrational impulse, Miss Henningsen?" said Mr. Vernon.

"Nonsense!" interrupted Mrs. Ford, till just now unaccountably silent. "Have not you lived long enough, Mr. Vernon, to know men and women are always fools when they're in love?"

Gratia disregarded this remark, as she had a right to, and went directly on to answer Mr. Vernon's question:

"No, Sir; I consider it a divine impulse, vindicating its divinity in every form of love by flowing over the faults and follies of its objects. A mother does not cease to love her child because it is wayward or deformed; a sister clings to her sister against every opposition of sin or circumstance; friend bears with friend, so loving as to cover 'a multitude of sins;' why should the only other love known to humanity be less self-forgetful, less powerful? God himself 'so loved the world,' as we know."

Mr. Vernon was silenced. Steele took off his hat again; but Gratia did not see it. Ellen Bond uttered one of those pleasing little sophisms that choke one with their dusty sweetness, like buckwheat honey.

"But we are not angels yet, my dear; we poor women aren't all as good as you; we need somebody to look up to and support us; every body is not as independent as you are, Gratia."

Gratia did not answer. Her face returned to its deep quiet in the moonlight. Mrs. Ford yawned and consulted her tiny glittering watch.

"Ten o'clock, I declare! I am matron of the party and send you all home directly. To think of sitting here discussing love by moonshine to this hour!—really it is stupid. I have been asleep!"

Mr. Steele offered her his arm. Mr. Vernon helped Ellen Bond from her position on the rocks, called by a small shriek she uttered as her foot tried to slip in descending. He was nearer than I, and reached her first; indeed, I did not hasten. Gratia had lost her handkerchief, and looking for it among the stones, and wrapping her refolded shawl closely about her, delayed us a little, so that we were last of all our party on the hard and sea-scented shore. She held my arm as few women know how, for real aid, and with the unintended flattery of reliance and trust. Neither of us spoke on the way home except once, when we caught the cadences of Ellen Bond's pure soprano voice floating high and clear in a Latin hymn, arranged from one of Mozart's

masses—part of her artillery against the minister.

"Why do you never sing with Miss Bond?" said I.

"Our voices do not chord at all," said Gratia.

I left her at the door of the house, and having myself an out-lodging in a cottage, where my room boasted a piazza-door of its own and a night-latch, I went over and lit my lamp, hunted for a cigar, put on my slippers, and being any thing but sleepy, repaired to the piazza, where I tilted myself up against the wall in a comfortable arm-chair to have a smoke as well as a self-catechizing.

It is not the modern custom for sentiment to develop itself in sentimental surroundings. If I had been Strephon I might have perched myself on a damp rock, with a pipe (not of tobacco), and tweedled my feelings out in music; but as I was only John Hamilton Fanning, "a Massachusetts citizen" of the nineteenth century, I preferred a good cigar and an easy seat when I was going to think of my lady-love. For I suppose I was in love with Gratia Henningsen then. I thought I was. I had known her well for three years after she first came to my father's house to live, an orphan with some small property; a tall, shy, sensitive girl of fourteen, neither pretty nor plain, gentle, intelligent, kind-hearted, but always odd, eccentric, and singularly independent of aid or counsel, especially from me, a student at Harvard, coming home to Boston whenever I pleased, and never once the oftener for any attraction of Gratia's; for she did not attract me. Boys either worship poised and developed talent in a woman their senior and superior, or extreme physical beauty, and that was not Gratia's gift. When I graduated, at twenty-one, she was seventeen. I left home for a foreign university, extended my leave of absence to travel, and after five years returned to find my father's ward a woman, cultivated, attractive, magnetic; not beautiful, but of the Hermione order:

"If it be, as they said, she is not fair,
Beauty's not beautiful to me."

In short, I fell in love with her, after the fashion of young men, not enough to risk all for all, but enough to make me balance the chances of a refusal before I dared ask. Gratia's manner was peculiar to me. To almost every one else she was cordial on a sudden meeting after absence; real delight danced in her large eyes and thrilled her voice. When I came home she was shy, grave, speechless, apparently impassive. She rarely asked me to do any thing for her, but was always seeking out and doing some little thing for me; nothing obtrusive, either from the manner of its doing or its importance, but a quiet supplying of small wants, a sort of gracious dew of ministration, such as a mother sheds on a child's daily life. She knew and remembered all my tastes, and altogether unconsciously guided herself by them. If I expressed a wish, or rather a liking, that she should sing or read any thing, it was sure to be done; but if I told her to do a thing with the slightest assumption of

authority, such as spoiled children sometimes will use, she rebelled at once, fired with pride and wrath, resisted every wish I suggested as compromise, and treated me literally *de haut en bas*, till I altogether submitted and begged her pardon, when she generally broke down into the most fervent humility, and asked me to forgive her for being so cross and contumacious.

Did she love me? The question might have baffled wiser heads than mine. I resolved to watch her carefully while we staid at Hill Beach, for my mother had come to spend six weeks there, and Gratia, of course, with her. So, with that sole result of my midnight meditation, I went to bed, and rose in the morning to put my intention into action. And I did watch carefully, feeling more and more every day how much depended on the result, and more and more how little I could depend upon any thing I saw for encouragement.

Gratia's manner never changed. She was calmly civil to Mr. Vernon; gracious and genial to Mr. Steele, who, I should have said before, came to the Beach with his sick wife. As for the other gentlemen, they fared according to their dues; for she was as candid in action as in speech. Frank Ledyard was one of the few people to whom she was habitually cool and proud. She could not endure affectation, and his was peculiarly offensive. A harmless, kind-hearted little creature, with the poetic faculty gracefully developed as his only remarkable point, he thought it fine to be wicked, and only made himself disgusting. Gratia dropped him when she could, and extinguished him when he forced himself upon her.

It was a match-making summer at the Beach. Before its close Mrs. Ford was engaged to Gaius Clark. Ledyard offered himself to Marian Hall, and was taken into consideration. This was unexpected to all of us; yet, on looking at it calmly, after the first amusement passed, it was not so strange. She was the only woman there who really looked up to Ledyard, believed in his being a great and wicked poet—a high Byronic man, quite out of her simple comprehension; and it would have pleased almost any man as much as it intoxicated our whiskery little friend to be followed by a pair of such soft eyes wherever he went, or whatever he did, with awful admiration; to have his utterances received as oracles by the prettiest sea-shell ears; and his arrival hailed by rosy signals fluttering on a face always garlanded with peach-blossom and pearl. Vanity was his special masculine trait, and it rioted in this new field. He did not doubt the result of his probation, and he had no need to. Mr. Griffing offered himself to both Ellen Bond and to Marian; and, doubly refused, consoled himself by general flirtations of an extremely cynical and remorseless nature. Mr. Vernon became very devoted to Gratia, who froze his passion before it could speak by the most resolute hauteur; and Ellen Bond caught his heart “in the rebound,” as somebody says.

The season drew near its close, and still I

doubted. One moonlight night in early September I found Gratia sitting on the rocks by the shore alone. She never was afraid to go where she chose, and sometimes her hardihood made me anxious for her. To-night I sat down beside her, and was welcomed as usual, silently, but with a smile. Neither of us spoke, and, strangely enough, I did not think of my plans or myself. The soft languor of the ocean's breath stole over the rock like a caress; a warm wind came across the Gulf Stream, and bathed us in the Nereids' summer, the lull of life, the rest of nerve and sense and brain.

I do not know what subtle consciousness of the truth inspired me, but I became suddenly audacious; I folded my arm about Gratia; she did not repel me; she dropped her beautiful head on my shoulder! Don't expect to hear what we said, for to this hour I can not tell myself; only that the heart of the rose told us its secret of perfume, and we went back to the house no more full of gay or thoughtful speech, but in a silence like the stillness of dawn. In it was the break of day to us.

In November we were married, and as Gratia was not altogether strong, we went South to pass the winter, and returned in May to New York, where I took upon myself the harness of business in Wall Street, and Gratia ruled over our household, the mildest and firmest of sovereigns.

I can not say that I became so used to my wife's presence and affection that love cooled off into that mild friendship recommended by novels. Something always charmed and captivated me more and more about her. She was not verbally demonstrative like other women, she rarely called me any thing but “John,” in the most matter-of-fact accent; but if I slept, as I sometimes did, after a fatiguing day, on the sofa, she would wait till I seemed unconscious, bring her little quaint chair to my side, and sit looking at me till I woke; all unconscious herself how often I feigned sleep to see her pretty pantomime of tenderness. Or she would fling herself on the floor beside my chair, and rest her head on the arm, content to stay so hour after hour, if only my hand sought her hair and caressed its silky bands, or reposed quietly upon that shining surface. Rarely, very rarely, when I used my best persuasions to draw from her some word of love—a capricious amusement I confess—she would say only “dear!” but with such unutterable intonation as made that one syllable a rapture, and gave it more force to content me than the wildest protestations of passion from any other lips could have carried. For that Judas-phrase of matrimony “My dear!” never passed Gratia's lips. She hated it as I did, and never either of us used the expression; nor even heard it from others without a certain inward cringing at its possibilities.

Then my wife was scrupulous about her dress. I never saw her otherwise than delicately neat, and in well-chosen and becoming colors. Every detail was punctilious in freshness and fitness, and a certain picturesque charm was imparted

to her simplest costume by her graceful figure, her pure taste, and the colors that her style demanded. It was a perpetual compliment to feel that so lovely a woman daily adorned herself for my pleasure, felt my admiration a full recompense, thought of me when I was away, and rejoiced in my return! You perceive, dear reader, I am neither more nor less than a man!

And yet I grew into the knowledge, day after day, that Gratia was infinitely my superior; not merely in those holy feminine instincts that are common to women, or in quickness of intuition, but in real scope of mind; in judgment; in that rare trait in women, power to plan a course of action with contingent resources. But I did not regret this knowledge; I was too well aware of Gratia's humility to fear that she would usurp authority, or exalt herself in consciousness if not in action; but had either of these possibilities come to pass in her heart, her exceeding sweetness of temper would have given them no room to act. There was never any jar between us—no jealousy, no dispute, no recrimination. I have seen marriage a purgatory without purifying in its fires; I have seen it like hell except for limitations of existence; I have seen it altogether earthly; and there have been brief raptures, cut short in their full promise by death, that are heaven-like while they endure. But my marriage life was likeliest what Swedenborg tells us of the states after death, where men who gravitate toward goodness are taken in charge of a good angel and divinely educated up to higher and higher planes of spiritual beauty; for my wife taught without intention, by her lovely life. All that I feared was that I should, in spite of myself, learn to tyrannize over such a want of self-assertion as she showed, and become hateful to myself in that tyranny even more than to her. Perhaps this would have ensued had she been merely lovely and gentle; but there was a certain spirit and piquancy in every thing she said and did, that vitalized, as it were, all her life from hour to hour, and kept me always expecting, because I never knew certainly what was to come.

And I was deeper in love with her than ever! The frail passion that impelled me to seek her for my own I looked back upon almost with amusement, and wondered how I could have supposed myself in love when as yet I knew scarce a thousandth part of her nature or her power. It was love, no doubt, that I held for the girl; but if *that* was love, what was it that I felt now for my wife?

Nearly three years after our marriage Gratia fell very ill; night and day for a week she was in danger, and her recovery was slow and insecure. The physician ordered her to the sea-side as soon as she could be moved, and I took her home to my mother in June; returning, as my business demanded me, to the house that almost seemed a stranger's without Gratia. The summer crept slowly away. I missed my wife more and more; the careless servants needed her eye upon them; dust gathered thickly wherever it

should not have been; the formal furniture, arranged in order, suggested ideas of a funeral; and the solitary meal I took at home was ill-cooked and worse served. No flowers of a warm day, no fires in the chill of rain, no perfume, or grace, or vivid color, such as she diffused in the house she inhabited, wherever or whatever it was, but a comfortless shelter, whose luxuries were dreary aids to existence—an empty nest, from which bird and brood had flown.

I was not able to leave my business all that summer. A financial crisis impended over the country; day by day I saw its blackness gathering afar off, and knew it must soon sweep across every merchant, far and near, with ruin and desolation. Could I escape? What would my wife do? Still it was impossible for her to return to the city; the physician forbade it at peril of her life; and worse than all, she was forbidden to write, even to me. My only information was gleaned from my mother's weekly epistles, and was scarcely ever any thing but a statistic bulletin of symptoms and prescriptions.

At last the storm began. Some madness pervaded all the business men I knew, when the pressure was at its height, and trouble could do no more. A strange and frantic revelry possessed us—a new “Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die.” We formed and arranged a “Desperate Club,” met every day or two for “fun,” as the outsiders said. Was that “fun” that drove the most temperate of us to drink for the sake of forgetting, and to gamble for the chance of eluding ruin in directer shape? Sorrowful fun! miserable mirth! thorns that pierced while they crackled; forgetfulness whose price was decency, delicacy, and self-respect! I, perhaps, resisted as long as any one of my comrades the degradation of giving way to these temptations; but at length I too fell.

One night in October the last hope of my firm gave way. We were helplessly bankrupt; every thing gone, and gone without redress. That night I went to the Club; drank for the sake of drowning past, present, and future; drank till I ceased to be a man and became a beast; till I was forced to be carried home in an opportune cart, and dragged into my dusty, desolate, un-aided bedroom; dropped upon my bed; undressed by the rude hands of a contemptuous servant; and left in the dead stupor of drunken sleep, careless if I woke in heaven or hell.

But at length I did awake. The sun of a late October afternoon streamed into the half-curtained window; my head throbbed with pain, and weak shame choked in my throat. I scarce dared open my eyes, yet I did open them. The room was odorous with that most spiritual scent the breath of tea-roses; a fresh and warm atmosphere displaced the dusty chill of yesterday; every article of furniture had returned to its graceful arrangement and exquisite neatness; a vase of white tea-roses stood on a little ebony table in the window; a tiny wood fire sparkled and snapped on the hearth; and leaning against the mantle-piece, in an attitude more pensive and

oppressed than ever any Caryatide wore, stood Gratia! the long folds of her white wrapper outlining her little figure, and her fair face restored to the full oval of health, yet pale and sad—for me! How I hated her! how I cringed and quivered with dread of meeting those eyes! how gladly would I have crept away from that room unseen, and disappeared forever and ever, rather than encounter the silent contempt or the dignified remonstrances of my wife! I shut my eyes again and feigned sleep; but she had felt my look—she knew my thought. I scarce heard the light step that crossed the room, before both her arms were round me, her face laid on my hot cheek, and her sweet, cheerful voice—steady as a flute-note—said in my ear,

“Aren’t you glad to see me back again, John?”

That was all the reproach or scorn she ever measured out to me!

And I spared her my confessions then; I was all broken down with past care and recklessness. I was too ill to rise for more than one week; but Gratia was there, to nurse, to amuse, to reign over me and mine; through all never manifesting, by look or sign, that I had fallen from her esteem or forfeited an atom of her affection.

One day I asked her if she had ever met any of our old friends at the Beach, and she answered,

“Yes; I met Ellen Bond—Mrs. Vernon.”

“And how do they get on together?”

“I’m afraid not very well, John. Mr. Vernon has been seared by some scandal or other, tried in an Ecclesiastical Court, and silenced. His property is sufficient for his support, so they do not suffer; but I don’t think Ellen is very forbearing with him. It is annoying to be where they both are; for she seems to despise him, and makes no secret of it; while he still clings to her enough to make her taunts and innuendoes especially enraging. Poor man!”

Gratia sighed as she said this, and I echoed the sigh, remembering the night at Hill Beach when we talked about love.

When I was able to sit up and attend to business, I found that my father had come on while I was ill, and settled my affairs as far as any thing could be settled where every thing seemed reeling and toppling to fall. I had not been allowed to see him, lest I should suspect his errand, and overexert myself to aid or explain. Gratia’s property was inalienably secured to her by her father’s will; and after much consultation we resolved to go out to California, and, taking a farm as near the coast as practicable, begin life again after our brief experiment.

This plan was put in operation, and the new spring saw us far on our way Westward. Travel, the surest test of temper, never shook my wife’s bright and sweet nature; she took the inconveniences with most childlike amusement, and enjoyed the novelties with the same fresh spirit. Nor was she daunted by the lonely log-hut that was all the shelter we found at our journey’s end. Under her quick hands it assumed

a home-like aspect in the briefest time; and not long after re-echoed the most home-like sounds—the crying and crowing of a child, and the sweet broken nonsense of a mother’s baby-tongue.

Our farm flourished as only those Pacific lands can; our gold grew on the surface, and saved us digging or washing of ores; our log-hut disappeared, to make room for an elegant and convenient house, that tells of its mistress, and praises her to every eye that sees its inner arrangements or delights in the garlanded vines and roses without.

I never go out or come in without a happy consciousness of her presence: I know well how much she must find in me that sinks below her wishes or her dreams. I know when any of my follies or weaknesses become visible to her, for I feel in my own mind their recoil of self-contempt, and I know that she perceives them before I can. But her eye never changes; her lip never curls. I only know that I have been a fool by the deeper glow of a smile when I turn toward her, or the rare caress granted unasked, as if her heart rejoiced and exulted in its overflowing depths; careless of my want, except so far as it afforded space for fuller and deeper tenderness; careless of my incapacity, save as the measure of her power to hide it; forgetting, forgiving—bearing all things, hoping all things, believing all things; for “love never faileth.”

I sat last night upon the broad steps of the piazza that surrounds our house. Eastward the snowy mountains stood on the horizon, with rose-flushed summits and trailing robes of forest folded over valleys far below; the splendid outlines glittered in their aerial height like the very battlements of heaven, and reflected in tenderer tints the glories of a Pacific sunset, that rioted in color through the whole abundant and exultant clouds of the west. I heard my child saying his evening prayer to Gratia. He, too, with wandering eye, caught the glory of the glittering hills, and stopped to ask if heaven, where “Our Father” lives, was like that—“so pretty?”

“Who told you about heaven being pretty, Alex?” inquired his mother, who does not believe in encouraging the theological inquiries of small children.

“Papa did; I asked him. Mamma, can I go to heaven some day?”

“I hope so, Alex.”

“But won’t you take me, mamma?”

“I can’t take you, dear!”

“Why, papa said you was goin’ to take him, and I ain’t near so big as he is.”

“Hush! Alex; you don’t recollect what papa said.”

“Yes, Sir! I do,” persisted the boy. “I asked him if he was ever there, so’s to know it was pretty? ’nd he said he was goin’ some day, because—because—I guess, I ’spect, mamma, he said—because you helped him!”

Gratia stopped him with kisses.

But he told the truth!

WHAT'LL YOU DRINK?

IF there is any man I do hate, it is that Biggs. Not that I have any personal antagonism to Biggs; but the fellow is continually broaching subjects that are unpleasant to me, following them up rigidly, and leaving me, as it were, without a leg to stand on. He has such a confounded way, too, of backing up what he says by documentary evidence. In fact, I have got to that point with Biggs that I generally let him have his way, not being able to combat him on the spot. Hereafter, I shall pursue a different course. I shall take notes of what he says, and then, in my leisure and the quiet of my library, I shall combat Biggs and expose his fallacies to the contempt of the world. To give some sort of an idea of the style of man I have to contend with, I will relate to you the result of meeting Biggs in the street a few days ago. The morning was slightly damp; I said,

"Good-morning, Biggs."

"Literally speaking," said Biggs, nodding his head, "it is *not* a good morning. The air is damp and humid—a style of air peculiarly unwholesome in large cities, productive of coughs, colds, asthmas, and consumption;" whereupon, he dashed into a mass of statistical information, showing, by the City Inspector's reports, how many had died of those diseases through the last three years—their ages, colors, sexes, the relative number of deaths in this city (New York) as compared with Paris and London, etc.; all of which he strengthened by the production from his pocket of the printed authorities.

Now what can you do with such a man?

I rather enjoy Biggs's society. That is, with the reservation that he keep clear of his unpleasant negatives. Otherwise, Biggs is a very agreeable person and quite a gentleman.

Last Tuesday I met Biggs on Broadway. We walked and talked (without disagreement) on many very pleasant topics. I received some very valuable information from Biggs relative to omnibuses, their increase and decrease in the last five years, the consumption of horses, and the statistics of accidents. All went merry as a marriage bell for a while. At last something prompted me to quietly lead Biggs up to the magnificent bar of the Nonsuch House, where, as a natural consequence, I said,

"What'll you drink?"

Biggs hesitated, seemingly in an absent state. By way of encouragement I said, "Brandy?"

Biggs nodded vacantly, which the gentlemanly bar-keeper and myself both understood to mean "Brandy." It was accordingly served. I touched my glass to Biggs's—a thing I never fail to do when drinking with a friend, from a feeling of respect for old customs. Every body, of course, knows that this clinking of glasses and drinking of healths stands from the time of the Danish invasion of England. The conquerors for a long time wouldn't permit the English to drink in their presence, taking upon themselves an awkward way of slipping a dagger under the

arm while raised with the cup. When the Danes got tired of this fun, they tried to persuade the English to drink: these gentlemen declined, unless the Danes would drink at the same moment as a pledge of safety. In respect, as I say, for this custom, I never neglect to touch the glass, if possible, or, at least, to say as much as "Here's to you!"

I had touched Biggs's glass and was just about to raise mine to my lips, when I was surprised to hear him say, in a very solemn voice,

"Do you know what you're drinking?"

Of course I said "Brandy," with a look of astonishment.

"Poison!" said Biggs, with a decision that rather alarmed me.

Now I am rather particular in my eating and drinking. I neither eat nor drink loosely about town; and if there is any one thing I detest, it is promiscuous drinking. I flatter myself that I am somewhat of a judge, and what I do give a man in my own house is as good as can be got for money. When I drink at a bar I am a little particular as to what bar it is, and that what I drink is the "straight" article. When, therefore, Biggs said to me, "Poison," and that at the bar of the Nonsuch House, I must confess I was slightly startled, and—need I say it?—slightly offended also. Biggs took me gently by the arm, and we seated ourselves at one of the little tables against the wall.

"Do you know," said he, holding his glass up to the light, and speaking very slowly and solemnly, "what is the composition of that article you are about to drink?"

I was just about to say that the article I held was a little Cognac brandy, so called from the village of Cognac, on the River Charente, in the kingdom of France. That it was an alcoholic fluid distilled from grapes—a method discovered some time in the twelfth century, and first made known to the world in the beginning of the thirteenth by Raymond Lulle; though it was supposed that the Arabs had the secret of distillation some hundreds of years before, making use of it to obtain the perfumes of flowers, this being one of the most ancient records of perfumery. All this I was about to tell Biggs, but he wouldn't give me a chance. He took a long swallow of the fluid he held, in a critical way, smacked his lips, and making afterward a strange, wry face, went on.

"Are you aware that not one per cent. of all the liquor sold as brandy in this country is really brandy? Do you know that we pay French distillers at Lyons and Marseilles, to say nothing of half a hundred other places, to make our corn whiskies into fine old brandies?"

I said, "Ridiculous!" and, by way of showing that I thought so, I took a swallow of my "poison," as Biggs is pleased to term it. Biggs followed my example.

"Yes, Sir," he continued, "in the brandy-growing districts of France, including Cognac and the adjoining country of Champagne—not the wine-growing land of Champagne, but the

spot from whence comes the beverage termed Champagne brandy—in all this country there is not one-fortieth part of the brandy made that is consumed in the United States alone. Even there, Sir, the fluid is not safe from their doctoring hands. First it is touched up with a nauseous compound of burned sugar, to suit the taste of those who drink dark brandies. All brandies are light upon distillation, and any of the article that surpasses in color the pale amber is of necessity doctored with burned sugar. Then there is white sugar to give it smoothness and sweetness. Do you know, Sir, that the brandies brought from the very fountain-head, stamped and vouched for by the names of great manufacturers, are simply the making of a parcel of small farmers, or growers, about the neighborhood of Cognac and Champagne, who bring the stuff they make to these manufacturers, as our own farmers bring their cider to market? This crude stuff, which they call *coupe*, is sold to the manufacturer, who sugars it (black sugar and white), stirs it, sulphurs it, waters it to suit different markets, and then our palates are treated to the genuine article!

“Now, Sir, the flavor of true brandy, which you connoisseurs admire so much,” continued Biggs, sipping from his glass, “is produced by the volatile oil of the grape. Science wouldn’t be long, you see, in finding out that. Well, what does Science do under the circumstances? Why, of course, she goes to work to show how this aroma, this beautiful bouquet, can be imitated. She says to the distiller, ‘My dear fellow, if you will take about one hundred gallons of alcohol, and reduce it to proof, and add to this half a pound of cream of tartar, a little ascetic ether, a few gallons of French wine vinegar, a bushel or so of plums if possible, allowing they are not too dear; some murk, which is the refuse of the wine-casks, if perfectly handy to be got at; about half a bushel of oak saw-dust, just to give it the smack of age, you will have an excellent brandy.’

“‘Capital!’ says the distiller, doing every thing but taste it. ‘Capital, Madame, all but one thing.’

“‘What’s that?’ says Science.

“‘It does not bead on the side of the glass,’ says the distiller.

“‘We’ll soon fix that,’ says Science.

“‘With that she goes to work and makes a machine that shall run down into the brandy-barrel through the open bung, and convey steam by a pipe to the very bottom. In rushes the steam for a few hours, until the liquor bubbles and boils in its wooden prison.

“‘How will that do?’ says Science.

“‘Just the thing,’ says the distiller, holding the glass up to the light. ‘Will you try some?’

“‘Not exactly,’ says Science; ‘but if that plan doesn’t suit, here’s another: Take one thousand gallons of spirit—corn whisky, say for example, quoted at thirty-one cents per gallon—to this you can put one hundred and twenty gallons of spirit distilled from raisins (not a very

expensive article), and then four gallons of the extract of grains of paradise seed.’

“‘Phew!’ says the distiller, ‘that’s deadly poison!’

“‘That’s so,’ answers Science; ‘so is the two gallons of cherry laurel water you must add, and the two gallons spirit of almond cake, and—don’t forget the oak saw-dust, my dear fellow: it gives a touch of the wood; and the steaming—that’s age, d’y’e see?—and the bead.’”

I have no doubt at this moment that I may have turned slightly pale. I felt so; and Biggs therefore felt it necessary to revive me. To achieve this end he thrust his hand into his pocket, and at the very moment I expected to see it reappear with something drinkable in which I could have confidence, what does the man do but bring out a good-looking printed circular, headed “Confidential Circular to the Trade,” and hand it to me. I have this document now in my possession; and by way of showing what style of argument Biggs makes use of, I will give it entire, without charging for the advertisement:

“The undersigned would call the attention of manufacturers of liquors and wines to his very large stock of Cognac oils, extracts of brandy, Holland and London gin, essences of rum, peach and cherry brandy, oils of rye for producing a superior Monongahela or Bourbon whisky from common corn spirit, and his invaluable preparations for neutralizing and giving age and body to new liquors. He has determined to reduce considerable [sic] the price of all his goods; yet he warrants his oils to be superior to any other in this country. He guarantees to produce six barrels of good, merchantable brandy from one ounce of his best Cognac oil.

“Cherry juice and Malva coloring for the manufacture of port-wine, flavorings for ginger, claret, Madeira, and Malaga wines.

“Cenanthic, acetic, and nitrous ethers, essential oils of almond, juniper, caraway, rose, angelica, calamus, anise, absinthe, apple, pear, vanilla, raspberry, strawberry, pineapple, and banana of the best quality; and the price will be made satisfactory by addressing ———

“PRICE CURRENT.

“Best Cognac oil, 1 oz. to 6 bbls., at \$8 per oz., \$100 per lb.

“Second quality Cognac oil, 1 oz. to 4 bbls., at \$6 per oz., \$50 per lb.

“Third quality Cognac oil, 1 oz. to 2 bbls., at \$3 per oz., \$25 per lb.

“Extract Cognac, 1 lb. to 5 bbls., \$10 per lb.

“Extract Holland and London gin, one gallon for half a pipe, \$5 per gallon.

“Oil of rye, for Monongahela and Bourbon whisky, \$5 per lb.

“Flavorings of every description, \$5 per gallon; and essences, \$5 per lb.

“Neutralizing, or age and body preparations, 1 gallon for 20 bbls., \$10 per gallon.

“Cherry and other juices, from \$1 50 to \$2 per gallon.”

There is the document entire. I make no profit on it; and I never will believe that the man who published it has any customers. I put it to every man who has a favorite house where occasionally he takes a drink, whether for one moment he can believe that the very gentlemanly proprietor of that house, or the whole-souled bar-keeper, would buy or use any of those poisonous oils and essences? I think I can speak for the Nonsuch House. Though, having the curiosity to inquire, I found the issuer of that

circular has quite a large manufactory, and is said to be getting rich. There is something odd in this, if he has no customers; but I do not put myself forward to explain all the mysteries of New York.

To go back to Biggs, who, while I was reading the circular, had emptied the glass that stood before him, in utter disgust, as I suppose, of the contents, I would say nothing more to Biggs in defense of the brandy either of the Non-such House or elsewhere; but as a natural result, seeing his glass empty, I cast about in my mind what I should suggest for him to drink. I do not use the article myself; but I had always heard that rum was accounted the healthiest of all liquors, it being a simple distillation of the sugar-cane, a promoter of perspiration, and a sure cure for coughs, colds, and all diseases incidental to exposure. With this in mind, I said to Biggs,

"Try a little Jamaica or Santa Cruz, hot with spice."

This kindly proposition of mine had a singular effect upon Biggs. He is a man naturally florid in complexion, and much of this floridity has settled in his nose. At the moment of my mentioning rum a purple hue suffused that member, and he stared steadily at me for a moment. I saw I had done wrong, but before I could gather myself for defense the storm burst.

"What," said he, "do you take me for? Did you ever know a man who understood himself to drink rum, and that hot spiced too? Do not the makers spice and doctor enough but I must do it for myself? No, Sir! I don't drink rum in any shape, either hot, cold, raw, or spiced!"

In a deprecating way I suggested that many respectable old gentlemen of my acquaintance, principally retired sea-captains, believed in old Jamaica; and then I told him how they had frequently entertained me with anecdotes of the superstitions of the negroes on the rum estates of Jamaica and Porto Rico. How they watch the stars for signs while the distillation goes on, and how they will not allow a woman to approach the still, as they say it stops the process and spoils the liquor; how some fine rums are made which are held by the makers above all price, £10 being sometimes given for a gallon of some particular make or age. All this seemed to mollify Biggs somewhat; but yet he said,

"No, Sir! Rum is not a gentleman's drink; it may be that in the spots you speak of rum may be made fit to drink when nothing else can be had; but, Sir, that is only an additional reason why I should abjure the fluid. None of that precious liquid of which you speak ever comes to this country. The rum of commerce, Sir, is a spirit distilled from the refuse of the sugar plantations—the squeezed cane, and trash generally, including no doubt the dead donkeys, rats, and darkies. Who knows! If it lacks strength when it reaches the hands of the retailer to suit the fiery palates of Yankee drinkers, that is easily managed. A little cayenne, a touch of *cocculus indicus*, will do that. If it wants color, a dab

of burned sugar is the thing, or, more economically, a dash of molasses, West Indian, of course. With this, should it lack spirit, the alcohol must embrace it. No, Sir! no rum; I don't drink rum."

I mildly said, "Gin." Biggs smiled.

"Gin," he went on to say, "if pure, should consist of rectified spirit of barley, or corn, properly flavored with the essence of the juniper berry. The town of Schiedam, in Holland, is the proper place for gin to emanate from. How much of it does come from that locality, or any other in Holland, is a question of extreme doubt. We have only of late become a gin-drinking people: this is partly attributable to its cheapness, and perhaps more to the fact that, within a few years, different compounds have been largely advertised as 'gin for medical purposes,' and sold as such. The public taste is about divided between the Holland and what is termed the London gin, both being essentially the same; the flavor of the latter being made up by different distillers according to their taste, with coriander seed, cardamom, or anise seed."

While Biggs was saying all this, our glasses were again being filled. Gin it was this time.

"One of these advertising gin men," said he, "once showed me through his manufacturing shop. He had confidence in me, and showed me how they did it. It was quite amusing, d'ye see, to find out how they sold a dozen quart bottles, or three gallons of gin, including bottles, labeling, boxes, etc., to say nothing of advertising, for about three dollars, when good gin was worth one dollar and forty to one dollar sixty per gallon in the market. Well, Sir, they take in the gin, and as a first step introduce it to Croton Water, Esq. He soon brings down Master Gin's strength one half. This loss of strength would be a serious affair; but it is easy to repair that. The gin has got a turbid, milky, muddy look in consequence of the precipitation of the oily matter. What must be done? We'll soon fix that. A few pounds of alum, and a few pounds of sub-carbonate of potash, well shaken up in the liquor, restores all the transparency. All right; but the water has drowned out that blue tint that belongs to the genuine? Bless your heart, that's nothing; a handful of acetate of lead, brings back the blue, and now we shake it up well, and let it stand twenty-four hours. There you have your gin again; but reduced one half in strength, which won't suit American palates. Something more must be done. Easy! There are a dozen things to do that with. We use cayenne and capsicum seed, and, for pungency, a proportionate quantity of grains of paradise seed. Nothing is wanted now but that the liquor shall bead, and cling to the side of the glass, as all good liquor should. To do this we use a little sulphuric acid and almond oil, dissolved in spirits of wine. There you have a gin that will do you good to look at. It has body, a fine complexion, a good head, strength, and pungency. What can you want more?"

"Now, Biggs," said I—for I knew very well

that Biggs in this was hinting at a mutual friend of ours who has made some money in the gin line, and who, I am sure, is a highly respectable man, if one can judge by appearances and regular attendance at church—"Now," said I, "do you mean to assert that this is the way with all gin, even that which comes from the British empire—which 'right little, tight little island' is proverbial through all the world for the stringency of its excise laws, and the general honesty of its dealings? A spot that 'Never, no never, not at all,' makes any wooden nutmegs, and don't know the meaning of the word Humbug?"

Biggs smiled grimly. He always does when I attempt to be funny, though it leaves me entirely in doubt whether he really thinks it fun or does it to patronize me.

"I have in my pocket," said he, "a few recipes. I took them from a book published a short time since in London, and thought of sufficient consequence by Hassell to be quoted in his great work on adulterations. This little volume is called 'Tricks of Trade.' I will give you from it a recipe for making 'London Gin.' 'Take 700 gallons of second quality rectified spirits; add to this 70 pounds juniper berries, 70 pounds coriander seed, 3½ pounds oil of almond cake, 1½ pounds angelica root, 6 pounds liquorice, 8 pounds sulphuric acid.' Nice, isn't it?"

I am free to confess all this time that I was spilling my gin under the table. However much a man may have confidence in what he eats and drinks, it certainly is a very awkward thing to have these objectionable ideas paraded before you at the very moment of raising the suspected article to your lips. Not so with Biggs; his glass always seemed to go down in a natural ratio, whether it was that he was making a martyr of himself as an experiment for scientific purposes, or whether he was like that waiter in "David Copperfield," who drank the strong ale that killed every body else, because he was hardened to it, and wished to save David from the terrible results.

I saw, therefore, that Biggs's tumbler was empty. I saw it with dismay; for, in spite of my prejudices in favor of the Nonsuch House, I feared to recommend any special drink, and most certainly I could not say to Biggs again, "Gin!" I ran over in my mind all the vocabulary of fermented liquors, and at last stumbled blindfold at—

"What do you say now to a little Scotch whisky?"

Biggs looked inquiringly into the bottom of his glass. What he saw there I am unable to say; but in a few moments he looked up, and said, deliberately,

"No! Scotch whisky is a captious liquor, even if obtained in its purity, which in this country is next to an impossibility. When the whiskies of Scotland got their reputation they were the products of a thousand stills scattered through the hills and bogs of that land. Then the liquor was made by honest men, who dis-

daind to do any thing worse with it than cheat the gauger. They prided themselves on the skill of their brewing, and did not know the meaning of the word 'doctoring.' That day has gone by; the illicit stills are almost extirpated; and the making of Scotch and Irish whiskies is in the hands of the large distillers, who pay the chemist about as much money for 'extracts' as they pay the farmer for grain. From their hands it goes into that of the importers or jobbers, who make it to suit this market. The principle of 'dressing,' as it is termed, is about the same as that followed in gin, with the exception of getting that smoky taste, which is supposed to be a certain part of a good Scotch or Irish whisky. Of late years, however, a taste has arisen in this country for an Irish whisky without the smoke. They give us, therefore, an article they are pleased to term a 'sweet Irish malt whisky.' As to that smoke, Sir, it ought to be indicted, Sir!" and Biggs rapped the table with his knuckles till the glasses danced. "It is nothing but creosote, Sir; deadly poison, Sir! No, Sir, I never drink Scotch whisky."

"What do you say to a drop of Bourbon or Monongahela?" I suggested, quietly.

Biggs didn't say No, but stared vacantly at the ceiling for a few minutes while the boy brought the Bourbon; and then he waked up, as it were, and looked into the glass, as much as to say, "How the deuce came this here?" Then he began:

"I don't know that there is any more objection to Bourbon whisky than there is to any other liquor, if it's only made right."

With this prelude he emptied his glass with one swallow, and continued:

"But the truth is, there's such an infamous system carried on with our native whiskies that it gives one a double dose; for by the time they are drugged by the distillers, drugged by the jobbers, and drugged by the retailers, they become a pretty mess. Each of these individuals acts upon the idea that he alone is the 'doctor;' or, to illustrate it more fully, they go on the plan of the parishioners of a certain curé, in a French village, who determined to give the priest a barrel of wine. This was to be accomplished by each of them bringing a bottle, and emptying it in a barrel prepared and set up in front of the good man's house. The day came, and so came each parishioner with his bottle, which was speedily emptied in the barrel. When the job was done the curé came, smacking his lips, to taste his wine, because, as a supposable case, each would bring a bottle of the best to the holy father. He tasted, and looked, and, lo and behold! the good father had only a barrel of water. Each parishioner, believing, with commendable charity, that he was the only rogue in the community, brought a bottle of that fluid to empty into his neighbor's wine.

"This is precisely the case with our native whiskies. For a number of years the hogs through the Western country that were fed on

the slop of the distilleries died at a ruinous rate. All the hog doctors bothered their brains to know the cause. They christened it 'Hog Cholera.' It was not uncommon for a fine, apparently healthy porker to give up the ghost after an attack of one hour or less, independent of medical aid. About this time some wiseacre, who wished, as wiseacres will, you know, to meddle a little, undertook to analyze some of this swill, or distillery wash, and lo! he detected strychnine in large quantities. At first the distillers were very indignant with Mr. Wiseacre; but now, the cat being once out of the bag, they make no hesitation in declaring that they use the drug to aid them in obtaining more spirit out of the same quantity of corn. The physicians tell us, that, since this *improvement* in the manufacture of whisky, *delirium tremens* is an incurable disease. By-the-by, some years ago, when the parliamentary inquiry arose upon the adulteration of food and liquors in England, it came out that M. Pelletier, the great chemical manufacturer of Paris, had the curiosity to inquire where the immense quantities of strychnine went for which he received orders. He thought he traced it to England, where it was supposed to be used for brewing purposes. Now, what do you say to the hypothesis that all this nice stuff came to the land of the free and the home of the brave for whisky manufacture? Eh, Sir? One thing is a certain fact that the importation of strychnine has increased to an enormous extent, while, ten years ago, the drug was scarcely known."

By this time I confess to having become slightly disgusted with Biggs. And, by way of balancing the account fairly, I began to tell him how every nation and tribe of the world had, and would use, some stimulant; that we, of course, as one of the most enlightened on the globe, must certainly be supposed to have every thing that money and taste could procure; that it is impossible to prevent a nation from drinking by laws or legislation. The Turks being an instance of this, as a nation that are forbidden by all their laws, human and divine, to use wines or spirit; and yet, from the very earliest record we have of them, they were tipplers, though expressly against the laws of Mohammed. The *Sieur de Ryer*, in his *Life of Mohammed*, says that the Prophet gave this command, and enforced it by the following story:

In the fourth year of the Hegira two angels, named Arut and Marut, were sent to Babylon to teach. They were forbidden to drink; but soon after they arrived a very beautiful woman came to them and asked them to dine. They agreed, being both enamored of her beauty, and the result was that they both got in the forbidden state with the fair lady's wine. While so, both made love to the beauty, one offering to carry her to heaven, the other to bring her back. She went upon the journey, but when she had reached that very desirable haven she refused to return, thereby exposing the whole affair and causing the downfall of Messrs. Arut and Marut. Not-

withstanding the law was enforced by such examples, we find, through all the Mussulman History, no disguise of the fact of drinking. Russell, in his *History of Aleppo*, tells of a Sirdar, who, on passing a burial-ground, saw a Maronite hastily conceal something under his clothes as he approached. He immediately suspected it to be a bottle of wine, and accused the Maronite. The fellow swore lustily to his innocence, though his breath and his step declared the other way. The Sirdar summoned the chief of his attendants and bade him smell the man's breath. The attendant, who was as drunk as the Maronite, obeyed, and, turning to his master, said,

"Most noble Sirdar, that there has been drinking done there can be no doubt. There is a dreadful smell of liquor somewhere; but whether it is this man, myself, or your highness, it is impossible for me to tell."

The Sultan Solyman the First had an awkward habit of pouring melted lead into the ears of any one detected drinking wine, and yet Madden does not hesitate to say that he received, every day, from the hands of his physician, a bottle of brandy labeled "Physic." The son of this truly temperate monarch died a drunkard. If the Sultan drank, it seems hard that his people were not allowed the same privilege. Somewhere an anecdote is told of the Sultan Almohdi, the father of Haroun Alraschid, who, becoming separated from his suite while hunting, strayed into a woodman's hut and asked for a bottle of wine. After the first pull the Sultan turned to the old woodman, and asked if he knew who he was. The man answered, No; and the Sultan, thinking to astonish him, said he was one of the principal officers of the court. The old man took it very easy, and the Sultan took another drink, and ended by announcing himself as the Grand Vizier. This not seeming to affect the old man, Almohdi took a third pull from the bottle and declared himself the Sultan. This was too much for the old man, who snatched away the bottle, declaring he should drink no more of that wine, for if he drank again he would be Mohammed himself.

Aaron Hill, who traveled through Turkey in 1709, says: "The love of brandy, wine, and other strong liquors, so much evinced through the Ottoman empire, proceeds from nothing else than their ignorance in brewing other beverages; for I frequently observed that when an English ship had brought some bottles of our country beer or ale to Turkey, and presented them to such as would afterward compliment the noted Turks of their acquaintance with a share in drinking them, they constantly expressed a wonderful esteem and eager inclination to obtain a quantity, assuring us repeatedly that, could they make such drinks themselves, they never should be tempted to commit a sin by breaking through the Prophet's order to forbear the use of wine or brandy."

"The sherbet of the Turks," said I, in conclusion, "is nothing more than raspberries, strawberries, or apricots steeped in rose-water, delicate-

ly spiced, and cooled with snow, in long bottles. It must be a poor substitute for our iced Champagnes or fragrant Marcobrunner."

I flatter myself that what I did say was to the point, though, as is usual with him, Biggs listened vacantly, staring all the time at the little drop of whisky in the bottom of the glass, which, when I had ended my argument, he turned out in his hand, and, rubbing them together, snuffed to his nose.

I asked him what he was at, and received for answer that this was the plan by which celebrated judges told the bouquet or flavor of good liquors.

"The most reliable tasters do not drink. They are as careful of their palate as an operatic prima donna is of her voice. Now," said he, "I have seen brokers in liquors who would tell you to a hair-breadth about a wine or brandy and not put it to their lips. By smelling, rubbing on the hands, watching its action in the glass, and the manner of its mixing with water, they would designate the vintage, the derivation, and the money value. I was once present when some persons came to a very celebrated judge of wines, a man who is frequently called in in disputed cases in the New York Custom-house. They brought a bottle of fine Tokay, of a kind they believed had never before been imported.

"Well, Davis—as we shall call the judge—tasted the wine, and said, 'A very fine wine, gentlemen, but I have some of the same' (Davis is in the wine trade) 'in my cellar, which I think is a shade better.' Then these gentlemen believing, as I said, that their specimen was unique, offered to bet Davis on that. He thought a while, and then told his porter to go to bin No. 31 and bring up a bottle of brown seal. It was produced and tasted, and these gentlemen owned up that it was the same wine, but laughed at the pretension of Davis, who declared that his was the vintage of the year before theirs, and a little better. Another bet was made that Davis could not, being out of the room while these wines were poured out, designate his own wine. He did, and more; to satisfy the skeptical gentlemen he repeated the thing three times, to show them, at their own request, that it was not guess-work. After which, these unreasonable fellows wanted him to stand a fourth trial, that they may be assured to a certainty it was not by trick or guess, as they were themselves great judges, and could detect no more difference than if the wine had come from the same bottle. He accordingly went out of the room. When summoned in he tasted the wine in the glasses as before, and without a moment's hesitation said, 'Gentlemen, you have mixed those wines.' Which was so. That wasn't bad for Davis, and rather realizes the fairy story of Fine-ear."

I have said before that I was rather disgusted with Biggs; but like the young medical student, who, though he shudders with real horror upon first entering a dissecting-room, afterward rather enjoys the disgusting detail. I think it must

have been partially from this cause, and partially from my desire to show Biggs that I had something rather good at home, that I was induced to say to him, "Come up to my house and drink a glass of wine," which, of course, he acceded to directly. And I think it must have been wholly from this morbid idea that I gave way to the question while going up, "What is your opinion, now, about porter and ale?"

"Porter and ale," said Biggs, sententiously, "may do very well for very healthy men, who are too healthy to be affected by vitriol or Prussic acid, or for old gentlemen who are case-hardened or anxious to depart this sphere. Ale might do for the drinking of a man like the one told of when the Maine Law first went into operation in Massachusetts, and toddy was sold in the drug-shops only. A tall, lank individual walked into one of these 'pottycaries' stores' and asked for a gill of 'sperets,' he not feeling well. The apothecary, who was busy making up a prescription, gave him, as he supposed, the required draught. No sooner was it down than the customer clapped his hand on the region of the gastric juice and fled at 2.40 speed. The druggist looked at the bottle, and in horror and dismay found he had given the man aqua fortis; he was too terrified at the mistake to pursue. He had given a gill of aqua fortis—enough of a dose to kill a hundred men. It can readily be imagined what the state of that druggist's mind must have been as each succeeding day rolled away and he had no intelligence of his victim. Every man who entered his shop was to his idea a policeman with a warrant of arrest for murder. At last, one day about a week after the occurrence, the tall customer walked in again, with a smile beaming all over his face. 'Good-mornin', doctor,' says he; 'I guess I'll take another go of them sperets; I've drank considerable liquor afore now, but I never got any thing to fetch me so good as yourn, or last so long.' Now do you see, my dear boy," continued Biggs, as he saw a look of incredulity pass over my face, "such a story as that may not be exactly a fact, but, any way, it isn't much worse than this item, cut from a daily newspaper, and dismissed without comment. Now I don't hesitate to say, my dear boy, that this case is equally as bad as though a druggist had willfully sold poison, knowing that it was for killing purposes." With that Biggs handed me this printed paragraph:

"DEATH FROM DRINKING BAD LIQUOR.—Hannah Riley, residing in a tenement house in the rear of No. 137 Delancey Street, expired very suddenly, yesterday afternoon, after imbibing some liquor purchased at a porter-house near where she lived. She leaves a husband and several children. The Coroner was notified, and will hold an inquest to-day. Captain Steers, of the Thirteenth Precinct, states that there have been several sudden deaths in his precinct within a year, from the effects of bad liquor."

"And, Sir, if you will believe me," added Biggs, "the man who sold that poison wasn't hanged, though this is supposed to be an enlightened community.

"What do I think of porter and ale?' Eh! Well, I'll tell you what I think. In the first

place, porter and ale, if ever so honest, is a bilious way of a man's taking his sustenance. But independent of this fact, Sir, I challenge the denial that all brewers use, more or less, foreign elements than malt and hops for the production of their beverages. In England, a few years since, public attention was called strongly to this, and the result was some terrible revelations as to what that intelligent British public had been swallowing. It was found that salt, molasses, sulphate of iron, gentian, quassia, chamomile, ginger, coriander, paradise seeds, liquorice, alum, sulphuric acid, capsicum, cocculus indicus, tobacco, opium, and strychnine, were component parts of the different specimens of porter and ale obtained from various beer-shops through the city of London. In this free country we have no parliamentary committees of inquiry, therefore we don't know the exact nature of the dose; but I have the authority of a first-class drug-house in the city of Philadelphia that they sell to brewers large quantities of cocculus indicus, which is used as a substitute for malt and hops, and is considered by the brewers as making the beer keep, and prevents a re-fermentation after bottling. Therefore in all ale or porter bottled for a warm climate it is used freely, saving the breakage of bottles, and adding at least forty per cent. to the intoxicating power. The same firm told me they sold alum, which was invariably used to give the ale a smack of age; which, by-the-by, puts me in mind that in Dr. Normanby's 'Commercial Hand-book of Chemical Analysis,' he mentions the fact of seeing a druggist's cart, on which was painted in large, staring letters, 'Brewers' Druggist.' Isn't that funny?

"Now here's a recipe from the keeper of a first-class chop and ale house for doctoring porter. When he gets in the barrel he first draws off one-third the liquor, which he replaces with the same quantity of water. To this he adds two quarts of molasses, and one pound of cooper's size, dissolved. Then he dashes in a handful of common salt, as a cleanser. Then, to restore the bitter flavor, quassia in proper quantity; sulphate of ammonia to bring the old color again; a dash of sulphate of iron; and, if age is wanted, a piece of alum as big as a lump of chalk will do the business. 'And then, Sir,' says Boniface, 'you have a porter much superior to the original, because it makes drunk come quick.' There's an English book in existence called 'Brewing Malt Liquors,' by Morris, which unblushingly recommends various articles for brewing malt liquors, and for *improving* them after they are brewed. He styles it 'coloring;' and it is composed of cocculus indicus, flag-root, capsicum, paradise seed, beans, oyster-shells, and pulverized alum. 'The coloring,' he says, 'gives a good face to the beer, and enables you to gratify the sight of your different customers.' Mind you, he says '*sight*.' And again says Morris: 'Beans tend to mellow malt liquor, and, from their properties, add much to the inebriating qualities; but they must not be used in too large a quantity.' Now, Sir, do you know

why the considerate Morris does not wish to give his customers too much beans? It is because the ale in such case would become a purgative and an emetic. If you doubt it, Sir, chew raw beans as an experiment."

I respectfully declined the test.

"I have a friend," Biggs went on, "who always drinks the ale of a certain well-known brewer, and will never touch any other; not because he thinks it more pure, but because the effects on him are the same as 'cannabis indicus' or 'hasheesh,' one quart of the deadly mixture sending him into the seventh heaven of insensibility. I give that man twelve months more to live, Sir—twelve months, mind you. It is no argument, Sir, that the same ale should not have the same effect on others. All men are not affected alike by medicine."

I suggested that perhaps this effect might rather arise from some peculiarity in the brewing, and not from drugs, as in the case of the wine of Arioso in the Archipelago, which immediately upon drinking takes away the faculties, leaving the drinker in a state resembling death for several hours. Or the wine of Belfort, Haut Rhin, France, which has no effect while being drunk at table, but immediately on reaching the air deprives the drinker of all use of his limbs, though leaving his mind entirely undisturbed.

To this, as I think, powerful argument, Biggs only said, "Gammon!" What he meant I have no conception. I did not, however, have an opportunity of asking, for by this time we had arrived at my domicile. I had inwardly determined on a master-stroke of policy with Biggs. I would leave him to the selection of his own wine, by which I flattered myself his taste would be filled, and his power of analysis cut off. With this view, I said to Biggs,

"Now what say you, Champagne, port, sherry, Rhine wine, Burgundy, claret, muscat, whatever you like?" With his usual way of eluding a question, or answering it by another, Biggs only said, as he threw himself into my very easiest of easy chairs,

"Ah! now this is the sensible way of drinking. If one is forced to go through with this custom, let it be done at home. There is far more respectability, Sir, in getting drunk in the bosom of one's family than traveling from bar-room to bar-room swallowing every villainous compound. This reminds me of a certain dramatic friend of mine, an Englishman, who, when Ellen Tree, now Mrs. Charles Kean, first came to this country, was anxious to be introduced to his talented countrywoman. As I knew her well, I presented him one evening on the stage, when the curtain was down, between the acts. The lady had a charming manner, and the actor was delighted. As a matter of course the lady, asked him how long he had been in this country.

"'About a matter of four year, mem,' answered the professional, rubbing his hands with undisguised joy at the complaisance of the great star.

"And how do you like the country, Mr. F——?"

"Ah! very tol'able country, mem, very. There's only one thing I object to in this country. That's the confounded system, mem, of perpendicular drinking, mem."

"Poor F—— never got rid of that 'perpendicular drinking;' by which, of course, he meant this American custom of standing up to a bar and swallowing endless drinks in rapid succession. I think so too, Sir; 'perpendicular drinking' is an ungentlemanly practice. Good wine, Sir, is a thing that should not be abused. Somewhere I have met with an account of a Mr. Van Horn, who had, in his life, consumed 35,688 bottles of port. Think of it. Why, if this man had been drinking thirty-five years, this would have been an average of three bottles per day. Such a man, Sir, should be debarred from drinking forever. Some old sage says, 'A two-bottle port man is only a wine funnel.' That's true. If we are obliged to drink, Sir, let us drink humanly. Drink to quench thirst. Now what is thirst? Magendie says, 'Thirst is an internal sensation, an instinctive sentiment.' And Beaumont declares, 'The sensation of thirst is supposed to be the effect of evaporation, the mouth and throat being constantly exposed to the atmosphere. When there is sufficient fluidity of the blood, the secretion is so much more copious than the evaporation that a constant moisture is preserved.' Now this is just equivalent to saying that nature really demands very little fluid; therefore a man who swallows three bottles of any liquid substance, be it only water, is flying directly in the face of nature. A true gentleman wine-drinker is no braggart, like Darius, who declared he 'could drink much wine, and bear it nobly.' The man who boasts of his power to drink large quantities, only boasts of his own vulgarity. Bacon, or somebody else says, 'Of all who take wine, the moderate only enjoy it.' The chemical composition of wine is——"

"Oh! bother the chemical compositions, the question is, 'What 'll you drink?'" said I to Biggs.

Biggs looked me straight in the eye, and repeating his last sentence with strong emphasis, went on, "The—chemical—composition—of—wine—is—mind you I mean real wine—(I'll take a little sherry. Thank you)—is sugar, acid, water, tannin, ceananthic ether, carbonic acid, acetic acid, chloride of sodium, and potassium, gum, gluten, aroma, tartrate potash, sulphate potash, bi-tartrate potash, extractive matter, and coloring matter.—There now! to think of the presumption of human wisdom, after having found out by the prying of chemistry all those things, that it should dare to go to work to make wine by mixing them together."

I brought the bottle of sherry to Biggs just as it was in cellar, without offering to decant it. I was rather anxious he should see the dust on the bottle.

"Ah! ah! my dear boy," said Biggs, as I came into the room, "don't disturb the bottle,

don't stand it upright if you love me. Easy now; let me take it, so—there—now. Sherry is a noble wine, the prince of Andalusian wines, if it be good; but bless you, they never bring it good to this country! When it isn't made entirely from a white wine body, touched up with brandy, bitter almonds, molasses, sugar candy, and scalding water, it is always 'doctored' at home, more or less, notwithstanding it is the most delicate wine to meddle with in the world." Biggs by this time had drawn the cork and filled our glasses brimming.

"Bumpers," said he, "in respect for ancient customs. Bumper, from the word *Bonpér*, or boon companion. As you have already remarked, I like the old customs. Nothing disgusts me so much as to see a parcel of senseless fellows together drinking and shouting, 'Hip! hip! hip! hurrah!' and I'll wager a ten spot not one of them knows what is the meaning of the words or their derivation. Well, Sir, this cry came from the words *Hierosolyma est perdita*, which was a war-cry used on the attack of a German town in which many Hebrews were living. When it becomes my turn to build a country, I shall decree that no man shall drink a glass of wine until he knows all these little facts. There is nothing in which the gentleman comes out so thoroughly as in the manner of taking his wine. Remember, Sir, he can not take too little, and if he takes too much, why—he is not a gentleman. Some wise old head said,

"'Drink a glass of wine at twenty; at forty a pint or more;

A bottle but rarely, if you'd add years two score.'

"No man who understands the world trusts his wine. It is a turn-coat; first a friend, and then an enemy. The most voluptuous of assassins, John Brougham, tells us,

"'Friendship of the wine-cup born
Flieth, like the draught, ere morn;'

and he ought to know.

"A gentleman, Sir, is particular in his drinking; he is particular in his wine, and particular in the glass from which he drinks it. An old saying is, 'Buy port glasses by the pound, claret glasses by the grain.' The ancients were gentlemen in their cups, as many specimens that have come down to us in the present day show. Pliny gives us some little gossip on this subject; and there is no absurdity to which we give way so much as to this of glasses. It should not be a dictation of fashion, Sir; it is instinct! Instinct teaches us that certain fine wines drink better out of certain glasses. There is no imagination in it. It is not like making the drinking of particular wines a fashion, as in the case of George the Third, who brought sherry into fashion by letting it touch the royal throat; or of Louis the Fourteenth, whose physician, Fagon, recommended the Burgundy of Nuits; after which, of course, no wine could tickle the palates of the courtiers but the Burgundy of Nuits. It was this physician also who invented liqueurs, or cordials, as gentle stimulants for that monarch in his last days. Now, can there be any thing

more absurd than the idea of drinking those delicate Rhine wines—hock, etc.—out of green glasses, to conceal their exquisite color; or Champagne from broad, flat, unhandy goblets, because it is the fashion? No, Sir; give me the long conical glass for Champagne, if I am to drink Champagne at all, which I positively refuse to do. They call it 'regal wine.' Regal nonsense! Did you ever hear of Liebig's analysis of twenty-four samples of Champagne? He found them to contain one volume of carbonic acid gas and two of protoxide of nitrogen (or laughing gas). These gases are hurtful in the highest degree to the healthy, but to such as are inclined to consumption they are fatal. In all cases they tend directly to apoplexy. There is no wine so much drank as Champagne, and, consequently, none so extensively counterfeited. Under any circumstances it is not a natural wine. The great Champagne makers—who, having got a reputation, are supposed to grow all the wine they export themselves—are simply the fixers and doctors of the wines of other people. Just as in the case of the brandy districts, the growers of white wine through the land of the Champagne bring it in the crude *still* state to the great wine proprietor, who buys it at a stated low rate. It then goes through a long process of refining, sugaring, shaking, fermenting, brandying, and various other methods of manufacturing, until the original vine might look it full in the face and never recognize the child. And this is the so-called genuine wine! Of this genuine wine there is about one bottle made to every twenty of so-called Champagne drank throughout the world. The real wine can not be bought upon the spot of its manufacture for less than five francs (or one dollar) per bottle; and yet, Sir, we have offered daily, in the New York market, an article of Champagne for eight dollars per dozen so closely resembling it that some very nice judges have been rather bothered to tell the difference. We have some fine manufactories of Champagne, Sir, in New York, which are a credit to our domestic industry. At one of these, which boasts of doing a business of nearly \$60,000 per annum, I happened, some year or so ago, to get behind the scenes. Here is the recipe for making. I put it down at the time, thinking that perhaps I might want to go into the Champagne line myself."

Biggs fumbled away in his pockets a few minutes, and then brought forth a small piece of dirty paper, and read:

"White wine, one barrel [worth about sixty cents per gallon]; white sugar, 20 pounds; coloring matter, for the yellow tint, 17 pounds light-brown sugar; 1½ oz. tartaric acid; 2 gallons brandy; 4 gallons alcohol. Boil this and skim it well. When cool, by adding 4 pounds of bruised strawberries, or other accessible fruit, the mixture is much improved."

"Now this I consider a very fine article, and comparatively harmless. If all our domestic manufacture of Champagne is equally so, I shall declare in its favor rather than the European article, in which are such nice substances as gypsum, arsenite of copper, sugar of lead—a

delightful thing to inoculate one with the painters' colic—essences of celery and sage. They make it in large quantities for the American market at Cette, Marseilles, and Lyons; one house at the latter place shipping 80,000 bottles per annum. It is this stuff that Brande and Henderson analyzed and exposed, declaring that its use created sickness, permanent derangement, nausea, headache, dyspepsia, and paralysis. Now, Sir, I ask any sensible person—Hullo! are you asleep?"

I'm afraid I was, for I started in a very ridiculous way, and said, in a stupid sort of a tone:

"What'll you drink?"

"Oh, fiddle!" said Biggs; "you're a nice man, ain't you?"

I told him I thought so. The truth was, I began to suspect Biggs of blowing hot and cold with the same mouth; at one moment he was talking up the wine-cup's joys, and the next he was picking the fluid chemically to pieces. No man more than myself admits the truth of the adage, "Drunkenness destroys beauty and shortens life;" but I flatter myself I am a consistent man, and can go back into ancient time for authority that a glass of good wine is a thing not to be sniffed at. But Biggs declares that there is no such thing as good wine nowadays. Biggs is welcome to his opinion; but I hardly think I am so weak as to give twenty-four dollars a dozen for port without getting good wine, or fifteen for Champagne without I am put in possession of a prime article. My wine-merchant tells me so; and if he is not to be believed, who is? I can appeal to "Doctor Tobias Venner, Doctor of Physicke, of Bathe and North Petherton, neere to the ancient towne of Bridgewater, in Somersetshire," who wrote a very learned book, entitled "A Straight Road to a Long Life," Anno Domini 1559, who declares that water is an unsuitable drink, only fit for children and poor people, for it "is in no wise agreeable, for it doth very greatly deject the appetite, destroy the natural heat, and overthrow the strength of the stomach; and, consequently, confounding the concoction, is the cause of crudities, fluctuations, and windiness in the body." Can any thing be clearer than that? The learned Doctor discusses wine, beer, aqua vitæ, mead, cider, and perry. He says of wine: "Many and singular are its commodities; for it is of itself the most pleasant liquor in all the world." He recommends Rhenish wines to be taken in the morning, before breakfast, dinner, or supper (but not while eating), as they will cut humors. Sack, saith the Doctor, is heating for the body; "is most accommodate for old men, for gross men, and must be drunken after the eating of meats of gross substance." "Claret breedeth good humors, and is very good for young men with hot stomachs." "Malmsey is very hot, but nourisheth much. The wine of Orleans is hurtful to the choleric, and such as have weak brains." (This wine of Orleans is the same as our Burgundy.) But what's this the Doctor says a little further on: "Wine should be moderately given,

and that not too often, unto young men, as from twenty-five years of age unto thirty-five, and that it be also of the smaller sort of wines." Oh! Doctor, is it thus you treat us until we are thirty-five? A few pages on I find that the Doctor himself was forty-three when he published his book. With his opinion on bitter beer, or ale, I will dismiss the learned Tobias Venner:

"Beer that is too bitter of the hops (as many, to save malt, are wont to make it) is of a fuming nature, and therefore it engendereth rheums and distillations, hurteth the sinews, offendeth the sight, and causeth the head to ache by filling the ventricles of the brain with troublesome vapors; wherefore not only the internal but the external senses also are very much disturbed and hurted."

And then I have another of the olden faculty, even of earlier date, who says a word in favor of the curative properties of wine, Master Ralph Blower (not a very handsome name), who gives us a volume which he calls, modestly, "A Rich Storehouse or Treasure for the Diseased," 1631.

For a surfeit he prescribes: "Take a good thicke piece of white bread and toast it, then dippe the same in aqua vitæ very well; and that being done, applie it to the stomache of the partie grieved as hotte as possible he may abide it, and lette him be kept very warm."

"A pint of sacke and a pint of Malmsie" for the pipes of the heart being stopped.

"For a weak backe, a quart of sacke."

"For the hooping-coughe, take a mouse and bake it in the oven till it become dry; after which pound it fine, and give the powder in strong ale."

That's enough of Doctor Blower.

Now all this I wished to tell Biggs at the time; but as I did not think of it, it relieves me very much to tell it now. As it was, I only asked Biggs if he would take a little port? "No." Claret? "No." Rhine wine? "No." Burgundy?

"Ah, Burgundy! Burgundy is not so bad—red as a ruby, fragrant as a flower, truly a gentleman's wine. Let it be Burgundy. I don't drink port. I lack confidence. It is too easily made. That rich fruity bouquet has brought forth the skill of the chemists and doctors in wine. There is no wine to which more attention has been paid in the manufacture of first-class imitations than port. This comes from the large quantities consumed in England, and formerly in this country. But we are beginning to lose confidence in our port. You see, my boy, while the whole market of Oporto wines worth any thing are snapped up for the English drinkers, at an average of about \$30 per dozen, we have a most splendid article offered here at half that price. The importers of Oporto wines must really have been ruining themselves for years. The day has gone by for the manufacture of a superior port from logwood. Science, my dear fellow, has been at work. First they make us a fine decoction of elderberry juice, which they have christened 'Irupiga:' to this we will introduce a certain quantity of water, or, if we

wish to be extravagant, cheap white wine. Good! Now, we will put in a little unfermented grape-juice, and brandy enough to give the mixture strength. Now we must set the color: alum will do that. And give it clearness? Why, a dash of gypsum, of course. Then, for astringency, what is better than tannin?—a touch of the wood, oak saw-dust? And now comes the delicate bouquet: Extract sweet-brier, orris root, cherry laurel water, seeds of the grape, salts of tartar. Carefully, carefully my dear boy, slip them in gently and taste. Ah! there's a wine: what do you want better than that? Why, Sir, that wine, if mixed by a skillful hand, will be smacked by connoisseurs with a real gusto. Now we must put it in casks or bottles. We must make a hot solution of cream of tartar and Brazil wood, which must be poured into the cask or the bottles, and the cork must be dipped on the end that goes in the bottle. Good! Only one thing wanting before corking: we must boil the full bottles of wine in water not reaching to their necks. This for the crust, my boy. There—you have a splendid old port fit for a king! If your taste is for a cheaper article, it can be gratified by mixing forty-five gallons of cider with six of brandy, two extract sloes, eight of real port (allowing it is to be had). Sanders wood for color, powdered catechu for astringency, and you have it.

"And even the noble Burgundy suffers in the same way, though it is something to be thankful for that they have not reached the same skill as in port. We have a very pretty article of Burgundy got up now on a Medoc body, or perhaps on the white Rhine wine, treated much the same as port, with the slightest touch in the world of green vitriol and arsenite of copper, and a dash of litharge or some preparation of lead to keep it from turning. In a very few years, my dear boy, there will not be the slightest occasion for vineyards or the cultivation of the grape. Science will do it much better. We improve every day. I have no prejudices, I assure you. There may be some real wines—may be; but I must be excused, you see, if I have my preferences. This is the reason, my boy, that I never drink claret. It is an easy article of manufacture, cheap, and, consequently, in large demand. Under these circumstances many great intellects have been brought to bear upon it until the secret is wrung away; and it is a matter of deep question whether the vineyards in the obscure lofts and cellars of New York are not equaling those of Medoc, Frontignan, and Graves. In one of my pockets, my boy, I have a pleasant little volume, made up from the manuscript of M. Paquirre, of Bordeaux, who wrote in 1825, after spending a lifetime in the study of wines."

I had given up being astonished at Biggs, as I am confident, had the occasion demanded, he would have pulled the Astor Library from his pocket in support of his assertions. I therefore contented myself with saying, as I looked at the empty Burgundy bottle: "I don't object to betting you a nice little spread—say a dinner for six—

that I have a claret, genuine, and of fine bouquet, color, and answering all the requirements for a stout, fine wine."

"Why don't you bring it out, my boy, then?" says Biggs.

By this time he had produced a dingy-looking 16mo from his pocket and began to read: while I produced the wine, uncorked, and poured it out. I noticed, as rather a singular mode of testing, that Biggs filled his glass twice, and drank it absently, while hunting up the required paragraphs. I mention this fact because I knew to a certainty that all great wine-tasters, or liquor-judges, do not at first drink it when they are about to pass judgment. The most celebrated I ever knew would put only one spoonful in a half tumbler of water, and rinse his mouth, after which he would pronounce an opinion from which there was no use of appeal. Men who appreciate good wines, or would be capable of telling what they are drinking, do not spoil their mouths and palates by great gulps, or rapid refilling and emptying of glasses, nor yet by eating cheese, nuts, olives, or any articles of foreign flavor, to create an appetite. While I was debating this over in my mind, but before I had time to put it into words, Biggs found the place in his book.

"Now," said he, "hear what M. Paquirre says of claret: 'The wine, if it has succeeded, ought to be clear, transparent, of a fine soft color, a lively smell, and balsamic taste, slightly piquant but agreeable, inclining to that of raspberry, violet, or mignonnette, filling the mouth, and passing without irritating the throat, giving a gentle heat to the stomach, and not getting too quickly into the head.' Well, Sir! how does this answer to your ideas of claret?" says this disagreeable Biggs, detecting me in the very act of smelling and tasting my wine. Biggs went on:

"Hear what M. Paquirre says about 'doctoring' the real wine: 'But in order to give the Bordeaux wines some resemblance to those wines of Spain and Portugal, which are used in England' [and this will suit the locality of the United States also], 'to render them to the taste preferred, they are obliged to work them; that is, to mix them by means of a particular operation, so that those wines which are shipped can no longer be known as the same wines that are produced in the Department of the Gironde, or that remain at Bordeaux.' This 'particular operation' M. Paquirre describes. It is achieved by using orris root for restoring the bouquet, touching up with raspberry brandy, using mineral crystal (which simply means alum) and isinglass. All this is done to the genuine wine. But what farther it gets when it has once crossed the Atlantic would be beyond telling. Now let us see how we shall make a splendid article of claret that shall possess color, flavor, body, and strength, and which we must sell for from \$2 50 to \$3 per dozen—the usual price, bottles, boxes, and straw included. We will take thirty gallons of water, two of alcohol, logwood sufficient for coloring, a little bi-tartrate of potash, a small

quantity of gypsum, powdered catechu, a trifle of cocculus indicus, and we have a very good article at a very low price. If we are extravagant, we will improve this by coloring with elderberries or mulberries instead of logwood, or we will add the red beet well crushed; we will improve it with a gallon or two of raspberry juice, possibly a little brandy. We must not, however, be too lavish, or we shall convert our claret into a Burgundy or a dry port. And now I have in my pocket a little vial with which I shall work wonders."

Biggs began rummaging again in his pocket as before. Visions of Signor Blitz and that little powder he always carried in his pocket, which, in my youthful days, turned gold watches to rabbits, and baked pancakes in gentlemen's hats, rushed through my brain. He said a little vial. He could not certainly mean, after drinking all he conveniently could (for I am obliged to say that Biggs began to look queer), to carry away the rest in a bottle. If so, I must have up another bottle, as he had finished that one with very little help from myself. I was soon relieved on this point by his pulling out a vial measuring about an inch in length, which he held up to the light, showing it to contain a colorless fluid. From both our glasses Biggs gathered, with an unsteady hand, about half a glass of wine, and uncorked his vial. As he looked toward me I could notice a change come over the countenance of Biggs. There was an attempt at composure that sat very ridiculously on him.

"Now, my boy," said he, "perceive what I am about to do. This vial contains a solution of caustic potash. I shall drop a single grain of it in this claret. If the wine is pure, it will not be affected; if it is colored with logwood, it will turn reddish purple; if with elderberries, dark purple; if with mulberries, light purple; if with beet-root, clear red; if with Brazil wood, muddy red; if with litmus, light violet. Now, look out!"

Of all the impudent things I ever knew mortal man to be guilty of, I think this beat all. To test a man's wine in his own house chemically, right under his nose, and that after finishing several bottles! I emphatically refuse to state what color my wine turned. I shall only say that I have lost to Biggs that dinner for six, and Biggs is not a man to forget it. He coolly corked his vial again, and restored it to his waistcoat pocket.

"There, Sir, what I have said about claret applies equally well to all the German and Rhine wines. The cheaper the wine the more poisonous. I defy contradiction, Sir; I defy it, Sir; I defy all the world, Sir; I defy you, Sir!"

I shall never lose the idea that at this special moment I saved the life of Biggs (though why I did it I can not imagine) by seizing the glass containing the balance of the claret to which he had administered a dose of caustic potash, and which, in his forgetfulness and excitement, he was raising to his lips.

"Give us," said Biggs, "pure liquors. Make it death to adulterate, or make it death to drink."

"It is," I ventured to remark.

"Hold your tongue, Sir," responded Biggs. "Let this Government, Sir, appoint an Envoy Extra-or-di-nor-di-na-ry and a Minister Plen-i-po-pen-i-ten-tia-ry, Sir, to go to the wine districts, Sir, and see, Sir, that the wines come to us, Sir, pure and un-a-dul-ter-a-ted, Sir. Then, Sir, throw open your ports—'free trade and sailors' rights'—and admit 'em, Sir, without duty. For, said the great patriot Jefferson, 'Gentlemen,' says he, 'I rejoice as a moralist on the prospect of the reduction of duties on wine by our National Legislature. It is an error to view a tax on that liquor as merely a tax on the rich. It is a prohibition of its use to the middling classes of our citizens, and a condemnation of them to the poison of spirits, which is desolating their homes. No nation is drunken where wine is cheap, and none sober where the dear-ness of wine substi-tutes—ardent—spirits—as the—common—beverage.'"

"That's it, Sir. How—do—like—it, Sir?"

Biggs was showing evident signs of sleep.

"John, John! Here, bring a carriage for Mr. Biggs."

"Steady now; there, take my arm—so."

"Good-by, ol—fel—"

A BALLAD.

IT was a tender mother
That watched beside her child;
The household told her it was dead,
And looked for anguish wild;
But, "I will watch my baby
To-night," she said, and smiled.

All night she sat beside it—
That casket of cold clay—
And chafed the tiny, dimpled hands
Until the break of day.
Ah, impotent the effort
To warm the lifeless clay!

And all day long she watched it—
The baby robed in white—
Until, with deep'ning shadows,
Drew on a second night.
Sad watching little corpses
All through the solemn night!

Three days she watched beside it:
The third sad night it came,
When, kneeling by the cradle,
All suddenly a flame,
As from an angel's taper,
Upon her vision came.

The door it was not opened,
And yet a footstep small
Stole softly o'er the carpet;
And then upon the wall
The mother saw a shadow,
A little shadow, fall.

It paused close by the cradle,
And silent waited there;
She saw the halo round its head,
Its rings of golden hair,
And well she knew no child of earth
Was ever half so fair.

Its eyes, like violet blossoms,
Looked gravely in her face;
And then its sweet lips opened,
And spake these words of grace—
Such gentle words and holy,
They sure were words of grace—

"Christ pitied you, dear mother;
He knows the flesh is weak;
And so he sent me once again,
These tender words to speak.

"Your little lamb is sheltered
Within a pasture fair,
No scorching heat of summer,
No blighting frost is there.
Can you not trust your darling
To the kind Shepherd's care?"

The little voice was silent,
The footsteps, light and small,
Stole softly o'er the carpet;
And vainly on the wall
The mother strained her eyes to see
The tiny shadow fall.

At morn, when household faces
Came gently to the door,
They found the tender mother
Clay-cold upon the floor.
On earth another coffin,
In heaven one angel more!

VISITORS.

WE all have more or less company, and we need it from the very fact that we are human. Wherever or however we may live, in cellar or garret, in hovel or palace, we may be quite sure that somebody will come to see us, and that we shall wish to see somebody. Perhaps the first feeling that we generally have when a footstep, or knock, or ring tells us that a visitor is coming, shows us what a deeply-seated instinct sociality is as well as any labored analysis of the human heart. The first feeling is usually pleasant; and if we have no especial reason to expect an unwelcome intruder—some incorrigible bore or terrible dun—we are glad of the approach, and we anticipate a friendly face and a cheerful word to vary the routine or widen the circle of accustomed home life. In border settlements or in secluded plantations the social craving sometimes becomes an absolute hunger, and the stranger who is hospitably lodged and fed in the backwoods cabin or the planter's mansion often more than returns the hospitality, and feeds the heart of the host with friendly sympathies and words in return for bacon and bread or beef and wine. Our most populous cities do not suppress this

same craving, but rather, in their multitudinous crowd, give a feeling somewhat akin to that of solitude, and in the roll of wheels, the din of bells, the tread of feet, and the swarms of people and vehicles, the heart yearns for personal fellowship—lonely because of the indifference of the great throng to individual welfare, and asking for a friend as eagerly as amidst the swell of the ocean or the murmurs of the forest leaves. In our great cities we are surely met on every side with tokens of the power of the social instinct; and in a hundred ways, more or less wise or foolish, we provide for the meeting of friends. Every door-bell says that the family does not mean to be shut out from the world, and every parlor, in its comfortable seats and tasteful adornings, would almost show that friendship is a part of our home religion, and has in every house its temple or synagogue. In many odd forms the same essential disposition peeps out, as in the countless cellars and saloons where people of all complexions and countries are invited to eat and drink together—not always, by any means, with very exalted fellowship—and in the strange variety of clubs and secret societies that enroll their members and parade their banners. In some way we all come in for our share of the common social instinct; and certainly it would be little to any man's credit to live without companionship. The old law was humane in its apparent harshness that decreed every man to exile who had not a friend, although quite foolish in sending him away into exile who lives a selfish exile at home. Whether we know it or care much about it or not, sociality is constantly acting upon us, and its agency is altogether too important to ourselves and our children to be left to chance or caprice. Every true and kindly word is not in vain, and we are not beating the air in giving this article in our series of home hints to the subject of Visitors. They do much to make us what we are, and we can do much to make them what they ought to be.

In the primitive stages of society the whole range of what is now called business was transacted by personal intercourse, and instead of sending to stores, or being supplied in quantities, families depended for whatever food, or clothing, or commodities they did not produce upon direct application to the producer or a direct application from him. In some parts of our own country these simple manners exist, and to procure a bushel of wheat, or a round of beef, or a sheep, is a matter not only of trade but of friendship, and implies a social as well as a financial relation between the parties. Not a few of us can remember vestiges of that ancient custom; and those of us who have lived in our boyhood in towns of considerable size, where groceries and dry goods were sold at stores, will recollect that provisions were sold from house to house, and the market-man and the butcher, and sometimes the baker, were regular visitors, with not a little of the air of familiars of the establishment. All this is changed now in cities, and, in a large measure, in the country; and as families are removed

above want they dispense with household traffic, the women of the household hardly knowing what hands supply the table, or when the bills are paid. Perhaps too harshly applicants for the sale of small wares at our doors are repulsed as mendicants, and we do not soften the annoyance by remembering that once this was the approved method of trade, and the peddler's cart was not more laden with desired valuables than the peddler's tongue with desired news. Now indeed a few humble visitors retain their claim upon the household by virtue of their usefulness; and in kindly families a good-will quite as honorable to the giver as cheering to the receiver is extended to the workmen and workwomen who come from time to time upon the round of service. Sometimes the male or female factotum who comes in to do odd jobs is quite a character in the family, a great favorite both with parents and children, who try in various ways to lighten the labor done by pleasant words and timely gifts. Most families of the right kind have visitors still more lowly, and while the professional beggar has lost his chartered rights and his ancient romance, some face of want and suffering is welcome to plead its needs, and such sorrow as claims respect as well as relief is not dismissed empty-handed nor broken-hearted.

They who most frequent the house for business or professional aims are generally of a superior class, such as artists, teachers, physicians, clergymen. In cities it is the growing usage to have instruction given in families, especially in music and the languages, while Medicine and Divinity have from time immemorial been allowed free access to the household. So it is that we still, with all the boasted individualism of our modern life, confess our dependence upon our neighbor, and for knowledge, for health, and edification we welcome professional visitors to our hearthstone. There is sometimes reason for caution, lest, in discriminating in favor of soft manners and fine words, we admit guests more perilous to morals than the homely traffickers whom modern manners exclude from our doors; and certainly no small proportion of the recent scandal in social life has come from giving the ear of daughters to a class of household teachers whose accomplishments are far more satisfactory than their principles. Some families there are who allow a profligate teacher of music, or French, or Italian, an access and familiarity with sons and daughters such as are not granted to the approved school-teacher, and the equivocal *maestro* is fed and flattered, while the accomplished preceptor, if personally known, is seldom or never cordially invited. We believe that they who have deservedly the charge of our children's education should be cherished guests of the family, and that our respect for them should be an important aid in winning to them the respect of their pupils. We see the power of this influence in serving the learned professions; and the position that the worthy physician and clergyman have in the family helps the health and religion of the house. It is somewhat remarkable that,

in our democratic America, these professions are generally such household favorites; and the doctor, in spite of his pills, and the parson, in spite of his close preaching, are almost always welcome visitors, quite as much so with children as with parents. Sometimes, indeed, the new variety of practicers and sects makes mischief with the old stability of professional loyalty, and the old folks and the young can neither resort to the same pill-box nor the same pew. Yet every age has its peculiar discords and follies; and if some causes are at work to sunder families, other causes are drawing them together, and in some cases the very differences of opinion favor a broad and genial charity. Sometimes the harmony of diversities is absolutely astounding; and, to say nothing of the variety of medical theories accepted under one roof, toleration can not go further than some cases within our own knowledge in religion. Thus a highly-respected clergyman, traveling in the western part of this State, was invited to pass the night at a comfortable farmhouse, and at the evening prayers, conversing on religion, he asked the family about their religion, and was interested to find so many forms of doctrine professed by the sons and daughters. At last he turned to the venerable father, who had blandly joined in the worship, and said, "And now, Sir, may I ask what are your sentiments?" The reply was somewhat staggering: "My dear Sir, I am a Mormon!" A Mormon sure enough he was, although, with an inconsistency more creditable than in most cases, his belief had thus far rested in theory only.

Such a breadth of domestic opinion could hardly have sprung up under the old régime of close pastoral supervision, and is one of the fruits of the new system that is scattering the family abroad for new excitements, without the love or fear of the ancient keepers of the conscience, whose visits to the house were as regular and official as the round of church service. We are willing to have pastoral manners modernized somewhat, but we confess to some little regret at the change which is substituting sensation orators for pastoral preachers, and circulating clerical lecturers through all the lyceums of the land by withdrawing them from the homes of their people and the eyes of their children. It may be and now is sometimes the custom to make both patient and parishioner reverse the old order of service, and visit the doctor and minister instead of being visited by them. It may be that the house will become mainly a lodging and refectory, and, very much as is the case in France, the family may resort, for all the service and society they may want, to public offices and amusements.

But we do not think such a change probable, and the strictly practical or business view of visitors, which we have thus far considered, is not the main view. However much our plans of convenience may change, our social instincts must remain; and so long as we have friends we must wish to see them in their own homes, and have them to see us in ours. The pleasure of visiting and being visited is altogether a thing

by itself, and no resort to balls or gardens or theatres can meet this want. It may be that the gayer and more costly forms of festivity will be left to public halls or club-houses; but this change might leave the household all the more free for a simpler and more genial companionship, such as is far worthier the name of Society. It would be a curious question, what would be the aspect of visiting generally if it were left more to genuine affinities, and people visited those whom they most cared to see, and were visited by them in return. Many a stately reception would be marvelously thinned, and many a Cinderella would find her way home without the stroke of the midnight hour or the warning of the inexorable fairy. Yet society would live, and in some respects thrive; yes, thrive without being wholly dependent on the florist and confectioner, the costumer and the violin. It would be clearer then even than it is now, that the desire of companionship is an ineradicable instinct; and as our domestic affections place us with our next kindred in constant companionship, so our social sympathies establish a certain periodical intimacy with our circle of friends, whom we yearn to see from time to time by a law of nature like that which draws the earth to the sun after a certain interval of banishment. It would be found too, that, with all our social whims and caprices, there is a certain method in our associations, and even now, in spite of the dictations of policy and etiquette, there is a tendency in every household to attract visitors according to its own ruling quality. The world's rule may be to crowd the visiting list with the largest number of consequential names; yet private judgment and feeling will always claim the right to score that list with its own secret cipher, and to have likes and dislikes in spite of the prevailing mode. The principle of social congeniality seems to be a certain likeness in likeness, or resemblance with contrast; so that those people associate most pleasantly who are alike enough to have points of contact and unlike enough to have points of difference, thus securing harmony without identity and diversity without discord. Intimate friends invariably show something of this relation to each other, and they astonish by their unlikeness the superficial observers who do not see that they are all the more to each other by the compass of various qualities that they throw into the common stock. Often the difference is so radical as to imply a contrast in the main elements of character, and it is auspicious to friendship for one will to be stronger than the other, and one disposition to be the more sympathetic in return, so that the one more readily leads and the other follows, as in the case of the player and the piano; the firm hand that touches the keys matching well the elasticity of the responsive strings. Following out this obvious comparison, we may divide our friends into two classes—those who play upon us, and those whom we play upon. There is pleasure in both: great satisfaction alike in the presence of the stronger nature that brings out the compass and swell of our own impressi-

ble affections and capacities, and also in the gentler spirit that puts us into the active attitude at the key-board of human thoughts and sensibilities. Hence we explain apparently contradictory experiences—our pleasure alike in the presence of commanding and yielding natures—the fascination of the greatness that overawes us and of the amiability that leans upon us. We like to see a great man who is not so pompous or arbitrary as to brow-beat us, and we are refreshed by some sympathetic heart that waits upon our smile. In both cases, however, the difference must not be such as to take us out of our own proper level; and we can never be friends with one who lords it over us like a Jupiter, or licks the dust at our feet like a dog. It is on this principle that inferiors in experience and knowledge, who are not inferiors in dispositions and aims, often are the best company; not because they make us feel our consequence, but because they bring out our powers, as the responsive audience brings out the orator's eloquence, or the receptive soil germinates the seed and quickens the dormant oak within the swelling acorn. If we look back upon our past life we may be surprised at the power of certain mediocre characters over us, who have not appeared to do so much for us as to expect us to do for them—persons, for instance, who are better listeners than talkers, drawing out our word rather than uttering their own. Perhaps some modest, sympathetic little fellow has been our chief companion, and we wonder how it is that, while he seems to be getting most from us, we are getting as much from him. It is no miracle. If the stronger mind is sunshine, the gentler heart may be the prism or the flower that reveals its hidden wealth; and all friendship and all society are glaring and unprofitable unless there is something to tone down the garish light and refresh the eye with some green or violet hues. We generally have also some crony who leads us by his stronger will; and it is a good study for some twilight reverie, when old scenes and friends come trooping before us in unbidden procession, to ask ourselves who are the characters that have made the strongest mark upon us. It will not be long before the distinction indicated becomes clear, and perhaps we can name the most characteristic persons in each class, or of those who have moved us most by commanding or yielding.

Whatever may be our theory of visitors, the fact is undoubted that they exist and tend to organize themselves into something like a system. We all have our acquaintances; and whatever the rules of society may require, we find our relations to them assuming a kind of order. Too much influence, indeed, is often exerted by change of circumstances, and a certain class of friends abound most when they are not needed, and, like summer birds, vanish with the coming of the first frost that needs the solace of their notes. Every up or down of fortune is recorded upon the social barometer, and makes developments not very cheering to Lord Timon in his palace or poor Timon in his exile. Yet changes of

character are far more significant than these; and the question that should concern a thoughtful man most is that which looks to the quality of his acquaintances as affected by his own prevailing principles and dispositions. Sometimes the misfortunes that put a man more upon his good sense and true service may lift him in the scale of associations, and give him real friends, fit though few, in place of the old swarm of fair-weather flatterers. For himself and his children every man may well ask, "Who are our most frequent visitors?" and judge of the spirit of his heart and his home by the reply which in honesty he is bound to give. The question is a very practical one, and so far as guiding principles are concerned our answer depends very much upon our own conduct. Never was the subject more important than now; for never before were so many people awake to the emptiness of the common run of flashy visitation, and to the importance of using their good sense in the choice of friends. We have a few hints upon the true course to be observed as to the material, mental, and moral bearings of society, quite sure that if society does most to shape our character, we may do something to shape its impressions; and if every man is known by the company he keeps, it is because he helps make it what it is, while it helps make him what he is.

There is a material side to sociality which is of great importance, not only in its financial bearings, but in its influence upon manners and morals. In our great cities the sums of money expended in furniture, plate, confectionery, and provisions, for the entertainment of guests, are enormous, and in very many private houses the annual outlay for such purposes is enough to make the fortune of as many families of simpler habits. In many a village ten thousand dollars is an independent fortune, and we are quite sure that this is not an extravagant yearly allowance for entertaining in high life. Yet the aggregate of expenditure for the same purposes among the less ostentatious millions of our people is greater, and there is no decent family in the land that has not its arrangements, however simple, for receiving friends. Every good farm-house has its guest chamber and its parlor, with some array of neat table furniture, in reserve for company, and often the homely apparatus of hospitality that at first tempts a smile is more likely, on second thoughts, to start a tear as we compare the scanty means and the hospitable heart evinced. In our wide rambles and visits we have never felt more respect than when, sitting at some poor man's table, we have noted in the clean cloth and comfortable provision for the guest proof of the loyalty of the human heart to the higher fellowship, in spite of limited means; and our definition of the gentleman has been considerably enlarged by such experiences. We have taken much interest in looking over the little museums of curiosities that constitute many a poor woman's stock of household valuables; and before old china was the rage, we always had a kindly eye for the queer little cups and saucers, with

here and there an ugly crack, which have long served as the standing proof of the gentility and hospitality of the family. The human heart is always respectable whenever true to human feeling; and whenever we eat salt or drink a cup of cold water from the hand of a neighbor, we feel that touch of humanity that makes the whole world kin. The great trouble, however, is, that as wealth abounds and society becomes more luxurious, hospitality will be overburdened with a weight of show and expense quite incompatible with any ordinary income, and thus tends to become mainly the boast of the affluent, and sometimes the ruin of the ambitious. It is important to check this disposition in the outset, and not make it so costly and troublesome to entertain guests as to bring it within the means of but few. The ruling standard should be, not quantity of outlay, but quality of enjoyment; and it is very certain that pleasant people may come all the more pleasantly together in a simple and easy way, with little parade of dress and table, than with all the magnificence and luxury that the common fashions encourage. For our own part, we prefer the easy arrangements of the family sitting-room to the stately and often uncomfortable elegance of the parlor, and have serious doubts whether, on the whole, the room called the best is not the poorest alike in comfort and in social value. Entertainments, too, by no means rise in worth as they rise in cost; and, although by no means of the ascetic order of moralists, we are firm in the opinion that health and sociality would vastly gain if the whole custom of heavy evening suppers were abolished, and after some light refection, that should more invite genial conversation than inflame boisterous mirth, to say nothing of coarse passions, the guests go in good time to their homes, with lighter hearts and not heavier heads for the next morning's work. We are subjecting ourselves, we know, to the charge of being very vulgar and wholly out of the line of dashing society by maintaining, as we stoutly do, that all sensible people and their children should be in bed before midnight; but we believe in God and Nature more than in the leaders of the *ton*: and who will deny that the most obvious laws of the Creator are set at naught by the usual modes of midnight reveling? If we can afford the money, we can not afford the health, and ought not to afford the time. How utterly absurd the common method of late parties is for such people as we Americans are, with our call for constant industry, and the necessity of early morning hours for business, so incompatible with midnight dissipation! Our sons and daughters show the consequences of the system, and sometimes a single season, from Christmas to Lent, more than robs a fair cheek of its summer roses, and the penances of Ash-Wednesday are not needed to stamp the brow with ashen paleness. Not only in really high life do such follies abound, but manners are always caricatured and exaggerated as they descend; so that the imitators of the prevalent fashions generally deepen the colors and widen the

margin, until what was in the beginning fine and showy in the end is superfine and ridiculous. It would be an excellent move if some of the most enlightened leaders of society would institute a more sensible method of visiting, and the stamp of their character were given to habits that the convictions and wants of thousands of plainer but equally intelligent people are demanding. We look for the reform far sooner from persons of real elegance and position, who are weary of excess and above the suspicion of rudeness, than to the less favored class whose ambition puts a bounty upon ostentation, or whose education or breeding keeps them from due influence in the community. It certainly should not be an exhausting trouble or ruinous expense to be hospitable; and if sensible ideas prevailed, every family of moderate means could live in the interchange of refined hospitality without turning the house upside down or defrauding the grocer or butcher to provide for the music and confectionery of a fashionable rout.

In all that we have said of the material side of sociality we have been touching upon its mental and moral relations. We know very well that we must not fall into too severe a strain and write as if people must go into company as to school or to church, chiefly for the sake of being wiser and better. Wiser and better society ought to make us indeed, but it will not help us much in these respects unless we enjoy it. Why refuse honestly to say that we favor sociality because we enjoy it, and we can not expect visitors to frequent our house or to have us frequent theirs, unless we and they have a good time? The moment there is an appearance of effort the charm vanishes, and stiff ceremony banishes easy geniality. Now, in order to put people at their ease, there must be something to draw them together out of their individual isolation—so that they may be not a mass of atoms, but a fellowship of spirits; not a pile of saw-dust, but the branches of a living vine. Here is the great question that underlies the whole economy of visiting: not how people shall be assembled, but how shall they be assimilated? The old-fashioned method was very simple and not very costly. The decanter contained the universal solvent and assimulant. Not only at merry-makings, but even at ordinations and funerals, every phlegmatic temper was warmed, and every reserved lip was unlocked, by the magic juice of the grape or the grain. True enough immense evils came from this habit, yet, under all excesses, true human feeling is to be respected, and we must in charity believe that, if our grandfathers sometimes drank too deep, their out-door life and severe morals saved them from some of the follies that now abound under weaker potations. Now that the general tone of American society, especially in country towns and throughout the more sedate and frugal classes, is against the use of stimulants of the alcoholic kind, it is important to supply their place by other agencies; and unless care is taken to make home sociality interesting, young men, and sometimes old men, will take

refuge from the stupidity of the parlor in the freer companionship and more genial pleasure of the tavern or club-house. We know very well that the first charm of society is sprightly and interesting conversation, and that nothing pleases so well as that gushing fountain of good sense and good feeling that charms by its sparkle and refreshes by its sweet waters. Not all indeed can talk well, yet far more would be good talkers if this blessed gift were duly cherished; nay, if it were thought half as important as music or dancing. Tens of thousands of girls in America, who can hardly express a single enlarged idea in exact and elegant language, spend years of persevering drudgery over their pianos, forgetful that whether they know the gamut or counterpart or not, the soul of all music is the human voice, and its colloquial tones in common speech are heard a hundred times while song is heard once. If, moreover, not all can be charming talkers, it is not necessary that they should be in order to be interesting; for hearty good sense is a constant entertainment, and one genial talker can be the life of a whole circle of more reserved guests whose qualifications as modest listeners, with now and then an earnest word of reply, go very far to make out the desirable variety of the friendly circle. Then let music have its place; and every form of beautiful art should be welcome. We have faith that all the fine arts are to be made socializing; and, in fact, if we compare the round of entertainment which can now be provided by music, engravings, stereoscopic views, illustrated books, readings, dialogues, acted charades, and the like methods, with the rude old-fashioned games, we must allow that sociality has gained vastly by the progress of the arts, and is destined to gain vastly more. These old games had their use, and we still have a weakness for some of them, being Vandal enough to like a round of Blindman's-Buff, not only as good exercise, but also as a very funny and somewhat instructive exhibition of our human life in one important aspect—the pursuit of an object under difficulties. What would become of our buckram, our tight boots, and broad crinoline under such a trial we could hardly venture to say. It may be that new games for young and old will be adapted to social use under the auspices of the new arts, and some such idea as is presented by tableaux will be carried out into more decided dramatic forms. There was an element of gallantry in the simple old games that will not be likely to die out; and we hope that modern refinement will find some better substitute for the obsolete plays of *forfeits* than the new dances that supplant their rudeness of manner without improving in delicacy of idea. What women may think of the change we will not say, and we are in the habit of giving them large exemption from the charge of evil thoughts; but we are quite sure that the mass of men will pronounce the old kissing games superior to the modern waltzes and polkas, and that our honest grandfathers and grandmothers, who saw no scandal in a modest swain imprinting a hearty smack

upon a sweet maiden's cheek, would have found no words to express their indignation at the spectacle of a bearded man holding a gentle girl a quarter hour in his embrace in the whirl of the giddy dance, under the spell of entrancing music, and after draughts of maddening wine.

The whole subject of social amusements is of vast and growing importance—so vast that we do not propose to enter into it now. Our interest in its fair discussion is not so much our desire that our people may enjoy themselves as our conviction that if they do not enjoy themselves in a proper way they will do so in an improper way, and that innocent recreations are among the best safeguards of the public good. We may, indeed, justly go farther, and maintain that although pleasure is the essential condition of all genial sociality—and every social method must in the end break down that goes against the grain and depends upon a forced or make-believe interest—yet the very highest principles of humanity, and even of religion, may and should be promoted by good companionship and reasonable festivity. The play-ground is not the plowing field, nor the parlor the work-room; but the spirit of the play-ground and the parlor may and should be such as to give new spring to every right affection and fresh point to every worthy aim. In fact, play is the rest of the active will, and the spirit of the rest decides the character of the renovation. Not cessation, but alternation, is the principle of renovation; and when we are weary of work we are refreshed by the exercise of faculties that have not been similarly tasked, and, of course, are more happily refreshed in proportion to the innocence, geniality, and dignity of the thoughts and feelings played upon. It is, therefore, well to connect sociality with large and elevating associations, so that even our glee may enliven our best motives and quicken our best principles. We see the excellence of this view of sociality when we consider the influence of those pleasant merry-makings which are the bright and fragrant blossom of a sacred truth, as when friends gather around the Christmas table, or at a christening or a wedding, and the atmosphere that is so charged with joy is, like the summer sky, all laden with the electricity which gives nature so much of its vitality, and on the points of kindly words it is disarmed of its scathing bolts, so as to flow into its peaceful and vital tides of circulation. It is well to connect every social joy with some elevating idea; and when the seasons of the year or the dates in the family history are thus remembered, the festivity loses its narrow and merely individual air, and its geniality speaks out in a new and cheering tone, as if not only a little knot of acquaintance, but the great human heart, under God's blessing, were keeping its goodly feast. It may be that in this way a method of sociality will develop itself in America akin in heartiness, but not in levity, to the round of merry-makings which in the old countries marked the Church days, and held fairs and frolics, sometimes in strange contrast with the

prayers and lessons of the altars. We are an independent people, in spite of our frequent imitation of foreigners, and we are already inclined to frame a social code of our own, and to enjoy ourselves in our own way. It is to be hoped that, while we are about it, we shall not do the thing by halves, but shall secure to our young people the right of being merry without loss of innocence, and of being wise without being dull.

We might write on at any length upon the theme before us, but we can only add a single thought more, and one that concerns those visitors who are to be called by eminence our friends. Our life may, in a most important respect, be considered successful, if among its various threads three or four are drawn by as many true friends. Such are among the best gifts of Heaven and the best comforts of earth. We ought not, indeed, to expect of them any marvels of self-sacrifice, and should beware of burdening and endangering affection by business entanglements, and even of confounding friendship with domestic love by a familiarity or continuity such as only such love can maintain.

Our friends are true when they sincerely desire our welfare and comfort us by their counsel and sympathy, ready to weep when we weep, and rejoice when we rejoice. The very fact that they are not with us always, as the bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh, makes their companionship more valuable in its own place. They diversify home-life by their fresh spirits, widen our range of thought by their free conversation, make the seat left vacant by their absence a cherished remembrance, and every new sound of their coming footstep wakens echoes of solemn years departed and hopes of blessed years to come. Let us have and keep our acquaintances—as many, indeed, as will receive and return our word or smile. There is no limit to the number of persons whom we may sincerely like. But as for real friends, whom we really love and expect to love us, the new ideas and marvelous intercommunications of modern society have not yet made their name legion; and the most amiable citizen may not safely venture to be more sanguine than ancient Socrates, who, when chided for the smallness of his house, said that it was large enough to hold his friends.

HEXAMETERS AT JAMESTOWN.

SIXTEEN ladies and gentlemen made up a party at Brandon,
 Ivy to plant on the old church, fallen to ruin, at Jamestown:
 So quite early one pleasant and peaceful morning of April,
 Mounting the deck of a high-pressure, swift-sure, trig little steamboat,
 Down stream bravely they sailed, while gayly the ladies their 'kerchiefs
 Fluttered by way of farewell to such as behind on the wharf stood.
 Surely the sunlit James ne'er bore on its tremulous bosom
 Vessel so freighted with loveliness, innocence, flowers, and fruit-cake.
 Musical laughter, like silvery bells or the falling of waters,
 Rose on the grateful breeze which rippled the awning above us;
 While 'neath the cloud of the canvas the star-like eyes of the maidens
 Brilliantly lighted both sides of the steamer till each was a starboard,
 So that a bachelor captain had lost both his heart and his bearings;
 Eyes that with pleasure at times still marked where rested the baskets,
 Since the villegiatura must always be hampered with luncheon.

After a while, in the distance, Jamestown's mouldering brick-work,
 Softened and saddened by sunshine, greeted the sight of the pilgrims—
 Image of mournful decay in the midst of the beautiful landscape,
 River before and forest behind, and the blue of the welkin
 Bending in tenderness over the delicate green of the wheat-fields—
 Green that gives promise of gold in the regal abundance of harvest,
 Just as the well-filled baskets give an assurance of good things.
 Reaching the Island in safety at last, and dropping the anchor,
 Swiftly to shore we glide in the four-oared cut-away row-boat—

So in the old time Christopher Newport himself may have landed
Just at this bloom of the year when Spring had unfolded her banners
Over the woods and streams of her own Ancient Dominion.

Holy the calm that reigned in the moss-grown, desolate church-yard;
And as a party of tourists, walking across the Piazza,
Murray under their arms, and filling the court with their chit-chat,
All of a sudden are hushed as they enter the nave of St. Peter's,
So when the Brandon pilgrims came to the crumbling inclosure
Guarding the dust of the good and the brave that slumber at Jamestown,
Pensive and silent were they, and the awe of the place was unbroken.
Reverent, musing, we linger to trace the inscriptions in Latin,
Almost illegible now, and fading away from the marble;
Then to the time-eaten turret, walking with decorous footsteps,
Slowly as walked to the temple the worshipping settlers aforetime,
Careful we set in the consecrate soil the shoots of the ivy
Where the colonial pilgrims had planted the germs of an empire.

Then spoke Everett, Edward (first-rate dactyl and spondee,
Deftly the orator's name runs into hexameter measure),
Eloquent words of response to the simple greeting of welcome
Offered in modest phrase by one of the sons of Virginia.
Soft, as his accents arose on the air, from the ages departed
Quaint apparitions and shadows majestic gathered around us,
John Smith, valorous captain, Powhatan friendly in council,
Pocahontas, beloved as "his dearest iewell and daughter,"
Gazing in timid delight on the shining plane of the river,
Where was a steamer that bore the legended name of the maiden.
Gladly we would have communed with the knight and his comely companion,
Gladly have shaken the hand of the brave old Indian chieftain;
But as the voice of the speaker again relapsed into silence,
Suddenly vanished the shapes, and vacancy stood in their places—
Just as the music had ceased whose magical spell had evoked them.

After the speaking was luncheon, then we returned to the steamboat,
Ladies and gentlemen pleased with the task they had fitly performed;
Thus was the pilgrimage ended, thus was replanted the creeper,
Over the mouldering tower to hang its rich curtain again—
And as the ivy shall cling, with its graceful and delicate tendrils,
Close to the ruin it wraps in the evergreen mantle of love,
Closer and closer for aye when, breaking in fury, the tempest,
Pitiless, wrathful, descends from the darkened and ominous sky;
So may our dearest affections inwreath the magnificent fabric
Reared on the solid foundations of Jamestown and Plymouth of old—
Fabric that never shall fall, upheld by the prayers of a people,
Till the last sand of the ages shall ebb through the perishing glass!

ISABELL BERNARD'S LESSON.

"**S**AD, sober, or perverse to-night, *ma belle*?" said Harvey Gray to Isabell Bernard, as they stood together in the door-way of the old farm-house at Red Hill.

"What if I should say all three, most excellent cousin?" was the merry answer.

"Then I should say, angels and ministers of grace defend me! for in any one of those moods you are enough to drive a man distracted; and if I ventured to suppose you were possessed by all three, I should—"

"Well!—what?" as he stopped a moment.

"Do as I do now—put my arms around you and hold you!" and he drew her down to a seat beside himself on the broad door-step.

"Such a proceeding would be entirely unnecessary, as well as very useless; for I should slip away just as I do now!" and she dexterously slid from under his arm.

"Very well done, little lady! but you will not do it again;" and the grasp was tightened until the young head almost touched his breast.

So the two went on with their gay bantering, although both felt that they stood very near one of the great decisions of their lives. For a little time Isabell rested quietly with Harvey's arm around her; and while she is content, let me tell you a little about her as well as about Dr. Harvey Gray.

Isabell Bernard was young, and an authoress. Left an orphan at an early age, she had made her own way in the world; and now, although young, could support herself comfortably, and look forward to a future that contained the greatest of worldly blessings—plenty of well-paid appreciated work.

She was the fashion now; but there had been a time when she knew not if the next day would give her shelter and food, weary drudge as she was of a daily paper; when she thought longingly of death, and her most earnest prayer was that God would take back the life that was as a heavy burden to her. But God took it not back for all her praying, so she struggled through; and when she sat in the door-way with Harvey Gray her face was brilliant with hope, and that confidence in herself which told you that, woman though she was, and Christian though she called herself, there was nothing she believed in as she did in her own will.

And Harvey Gray loved her. As he looked into her small, earnest face that night, he realized that there was nothing in the world so precious to him as her love; that to call her his wife, to have her ever beside him, would fill his soul and his life with a bliss which no dream of wealth or fame had ever been able to do.

He too was young; just beginning life as a physician in the little town where Isabell was spending the summer. He was not a great man, and never would be; but he won the respect and friendship of many men, and the love and sympathy of most true-hearted noble women.

Patient and persevering, very earnest in his

profession, perfectly dependable, quick and delicate in his feelings as a woman, with as keen a sense of honor as had Bayard or Sydney, you may wonder a little (as I more than half suspect he did) why such a man wanted Isabell Bernard for his wife.

Certain it is that he liked not her character before he saw her. She was a distant relative of his mother, and he had heard much of her as well as read her books; and while he found in them the passionate insight of the poet, the hater of wrong in every place and circumstance, he said that there was no woman's heart there; that no true man would want Isabell's head, beautiful although it was, upon his bosom; that she was not one to bless a fireside and glorify a home.

(God help us, and forgive us that we so wrongly judge our fellows!)

He had heard how she fascinated men; how for a time she let them come quite near her heart, then said her work was more to her than lover or husband, and went her own way. As it happened he had never seen her, and he made a very significant face when he was told that she was coming to stay the whole summer with her old aunt at Red Hill. He hoped she would be quiet, and not set the whole village into excitement with her own eccentric notions. Of one thing he was sure—he would let her alone; relative though she was, he would show her that one man, at least, loved and respected quiet, womanly women.

By-and-by she came; and, much to the chagrin of our Doctor, every body admired her, from the minister's wife to the little old maid who had passed censorious judgment upon every young woman who had come into the place for the last thirty years. In the houses he most frequented he found her poems; every invalid was sure that Miss Bernard's last article did her more good than the Doctor's last powders; and, in his merry way, he often said how weary he grew of Miss Bernard's perfections; and once even said that authoresses were rather dangerous, as well as very disagreeable persons.

This remark was carried by an unwise female tongue to Isabell's aunt, and the merry, nonchalant remark she made in answer did not tend to heighten Dr. Gray's opinion of her.

One thing he found out very soon: if he cared nothing for her, she possessed an equal share of indifference toward him; and this fact, perhaps, made him consider it perfectly safe to watch her motions whenever he could find the opportunity.

So he studied the bright face; marked the low, sweet brow, shaded by the long, glossy hair; looked long into the eyes, whose clear, tender depths told so much of the heart; then turned to the slender form, the springing, elastic step—surely these were womanly. But the mouth—He was right after all! And yet those full lips—No; he was right at first. She might have a woman's heart—might love—but if she did not think it best, if any thing she chose to call duty

came between her and that love, she would count the love as but dust in the balance.

Harvey Gray said all this many times, and yet could not help watching her as she passed his office every morning at mail time. Always tripping along in the same careless yet decided manner, as if the three miles' walk from the farm had no power to tire her; stopping to caress every child whom she met; often speaking to and patting the head of a stray dog; he could not help confessing that there was a strange charm about her, which her very independence heightened.

One day as she passed she stopped a moment before his door, where his great dog Lion was lying in the sun. This same Lion only the day before had been drawn into a fight with a companion and been most disgracefully beaten; and what with lacerated ear, hot sun, and impish flies, the poor fellow was decidedly uncomfortable, and giving utterance to his discomfort by a succession of fretful growls. Isabell brushed away the flies, spread her handkerchief over the torn ear, administered a grave rebuke to Lion for his foolishness, then went on humming, as she often did when walking alone, a little snatch of a favorite opera.

When she disappeared in the Post-office Dr. Gray went out and picked up the handkerchief, although he called himself fool, and many other hard names, as he did so.

After this morning he was always in his office when she passed; and although it may not be worth mentioning, it was about this time that he ceased puzzling himself as to her womanliness. One week he missed her. She did not go to the church, did not come to the village. Had she gone back to the city? What were her movements to him?

That they were something I think he proved by asking the man who came for the farm letters.

"No, she had not gone to the city; she was sick." Dr. Gray did not like the idea at all, it made him restless; and many times he wished that he dared use his relation's right and go down to see her, but the foolish words he had spoken of her kept him away.

"What was the matter with her?"

The man was provokingly indefinite upon that point; sometimes thinking it was a fever, then only a cold.

But one day Dr. Gray found out.

Mrs. Barry, Isabell's aunt, sent for him to come and see Miss Bernard. When he reached the farm Mrs. Howard told him that her niece had been to town, overworked herself, taken a severe cold, and been ailing ever since. "She will not own it," continued the old woman, "insisted that she would not see you, and does not know that I sent." All this was said in a very pleasant way, and Dr. Gray could but hope that the niece would forget his neglect as the aunt had done, although he was not sanguine enough to think that she would. Isabell was asleep.

"I would not wake her; I have nothing else

to do; let me sit here and watch her, and I can tell better how sick she is," said the Doctor to Mrs. Barry, who was in great distress to get back to some butter, which she informed the young man she knew her girl was spoiling. And Dr. Gray was decidedly glad to be rid of her rattling tongue.

He sat there and watched Isabell's face for more than an hour.

It was thin and pale—even sad now; but she lay there on the low sofa with all the ease and careless gracefulness of a child.

How foolish, even wrong, had he been to let a mere prejudice keep him from her, when perhaps his care and attention would have prevented this illness, which he knew, by her flushed cheek and labored breathing, was no trifling matter. The hot hand dropped over the side of the sofa; cautiously he put it back again, but the motion woke her. She looked bewildered, but before she had time to speak Harvey said: "I am Dr. Gray, Miss Bernard, a relation of your own, and as I live in the village and heard that you were sick, I thought I would come and see you."

"I am not sick," said Isabell, as she tried to rise; but the motion was too much for her, and if Harvey had not caught her she would have fallen to the floor. "Don't try, Miss Bernard; you are not able to get up; I must give you something to strengthen you."

The words were said almost tenderly; but there was a slight touch of authority in the voice which Isabell did not fancy, so she made a second attempt, but Dr. Gray's arm prevented her, and his face said as plainly as did his lips,

"No, Miss Bernard, lie still."

It was a long time since any one had commanded Isabell; and her eyes said so, which eyes Dr. Gray was not slow to read, and answered them by saying, "Never mind, Miss Bernard, it will do you no harm to yield a little."

She did not resist this time, for indeed she could not; weakness overcame her determination. By a few cautiously put questions Dr. Gray discovered that she had been perplexed by a difficulty with her publisher, and in the midst of the anxiety had been overtaken, thinly clad as she was, by a violent rain, then, instead of taking care of herself, had read proof all day in a damp office. Dr. Gray thought there was small cause for her wonder at the fever and lassitude that prostrated her. He certainly had no reason to complain of her willfulness this time; for even while his fingers were on her wrist she fell asleep, and then and there Isabell Bernard had her first serious illness. One or two nights Harvey Gray said, despairingly, "she will never see morning again." But God spared her, although it was not until autumn that she touched pen once more.

What was her life worth to Harvey Gray?

He asked himself the question many times, and each time answered, "Every thing." He cared not in the least now if she were womanly or not; he could not help loving her; and as he remembered how, in the wild delirium of fever, only

his tenderly spoken words had power to hush the mournful histories of her years of struggle and pain; and how, when reason returned, she gave him her first smile and intelligent word he almost hoped that she loved him, not gratefully altogether, but as a woman should love the man—who is to stand only second to God in her heart—who is to be her husband.

Still she puzzled him, and he sometimes told her she had as many moods as there were hours in the day.

And what did he, the calm, consistent man want with her, fitful, capricious as an April day, in all except that she called "her work?"

I do not know. How should I?—he did not know himself. And Isabell?—slowly, most reluctantly, she admitted that Dr. Gray could not be passed by with a smile and shake of the head as so many men had been. She did not like to see any hands but her own touch the flowers he brought her; his step upon the loose gravel of the walk would bring the bright color to her pale cheek as she lay upon the sofa; and when her old demon of work took possession of her Dr. Gray's tenderly spoken entreaty was almost always heeded; and if that was not, the calm command was never disobeyed. At last there came the moment, that comes to all of us women at one time or another, when she was forced to admit to herself that to know that Harvey loved her, and wanted her for his wife, would make her the happiest woman in New England.

And yet—and she buried her head among the pillows as she remembered how she had written many eloquent words to prove that a woman has a work to do apart from husband or children—had she not said, and thought too, that no wife or mother cares should fill up her life and usurp her time? How often she had said as well that this wondrous thing called Love was a good and right pleasant thing for those who had nothing to do in the world, but that its earnest workers could do without it, and must!

And as all these words crowded in upon her mind she would determine that she would not love Dr. Gray, good, noble although he was; she would prove that women can stand on life's battle-field, can struggle side by side with their brother man, and conquer too, if they but trust themselves and their God. So it happened that her manner was capricious and differing toward Harvey Gray. She could not conquer her love for him in a moment, and sometimes she found herself too weak to draw back from the strong love that would have spared her so much of anxiety and toil; so *that* day she would be gentle as a child, and the next, will being stronger, she would turn aside indifferently, even coldly, from his presence. Harvey noted this, and said many times that he would never seek her again; but never was no longer a word with him than it is with most lovers, and night after night he walked, drove, and talked with her.

He had promised himself that the night of which I shall tell you should certainly be the

last—that then and there he would say "Good-by!"

I do not think it is very prudent for a man who has made such a resolution to stand at the door of a lonely farm-house and put his arm around the waist of the woman he loves and take both her hands in his. So you will see we have reached again the place from which we started; and if you think they have been in that door-way a long time, I shall only ask you if you think Harvey Gray dreamed of its being long? At last Isabell spoke:

"I have to go home to-morrow, Dr. Gray."

He knew it. Indeed that was his excuse for coming to see her; but the words startled him, and as he moved a little he felt her form tremble in his grasp.

"Why must you go, Isabell?"

"Why, cousin? Because I shall have to work hard enough this winter to make up for these months of idleness and illness; because I have staid here much longer than I intended, and"—she stopped a moment, for Harvey was drawing her closer and closer to him—"it is getting so pleasant to be helped and taken care of that I shall forget how to take care of myself."

"Why should you ever take care of yourself any more, dear Isabell? I know a home and a heart that will count it a blessing to shelter you from toil and hardship. There has been too much of it in your life already, my darling. Will you come to me, and let me bear it for you evermore?"

She looked in his face, and the thoughtless, trifling words wherein she would have hidden her own great love came not at her bidding. Her lips moved, but no words came from them; so Harvey went on:

"Be my wife, Isabell. You need not words to know how much I love you. Only tell me that you love me."

No eyes could mistake the flush of joy that illumined Isabell's face, least of all could a lover's; and Harvey knew she loved him. Perhaps her lips would not tell him so, but he knew it. For a moment she let him whisper caressing words and press lover's kisses on her face, then drew herself a little from his close hold.

Almost she said the words, "I will be your wife, Harvey." Almost! And then came thoughts of the work she honestly believed she could do better alone.

She was mistaken, certainly; but do not blame her too much. She suffered years for that decision. Slowly, lingeringly, she drew herself from the arms whose shelter was so blissful to her, and from white, quivering lips came the answer: "I can not be your wife, Harvey. We must not think of it again."

"Dear Isabell," began Harvey; but she went on:

"Long years before I knew you I chose my life-work. I said if God will prosper me I will, so long as my life lasts, use the talents that He gave me in aiding my lonely, sorrowful sisters to bear the heavy burden that an unloved life

throws upon them. I will try and show them that, weak although we are, we can live alone, suffer alone, and, if need be, die alone. I took my place then and there. Oh! Harvey, would it be right for me to desert them now?" and her whole frame trembled with suppressed emotion.

"My darling, my darling!" and the strong, firm tones quieted her, even while she knew she had no right to such endearing titles. "Can you not do all this with me? Because you give me the right to love you, because you know where to find rest ever—always—will you be more idle, less in earnest, because God has blessed us so much?"

"How could I speak to them, how comfort, strengthen, if I was at rest, in perfect peace, your wife? Would they not turn away sadly, and say, 'Happy wife and mother that you are, what know you of our loneliness—our sorrow?'"

"And yet you condemn me to it, Isabell?"

"Spare me, Harvey, spare me such words. Do you not think I too must suffer? You have never thought me very loving, very womanly; but if I loved you any more, and yet had to leave you as I do now, I could scarcely bear it. I think I should die."

Once more Harvey told her that this great love of his should be no hinderance to her toil. Be his wife, and each day should show how carefully every obstacle should be cleared from her way. But she was firm.

"Harvey, do you not see? If I were your wife I should not so care for this work of mine. I should be happy, perfectly content in your love—your home and your life would be every thing to me—and I have no right to give myself so blessed a life as that."

"No right, Isabell! Could you not bless others more even by blessing me first?" Years after Isabell saw what he meant, but not then; and passionately as her heart went out to him she would not swerve from her purpose. He told her that he would not give her up—that if they both lived, at one time or another she should be his wife; but she turned away her face even as he said the words, and he caught no glimpse of its white agony. Upon his hand he felt her tears, then for one moment her lips as well, and she went into the house, and I know that Harvey Gray spoke no more love-words for many a year.

They went their separate ways—Isabell to throw herself into her old life with all the heart and strength she could summon, and Dr. Gray to try and consider the last few months as a swiftly-vanished dream. Life looked slightly stale to him—there would be little use in denying that fact; but he was no boy to faint, because when he boldly risked his all he had lost it; and although Isabell was the one gift he most coveted from life, although he had lost her, there were many things that would pay him for living.

And Isabell wrote more than ever; and if praise and flattery had been what she wanted, she would have had enough.

Letters crowded her table. Many women, and some men, looked to her for sympathy, strength,

and appreciation; and she gave to all freely, gladly, and her name grew to be a synonym for earnestness and power. Wives and mothers read her books, for they fancied that they found in them the holiest recognition of their own great rights and duties; and solitary women read them in their silent homes, finding as they read hope, comfort, even while their tears fell like rain upon the pages, for well did their own hearts tell them that the woman who could write such words as they read must have dwelt with sorrow and loneliness many days.

Surely it was no light thing that from her own bitter experience sprang so many sweet flowers unto those almost sunless lives. Fathers too would bring home her books to their young daughters, and as they wrote the household name upon the title-page would say, seriously, "May my daughter be such another woman as this authoress!"

Have I words gentle and tender enough to tell how betrothed lovers read them together, nor dreamed, as they sat with clasped hands and heart beating against heart, that a love strong as their own had been sundered to write the words that flushed the cheek and quickened the beating of the two hearts so soon to be one?

Did Isabell ever yearn for the one great love she had left behind? I do her no wrong when I answer "Often." Much she heard of Dr. Gray, never from him; heard how, as years went by, he gained in wealth and honor; how steadily he kept his own way—the way of strictest integrity; and thought of her lonely heart and his desolate home until she grew faint and would think no more.

I do not know that she repented her decision; but I wonder not that the mocking question would sometimes make itself heard, "Was your work of sufficient importance that for it you should shadow the life of a noble man like Harvey Gray? Others speak such words as well, it may be better than you—can any love him as you do?"

Oftentimes she would leave her silent study for a twilight walk, and peep longingly into the bright parlors that she passed, note the little children, mark the pleased glance and eagerly received caress of husbands to wives, and the tone would be touchingly submissive as she said, "Such will never be for me!"

Harvey did not marry. In that quiet village there were but few unmarried women, and none ever chanced to come in his way who obscured for a single instant the old love in his heart. He saw almost every thing that Isabell wrote, and said sometimes, as he laid aside book or paper, "I can wait; she will surely be mine at last."

In the course of her busy life Isabell went to Europe, and while there she met a woman who was not more talented and beautiful than she was good. She visited her in her home, saw her children, and marked the love, almost reverence, with which her husband (a man of fine culture) regarded her. The world knew this woman well—knew her as the friend of the poor and ignorant, the

honest worker in every pure enterprise; while art placed her name very high among its patrons, for many a young painter blessed her when his foot first pressed the hallowed soil of Italy; and yet she told Isabell, of all her life no hours were so peaceful, so blessed, as those she passed in her own home.

"I have thought sometimes," said the noble woman, "that I would like time to write poems, to live to write as you do, Miss Bernard; but I check the thought when I look at my children, for it is given to me to make their whole lives poems."

Then she told Isabell how, years before, the same question came to her as came to Isabell, and she decided it differently. And Isabell compared the two lives, and saw where she was wrong, on that long-ago night, when she told Dr. Gray she could never be his wife. If the strong human love had not been in her grasp she would have done well without it; but when God placed it there, and she passed it by, saying, proudly, "I can do better without it," she was not right. So she learned a better lesson in that quiet English home than at Shakspeare's grave or Dante's tomb. She came home; but in her absence a new claimant for literary distinctions had usurped her place, and though welcomed and remunerated, she was not, as before, the idol of the reading public.

Soon after her return there appeared in one of the leading magazines of the time a very severe criticism, not alone upon her writings, but reflecting as well upon her character as a woman. One year before she would have cared little for it—would have called it, as it was, petty malice disguised under the garb of dignified criticism; but now, as the thought of her English friend's beautiful life came to her, this article wearied her. She thought, too—and do not call her very weak that the tears came thick and fast as she thus thought—how little she would have cared for these words had her head been on Harvey's breast, and his home her shelter. And Harvey read the unkind, untrue words as he sat in his quiet study, and drew up to his table, and took pen in hand to write Isabell that his home and heart were her own, even as they were ten years ago; but he drew back his hand, taking instead the little miniature she herself had given him, saying as he did so (he had said the words many times), "I can wait. If she ever comes to me, she must come of her own will."

If I had read it in a story I never could have believed that any man could cling thus firmly to an apparently hopeless scheme as did Dr. Gray to this one love of his life.

Some time or other, perhaps not for many a year, but at last she would surely be his wife.

When his diligence and experience had given him command of his profession, and wealth flowed in upon him, he scarcely ever gave place to a new luxury in his small but elegant home that he did not wonder what Isabell would think of it. That beautiful copy of Raphael's Madonna

should not be securely fastened to the wall; Isabell might like a stronger light for it. And in his library window, looking toward the south, there stood, at all seasons of the year, a pot of mignonnette, whose little perfumed flowers, Isabell once told him, made all rooms seem home-like to her.

Many a fancy which her youth had known, but which she had laid aside as a whim and childishness, was cherished, almost hallowed, in Dr. Gray's country home. Every year there came to her, very early in the spring, a little box holding the long, delicate clusters of the New England mayflower, and her face, which often looked weary, would be bright for many days; for well she knew whose love remembered the girlish preference, and well *she* remembered how Harvey Gray was used to tie up her favorite flowers.

You will say, perhaps, that this love is not natural—that no man would love a woman for so many years unless she gave herself to him—and that no woman could thus hold herself from the man whom she loved. I dare say you are right; but I must tell you the truth about it.

One day Dr. Gray stood by a bedside where the great mystery of birth had just been enacted, and where his experienced eye saw that very soon the other great mystery of death would pass upon the mother's soul. She was a poor woman, whom he had known many years—whose whole life had been one weary wrestle with sorrow and poverty; who had given birth to many children, and, one after the other, had given them back again to mother earth, and now must leave this her last one to the care, or the neglect, of a drunken father. As she lay there Dr. Gray saw that all her agony was for this boy; that the dimming eyes would close gladly, even rejoicingly, if the wailing babe could still the beating of its young heart and sleep upon her bosom in the still grave.

"Pray for my baby," came from her pale lips. Dr. Gray knelt unhesitatingly; it was not the first time he had stood between a passing soul and its God. When his voice ceased and he looked up the mother was calmer; and as she motioned him nearer, and began to speak, he was startled to notice her clear, firm tones.

"You are a good man, Dr. Gray, and a rich one. Will you not take my baby, and bring him up as a Christian child should be? A dying mother's blessing shall be yours, and God will reward you evermore."

Death waited not for mother's love; and before Harvey had time to answer she was beyond the sight of mortal eyes.

The request was no small one—Dr. Gray felt that; but the mother's face haunted him all the next day, and before night he hired a nurse and took home his very unexpected and, if the truth must be told, slightly undesirable legacy.

His old housekeeper (who had been his mother's) thought, and scrupled not to say, that the Doctor was crazy; and she and the nurse kept up such furious altercations that poor Harvey

was fain to consider the baby's crying the pleasanter alternative.

Man-like, he took refuge in his study, and told the women to settle their own battles; and so, for a few months, managed to keep the hostile parties in the same house.

But he found that little Charley's naturally good temper was being soured and fretted by the caprices of the two who managed him, and he found himself obliged to sit down and very seriously consider what he should do. Unconsciously, as they always did when he was thinking, his fingers opened the drawer that held Isabell's picture, and played, in a soft, caressing manner, with her radiant face. "Isabell Bernard," he said, and while the name was on his lips a thought came to him—"I will ask her," he murmured. He wrote, asking her, for the sake of their old interest in each other, to receive his ward into her home, told how good and loving little Charley was, how entirely unfitted his house was for the care and training of a child, then besought her to remember how, years before, she had refused the greatest gift life had for him, and to be gentle with him in this his next request.

I think even the writer who called Isabell "unfeminine" would have confessed himself mistaken could he have read the sweet and simple words that told of her acquiescence in her old lover's proposal. Perhaps said writer might have placed her a little nearer the "common women" he so glorified. "The child might come any day," the letter said, "every thing was ready." I think Harvey was a little disappointed that she did not ask him to accompany the child and its nurse; but she did not, although he went soon after without any invitation.

Of course they came together more after this. The child made a strong mutual interest, and they began to write friendly letters, such as only grave elderly people, who have learned to control themselves, know how to do.

And a lightsome, winsome thing was little Charley Gray, in the house of Isabell Bernard. I have told you—have I not?—how many times she had looked sadly on the blessed mother-faces that drooped to kiss their children's rosy lips. Now she had no need; her little Charley's lips were just as rosy, his soft, clinging arms just as ready for her neck. And discerning people said that she wrote better books, that there must be some new happiness in the author's life; it was as if she wrote only in the sunlight. And so strong grew her love for young children that she was never too busy to see the whole troop of little ones who would come to see Miss Bernard for a few minutes before school.

As she watched little Harry's frolics her heart grew very tender toward the child-faces that she saw every day in the street, where sin, want, and neglect almost obscured the Divine impress—thank God, only almost.

"Could she not do something for them?" She earned more than enough each year to support herself; the rest she had put by against the time when she should no longer have strength

of hand and vigor of mind to work; but that time looked very far away from her now, for she had just begun to find the childish faith that could say, "God will see to you, if you do not neglect his little ones now."

She did not speak of her plan, even to Harvey Gray, but she thought of it through many a twilight hour as she sat with Charley upon her knee; and in early summer she rented a pleasant house by the sea-side, placed a woman in whom she fully confided at its head, then went into the narrow alleys and close, dirty streets to pick up her family.

It was all done very quietly; but before three months she had as many as her house would hold. Then her plan becoming known, and money and willing hands coming to her aid, before a year the thing that started in a simple woman's love and Christian compassion became one of the recognized charities of the State.

The love those homeless children lavished upon her no words of mine can tell you, nor can I say how each one longed for the hour when she, accompanied always by little Charley, came to them. They were by no means perfect. Those only who have gathered such, and tried to teach them, will understand me when I say it was hard work; but Isabell loved them, and almost always the mention of her name enabled her assistants to quell childish strife and disobedience. In after years, when those children took their places in the world, they said no words more proudly than these: "We are Mother Isabell's children."

But still she grew not much nearer to Harvey Gray; and he said, almost despairingly, "Her heart is in her work as much now as it was when she slipped from my grasp so many years since." He was right, too. She was finding rest, peace, in her children, and although at first she loved Charley for the old love's sake, he was now taking the first place in her heart; but the child had done his work, and although Isabell knew it not, the angels knew he would soon stand by his mother in heaven. One night Isabell thought him slightly sick, and the next morning sent for Dr. Gray, and for many days they tended him with the most loving care; but love and care availed not, even Dr. Gray said he must die.

Together they watched the little life ebb away, then Harvey took the motionless form from Isabell's arms, laid it tenderly upon the bed, then placed his arm around Isabell, and with gentle, almost caressing words, tried to hush the wild sobs that, calm and self-possessed woman as she was, shook her frame.

Excited, weary, hardly knowing what she said, she told Harvey how dreary her life was before Charley came to her, sobs prevented her from telling how desolate she should be without him. Her tears fell more quietly at last, and Harvey pressed her head upon his shoulder and she fell into that heavy sleep grief often produces. She did not wake, even when kind hands dressed Charley in his last earthly garment, and it was not until noon that she opened her eyes. Dr.

Gray left her an hour before: he knew her well enough to feel that when she woke, calm and herself, she would rather be alone with her sorrow and her God.

They returned from the sunny hill-side, henceforth to be sacred to them as Charley's grave, and sat down together in the desolate house that seemed to echo only the lost music of Charley's voice. A few commonplace words Isabell tried to speak, but her voice trembled so that she took refuge in silence, and the shadows grew longer and longer on the parlor floor.

At length, impelled by one of those strong impulses that sway men's souls so many times in their lives, Harvey Gray rose and stood before Isabell.

Much of the earnestness and strength that this great love of his had gathered during all the years it had been hidden in his own heart expressed itself in his voice as he whispered, rather than said,

"Isabell, is it your will that this child-life and child-grave should be only another memory linking our hearts together in the past, and making more desolate and dreary the rest of life? Must I leave you to-night, as I have so many nights, alone, with an added sorrow and a lonelier heart? You want not words to know how more than life I love you; you know all these years your own will has alone kept me from your side. Must it be so still? Will you still refuse to be my wife, Isabell? Will you still refuse the home that has waited for you so many years? God help you, my darling, who should be my wife, to decide aright!"

The room was very silent; then Isabell said,

"Your wife, Harvey, I am in nowise worthy to be. I have known that these many years—ever since I answered you upon that one night we stood together. But, Harvey, I have prayed God to forgive me; and if you will—if no distrust of me is in your heart—most thankfully will I be your wife."

Then, lower, the words that Harvey stooped his head to hers before he could hear:

"I can not love you more than I have all these years. God only knows how hard I have struggled many times to keep you from standing in His place in my heart."

The words were enough for Dr. Gray. His hair had many white waves upon its glossy surface; his face was marked by many a furrow; but the arm that drew Isabell to his breast had lost none of its old-time vigor; and the heart against which she leaned beat none the less strongly and warmly that it was so many years since a woman's delicate head had lain there.

I never knew that Isabell regretted her marriage, for married she was when the grass that covered little Charley was a month old. She gave her husband the first place in her heart and the best portion of her time; but after that was done she still found many minutes, even hours, of leisure, and in these she worked hard at her chosen vocation.

Neither were her children neglected; not even for a day were they forgotten.

Year after year she gathered them into the home her own hands had earned for them; and as one and another went from its doors to do a man's or a woman's work in the world, each one said "God bless her!" and for some of them the world blessed her too.

Children of her own God gave her, and she loved them none the less that she knew so much more than most women; and her husband said, proudly, that in all his calls he saw none kinder or more loving toward their parents than were theirs.

I would that I could tell you how infinitely blessed they were during the years they lived together; how, as age came upon them, they drew close to each other; and when their children's children were old enough to talk of love and lovers, not the most romantic girl of them all asked to love and be loved more than these two old people.

Among the children that stood at Isabell's knee there was more than one noble, high-spirited girl, who, in her eagerness to do some great thing for the world, would have thrown away a great love as Isabell once did; but the story I have told you always sent such away silent, thoughtful, and the next time they came one was with them who would be to them as Harvey was to Isabell.

It was very pleasant to notice how, if any one spoke of Isabell's books, said this or that was more loving, more genial, told of more experience, would do more good than another, she would say, with a pleasant air, "I wrote that after I was married. You remember where, Harvey?" And Harvey always remembered.

LEGAL WIT.

THE dullness of law documents is proverbial. "As dull as a law book" is every body's comparison; and some evil-disposed persons even say, "As prosy as a lawyer." But there they are wrong; and the gentlemen of the bar have, as they usually have, the best of their lay brethren. "Bar wit" is the sharpest of wit, as any one who has enjoyed the privilege of attending a bar dinner, or any other social gathering of "attorneys and counselors at law," will readily admit. Indeed, the readers of *Harper's Magazine* need hardly be supposed in doubt upon this point, for many of the best things served up for their delectation by the *Drawer-man* have been contributed by members of the legal fraternity—that numerous brotherhood whose shingles hang thickest upon the houses of all American towns, and whose voices resound loudest at every American political meeting.

The *Drawer-man* claims a monopoly of American judge and jury stories, and warns trespassers off his premises with ominous threats of man-traps and spring-guns. We propose, therefore, to leave that field to its present occupant, and to confine ourselves in this paper to a collection of

diverse waifs and estrays of gossip from the gentlemen of the long robe of Great Britain.

The profession of the law is in England, almost more than among ourselves, the great avenue to political place, honors, and emoluments. It is, in fact, the only road by which men of tact and industry, but lacking hereditary rank, may hope to arrive at once at wealth, fame, and titles. Among the men now famous in British history as Government leaders and administrators few can be found who have not studied and practiced the law; and many of the most celebrated were eminent as lawyers long before they became eminent as statesmen. But many years of briefless waiting have been and are necessary ere this eminence is reached. Of Scott, afterward Lord Eldon, it was said that "he waited the exact number of years it cost to take Troy (ten), and had formed his determination to pine no longer, but leave the law to become junior partner in a grocery business, when Providence sent an angel, in the shape of Mr. Barber, with the papers of a fat suit and a retaining fee." His first success was rapidly followed by a heavy business and prosperity which never left him till he was Lord Chancellor.

Lord Erskine was first in the navy, then in the army, for a little while a chaplain, and finally studied law. He had for some years so little to do, that when a friend met him in Westminster Hall, and congratulated him on his good looks and high spirits (which never forsook him in his most desperate straits), he replied, "I ought to look well, for I am like Lord Abinger's trees, I have nothing to do but to grow."

Thurlow, afterward Lord Chancellor, was the son of a poor curate; and for many years after he was called to the bar was wholly unknown. He had to resort to the most extraordinary expedients to pay his expenses; such as once pretending to buy a horse, riding him on trial to the next assize town, and returning him with a threat against the dealer to bring a suit against him for attempt to swindle by selling him a broken-winded hack. When he accidentally found an opening for the display of his talents he astonished the bar, and never after lacked briefs.

Kenyon was doomed, term after term, to sit on the back benches, unknown, with scarcely any chance of success. But he would not be discouraged. He studied diligently; constantly increased his knowledge of the law; and at last fortune favored him. He was not eloquent; but he had perseverance, industry, and indomitable resolution; and by these qualities raised himself (a noble example for struggling youth), step by step, from obscurity to honor—from the desk of a stingy attorney to the presidency of the first court of justice in Britain.

Pratt, afterward Lord Camden, though the son of a Chief Justice of the King's Bench, struggled with bitter poverty for eight or nine years, and at last determined to give up the law, when a friend to whom he had communicated his resolve got him retained as junior counsel to

himself in an important suit, and then willfully absented himself, thus throwing the entire duties of the defense on Pratt. The latter so distinguished himself that he at once secured the admiration and the business of the court. Mr. Holroyd, afterward an eminent judge, was spoken of when in his fortieth year as a "rising young man." Murray, the celebrated Lord Mansfield, one of England's greatest lawyers, of whom Pope wrote that noted distich:

"Blest as thou art, with all the power of words,
So known, so honored, in the House of Lords,"*

was for many years in the greatest straits, hardly known as a lawyer, and unable to support himself by his profession. He was only continued in it by the liberality of a rich friend, who, hearing of his difficulties, allowed him two hundred pounds per year till he got into business.

Dunning (Lord Ashburton) studied intensely, lived poorly—taking dinner and supper together to economize time and money—and yet for many years he remained unknown. But once in business he soon became a leader at the bar, and died, at the age of fifty-two, worth one hundred and fifty thousand pounds. He was three years at bar without receiving so much as a hundred guineas, all told. During the last twelve years of his life his practice brought him in from fifty to sixty thousand dollars per year.

These, and many other examples, show what patience and industry are necessary, even to genius, to accomplish great results. Young men may treasure them as comforters in those dark hours which almost always precede the dawn of a great success.

We hear with surprise of the enormous fees and incomes of leading American lawyers, such as Webster, Choate, David Paul Brown, and others; but the practice of eminent British gentlemen of the long robe is more remunerative than even that of their American brethren. Sir Samuel Romilly realized an income of upward of \$75,000 in the last years of his life; Sir Charles Wetherell received \$35,000 for opposing the Municipal Corporations Bill at the bar of the House of Lords; the late Lord Truro's retaining fee in an important cause was \$15,000; and these instances by no means stand alone.

But besides fortune, a good position at the bar brings with it an enviable place in the most intelligent and desirable society. Lawyers have been the best club men; and the clubs of London have become famous for the wit and wisdom which they have, in times past, brought together under one roof. Even that exclusive old clique which called itself "The Sublime Society of Beef-steaks," with its "gridiron of 1735 standing out in proud relief from the ceiling of the refectory," and its funnily conceited motto of "Beef and Liberty"—even this, the most snobbish and conservative of clubs, which had no less a man than a drunken and half-paralytic duke for its honored president, gathered its brightest mem-

* Which was funnily parodied by Colley Cibber:

"Persuasion tips his tongue whenever he talks,
And he has chambers in the King's Bench walks."

bers from the bar. Wilkes, Sergeant Prime (not witty himself, but the cause of wit in others), "Frog" Morgan—so called because he was in the habit of quoting constantly in his arguments in Court "Croke Elizabeth, Croke James, Croke Charles," said *Croke* being a reporter who lived in those three reigns—Horne Tooke, and many others more or less famous, were among its members. Cobb was a lawyer, better known in his time as a playwright, and the author, among others, of an Indian Drama called *Ramah Drug*, and an English opera, the *Haunted Tower*.

"What a misnomer it was," said Arnold, a fellow "steak," to him, "to call your opera the *Haunted Tower*! Why, there was no spirit in it from beginning to end."

"The drama was better named *Ramah Drug*," exclaimed another, "for it was literally ramming a drug down the public throat."

"True," rejoined Cobb, "but it was a drug that evinced considerable power, for it operated on the public twenty nights in succession."

"My good friend," said Arnold, "that was a proof of its weakness, if it took so long in working."

"You are right," retorted Cobb, "in that respect; *your* play (Arnold had brought out a play which did not survive the first night) had the advantage of mine, for it was so powerful a drug that it was thrown up as soon as it was taken."

The raillery of the Sublime Society was merciless. One Bradshaw was fond of boasting of his descent from the regicide of that name. To whom Churchill, the poet, said, "Ah, Bradshaw, don't crow; the Stuarts have been amply revenged for the loss of Charles's head, for you have not had a head in your whole family since."

Sheridan was a Beef-steak, and introduced his brother-in-law, Linley, whose peculiarity was a fondness for telling jokes of which he always forgot the *point*. He published a biography of his friend Leftly, which, coming up before the society for review, was found to open with the following Johnsonian passage respecting his hero's birth: "His father was a tailor and his mother a seamstress; a union which, if not first suggested, was probably accelerated by the mutual sympathies of a congenial occupation." This, and another passage, excited general applause. The second was a sober truism, stated with admirable seriousness: "It is a well-known fact that novelty itself, *by frequent repetition*, loses much of its attraction."

The study of the law does not seem favorable to purity or elegance of style, or exactness of expression. Poor Linley was not alone in his grandiloquence. Mr. Marryatt, a brother of the novelist, once, addressing a jury, and speaking of a chimney on fire, exclaimed, "Gentlemen, the chimney took fire—it poured out volumes of smoke—*volumes* did I say?—whole encyclopedias!" "When I can not talk, sense I talk metaphor," said Curran; and many of his brethren imitate him. Mr. (afterward Sir R.) Dallas exclaimed in one of his speeches, "Now we are advancing from the *starlight* of circumstan-

tial evidence to the *daylight* of discovery; the *sun of certainty* has melted the darkness, and we have arrived at the facts admitted by both parties;" and Kenyon once addressed the Bench: "Your lordships perceive that we stand here as our grandmother's administrators *de bonis non*; and really, my lords, it does strike me that it would be a monstrous thing to say that a party can now come in, in the very *teeth* of an act of Parliament, and actually *turn us round*, under color of *hanging us* upon the foot of a contract made behind our backs!"

The technical phrases of British law documents form, however, a serious clog in clearness of expression. Many of the commonest terms of the English and Scotch courts must be worse than Greek to laymen. Thus, when in Scotland a judge wishes to be preemptory in an order, he "ordains the parties to *condescend*;" when he intends to be mild, he "recommends them to *lose* their pleas." If a man thinks proper to devise his estates for the benefit of the poor, he is considered to *mortify* them. Witnesses are brought into court *upon a diligence*, and before they can be examined they must be *purged*. If a man loses his deceased elder brother's estate, it is called a *conquest*; and there are current such elegant expressions as "blasting you at the horn," "poinding your estate," and "consigning you to the fisc," to which such phrases as "villains in gross," "seized in fee," and "docking an entail," are mere trifles. Of the last term, by-the-way, there is a good story. A physician reproaching a lawyer with what Mr. Bentham would have called the "uncognoscibility" of law technicalities, said:

"Now, for example, I could never comprehend what you meant by *docking an entail*."

"My dear doctor," replied the barrister, "I don't wonder at that; but I will explain: it is what your profession never consent to—*suffering a recovery*."

Besides club gatherings it was, and still is, customary on the principal circuits in England to hold at certain intervals a court for the trial of all breaches of professional etiquette. The court is held at the circuit table after the dinner cloth is cleared, and the junior member of the circuit presides as recorder; the others, not being prosecutors or culprits, acting as jury. The trial takes place on presentment made by any member of the circuit. If the accused is found guilty he is fined, and the penalty is paid into the wine fund of the mess. Some of the presentments are absurd enough, but all tend to maintain good humor among the rival barristers. An eminent advocate, who has a namesake an eminent comedian, was lately presented on circuit for having inserted the following outrageous puff of himself in a prominent newspaper: "Mr. ——— delighted us exceedingly on Monday. We do not remember to have seen so much genuine wit displayed ["on the stage" was here erased] without the slightest coarseness. He is the smartest individual in his line whose performances we have ever witnessed." A fine of half a crown was

forthwith imposed on this vain-glorious paragraph writer. The papers announce the execution of one John Smith, who had been convicted of murder. On whatever circuit there is a Mr. John Smith, he is immediately found guilty of being hanged, and fined for so heinous an offense. When Lord Abinger was at the bar, he presented Mr. Richardson, a great pleader, afterward raised to the bench, for "being the most eminent special pleader of the day!" So grave an offense demanded severe punishment, and Mr. R. was accordingly amerced in a dozen of wine.

Mr. Sergeant Hill was very absent-minded, and this made him the target of many a practical joke on his circuit. He once argued a point of law for some time at *nisi prius*; and intending to hand his papers to the judge, gravely drew forth a plated candlestick from his bag and presented it to the bench. Some one, it appeared, had substituted a "traveler's" bag for the Sergeant's own. Hill was much delighted when, as not unfrequently occurred, he got the better of his persecutors. So pleased was he on one such occasion, at a party given by the Sheriff of Northamptonshire, that, on retiring, he by mistake gave a shilling to his excellent host, and, to the amazement of his friends, shook hands in the most friendly way with the servant at the door.

Chief among the wits was Jekyll, a man who had a retort ready for all comers. At a public dinner the bottle had passed freely, and Jekyll, who was slightly elevated, having just emptied his, called to the servant, "Here, away with this *marine*." A General of the Marines, sitting near the lawyer, felt his dignity touched, and said, "I don't understand what you mean, Sir, by likening an empty bottle to a marine?" "My dear General," replied Jekyll, "I mean a good fellow who has done his duty, and who is ready to do it again."

To a Welsh Judge, famous as well for his neglect of personal cleanliness as for his insatiable desire for place, he said, "My dear Sir, as you have asked the Ministry for every thing else, why have you never asked them for a piece of soap and a nail-brush?" Kenyon, before mentioned, was somewhat noted for parsimony. Some one told Jekyll that he had been down in Lord Kenyon's kitchen, and saw his spits shining as bright as if they had never been used. "Why do you mention his spit?" retorted the humorist; "you must know that nothing turns upon that." A rascally little attorney named Else addressed him: "Sir, I hear that you have called me a pettifogging scoundrel. Have you done so?" "Sir," was the reply, with a look of contempt, "I never said you were a pettifogger or a scoundrel; but I said that you were *little Else*." Garrow was examining an old spinster, for the purpose of proving the tender of a certain sum of money having been made; but found some difficulty in making out his case. Jekyll, who was watching the proceedings, wrote the following, and threw it over to his professional brother:

"Garrow, submit—that tough old jade
Will never prove a *tender maid*."

Erskine, himself a wit of whom many good stories are remembered, once complained to Jekyll "that he had a severe pain in his bowels, and had tried remedy after remedy without being cured." "Get yourself made Attorney-General," was Jekyll's advice; "then you will have no bowels at all."

Erskine was as good at an impromptu as Jekyll himself. Dining one day with Sir Ralph Payne he was seized with a sudden illness which obliged him to retire till the cloth was cleared. On his return Lady Payne asked anxiously how he felt. He took up pencil and scribbled this couplet in answer:

"'Tis true I am ill, but I can not complain,
For he never knew pleasure who never knew *Payne*."

To Mr. Espinasse and a Mr. Lamb he remarked once that habit and the practice of public speaking gave a man great confidence when pleading in court. "I protest I don't find it so," replied Mr. Lamb, "for though I've been a good many years at the bar, with my fair share of business, I don't find my confidence increase; indeed the contrary is my case." "Why," replied Erskine, "it's nothing wonderful that a *Lamb* should grow *sheepish*." One night Erskine was coming out of the House of Commons and was stopped by a member who asked, "Who's up, Erskine?"

"Windham."

"What's he on?"

"His legs," shouted Erskine as he hurried out.

He was counsel in a suit brought to recover the value of a quantity of whalebone; and found one of the witnesses so stupid as not to know the difference between *thick* and *long* whalebone. Driven to desperation he at length exclaimed, "Why, man, you do not seem to know the difference between what is thick and what is long. Now I will explain; you are a thick-headed fellow, but you are not a long-headed fellow." Being counsel for defendant in the case of *Robinson vs. Tickell*, he opened his speech to the bench with "Tickell, my client, the defendant, my lord," when the Judge interrupted—"Tickel him yourself, Brother Erskine, you can do it better than I." Having gained an important suit for a coal-mining company whose counsel he was, they invited him to a splendid dinner given in honor of the victory. Called on for a toast, he gave, "*Sink* your pits, *blast* your mines, *dam* your rivers."

Erskine rarely received a rebuff, in which particular he was more lucky than Dunning (Lord Ashburton), who, in his cross-examinations, though he sometimes gave good shots, as often got as good as he sent. Asking a witness why he lived at the very verge of the court, the ready reply was, "In the vain hope of escaping the rascally impertinence of *Dunning*."

A witness, with a Bardolphian nose coming in Dunning's way, he said to him, "Now, Mr. Copernose, you have been sworn. What do you say?"

"Why, upon my oath," replied the witness,

"I would not exchange my copper nose for your brazen face."

He was remarkably ugly. A client of his once inquired for him at a coffee-house. The waiter did not know such a person.

"Go up stairs," said the client, "and see if there is a person there with a face like the knave of clubs; and if so, tell him he is wanted."

The waiter went up, and at once found Dunning.

Examining a woman in court, he asked of a certain man, "Was he a tall man?"

WITNESS. "Not very tall, your honor; much about the size of your worship's honor."

DUNNING. "Was he good-looking?"

WITNESS. "Quite the contrary; much like your worship's honor; but with a handsomer nose."

DUNNING. "Did he squint?"

WITNESS. "A little, your honor; but not so much as your worship, by a good deal."

Whereupon Dunning declared himself satisfied, and sent the witty old woman down. He was very coarse, which led "honest Jack Lee" to give him the following severe rub: Dunning was telling, one day in court, that "he had just bought some good manors in Devonshire."

"I wish, then," said Jack, "that you had brought some of your good *manners* here, with you."

Lawyers not seldom get back their own. Jeffreys, who was notoriously coarse to witnesses, once called out, "Now, you fellow in the leathern doublet, what have you been paid for swearing?"

The man looked steadily at him, and said, "Truly, Sir, if you have no more for lying than I for swearing, you might wear a leathern doublet too."

Sergeant Cockle, in a suit for the rights of a fishery, asked a witness, "Dost thou love fish?"

"Ay," replied he, with a grin, "but not with *Cockle* sauce."

It is the business of a lawyer to be ready-witted; and it may be that he whose wit is sharpened in daily encounters deserves little credit for readiness. This does not detract, however, from the merit of such as this passage of Jekyl: Lord Ellenborough, who was a severe judge, was one day at an assize dinner, when some one offered to help him to some fowl. "No, I thank you," said his lordship; "I mean to try that beef."

"If you do, my lord," said Jekyl, instantly, "it will be *hung* beef."

Chief Justice Holt once, during the Revolution, committed to jail one of the fortune-telling impostors, then called French prophets. Next day a disciple of this man called at the Judge's house and demanded to see him, astonishing the servant by ordering him to say that he "must see him, because he came from the Almighty!" This extraordinary message being delivered, Holt desired the man to be shown in, and asked him his business.

"I come from the Lord, who bade me desire

thee to grant a *nolle prosequi* for John Atkins, his servant, whom thou hast thrown into prison!"

"Thou art a false prophet and lying knave!" returned the Chief Justice. "If the Lord had sent thee, it would have been to the Attorney-General; for the Lord knoweth it is not in my power to grant a *nolle prosequi*."

A tedious preacher had preached the assize sermon before Lord Yelverton. He came down, smiling, to his lordship, after the service, and, expecting congratulations on his effort, asked, "Well, my lord, how did you like the sermon?"

"Oh, most wonderfully," replied Yelverton; "it was like the peace of God, it passed all understanding; and, like His mercy, I thought it would have endured forever."

Curran once got out of a serious scrape by an execrable pun. He had incurred a rich Irish farmer's displeasure by a severe cross-examination in Court; and some days afterward, being out fox-hunting, his horse and the chase carried him into a potato field owned by this man. Seeing him there, the man came up and said:

"Oh! sure you're Counselor Curran, the great lawyer. Now then, Mr. Lawyer, can you tell me by what law you are trespassing upon my ground?"

"By what law, Mr. Malony?" replied Curran. "Why by the *lex tally-ho-nis*, to be sure."

The pun so delighted Mr. Malony that he let its author off for the trespass. Curran used to tell a story of Lord Coleraine, in his time the best-dressed man in England, and a very punctilious fashionable. Being one evening at the Opera, he noticed a gentleman enter his box in *boots*, and vexed at what he thought an unpardonable breach of decorum, said to him: "I beg, Sir, you will make no apology."

"Apology!" cried the stranger, "for what?"

"Why," rejoined his lordship, pointing down at the boots, "that you did not bring your *horse* with you into the box."

"It is lucky for you, Sir," retorted the stranger, "that I did not bring my *horsewhip*; but I will pull your nose for your impertinence."

The two were immediately separated, but not before exchanging cards and settling for a hostile meeting. Coleraine went to his brother George to ask his advice and assistance. Having told the story, "I acknowledge," said he, "that I was the aggressor; but it was too bad to threaten to pull my nose. What should I do?"

"Soap it well," was the cool fraternal advice, "then it will slip easily through his fingers."

One of Curran's butts in Dublin was a certain Sergeant Kelly, known from an unconscious but laughable peculiarity of his as Counselor Therefore. He was an incarnate *non sequitur*, and never spoke without convulsing the Court. "This is so clear a point, gentlemen," he once told a jury, "that I am convinced you felt it to be so the very moment I stated it. I should pay your understandings but a poor compliment to dwell on it even for a minute; therefore I shall now proceed to explain it to you as minutely as possible." Meeting Curran one morning

near St. Patrick's Cathedral, he said to him, "The Archbishop gave us an excellent discourse this morning. It was well written and well delivered; *therefore* I shall make a point to be at Four Courts to-morrow at ten."

We must close our gossip with a story of one of the Irish members, who have been the source of so much fun in the British House of Commons. A young man, making his maiden speech, in the excitement of the close and the warmth of his Hibernian heart, addressed the Chair, "And now *my dear* Mr. Speaker"—which brought the House down with a general laugh. Sheridan increased the fun no little by coolly observing that "the honorable member was perfectly in order; for, thanks to the ministers, nowadays *every thing is dear.*"

MARGARET STUART.

BRIGHT and warm looked the parlor of a fine old mansion in a Southern city. The coal-fire in the grate burned ruddily; the crimson curtains hung richly over the rain-spattered windows; and a vase full of fresh flowers belied the story which the wind was telling of the wintry weather out-doors. A young lady sat with her embroidery in the recess of one of the windows, pausing often in her work to glance upward to the clouds that were thick in the December sky, or to watch the few pedestrians in the street below. A sunny expression rested on the pale face, giving it almost the effect of a continual smile. That face was the index of a heart at peace with itself and the world, that had won this peace only by many a struggle. Anna Linton had a strong and serene character, unusual in one so young, and her friends trusted her almost more than themselves.

The door opened, and her friend and guest, Margaret Stuart, entered. Tall and stately, with much of pride in her manner, and little of her friend's tranquillity expressed in her face, she was not a person to be read at a glance. Beautiful she certainly was, with features as noble and delicate as those of a Grecian statue. Yet about them hovered ever the shadow of a discontent. As she entered the room she looked around her for a moment, and then, throwing off the heavy mantle which hung over her shoulders, she drew an easy-chair to the fire and seated herself.

"This is pleasant," said she—"this room with its deliciously warm air and cheerful aspect. I can bear any thing but cold. In an atmosphere of the proper temperature I seem to expand, soul and body."

"And yet how you used to brave the cold on those bitter wintry mornings in New York, going to see poor, sick people! I used to wonder at your self-denial."

"It was not self-denial, but mere selfishness. The bracing air out-doors was better than the cold, desolate, disorderly parlors at home. I shiver to think of them."

"Ah, you shall never return there again. We

must keep you always. You will be happy here, when the short winter is over and we have balmy spring-breezes again. Don't shake your head; it is of no use."

"Anna, my aunt's family could not do without me—she herself so easy and indolent, Laura cast down by her husband's death, and very dependent upon me for comfort. I may be of use there, if nowhere else in the world."

A long pause succeeded, during which Margaret seemed deep in thought. Anna at last broke the silence.

"On such a day as this outward comfort alone is almost happiness. I just saw a poor woman pass, very thinly dressed, and looking miserable enough. What a joy to her would be simply the satisfaction of her bodily needs!"

"That is a feeling," replied Margaret, "which I can not share with you. It is a very poor kind of happiness which money can purchase. Better to be entirely independent of outward wants, and capable of rising above them."

"An impossible thing."

"Yes, in its full extent; but not in part."

"You would make happiness to mean something deeper and more spiritual than I."

"A soul at rest—free from doubts, from restlessness, and longing. But it is useless for me to speculate about happiness—I, who feel like the unsubstantial ghost of a sorrow, flitting over the earth."

"If I were like most people I should wonder at you, Margaret. They would say—rich, handsome, young, admired, what more can she want? I know you have higher ideas, nobler tastes, than for show and comfort, and that you can gratify them. Yet I am conscious that you are not happy, without wondering at you."

"I have sometimes looked at my seamstress, and thought how she very likely envied me, while I considered her rather the object of envy. Poor as she was, she had an object to work for. Her mother and sisters watched for her coming home at night, and delighted to have her with them; while I am a waif in the world, with nothing to work for or look forward to. Worst of all: I have not learned, in spite of all my efforts, to do without happiness. I sometimes say that I don't want it, that I am independent of it—and the next moment am struggling for it again."

"You must look to the true source, Margaret," said Anna, gently.

"I know what you mean, Anna; but indeed I find it nowhere. Indeed I think it best to let alone—to live unmindful of the future, and take the present as it comes."

"Margaret, it must be some positive trouble that thus weighs upon your spirits. Can you not make me your confidante? It might be a relief to you."

Margaret was silent for a while and then began:

"I do not like to speak to others of myself, but you are unlike all whom I know. Some would call me weak to let what might be styled an imaginary grief affect me in the slightest de-

gree. It vexes my pride that it does. Anna, I want to be sufficient to myself, to separate my soul from the thralls which fetter it. I will tell you a little of my life, and you will understand me. It seems strange," she continued, after another pause, "to speak of these feelings that have been so long shut within my soul, that it seems a profanation to drag them forth to the light. You will not think me foolish—at least, will not smile at me more than I do at myself.

"I knew very little of my aunt's family till I came to live with them after my mother's death, now five years since. My mother seldom left home, and did not like me to visit without her. We lived a very quiet life in that Connecticut village, which is the scene of my earliest recollections. We were acquainted with only a few families. I was not allowed to associate with the village girls, and pursued my studies and sports entirely by myself. I ought to have had larger human sympathies, and known more of the warmth and purity of early friendship. My mind was cultivated out of all proportion to my heart. I was taught to admire what is beautiful, to be fastidious in all my ideas, discriminating in my choice of books, and to repel all that is ordinary or commonplace. Thus my tastes became delicate to such a degree that they have been sources of pain rather than pleasure, impossible as it is to avoid coming in frequent contact with things that wound them. I learned to take an entirely false view of life, and worse yet, came gradually to consider myself as a being of finer clay than the rest of mankind, made only to be familiar with what is beautiful and noble. I owe a great deal to your affection and kindness at school—but I will not dwell upon this now. When my mother died so suddenly I was stunned, overwhelmed. The future seemed a chaos, out of which I could evolve neither plan nor prospect. For reasons unknown to me my mother had always declined speaking of my father's relatives, so that I knew absolutely nothing of them. My mother had only one sister, whose husband was my guardian, and it was decided that my home should henceforth be with them. Of them, too, I knew very little, so that I felt as if I were going among strangers. Uncle Scott is much older than my aunt, and when she married him, had been for some years a widower. Philip, as you know, was the son of his first marriage. I had never but once seen him or Aunt Lucy. When I was a child they visited us, as he was on his way to school in H—. For some reason I conceived a strong dislike to him. Probably, as he was several years my senior, and had the usual boy-contempt for little girls, I did not receive the attention from him which I considered my due. I remember to have heard my aunt say to mamma that Philip was a noble, generous boy, and quite talented, but had such a hot temper that she was sometimes really afraid of him. My uncle had been a more frequent guest with us. He is one of the best men in the world, and I felt toward him almost a daughter's affection, especially after my mother's death.

"I need not tell you what I felt on leaving my home—those familiar rooms; the garden with its now desolate walks—the scenes of so many childish and girlish associations. I left my youth there behind me. It was late on a November evening that I reached my new abode. Uncle had been trying to cheer me all the way; but I must confess that it was with no very pleasant feelings that I found myself upon the threshold. I could not distrust the warm welcome that I received. Aunt Lucy and Laura, my oldest cousin, vied with each other in their expressions of affection, while the children, with timid smiles, came shyly forward and offered their cheeks to be kissed. My heart opened to them at once. I have always loved them, and they were not slow in returning my affection. It was a new and blessed thing to me—this child's love, so fresh and warm. Some of the pleasantest hours of my life have I passed in the nursery, playing with them or telling them stories. My older cousins did not please me so well. Lilly has been away at school so much that I know her little, and Laura has never quite ceased to be an annoyance to me. With a mind totally absorbed in dress and gayety, and entirely oblivious of the proprieties of life, it required wonderful self-restraint on my part not to be perpetually at feud with her. She was never scrupulous of invading my retirement. If I took a favorite book, it was the signal for the commencement of her prattle. If I wished to use the piano for a while, she would discover that she had not practiced for a long, long while, and did not know when she should ever be at leisure again. I laughed at these annoyances at first, for they did not seem great ones; but ere long they became a grievous burden. Then the domestic affairs were always in confusion. The servants were careless and wasteful, and kept Aunt Lucy always fretful, while neither Laura nor myself attempted to interfere.

"Philip was in college but was to return for a vacation very soon. I was amused to see the interest with which all looked forward to this event. It was evident that he was the idol of the family. Laura praised him in unsparing terms; even the children had their share of anticipation. All this by no means prepared me to look with favorable eyes upon him. On the contrary, I formed a picture of a pompous, pedantic young man whose vanity had been inflated by the homage paid him at home, and who would show his shallowness to my discerning eyes. The day before he came they were speaking of him at the table.

"‘We forget,’ said Aunt Lucy, turning to me, ‘that Margaret can not join in all this jubilee, as she does not know Philip yet.’

"Her husband replied,

"‘I predict that they will be the best of friends. He is a noble fellow, Margaret, and we are all very proud of him.’

"‘Be careful,’ said Laura, addressing herself to me; ‘we girls are very jealous. Lilly and I quarreled two whole days for the privilege of driving with him, when we were in the country

last summer, and I was so angry that I did not know what to do with myself, when a severe headache decided the case against me. Fortunately, Lilly is away and I shall monopolize him.'

"Of course," said I, 'I should not venture to dispute the claims of Mr. Scott's sister.'

"Laura's jealousy amused me. She could not endure to be outdone in any thing, and viewed in me, no doubt, a prospective rival. I had been out the next day, and when I returned, noticed the unusual clamor in the house.

"So the paragon has arrived!' I said to myself; 'I will keep out of sight as long as possible;' and I was hurrying up stairs to my room, when lo! the paragon himself met me, face to face. I had all ready for him a cool, distant bow, but his cordial greeting and unembarrassed words made me feel somewhat ashamed.

"Philip Scott was not the person to be only distantly civil to his father's niece and ward. Our intercourse was cousinly, kind, and frank. He called me Cousin Margaret, though I chose to retain toward him a more ceremonious title. I could not but own to myself that my prejudice had been unfounded, though I kept aloof from him through a perverse determination not to be pleased. I tried to think him shallow and superficial in mind, since with his manners I could find no fault. He was the most perfectly polite man I ever knew, excepting perhaps his father. Both were not only scrupulous in the observance of all outward civilities, but were thoughtful of the comfort of others in a hundred little ways which would evade the attention of others. Philip is handsome, too. You know I have a keen delight in the study of physiognomy, and I amused myself on the first evening of our acquaintance, while he was busy with his sisters, in trying to search him out. He is very tall, though well-proportioned. In allusion to his height Laura used to style him Saul—an epithet he never liked. His hair was light brown, long and wavy and soft as a woman's. The face was such a one as you do not often see. His eyes were of a clear, deep blue, capable of the most varied expressions, which, with all his self-command—and he was remarkable for it—he could not altogether control. I have seen anger and scorn manifest themselves there while his features were undisturbed and his voice kept its usual deep, low cadence. His habitual expression was one of sadness, and that puzzled me, for there was an unvarying cheerfulness in his presence. It was difficult to be sad where he was. All persons put on, spiritually speaking, their holiday-dresses when he appeared. He smiled but seldom, and only when deeply pleased; but then his whole face was illuminated like sunshine—almost transfigured.

"He was not at home long, and I saw him little. He was to graduate the next summer, and much of his time was given to study, while I chose to feel myself the stranger which no one, except perhaps Laura, was disposed to make me. Before he left us, however, I had begun to yield

to the charm which I believe he was capable of exerting whenever he chose to do so. It was pleasant to see the new and sunny aspect of the family when he was present. The evenings which used to be so dull and long passed quickly while he read, in tones of wonderful richness and variety, the choicest poems, or selections from old authors, which were often quite new to me. These were professedly for Laura's benefit, for he manifested a strong desire to turn her giddy brain to pursuits of true value. His brotherly regard was not so agreeable when it took this direction, though she bore it good-naturedly, partly from affection for him, and partly because she did not like to own her lack of taste in these respects. Once, at my request, he read the 'Lotus-Eaters.' Its dreamy, melancholy music was delicious from his lips, and I felt as if I could be content to listen to it forever—

"With half-shut eyes ever to seem
Falling asleep in a half-dream.'

"Laura had fallen quite asleep during the reading. Her brother looked at her as he closed, and a slight smile twinkled in his eyes, but did not descend to the calm lips.

"Music, that brings sweet sleep down from the blissful skies,' said I. 'Does the poem please you?'

"It is perfect,' he replied, 'in execution, but false and heathenish in sentiment.'

"I was somewhat vexed.

"What is wanting?'

"Only truth.'

"It is truth to me,' I answered. 'What tempest-tossed mariner of us all on this life-sea has not longed for the quiet port which some distant day, perhaps old age, will bring us, when we shall forget the cares of the past, and feel the perfect joy of calm—intellectual calm, I mean—not the animal joy of dozing in the sunshine?'

"I desire no such calm; it would not be a healthy or good state. We need action, constant and restless, and your intellectual calm would soon degenerate into the animal.'

"Calm as a god,' said I, repeating an expression I had somewhere heard; 'that thought has a charm for me. I have seen a marble head of Satan, that, strange as it may seem, expresses that spirit of power restful in its own consciousness, which I admire. Strength, depth, and greatness sit on the face, perfectly free from every trace of emotion.'

"Philip said, with earnestness,

"Cousin Margaret, is there any beauty in intellect, even though great and godlike, unless a human heart throb warm and earnest underneath?'

"Do not think me a monster,' I replied; 'but if I speak the truth, I must say Yes.'

"He looked sad.

"Is not this a hasty opinion of yours?—pardon me, one which you do not thoroughly believe? Do think of it more, and you can not but realize its fallacy, nay, its danger.'

"I smiled with a slight disdain, but as Laura

was rousing herself to listen we did not go on with the conversation.

"He went, and the dull routine commenced again. Laura was more tedious and vexing than ever. My evenings were occupied with books and music, while Mrs. Scott and Laura were abroad. Sometimes I thought of Philip, wondering if he would be touched by this melody or inspired by this passage of noble old poesy as I was. But I soon forgot to be so foolish. In the spring you and your brother came to New York and brought back old times again, and I was very happy during that period. The return of spring is always a joyous season, and I was so glad to see you that I threw off my burdens and felt like a child. That will be four years next May—four long, long years; I have grown to be twenty-three years old. Well, the happy weeks of your stay passed, leaving me better for them. In the summer Aunt Lucy and I, with the children, went to the sea-shore, while Laura and her father attended the Commencement at T—. Philip graduated with honor. Laura went into raptures in recounting the praises lavished upon him, and considered herself as made brilliant anew in the light of her brother's glory. They had joined us, and as Laura had found a lover, she gave up her old jealousy and formally relinquished me to Philip's care. I had hitherto led a lonely though glorious life at the sea-shore. I would not admit any one to share my rambles who would interrupt my companionship with the greatness of nature. But Philip knew when to speak and when to keep silence. I could not but be thankful for a friend who could interpret to me the feelings which sometimes struggled in my soul for utterance. Restless as I was elsewhere, I was calm when with him. I knew the influence he held over me; I knew, too, that it was not that of love, and I was perfectly content. I was now willing to confess his strength, the clearness and variety of his intellect, and did not at all object to place myself under its power.

"Little Mary Scott and I were taking an afternoon stroll upon the beach. Before we had gone a great way Philip overtook us. Mary, who was clinging to my hand, resented this intrusion of her 'old brother,' as she used to call him. With childish perversity she refused his offered hand; and as he persisted in walking by her side, she dropped mine also, and walked on in advance with a curious show of dignity.

"I envy you your power of gaining a child's affection," said he.

"It is not a power, only an accidental gift."

"A gift which belongs generally to those of a warm and sincere nature."

"Thank you," I replied. "You are not given to flattery. I hope I can lay claim to sincerity at least; but that is only a negative virtue."

"Its rarity makes it valuable."

"If there be not that beneath which is worth seeing, the medium might as well be destitute of transparency."

"Rather let us see both evil and good in

their true light and undistorted. But sincerity is not the medium merely through which the soul looks forth; it is an inherent quality in the soul itself."

"Oh! I am not metaphysical, so you shall have it as you will. Let us sit down," as we came to some great rocks, which formed natural seats looking seaward.

"Mary had decided to go home, indignant at our neglect of her, but we sat silent for a long time. There had been an easterly wind all day, and the waves were higher than usual, rolling with angry murmur, foam-capped, upon the beach, spending there their ineffectual strength, and moving back as if in sullen exhaustion. Quite in contrast to their roar and conflict was the sandy floor before us, smooth and shining in the sunlight like gold. Great flocks of sand-birds, whose white wings glistened in the yellow beams, were flitting to and fro, showing double in the polished mirror beneath. There was a lightness and grace in their movements that chained my gaze when I turned from that wild, dread sea, in whose spray they dipped so fearlessly. I had nearly forgotten my companion, and when I at last turned to him saw that he had quite forgotten me. Here was a new phase of that expressive countenance upon which it was growing a strange delight to me to look. His eyes, with the remarkably large pupils dilated, were looking far off upon the heaving wilderness, while his features wore the impress of pain and almost fierceness. I felt a strong desire to know something of the thoughts that shaped that expression; so I said softly, calling him by the name which I seldom used,

"Tell me what this is like, Philip."

"He turned as if just recollecting my presence, and smiled with a sweetness which irradiated his face, and made its look of the moment before almost impossible. 'What is it like?' I repeated, pointing seaward, as he left my question unanswered. He looked thither again with the same fixed gaze, and said,

"It is like a soul tossed by strong passion, and urged by vehement will to some impossible aim. There it foams and frets itself away, yet all in vain."

"But to me a single life seems very insignificant compared with this vast, vast sea."

"How can it? What is this boundlessness, which after all is only apparent, to the real infinity and eternity of a human life? It pains me to be here to-day."

"Then I said:

"I will find you a quiet lane, grassy and bordered by shrubs, on which the wild roses are yet fragrant. You shall forget there all your great thoughts, and be as humble as the farmer-lads that go whistling through it morning and evening."

"We took a circuitous route, enjoying the balmy twilight and plucking our hands full of the sweet wild blossoms that withered, oh, how soon! So has been destined to fade all the bloom and beauty of my life!"

"We went back to the city in the early autumn, and Philip began to study law. Laura said he did not like it at all. I could see plainly that he was restless and uncomfortable, and guessed that he would not be long constant to the profession he had chosen. One Sabbath evening we had been together to listen to a sermon from a distinguished preacher, whom I had never before heard. It was from the text, 'Man shall not live by bread alone;' an earnest setting-forth of the highest wants of the soul—the religious wants; and I felt myself deeply moved by the simple eloquence of the speaker, who evidently spoke from the depths of a strong and true nature. I did not like to think of these things; and yet, as we walked home on that still, moonlight evening, my heart was touched. Ringing in my ears yet were the offers of the true spiritual bread, and by my side was one whose daily life was more eloquent to me than the words of any preacher. The sound of his voice was a welcome intrusion upon my vexed thoughts—

" 'I am more and more surprised to find how many are satisfied to live upon bread alone, seemingly unconscious of nobler wants than physical ones.'

" 'Better to be thus unconscious,' I replied, 'than to feel the pangs of hunger day by day.'

" 'Come and be fed.'

" 'Mr. Scott,' I said, 'do you know any thing of the difficulties that beset many persons—the strong temptations of pride and will? If you can tell me of such it may help me.'

" 'So he told me some things of which I had before heard him speak, and others which were new and strange; of a strong and passionate temper which, like the monster of old, put forth new life with every attempt to crush it; of ambitions harder yet to destroy; and at last of his present discontent. He could not fix upon a profession, he said; he seemed to be chained to one which he hated.

" 'Now I have laid my heart bare like any penitent at the Confessional,' said he, 'what will you think of me?'

" 'I think you should give up the study of law and become a clergyman.'

" 'Impossible!'

" 'Why so?'

" 'In the first place, it would extremely disappoint my father—he could never give his consent; and in the next place, and more important still, I am neither good nor great enough.'

" 'I might have thought these words affectation in another; but it was only one instance of the beautiful humility in whose clear shining my pride was so often rebuked. I might perhaps have exaggerated his excellence, but his fine talents were the admiration of all who knew him. Do you wonder that I learned, at length, to love Philip Scott? The very dissimilarity between our characters drew us together. I was angry with myself for loving, unsolicited. Why had I not more self-control? Why did I not repress the pleasure I felt in an occasional likeness which

we discovered of taste or opinion? I have not pardoned myself to this day. But, unnecessary as it seemed, fate is fate. I could not exterminate love when first I became conscious of its power. It had thrust its roots deep down into my very soul. At least, I thought, I could cut off its branches, and keep it from growing into light and sunshine. So I became guarded and cold, and felt a strange curiosity in watching the effect upon Philip. It was a satisfaction to feel that I did not love altogether in vain. I thought the day would come when we should understand each other, but I would never do or say aught to hasten it. Your brother came to New York at this time, and I seized the opportunity to make my long-contemplated visit to you. In spite of my absence from Philip I was not unhappy; and I thought this a proof that I could easily do without him. As if it had not been the hope of speedily seeing him again, the wondering if he would miss me, and how he would greet me on my return, that kept me cheerful and spirited!

" 'When I returned, at the end of a month, I was astonished and grieved at the tidings with which I was met. My uncle's business affairs had become much involved through the dishonesty of a partner, and he had suffered very heavy losses. My aunt's fortune made any essential change in the style of living unnecessary. Still there were retrenchments to be made, and this disturbed Aunt Lucy's equanimity not a little, and made the house more uncomfortable than ever. Laura was very much out of humor; and hundreds of times I wished myself back again in your quiet, well-regulated home. When Philip came in, late in the evening, he welcomed me kindly, but not with the warmth I had expected. I was touched to see the traces of anxiety and labor upon his face. He looked almost haggard. He had devoted himself to the assistance of his father day and night, entirely giving up his studies.

" 'Philip has turned out to be a wonderful man of business,' said his father, as he appeared, looking much less anxious than his son. 'We think of sending him to Hamburg as partner in our new firm, when we are settled and fairly started again.'

" 'My heart beat fast. Philip going away! I looked toward him, and met his fixed gaze.

" 'Why do you not deny it?' said I.

" 'Because it will probably be so,' he said, with steady tones.

" 'I do not believe it!'—for I felt as if I would not have it so.

" 'Why not?'

" 'I never believe what I do not wish.'

" 'Thank you,' said he, warmly, with the old sweet smile, which suddenly faded again into the troubled expression.

" 'Then you will not go?'

" 'Yes, I will.' And he emphasized that last word in a way which excited all my pride, and restrained effectually the words that so often afterward burned in my heart entreating him to

stay. All those weeks before he went there was a cloud between us. No renewal of the former frank intercourse took place. The constraint wore upon my spirits, and also, as I believe, upon his; but neither put forth a hand to draw away the veil. It has never been drawn away, nor ever can be. The evening before he was to sail he came in, sad and troubled. Laura was seated at the piano, and as she looked up, she said, laughingly,

"Saul looks as if the evil spirit were troubling him to-night. Can not I charm it away?" And she played on in gay and lively strains.

"That charm does not work. Perhaps you are the David, then, Margaret?"

"I was silent at first; but he said,

"Do let me hear you. It is my last evening."

"I recalled something I had lately learned, whose meaning, as I understood it, had affected me deeply. The first strains were the feelings of one vexed and tempted almost to despair; then came the low, sad tones of a sorrow that almost baffled utterance—a sorrow without help or comfort—dying away at last into a peace and submission removed alike from grief and hope. Philip came and stood by me, and I knew when I looked up that I had found the charm. Tears stood in his eyes, but his face had resumed its old serenity.

"I shall keep the remembrance of that with me as long as I live!"

"Would he remember me also with it? I thought. Why did he part from me as he did? Very often through the evening those eyes rested on me. Could I have mistaken the love that beamed from them—a love earnest, yet sorrowful, even as if to hopelessness? Why could he not read me also, and see that underneath all coldness beat a heart as warm as his own? But he went without a word, leaving me alone through these dreary years. Long have I thought of the mystery that lies between us, till it has become an evil presence overshadowing my life."

So ended Margaret, sighing. Anna asked,

"Have you never obtained a clew to the difficulty? Did he never write to you?"

"No. He has often sent me brotherly messages in his letters to others, but nothing farther. I have thought of this, however. Before my former visit to you Laura used to banter me about your brother, professing to believe that we were lovers. I disdained to contradict her insinuations, and think that at last she came to believe in the reality of her own surmises. But a short time since she said to me,

"Margaret, were never you and Mr. Linton on terms of more than friendship?"

"Never," I replied. "He was engaged to the lady whom he has since married before I ever saw him."

"I used to think so," said she, thoughtfully. "I told Philip so. He asked me in one of his last letters why you had never married."

"Then, too, Philip had a most scrupulous sense of honor; and after his father's failure a

mistaken pride might have prevented what he would otherwise have said. It is not at all flattering to my vanity to suppose that a matter of a little money, more or less, would have separated him from me. So, Anna, I have told you all, indulging in reminiscences which may have been tiresome to you, but which I have a strange pleasure in recalling."

"I thank you for your confidence, Margaret. But why do you not feel more hopeful? The promise of the future lies before you. Philip is to return next summer, and all will become right."

"No, Anna, I have been wronged. I will never marry. The sorrow of the past has been needless. If Philip Scott had not loved me, I could not have blamed him nor wondered at him. But I know that he loved me, that he will never marry another, and I can not forgive him."

"But there was a mistake, Margaret. He thought you the betrothed of another."

"He should not have thought so. He had a right to know from myself. Why was he satisfied with the words of others?"

"You were reserved and cold."

"It was my right. Not only just pride, but even womanly dignity, forced me to be so. I could not tell the secret of my heart even to the best-beloved without the asking. I have never regretted that I was as I was. But, Anna, excuse me from talking longer now. I am weary."

Margaret leaned back in her chair and closed her eyes. Her face had that sad, worn expression which sometimes astonishes you when you look upon the sleeping countenance, which, perchance, awake, wears a tranquil or even joyous look. Childhood bears in sleep the beautiful impress of peace; but the grief and care of years, even as they sink into the heart, leave their fine but unmistakable lines outwardly, and when watchful self-control leaves its post, then you can read upon the features over which the closed lids droop heavily a history you had not guessed before.

Margaret returned to New York, and her friend visited her the following spring. It was evident that the troubled spirit breathed no genial atmosphere, yet at home it found more peace than elsewhere. "Cousin Margaret" seemed to have become the main-spring of the household, directing, regulating, and even cheering all. The children came to her for help and advice more naturally than to their mother or older sisters.

"This is my sphere," said she to Anna, almost bitterly, "and I may some time grow quite content in it, becoming a pattern of all spinster virtues, while my contemporaries are changing into exemplary wives and mothers. Do you see?" as one day she drew from the shining tissue of her long black hair a single thread of gray. "I am growing old. It is well to realize it in season."

"You seem disposed to seek for proofs of it. Better let time steal on without noticing the reminders of his flight he leaves behind him."

"I am glad to treasure them up; glad to know that he is going. Whenever a birthday comes I say, 'One year less to live!' and feel happy at the thought." After a pause, she went on: "Anna, in two weeks Philip will be here. I am glad that you are to be with me then—I can not tell you how glad. It will give me strength."

She was saying this when one of her little cousins entered with letters that had just arrived. Margaret examined them hastily, then taking one with a foreign post-mark she pointed it out to her friend, saying, without any appearance of emotion,

"That is Philip's handwriting. It is the first letter I ever received from him," and went on arranging her hair. Anna by-and-by rose to leave the room, saying, "I will leave you to enjoy your letters;" but Margaret begged her to stay: "You will not interrupt me."

Anna could not help watching her friend as she finished her toilet composedly. Then she took Philip's letter, carefully breaking the seal. When she had finished she gave it to Anna, requesting her to read it.

"In a few weeks, Cousin Margaret," he wrote, "I shall be with you—shall see the face and hear the voice which I have yearned to see and hear during the four long years past. When I left you, I thought never to look upon you again, except as the wife of another. I ought not to have believed what I now know to be untrue without stronger evidence. But I always distrusted my power of making myself loved, and in all my acquaintance with you I could think of nothing to which I could give a deeper interpretation than cousinly friendship. Besides, would you not have thought it mercenary in me to come at the moment that I was without definite prospects for the future, and ask you to descend to share my poverty? But I would have done it; I would have plead the cause of my deep, strong affection for you, Margaret, had I not believed that I should thereby intrude upon the rights of one more blessed than I. Even if it be in vain, I am willing to tell you now what I would had been spoken long ago—that I love you, how deeply and truly the records of these past years assures me well. When I come home I shall hear the answer to this from your own lips. Deal with me truly, as your own heart shall teach you."

So wrote Philip Scott, and beneath the words Anna read the deep, fervent meaning. She looked up with a smile, saying,

"I always thought you would be happy yet, dear Margaret."

Pale and stern, Margaret was sitting with lips compressed. "This alters nothing. I can not forgive him. I will not marry him."

"What do you say? He explains all. Do not make yourself and him miserable."

"He left me without a word," she replied, fiercely. "He had no right to make a mistake. I know him. With all his humility, he has a

lurking pride that would not let him speak. He has done me wrong. I am as proud as he. I will not forgive him."

"Think, dear Margaret, of what you are doing. It is unbecoming—wicked in you."

"If you please, we will say no more of it; I can not change my purpose, and though I appreciate your kindness, it only pains without helping me."

Anna waited in trembling expectation as the days rolled by, and the family rejoiced at the expected arrival of its long-absent member. Margaret seemed quite emotionless, cold as a stone, sharing neither the fear of the one nor the joy of the other. Anna looked at her with astonishment. Was it indeed all assumed, as she had at first believed? Or had Margaret lost all the love she might once have had, and become soulless as an iceberg? She did not guess what an aching heart lay beneath that calm exterior, aching with the pride that ruled it like a tyrant. Nor did she know that those eyes were sleepless as well as tearless.

The appointed time for the arrival of the steamer in which Philip was to sail came and passed. One day after another went by, and the anxiety of the family began to be aroused. The emotion which Margaret now manifested was almost a relief to Anna. Though calm as ever when with others, alone with her friend she threw down the barriers of reserve.

"I can not bear this suspense. It will kill me. What if he were dead—he, whom I love so well!"

The suspense ended—the terrible tidings came at last. Out on the distant ocean the relentless flames seized their prey, and in the silent night, far from help, the two hostile elements had joined their might in the work of destruction. Only a handful had escaped, through perils manifold, to tell the fate of their companions. Over hundreds of families the hand of grief was stretched out, but none mourned more deeply than the Scotts, refusing to be comforted. Utterly prostrate lay the soul of Margaret Stuart, feeling itself, as it were, a speck in infinite nothingness, remembering the past only to be crushed the more awfully by it. Without murmuring, but with a penitence and humiliation new and touching, did she recognize the Hand now laid upon her. No one shared her confidence but her friend, and none knew better how to give the balm needed.

"It seems like a punishment for my pride and self-will. How am I now humbled! Could it not have been by some other means than his death that I am thus made to understand my folly and guilt!"

Anna said, "Be comforted by knowing that you had not answered his letter—that he died with his trust in you unabated."

"But I felt such anger, such bitterness as he would so have scorned, so unlike him were they. Oh, to have the beautiful image of his life constantly before me, and to feel that I would have done injustice to my love for such a man! The

best part of my nature, the thought of this consumes me like a fire."

Margaret's grief told sadly in its effect upon her health, and a slow, wasting fever attacked her. Did she close her eyes for sleep, images of the burning vessel and of the terrible death-scene flitted before her eyes, and shrieks of anguish rang in her ears. All the while her deep, settled melancholy, which almost amounted to remorse, fixed these phantoms as if they were real. Anna watched over her friend with the utmost tenderness, soothing her when delirium began to creep over her, and trying all arts to cheer her spirits. But she awaited the result with anxiety, as day after day left Margaret in the same sad state. The grief of the family was turned into a new channel, and in this anxiety they almost forgot the lost Philip.

One day Anna and the nurse had both left the chamber, and Margaret sat half dreaming in the easy-chair, sadly now and then holding up her thin fingers to the light which they hardly intercepted. Suddenly she was aroused by an unusual bustle below. Painfully conscious of every sound, she listened with the restless eagerness of an invalid. There seemed to her something remarkable in what she heard, and, hardly conscious of what she did, she folded her large shawl around her and stepped out into the hall, trembling in every limb, and clinging to each object for support. A confused mingling of voices ascended to her ear. Was she dreaming? did she know what she heard? Every thing grew dim around her, and Anna in a moment found her lying in a swoon upon the threshold of her room.

"Tell me," said she, as life came back to her with a quick, sharp pang, "am I delirious and dreaming? Has Philip come home?"

It was useless now to conceal the happy truth, and Anna said, gently,

"Yes, Margaret, he has come. All is well, and you must not be an invalid much longer!"

Anna trembled for the effect upon her friend of this strong excitement, but it seemed like the elixir of life. Suddenly the tide of health flowed back in her veins, her disturbed fancies became quiet, and an unwonted calm took the place of her former restlessness. All that day she did not ask for any explanation of the cause which had brought Philip back, as it seemed, from the dead. It was enough to know that he was beneath the same roof, alive and safe. But the next morning, as Laura came in, she asked for the story. It seemed that he had been unexpectedly detained by business for a month longer than he had intended, and had sent letters, explaining the reason of his delay by a friend who had perished in the awful disaster.

"Oh, we are so happy, Margaret, and Philip is very anxious to see you! Do get well fast, or I don't know what he will do!"

By-and-by Margaret called Anna to her and said,

"You must talk with Philip and tell him all before I dare attempt to see him. Tell him what I said and how I felt, without trying to

palliate any thing. Tell him, too, that I am a different being now, and sincerely ask his pardon for the past. Do not be afraid to say the whole, for he has too large a heart not to be willing to forgive me wholly. You have seen him now, Anna, do you wonder that I loved him?"

"You are worthy of each other, I believe," replied Anna, smiling. Anna's intercessions were not needed.

"Tell Margaret," said Philip, "that I will only give her pardon in case she will very soon receive it from my own lips."

A happy woman was Margaret Stuart as, a few days afterward, she reclined upon a low couch in the parlor, the sweet June sunshine lying warm upon the carpet, and the face that was better than sunshine beaming upon her.

"I can hardly realize it," said she. "Somehow I feel as if you would suddenly vanish into thin air like a ghost."

"I mean to inflict my presence upon you long enough to convince you entirely of my reality. It is you who are the ghost"—and he took her thin hand in his; "but you are becoming less ethereal every day. Next week we go to the sea-shore—do you remember it? It was there I first learned to love you, Margaret."

"How pleasant it will be to renew old associations!"

"And when we return from thence, Margaret, I shall claim the bride for whom I have waited five weary years—without whom I once thought I should wait a lifetime."

THE VIRGINIANS.

BY W. M. THACKERAY.

CHAPTER LXXX.

POCAHONTAS.

THE English public not being so well acquainted with the history of Pocahontas as we of Virginia, who still love the memory of that simple and kindly creature, Mr. Warrington, at the suggestion of his friends, made a little ballad about this Indian princess, which was printed in the magazines a few days before the appearance of the tragedy. This proceeding Sampson and I considered to be very artful and ingenious. "It is like ground-bait, Sir," says the enthusiastic parson, "and you will see the fish rise in multitudes on the great day!" He and Spencer declared that the poem was discussed and admired at several coffee-houses in their hearing, and that it had been attributed to Mr. Mason, Mr. Cowper of the Temple, and even to the famous Mr. Gray. I believe poor Sam had himself set abroad these reports; and, if Shakspeare had been named as the author of the tragedy, would have declared Pocahontas to be one of the poet's best performances. I made acquaintance with brave Captain Smith, as a boy in my grandfather's library at home, where I remember how I would sit at the good old man's knees, with my favorite volume on my own, spelling out the exploits



of our Virginian hero. I loved to read of Smith's travels, sufferings, captivities, escapes, not only in America but Europe. I become a child again almost as I take from the shelf before me in England the familiar volume, and all sorts of recollections of my early home come crowding over my mind. The old grandfather would make pictures for me of Smith doing battle with the Turks on the Danube, or led out by our Indian savages to death. Ah, what a terrific fight was that in which he was engaged with the three Turkish champions, and how I used to delight over the story of his combat with Bonny Molgro, the last and most dreadful of the three! What a name Bonny Molgro was, and with what a prodigious turban, cimeter, and whiskers we represented him! Having slain and taken off the heads of his first two enemies, Smith and Bonny Molgro met, falling to (says my favorite old book) "with their battle-axes, whose piercing bills made sometimes the one, sometimes the other, to have scarce sense to keep their saddles: especially the Christian received such a wound that he lost his battle-axe, whereat the supposed conquering Turke had a great shout from the rampires. Yet, by the readinesse of his horse, and his great judgment and dexteritie, he not only avoided the Turke's blows, but, having drawn his falchion, so pierced the Turke under the cutlets, through back and body, that though hee alighted from his horse, hee stood not long, ere hee lost his head as the rest had done. In reward for which deed, Duke Segismundus gave him 3 Turke's head in a shield for armes and 300 Duckats yeerely for a pension." Disdaining time and place (with that daring which is the privilege of poets) in my tragedy, Smith is made

to perform similar exploits on the banks of our Potowmac and James's River. Our "ground-bait" verses ran thus:

POCAHONTAS.

Wearied arm and broken sword
Wage in vain the desperate fight:
Round him press a countless horde,
He is but a single knight.
Hark! a cry of triumph shrill
Through the wilderness resounds,
As, with twenty bleeding wounds,
Sinks the warrior, fighting still.

Now they heap the fatal pyre,
And the torch of death they light:
Ah! 'tis hard to die of fire!
Who will shield the captive knight?
Round the stake with fiendish cry
Wheel and dance the savage crowd,
Cold the victim's mien and proud,
And his breast is bared to die.

Who will shield the fearless heart?
Who avert the murderous blade?
From the throng, with sudden start,
Seg, there springs an Indian maid!
Quick she stands before the knight,
"Loose the chain, unbind the ring,
I am daughter of the king,
And I claim the Indian right!"

Dauntlessly aside she flings
Lifted axe and thirsty knife;
Fondly to his heart she clings,
And her bosom guards his life!
In the woods of Powhattan,
Still 'tis told, by Indian fires,
How a daughter of their sires
Saved the captive Englishman.

I need not describe at length the plot of my tragedy, as my children can take it down from the shelves any day and peruse it for themselves. Nor shall I, let me add, be in a hurry to offer to read it again to my young folks, since Captain Miles and the parson both chose to fall asleep last Christmas, when, at Mamma's request, I read aloud a couple of acts. But any person having a moderate acquaintance with plays and novels can soon, out of the above sketch, fill out a picture to his liking. An Indian king; a loving princess, and her attendant, in love with the British captain's servant; a traitor in the English fort; a brave Indian warrior, himself entertaining an unhappy passion for Pocahontas; a medicine-man and priest of the Indians (very well played by Palmer), capable of every treason, stratagem, and crime, and bent upon the torture and death of the English prisoner—these, with the accidents of the wilderness, the war-dances and cries (which Gumbo had learned to mimic very accurately from the red people at home), and the arrival of the English fleet, with allusions to the late glorious victories in Canada, and the determination of Britons ever to rule and conquer in America, some of us not unnaturally thought might contribute to the success of our tragedy.

But I have mentioned the ill omens which preceded the day; the difficulties which a peevish, and jealous, and timid management threw in the way of the piece, and the violent prejudice which was felt against it in *certain high quarters*. What wonder then, I ask, that Pocahontas

should have turned out not to be a victory? I laugh to scorn the malignity of the critics who found fault with the performance. Pretty critics, forsooth, who said that Carpezan was a masterpiece, while a *far superior and more elaborate work* received only their sneers! I insist on it that Hagan acted his part so admirably that a certain actor and manager of the theatre might well be jealous of him; and that, but for the cabal made outside, the piece would have succeeded. The order had been given that the play should not succeed; so at least Sampson declared to me. "The house swarmed with Macs, by George, and they should have the galleries washed with brimstone," the honest fellow swore, and always vowed that Mr. Garrick himself would not have had the piece succeed for the world; and was never in such a rage as during that grand scene in the second act, where Smith (poor Hagan) being bound to the stake, Pocahontas comes and saves him, and when the whole house was thrilling with applause and sympathy.

Any body who has curiosity sufficient may refer to the published tragedy (in the octavo form, or in the subsequent splendid quarto edition of my Collected Works, and Poems Original and Translated), and say whether the scene is without merit, whether the verses are not elegant, the language rich and noble? One of the causes of the failure was my actual *fidelity to history*. I had copied myself at the Museum, and tinted neatly a figure of Sir Walter Raleigh in a frill and beard; and (my dear Theo giving some of her mother's best lace for the ruff) we dressed Hagan accurately after this drawing, and no man could look better. Miss Pritchard as Pocahontas, I dressed too as a red Indian, having seen enough of *that* costume in my own experience at home. Will it be believed the house tittered when she first appeared? They got used to her, however; but just at the moment when she rushes into the prisoner's arms, and a number of people were actually in tears, a fellow in the pit bawls out, "Bedad! Here's the Belle Savage kissing the Saracen's Head;" on which an impertinent roar of laughter sprang up in the pit, breaking out with fitful explosions during the remainder of the performance. As the wag in Mr. Sheridan's amusing "Critic" admirably says about the morning guns, the play-wrights were not content with one of them, but must fire two or three; so with this wretched pot-house joke of the Belle Savage (the ignorant people not knowing that Pocahontas herself was the very Belle Sauvage from whom the tavern took its name!). My friend of the pit repeated it *ad nauseam* during the performance, and as each new character appeared, saluted him by the name of some tavern—for instance, the English governor (with a long beard) he called the "Goat and Boots;" his lieutenant (Barker), whose face certainly was broad, the "Bull and Mouth," and so on! And the curtain descended amidst a shrill storm of whistles and hisses, which especially assailed poor Hagan every time he opened his lips. Sampson saw Master Will in the green boxes,

with some pretty acquaintances of his, and has no doubt that the treacherous scoundrel was one of the ringleaders in the conspiracy. "I would have flung him over into the pit," the faithful fellow said (and Sampson was man enough to execute his threat), "but I saw a couple of Mr. Nadab's followers prowling about the lobby, and was obliged to sheer off." And so the eggs we had counted on selling at market were broken, and our poor hopes lay shattered before us!

I looked in at the house from the stage before the curtain was lifted, and saw it pretty well filled, especially remarking Mr. Johnson in the front boxes, in a laced waistcoat, having his friend Mr. Reynolds by his side; the latter could not hear, and the former could not see, and so they came good-naturedly *à deux* to form an opinion of my poor tragedy. I could see Lady Maria (I knew the hood she wore) in the lower gallery, where she once more had the opportunity of sitting and looking at her beloved actor performing a principal character in a piece. As for Theo, she fairly owned that, unless I ordered her, she had rather not be present, nor had I any such command to give, for, if things went wrong, I knew that to see her suffer would be intolerable pain to myself, and so acquiesced in her desire to keep away.

Being of a pretty equanimous disposition, and, as I flatter myself, able to bear good or evil fortune without disturbance, I myself, after taking a light dinner at the Bedford, went to the theatre a short while before the commencement of the play, and proposed to remain there until the defeat or victory was decided. I own now, I could not help seeing which way the fate of the day was likely to turn. There was something gloomy and disastrous in the general aspect of all things around. Miss Pritchard had the headache, the barber who brought home Hagan's wig had powdered it like a wretch. Among the gentlemen and ladies in the green-room I saw none but doubtful faces; and the manager (a very flippant not to say impertinent gentleman, in my opinion, and who himself on that night looked as dismal as a mute at a funeral) had the insolence to say to me, "For Heaven's sake, Mr. Warrington, go and get a glass of punch at the Bedford, and don't frighten us all here by your dismal countenance!" "Sir," says I, "I have a right, for five shillings, to comment upon your face, but I never gave you any authority to make remarks upon mine." "Sir," says he in a pet, "I most heartily wish I had never seen your face at all!" "Yours, Sir," said I, "has often amused me greatly; and when painted for Abel Drugger is exceedingly comic"—and indeed I have always done Mr. G. the justice to think that in low comedy he was unrivaled.

I made him a bow, and walked off to the coffee-house, and for five years after never spoke a word to the gentleman, when he apologized to me, at a nobleman's house where we chanced to meet. I said I had utterly forgotten the circumstance to which he alluded, and that, on the first

night of a play, no doubt, author and manager were flurried alike. And added, "After all, there is no shame in not being made for the theatre. Mr. Garrick—you were." A compliment with which he appeared to be as well pleased as I intended he should.

Fidus Achates ran over to me at the end of the first act to say that all things were going pretty well; though he confessed to the titter in the house upon Miss Pritchard's first appearance, dressed exactly like an Indian Princess.

"I can not help it, Sampson," said I (filling him a bumper of good punch), "if Indians are dressed so."

"Why," says he, "would you have had Caractacus painted blue like an ancient Briton, or Bonduca with nothing but a cow-skin?" And indeed it may be that the fidelity to history was the cause of the ridicule cast on my tragedy, in which case I, for one, am not ashamed of its defeat.

After the second act my aid-de-camp came from the field with dismal news indeed. I don't know how it is that, nervous before action,* in disaster I become pretty cool and cheerful. "Are things going ill?" says I. I call for my reckoning, put on my hat, and march to the theatre as calmly as if I was going to dine at the Temple. Fidus Achates walking by my side, pressing my elbow, kicking the link-boys out of the way, and crying, "By George, Mr. Warrington, you are a man of spirit—a Trojan, Sir!" So there were men of spirit in Troy, but, alas! fate was too strong for them.

At any rate, no man can say that I did not bear my misfortune with calmness: I could no more help the clamor and noise of the audience than a captain can help the howling and hissing of the storm in which his ship goes down. But I was determined that the rushing waves and broken masts should *impavidum ferient*, and flatter myself that I bore my calamity without flinching. "Not Regulus, my dear Madam, could step into his barrel more coolly," Sampson said to my wife. 'Tis unjust to say of men of the parasitic nature, that they are unfaithful in misfortune. Whether I was prosperous or poor, the wild parson was equally true and friendly, and shared our crust as eagerly as ever he had partaken of our better fortune.

I took my place on the stage, whence I could see the actors of my poor piece, and a portion of the audience who condemned me. I suppose the performers gave me a wide berth, out of pity for me. I must say that I think I was as little moved as any spectator, and that no one would have judged from my mien that I was the unlucky hero of the night.

But my dearest Theo, when I went home, looked so pale and white, that I saw from the dear creature's countenance that the knowledge of my disaster had preceded my return. Spencer,

Sampson, Cousin Hagan, and Lady Maria were to come after the play, and congratulate the author, God wot! (Poor Miss Pritchard was engaged to us likewise, but sent word that I must understand that she was a great deal too unwell to sup that night.) My friend the gardener of Bedford House had given my wife his best flowers to decorate her little table. There they were; the poor little painted standards—and the battle lost! I had borne the defeat well enough, but as I looked at the sweet pale face of the wife across the table, and those artless trophies of welcome which she had set up for her hero, I confess my courage gave way, and my heart felt a pang almost as keen as any that ever has smitten it.

Our meal, it may be imagined, was dismal enough, nor was it rendered much gayer by the talk we strove to carry on. Old Mrs. Hagan was luckily very ill at this time, and her disease, and the incidents connected with it, a great blessing to us. Then we had his Majesty's approaching marriage, about which there was a talk. (How well I remember the most futile incidents of the day: down to a tune which a carpenter was whistling by my side at the play-house, just before the dreary curtain fell.) Then we talked about the death of good Mr. Richardson, the author of "Pamela" and "Clarissa," whose works we all admired exceedingly. And as we talked about "Clarissa," my wife took on herself to wipe her eyes once or twice, and say, faintly, "You know, my love, Mamma and I could never help crying over that dear book. Oh my dearest, dearest mother" (she adds), "how I wish she could be with me now!" This was an occasion for more open tears, for of course a young lady may naturally weep for her absent mother. And then we mixed a gloomy bowl with Jamaica limes, and drank to the health of his Excellency the Governor: and then, for a second toast, I filled a bumper, and with a smiling face drank to "our better fortune!"

This was too much. The two women flung themselves into each other's arms, and irrigated each other's neck-handkerchiefs with tears. "Oh, Maria! Is not—is not my George good and kind?" sobs Theo. "Look at my Hagan—how great, how godlike he was in his part," gasps Maria. "It was a beastly cabal which threw him over—and I could plunge this knife into Mr. Garrick's black heart—the odious little wretch;" and she grasps a weapon at her side. But throwing it presently down, the enthusiastic creature rushes up to her lord and master, flings her arms round him, and embraces him in the presence of the little company.

I am not sure whether some one else did not do likewise. We were all in a state of extreme excitement and enthusiasm. In the midst of grief, Love the consoler appears among us, and soothes us with such fond blandishments and tender caresses that one scarce wishes the calamity away. Two or three days afterward, on our birthday, a letter was brought me in my study, which contained the following lines:

* The writer seems to contradict himself here, having just boasted of possessing a pretty equanimous disposition! He was probably mistaken in his own estimate of himself, as other folks have been besides.—ED.

FROM POCAHONTAS.

Returning from the cruel fight
How pale and faint appears my knight!
He sees me anxious at his side;
"Why seek, my love, your wounds to hide?
Or deem your English girl afraid
To emulate the Indian maid?"

Be mine my husband's grief to cheer,
In peril to be ever near;
Whate'er of ill or woe betide,
To bear it clinging at his side;
The poisoned stroke of fate to ward,
His bosom with my own to guard;
Ah! could it spare a pang to his,
It could not know a purer bliss!
'Twould gladden as it felt the smart,
And thank the hand that flung the dart!

I do not say the verses are very good, but that I like them as well as if they were—and that the face of the writer (whose sweet young voice I fancy I can hear as I hum the lines), when I went into her drawing-room after getting the letter, and when I saw her blushing and blessing me—seemed to me more beautiful than any I can fancy out of heaven.



CHAPTER LXXXI.

RES ANGUSTA DOMI.

I HAVE already described my present feelings as an elderly gentleman regarding that rash jump into matrimony which I persuaded my dear partner to take with me when we were both scarce out of our teens. As a man and a father—with a due sense of the necessity of mutton chops and the importance of paying the baker—with a pack of rash children round about us who might be running off to Scotland to-morrow, and pleading Papa's and Mamma's example for their impertinence, I know that I ought to be very cau-

tious in narrating this early part of the married life of Geo. Warrington, Esquire, and Theodosia his wife—to call out *mea culpa*, and put on a demure air, and, sitting in my comfortable easy-chair here, profess to be in a white sheet and on the stool of repentance, offering myself up as a warning to imprudent and hot-headed youth.

But, truth to say, that married life, regarding which my dear relatives prophesied so gloomily, has disappointed all those prudent and respectable people. It has had its trials; but I can remember them without bitterness—its passionate griefs, of which time, by God's kind ordinance, has been the benign consoler—its days of poverty, which we bore, who endured it, to the wonder of our sympathizing relatives looking on—its precious rewards and blessings, so great that I scarce dare to whisper them to this page, to speak of them, save with awful respect and to One Ear, to which are offered up the prayers and thanks of all men. To marry without a competence is wrong and dangerous, no doubt, and a crime against our social codes; but do not scores of thousands of our fellow-beings commit the crime every year with no other trust but in Heaven, health, and their labor? Are young people entering into the married life not to take hope into account, nor dare to begin their housekeeping until the cottage is completely furnished, the cellar and larder stocked, the cupboard full of plate, and the strong box of money? The increase and multiplication of the world would stop were the laws which regulate the genteel part of it to be made universal. Our gentlefolks tremble at the brink in their silk stockings and pumps, and wait for whole years, until they find a bridge or a gilt barge to carry them across; our poor do not fear to wet their bare feet, plant them in the brook, and trust to fate and strength to bear them over. Who would like to consign his daughter to poverty? Who would counsel his son to undergo the countless risks of poor married life, to remove the beloved girl from comfort and competence, and subject her to debt, misery, privation, friendlessness, sickness, and the hundred gloomy consequences of the *res angusta domi*. I look at my own wife, and ask her pardon for having imposed a task so fraught with pain and danger upon one so gentle. I think of the trials she endured, and am thankful for them and for that unfailing love and constancy with which God blessed her and strengthened her to bear them all. On this question of marriage I am not a fair judge: my own was so imprudent and has been so happy, that I must not dare to give young people counsel. I have endured poverty, but scarcely ever found it otherwise than tolerable; had I not undergone it, I never could have known the kindness of friends, the delight of gratitude, the surprising joys and consolations which sometimes accompany the scanty meal and narrow fire, and cheer the long day's labor. This at least is certain, in respect of the lot of the decent poor, that a great deal of superfluous pity is often thrown away upon it. Good-natured fine folks, who sometimes stepped out of

the sunshine of their riches into our narrow obscurity, were blinded, as it were, while we could see quite cheerfully and clearly: they stumbled over obstacles which were none to us: they were surprised at the resignation with which we drank small-beer, and that we could heartily say grace over such very cold mutton.

The good General, my father-in-law, had married his Molly when he was a subaltern of a foot regiment, and had a purse scarce better filled than my own. They had had their ups and downs of fortune. I think (though my wife will never confess to this point) they had married as people could do in their young time, without previously asking Papa's and Mamma's leave.* At all events, they were so well pleased with their own good luck in matrimony that they did not grudge their children's, and were by no means frightened at the idea of any little hardships which we in the course of our married life might be called upon to undergo. And I suppose when I made my own pecuniary statements to Mr. Lambert, I was anxious to deceive both of us. Believing me to be master of a couple of thousand pounds, he went to Jamaica quite easy in his mind as to his darling daughter's comfort and maintenance, at least for some years to come. After paying the expenses of his family's outfit, the worthy man went away not much richer than his son-in-law: and a few trinkets, and some lace of Aunt Lambert's, with twenty new guineas in a purse which her mother and sisters made for her, were my Theo's marriage portion. But in valuing my stock I chose to count as a good debt a sum which my honored mother never could be got to acknowledge up to the day when the resolute old lady was called to pay the last debt of all. The sums I had disbursed for her, she argued, were spent for the improvement and maintenance of the estate which was to be mine at her decease. What money she could spare was to be for my poor brother, who had nothing; who would never have spent his own means had he not imagined himself to be *sole heir* of the Virginian Property, *as he would have been*—the good lady took care to emphasize this point in many of her letters—but for half an hour's accident of birth. He was now distinguishing himself in the service of his king and country. To purchase his promotion was his mother's—*she should suppose* his brother's duty! When I had finished my bar studies, and my *dramatic amusements*, Madam Esmond informed me that I was welcome to return home and take that place in our colony to which my birth entitled me. This statement she communicated to me more than once through Mountain, and before the news of my marriage had reached her.

There is no need to recall her expressions of maternal indignation when she was informed of the step I had taken. On the pacification of Canada my dear Harry asked for leave of absence, and dutifully paid a visit to Virginia. He

wrote, describing his reception at home, and the splendid entertainments which my mother made in honor of her son. Castlewood, which she had not inhabited since our departure for Europe, was thrown open again to our friends of the colony; and the friend of Wolfe, and the soldier of Quebec, was received by all our acquaintance with every becoming honor. Some dismal quarrels, to be sure, ensued, because my brother persisted in maintaining his friendship with Colonel Washington, of Mount Vernon, whose praises Harry never was tired of singing. Indeed, I allow the gentleman every virtue; and in the struggles which terminated so fatally for England a few years since I can admire as well as his warmest friends General Washington's glorious constancy and success.

If these battles between Harry and our mother were frequent, as, in his letters, he described them to be, I wondered, for my part, why he should continue at home. One reason naturally suggested itself to my mind, which I scarcely liked to communicate to Mrs. Warrington; for we had both talked over our dear little Hetty's romantic attachment for my brother, and wondered that he had never discovered it. I need not say, I suppose, that my gentleman had found some young lady at home more to his taste than our dear Hester, and hence accounted for his prolonged stay in Virginia.

Presently there came, in a letter from him, not a full confession but an admission of this interesting fact. A person was described, not named—a Being all beauty and perfection, like other young ladies under similar circumstances. My wife asked to see the letter: I could not help showing it, and handed it to her, with a very sad face. To my surprise she read it without exhibiting any corresponding sorrow of her own.

"I have thought of this before, my love," I said; "I feel with you for your disappointment regarding poor Hetty."

"Ah! poor Hetty," says Theo, looking down at the carpet.

"It would never have done," says I.

"No—they would not have been happy," sighs Theo.

"How strange he never should have found out her secret!" I continued.

She looked me full in the face with an odd expression.

"Pray, what does that look mean?" I asked.

"Nothing, my dear—nothing! only I am not surprised!" says Theo, blushing.

"What!" I ask, "can there be another?"

"I am sure I never said so, George," says the lady, hurriedly. "But if Hetty has overcome her childish folly, ought we not all to be glad? Do you gentlemen suppose that you only are to fall in love and grow tired, indeed?"

"What!" I say, with a strange commotion of my mind, "do you mean to tell me, Theo, that you ever cared for any one but me?"

"Oh, George!" she whimpers, "when I was at school, there was—there was one of the boys

* The Editor has looked through Burn's Registers of Fleet Marriages without finding the names of Martin Lambert and Mary Benson.

of Doctor Backhouse's school, who sate in the loft next to us; and I thought he had lovely eyes, and I was so shocked when I recognized him behind the counter at Mr. Grigg's, the mercer's, when I went to buy a cloak for baby, and I wanted to tell you, my dear, and I didn't know how!"

I went to see this creature with the lovely eyes, having made my wife describe the fellow's dress to me, and I saw a little bandy-legged wretch in a blue camlet coat, with his red hair tied with a dirty ribbon, about whom I forbore generously even to reproach my wife; nor will she ever know that I have looked at the fellow until she reads the confession in this page. If our wives saw us as we are, I thought, would they love us as they do? Are we as much mistaken in them as they in us? I look into one candid face at least, and think it never has deceived me.

Lest I should encourage my young people to an imitation of my own imprudence, I will not tell them with how small a capital Mrs. Theo and I commenced life. The unfortunate tragedy brought us nothing; though the reviewers, since its publication of late, have spoken not unfavorably as to its merits, and Mr. Kemble himself has done me the honor to commend it. Our kind friend, Lord Wrotham, was for having the piece published by subscription, and sent me a bank-note, with a request that I would let him have a hundred copies for his friends; but I was always averse to that method of levying money, and, preferring my poverty *sine dote*, locked up my manuscript, with my poor girl's verses inserted at the first page. I know not why the piece should have given such offense at court, except for the fact that an actor who had run off with an earl's daughter performed a principal part in the play; but I was told that sentiments, which I had put into the mouths of some of the Indian characters (who were made declaim against ambition, the British desire of rule, and so forth), were pronounced dangerous and unconstitutional; so that the little hope of royal favor, which I might have had, was quite taken away from me.

What was to be done? A few months after the failure of the tragedy, as I counted up the remains of my fortune (the calculation was not long or difficult), I came to the conclusion that I must beat a retreat out of my pretty apartments in Bloomsbury, and so gave warning to our good landlady, informing her that my wife's health required that we should have lodgings in the country. But we went no farther than Lambeth, our faithful Gumbo and Molly following us; and here, though as poor as might be, we were waited on by a maid and a lackey in livery, like any folks of condition. You may be sure kind relatives cried out against our extravagance; indeed, are they not the people who find our faults out for us, and proclaim them to the rest of the world?

Returning home from London one day, whither I had been on a visit to some booksellers, I recognized the family arms and livery on a grand

gilt chariot which stood before a public house near to our lodgings. A few loitering inhabitants were gathered round the splendid vehicle, and looking with awe at the footmen, resplendent in the sun, and quaffing blazing pots of beer. I found my Lady Castlewood seated opposite to my wife in our little apartment (whence we had a very bright pleasant prospect of the river covered with barges and wherries, and the ancient towers and trees of the Archbishop's palace and garden), and Mrs. Theo, who has a very droll way of describing persons and scenes, narrated to me all the particulars of her ladyship's conversation, when she took her leave.

"I have been here this ever-so-long," says the Countess, "gossiping with Cousin Theo while you have been away at the coffee-house, I dare say making merry with your friends, and drinking your punch and coffee. Guess she must find it rather lonely here, with nothin' to do but work them little caps and hem them frocks. Never mind, dear; reckon you'll soon have a companion who will amuse you when Cousin George is away at his coffee-house! What a nice lodging you have got here, I do declare! Our new house which we have took is twenty times as big and covered with gold from top to bottom; but I like this quite as well. Bless you! being rich is no better than being poor. When we lived to Albany and I did most all the work myself, scoured the rooms, biled the kettle, helped the wash, and all, I was just as happy as I am now. We only had one old negro to keep the store. Why don't you sell Gumbo, Cousin George? He ain't no use here idling and dawdling about, and making love to the servant girl. Fogh! guess they ain't particular, these English people!" So she talked, rattling on with perfect good humor, until her hour for departure came; when she produced a fine repeating watch and said it was time for her to pay a call upon her Majesty at Buckingham House. "And mind you come to us, George," says her ladyship, waving a little parting hand out of the gilt coach; "Theo and I have settled all about it!"

"Here, at least," said I, when the laced footmen had clambered up behind the carriage, and our magnificent little patroness had left us—"here is one who is not afraid of our poverty, nor ashamed to remember her own."

"Ashamed!" said Theo, resuming her liliputian needle-work. "To do her justice, she would make herself at home in any kitchen or palace in the world. She has given me and Molly twenty lessons in housekeeping. She says, when she was at home to Albany, she roasted, baked, swept the house, and milked the cow." (Madam Theo pronounced the word cow archly in our American way, and imitated her ladyship's accent very divertingly.)

"And she has no pride," I added. "It was good-natured of her to ask us to dine with her and my lord; when will Uncle Warrington ever think of offering us a crust again, or a glass of his famous beer?"

"Yes, it was not ill-natured to invite us,"

says Theo, slyly. "But, my dear, you don't know all the conditions!" And then my wife, still imitating the Countess's manner, laughingly informed me what these conditions were. "She took out her pocket-book, and told me," says Theo, "what days she was engaged abroad and at home. On Monday she received a Duke and a Duchess, with several other members of my lord's house and their ladies. On Tuesday came more earls, two bishops, and an ambassador; 'of course you won't come on them days?' says the Countess; 'now you are so poor, you know, that fine company ain't no good for you. Lord bless you, father never dines on our company days! he don't like it; he takes a bit of cold meat any ways.' On which," says Theo, laughing, "I told her that Mr. Warrington did not care for any but the best of company, and proposed that she should ask us on some day when the Archbishop of Canterbury dined with her, and his Grace must give us a lift home in his coach to Lambeth. And she is an economical little person too," continues Theo; "'I thought of bringing with me some of my baby's caps and things, which his Lordship has outgrown 'em, but they may be wanted again, you know, my dear.' And so we lose that addition to our wardrobe," says Theo, smiling, "and Molly and I must do our best without her ladyship's charity. 'When people are poor, they are poor,' the Countess said, with her usual outspokenness, 'and must get on the best they can. What we shall do for that poor Maria, goodness only knows! We can't ask her to see us as we can you, though you are so poor; but an earl's daughter to marry a play-actor! la, my dear, it's dreadful—his Majesty and the Princess have both spoken of it! Every other noble family in this kingdom as has ever heard of it pities us; though I have a plan for helping those poor unhappy people, and have sent down Simons, my groom of the chambers, to tell them on it.' This plan was, that Hagan, who had kept almost all his terms at Dublin College, should return thither and take his degree, and enter into holy orders, 'when we will provide him with a chaplaincy at home, you know,' Lady Castlewood added." And I may mention here, that this benevolent plan was executed a score of months later, when I was enabled myself to be of service to Mr. Hagan, who was one of the kindest and best of our friends during our own time of want and distress. Castlewood then executed his promise loyally enough, got orders and a colonial appointment for Hagan, who distinguished himself both as soldier and preacher, as we shall presently hear; but not a guinea did his lordship spare to aid either his sister or his kinsman in their trouble. I never asked him, thank Heaven, to assist me in my own; though, to do him justice, no man could express himself more amiably, and with a joy which I believe was quite genuine, when my days of poverty were ended.

As for my Uncle Warrington, and his virtuous wife and daughters, let me do them justice likewise, and declare that throughout my period of

trial their sorrow at my poverty was consistent and unvarying. I still had a few acquaintances who saw them, and of course (as friends will) brought me a report of their opinions and conversation; and I never could hear that my relatives had uttered one single good word about me or my wife. They spoke even of my tragedy as a crime—I was accustomed to hear that sufficiently maligned—of the author as a miserable reprobate, forever reeling about Grub Street, in rags and squalor. They held me out no hand of help. My poor wife might cry in her pain, but they had no twopence to bestow upon her. They went to church half a dozen times in the week; they subscribed to many public charities; their tribe was known eighteen hundred years ago, and will flourish as long as men endure; they will still thank Heaven that they are not as other folks are; and leave the wounded and miserable to other succor.

I don't care to recall the dreadful doubts and anxieties which began to beset me; the plan after plan which I tried, and in which I failed, for procuring work and adding to our dwindling stock of money. I bethought me of my friend Mr. Johnson, and when I think of the eager kindness with which he received me, am ashamed of some pert speeches which I own to have made regarding his manners and behavior. I told my story and difficulties to him, the circumstance of my marriage, and the prospects before me. He would not for a moment admit they were gloomy, or, *si male nunc*, that they would continue to be so. I had before me the chances, certainly very slender, of a place in England; the inheritance which must be mine in the course of nature, or at any rate would fall to the heir I was expecting. I had a small stock of money for present actual necessity—a possibility, "though, to be free with you, Sir" (says he), "after the performance of your tragedy, I doubt whether nature has endowed you with those peculiar qualities which are necessary for achieving a remarkable literary success"—and finally a submission to the maternal rule, and a return to Virginia, where plenty and a home were always ready for me. "Why, Sir!" he cried, "such a sum as you mention would have been a fortune to me when I began the world, and my friend Mr. Goldsmith would set up a coach and six on it. With youth, hope, to-day, and a couple of hundred pounds in cash—no young fellow need despair. Think, Sir, you have a year at least before me, and who knows what may chance between now and then. Why, Sir, your relatives here may provide for you, or you may succeed to your Virginian property, or you may come into a fortune!" I did not in the course of that year, but he did. My Lord Bute gave Mr. Johnson a pension, which set all Grub Street in a fury against the recipient, who, to be sure, had published his own not very flattering opinion upon pensions and pensioners.

Nevertheless, he did not altogether discourage my literary projects, promised to procure me work from the booksellers, and faithfully per-



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formed that kind promise. "But," says he, "Sir, you must not appear among them in *formâ pauperis*. Have you never a friend's coach in which we can ride to see them? You must put on your best laced hat and waistcoat; and we must appear, Sir, as if you were doing *them* a favor." This stratagem answered, and procured me respect enough at the first visit or two; but when the booksellers knew that I wanted to be paid for my work, their backs refused to bend any more, and they treated me with a familiarity which I could ill stomach. I overheard one of them, who had been a footman, say, "Oh it's Pocahontas, is it? let him wait." And he told

his boy to say as much to me. "Wait, Sir!" says I, fuming with rage and putting my head into his parlor, "I'm not accustomed to waiting, but I have heard you are." And I strode out of the shop into Pall Mall in a mighty fluster.

And yet Mr. D. was in the right. I came to him, if not to ask a favor, at any rate to propose a bargain, and surely it was my business to wait his time and convenience. In more fortunate days I asked the gentleman's pardon, and the kind author of the *Muse in Livery* was instantly appeased.

I was more prudent, or Mr. Johnson more fortunate, in an application elsewhere, and Mr.

Johnson procured me a little work from the booksellers in translating from foreign languages, of which I happen to know two or three. By a hard day's labor I could earn a few shillings; so few that a week's work would hardly bring me a guinea: and that was flung to me with insolent patronage by the low hucksters who employed me. I can put my finger upon two or three magazine articles written at this period,* and paid for with a few wretched shillings, which papers as I read them awaken in me the keenest pangs of bitter remembrance. I recall the doubts and fears which agitated me; see the dear wife nursing her infant and looking up into my face with hypocritical smiles that vainly try to mask her alarm: the struggles of pride are fought over again: the wounds under which I smarted reopen. There are some acts of injustice committed against me which I don't know how to forgive; and which, whenever I think of them, awaken in me the same feelings of revolt and indignation. The gloom and darkness gather over me—till they are relieved by a reminiscence of that love and tenderness which through all gloom and darkness have been my light and consolation.

CHAPTER LXXXII.

MILES'S MOIDORE.

LITTLE Miles made his appearance in this world within a few days of the gracious Prince who commands his regiment. Illuminations and cannonading saluted the royal George's birth, multitudes were admitted to see him as he lay behind a gilt railing at the Palace with noble nurses watching over him. Few nurses guarded the cradle of our little Prince, no courtiers, no faithful retainers saluted it except our trusty Gumbo and kind Molly, who to be sure loved and admired the little heir of my poverty as loyally as our hearts could desire. Why was our boy not named George like the other paragon just mentioned, and like his father? I gave him the name of a little scape-grace of my family—a name which many generations of Warringtons had borne likewise, but my poor little Miles's love and kindness touched me at a time when kindness and love were rare from those of my own blood, and Theo and I agreed that our child should be called after that single little friend of my paternal race.

We wrote to acquaint our royal parents with the auspicious event, and bravely inserted the child's

* Mr. George Warrington, of the Upper Temple, says he remembers a book, containing his grandfather's book-plate, in which were pasted various extracts from reviews and newspapers in an old type, and lettered outside *Les Chaines de l'Esclavage*. These were no doubt the contributions above mentioned; but the volume has not been found, either in the town-house or in the library at Warrington Manor. The editor, by-the-way, is not answerable for a certain inconsistency which may be remarked in the narrative. The writer says, page 265, that he speaks "without bitterness" of past times, and presently falls into a fury with them. The same manner of forgiving our enemies is not uncommon in the present century.



birth in the *Daily Advertiser*, and the place, Church Street, Lambeth, where he was born. "My dear," says Aunt Bernstein, writing to me in reply to my announcement, "how could you point out to all the world that you live in such a *trou* as that in which you have buried yourself? I kiss the little Mamma, and send a remembrance for the child." This remembrance was a fine silk coverlet, with a lace edging fit for a prince. It was not very useful: the price of the lace would have served us much better; but Theo and Molly were delighted with the present, and my eldest son's cradle had a cover as fine as any nobleman's.

Good Dr. Heberden came over several times to visit my wife, and see that all things went well. He knew and recommended to us a surgeon in the vicinage, who took charge of her: luckily, my dear patient needed little care beyond that which our landlady and her own trusty attendant could readily afford her. Again our humble precinct was adorned with the gilded apparition of Lady Castlewood's chariot wheels; she brought a pot of jelly, which she thought Theo might like, and which, no doubt, had been served at one of her ladyship's banquets on a previous day. And she told us of all the ceremonies at Court, and of the splendor and festivities attending the birth of the august heir to the crown. Our good Mr. Johnson happened to pay me a visit on one of those days when my lady Countess's carriage flamed up to our little gate. He was not a little struck by her magnificence, and made her some bows, which were more respectful than graceful. She called me cousin very affably, and helped to transfer the present of jelly from her silver dish into our crockery pan with much benignity. The Doctor tasted the sweetmeat, and pronounced it to be excellent. "The great, Sir," says he, "are fortunate in every way. They can engage the most skillful



MILES'S WHISTLE.

practitioners of the culinary art, as they can assemble the most amiable wits round their table. If, as you think, Sir, and, from the appearance of the dish, your suggestion at least is plausible, this sweetmeat may have appeared already at his Lordship's table, it has been there in good company. It has quivered under the eyes of celebrated beauties, it has been tasted by ruby lips, it has divided the attention of the distinguished

company with fruits, tarts, and creams, which I make no doubt were, like itself, delicious." And so saying, the good Doctor absorbed a considerable portion of Lady Castlewood's benefaction; though as regards the epithet delicious, I am bound to say that my poor wife, after tasting the jelly, put it away from her as not to her liking, and Molly, flinging up her head, declared it was mouldy.

My boy enjoyed at least the privilege of having an earl's daughter for his godmother; for this office was performed by his cousin, our poor Lady Maria, whose kindness and attention to the mother and the infant were beyond all praise, and who, having lost her own solitary chance for maternal happiness, yearned over our child in a manner not a little touching to behold. Captain Miles is a mighty fine gentleman, and his uniforms of the Prince's Hussars as splendid as any that ever bedizened a soldier of fashion; but he hath too good a heart, and is too true a gentleman, let us trust, not to be thankful when he remembers that his own infant limbs were dressed in some of the little garments which had been prepared for the poor player's child. Sampson christened him in that very Chapel in Southwark where our marriage ceremony had been performed. Never were the words of the prayer-book more beautifully and impressively read than by the celebrant of the service. Except at its end, when his voice failed him, and he and the rest of the little congregation were fain to wipe their eyes. "Mr. Garrick himself, Sir," says Hagan, "could not have read those words so nobly. I am sure little Innocent never entered the world accompanied by wishes and benedictions more tender and sincere."

And now I have not told how it chanced that the Captain came by his name of Miles. A couple of days before his christening, when as yet I believe it was intended that our first-born should bear his father's name, a little patter of horse's hoofs comes galloping up to our gate; and who should pull at the bell but young Miles, our cousin? I fear he had disobeyed his parents when he galloped away on that undutiful journey.

"You know," says he, "Cousin Harry gave me my little horse: and I can't help liking you, because you are so like Harry, and because they're always saying things of you at home, and it's a shame; and I have brought my whistle and coral that my godmamma Lady Suckling gave me, for your little boy; and if you're so poor, Cousin George, here's my gold moidore, and it's worth ever so much, and it's no use to me, because I mayn't spend it, you know."

We took the boy up to Theo in her room (he mounted the stair in his little tramping boots, of which he was very proud); and Theo kissed him, and thanked him; and his moidore has been in her purse from that day.

My mother, writing through her ambassador as usual, informed me of her royal surprise and displeasure on learning that my son had been christened Miles—a name not known, at least in the Esmond family. I did not care to tell the reason at the time; but when, in after years, I told Madam Esmond how my boy came by his name, I saw a tear roll down her wrinkled cheek, and I heard afterward that she had asked Gumbo many questions about the boy who gave his name to *our* Miles: our Miles Gloriosus of Pall Mall, Valenciennes, Almack's, Brighton.



CHAPTER LXXXIII.

TROUBLES AND CONSOLATIONS.

In our early days at home, when Harry and I used to be so undutiful to our tutor, who would have thought that Mr. Esmond Warrington of Virginia would turn Bear-leader himself? My mother (when we came together again) never could be got to speak directly of this period of my life; but would allude to it as "that terrible time, my love, which I can't bear to think of," "those dreadful years when there was difference between us," and so forth, and though my pupil, a worthy and grateful man, sent me out to Jamestown several barrels of that liquor by which his great fortune was made, Madam Esmond spoke of him as "your friend in England," "your wealthy Lambeth friend," etc., but never by his name; nor did she ever taste a drop of his beer. We brew our own too at Warrington Manor, but our good Mr. Foker never fails to ship to Ipswich every year a couple of butts of his entire. His son is a young sprig of fashion, and has married an Earl's daughter, the father is a very worthy and kind gentleman, and it is to the luck of making his acquaintance that I owe the receipt of some of the most welcome guineas that ever I received in my life.

It was not so much the sum, as the occupation and hope given me by the office of Governor, which I took on myself, which were then so precious to me. Mr. F.'s Brewery (the site has since been changed) then stood near to Pedlar's Acre in Lambeth; and the surgeon who attended my wife in her confinement likewise took care of the wealthy brewer's family. He was a Bavarian, originally named Voelker. Mr. Lance, the surgeon, I suppose, made him acquainted with my name and history. The worthy Doctor would smoke many a pipe of Virginia in my garden, and had conceived an attachment for

me and my family. He brought his patron to my house; and when Mr. F. found that I had a smattering of his language, and could sing "Prinz Eugen the noble Ritter" (a song that my grandfather had brought home from the Marlborough Wars), the German conceived a great friendship for me: his lady put her chair and her chariot at Mrs. Warrington's service; his little daughter took a prodigious fancy to our baby (and to do him justice, the Captain, who is as ugly a fellow now as ever wore a queue,* was beautiful as an infant): and his son and heir, Master Foker, being much maltreated at Westminster School because of his father's profession of brewer, the parents asked if I would take charge of him; and paid me a not insufficient sum for superintending his education.

Mr. F. was a shrewd man of business, and as he and his family really interested themselves in me and mine, I laid all my pecuniary affairs pretty unreservedly before him; and my statement, he was pleased to say, augmented the respect and regard which he felt for me. He laughed at our stories of the aid which my noble relatives had given me—my aunt's coverlet, my Lady Castlewood's mouldy jelly, Lady Warrington's contemptuous treatment of us. But he wept many tears over the story of little Miles's moidore; and as for Sampson and Hagan, "I wow," says he, "dey shall have so much beer als ever dey can drink." He sent his wife to call upon Lady Maria, and treated her with the utmost respect and obsequiousness whenever she came to visit him. It was with Mr. Foker that Lady Maria staid when Hagan went to Dublin to complete his college terms; and the good brewer's purse also ministered to our friend's wants and supplied his outfit.

When Mr. Foker came fully to know my own affairs and position, he was pleased to speak of me with terms of enthusiasm, and as if my conduct showed some extraordinary virtue. I have said how my mother saved money for Harry, and how the two were in my debt. But when Harry spent money, he spent it fancying it to be his; Madam Esmond never could be made to understand she was dealing hardly with me—the money was paid and gone, and there was an end of it. Now, at the end of '62, I remember Harry sent over a considerable remittance for the purchase of his promotion, begging me at the same time to remember that he was in my debt, and to draw on his agents if I had any need. He did not know how great the need was, or how my little capital had been swallowed.

Well, to take my brother's money would delay his promotion, and I naturally did not draw on him, though I own I was tempted; nor, knowing my dear General Lambert's small means, did I care to impoverish him by asking for supplies. These simple acts of forbearance my worthy brewer must choose to consider as instances of exalted virtue. And what does my gentleman do but write privately to my brother in America,

lauding me and my wife as the most admirable of human beings, and call upon Madame de Bernstein, who never told me of his visit indeed, but who, I perceived, about this time treated us with singular respect and gentleness, that surprised me in one whom I could not but consider as selfish and worldly. In after days I remember asking him how he had gained admission to the Baroness? He laughed; "De Baroness!" says he, "I knew de Baron when he was a *walet* at Munich, and I was a brewer-apprentice." I think our family had best not be too curious about our uncle the Baron.

Thus the part of my life which ought to have been most melancholy was in truth made pleasant by many friends, happy circumstances, and strokes of lucky fortune. The bear I led was a docile little cub, and danced to my piping very readily. Better to lead him about than to hang round booksellers' doors, or wait the pleasure or caprice of managers! My wife and I, during our exile, as we may call it, spent very many pleasant evenings with these kind friends and benefactors. Nor were we without intellectual enjoyments; Mrs. Foker and Mrs. Warrington sang finely together; and sometimes, when I was in the mood, I read my own play of Pocahontas to this friendly audience, in a manner better than Hagan's own, Mr. Foker was pleased to say.

After that little escapade of Miles Warrington, Junior, I saw nothing of him, and heard of my paternal relatives but rarely. Sir Miles was assiduous at Court (as I believe he would have been at Nero's), and I laughed one day when Mr. Foker told me that he had heard on 'Change "that they were going to make my uncle a Beer."—"A Beer?" says I, in wonder. "Can't you understand de vort, ven I say it?" says the testy old gentleman. "Vell, vell, a Lort!" Sir Miles indeed was the obedient humble servant of the minister, whoever he might be. I am surprised he did not speak English with a Scotch accent during the first favorite's brief reign. I saw him and his wife coming from Court, where Mrs. Claypool was presented to her Majesty on her marriage. I had my little boy on my shoulder. My uncle and aunt stared resolutely at me from their gilt coach window. The footmen looked blank over their nosegays. Had I worn the Fairy's cap and been invisible, my father's brother could not have passed me with less notice.

We did not avail ourselves much, or often, of that queer invitation of Lady Castlewood, to go and drink tea and sup with her ladyship, when there was no other company. Old Vanden Bosch, however shrewd his intellect, and great his skill in making a fortune, was not amusing in conversation, except to his daughter, who talked household and city matters, bulling and bearing, raising and selling farming stock, and so forth, quite as keenly and shrewdly as her father. Nor was my Lord Castlewood often at home, or much missed by his wife when absent, or very much at ease in the old father's com-

* The very image of the Squire at thirty, every body says so. M. W. (Note in the MS.)

pany. The Countess told all this to my wife in her simple way. "Guess," says she, "my lord and father don't pull well together nohow. Guess my lord is always wanting money, and father keeps the key of the box: and quite right too. If he could have the fingering of all our money, my lord would soon make away with it, and then what's to become of our noble family? We pay every thing, my dear (except play debts, and them we won't have nohow). We pay cooks, horses, wine merchants, tailors, and every body—and lucky for them too—reckon my lord wouldn't pay 'em! And we always take care that he has a guinea in his pocket, and goes out like a real nobleman. What that man do owe to us: what he did before we come—gracious goodness only knows! Me and father does our best to make him respectable: but it's no easy job, my dear. Law! he'd melt the plate, only father keeps the key of the strong room; and when we go to Castlewood, my father travels with me, and papa is armed too, as well as the people."

"Gracious Heavens!" cries my wife, "your ladyship does not mean to say you suspect your own husband of a desire to—"

"To what?—Oh no, nothing of course! And I would trust our brother Will with untold money, wouldn't I? As much as I'd trust the cat with the cream-pan! I tell you, my dear, it's not all pleasure being a woman of rank and fashion: and if I have bought a countess's coronet, I have paid a good price for it—that I have!"

And so had my Lord Castlewood paid a large price for having his estate freed from encumbrances, and his houses and stables furnished, and his debts discharged. He was the slave of the little wife and her father. No wonder the old man's society was not pleasant to the poor victim, and that he gladly slunk away from his own fine house to feast at the club, when he had money, or at least to any society save that which he found at home. To lead a bear, as I did, was no very pleasant business to be sure: to wait in a bookseller's ante-room until it should please his honor to finish his dinner and give me audience, was sometimes a hard task for a man of my name and with my pride; but would I have exchanged my poverty against Castlewood's ignominy, or preferred his miserable dependence to my own? At least I earned my wage, such as it was; and no man can say that I ever flattered my patrons or was servile to them; or indeed, in my dealings with them, was otherwise than sully, overbearing, and, in a word, intolerable.

Now there was a certain person with whom Fate had thrown me into a life-partnership, who bore *her* poverty with such a smiling sweetness and easy grace, that niggard Fortune relented before her, and, like some savage Ogre in the fairy tales, melted at the constant goodness and cheerfulness of that uncomplaining, artless, innocent creature. However poor she was, all who knew her saw that here was a fine lady;

and the little tradesmen and humble folks round about us treated her with as much respect as the richest of our neighbors. "I think, my dear," says good-natured Mrs. Foker, when they rode out in the latter's chariot, "you look like the mistress of the carriage, and I only as your maid." Our landladies adored her; the trades-folk executed her little orders as eagerly as if a duchess gave them, or they were to make a fortune by waiting on her. I have thought often of the lady in Comus, and how, through all the rout and rabble, she moves, entirely serene and pure.

Several times, as often as we chose indeed, the good-natured parents of my young bear lent us their chariot to drive abroad or to call on the few friends we had. If I must tell the truth, we drove once to the "Protestant Hero," and had a syllabub in the garden there: and the hostess would insist upon calling my wife her ladyship during the whole afternoon. We also visited Mr. Johnson, and took tea with him (the ingenious Mr. Goldsmith was of the company); the Doctor waited upon my wife to her coach. But our most frequent visits were to Aunt Bernstein, and I promise you I was not at all jealous because my aunt presently professed to have a wonderful liking for Theo.

This liking grew so that she would have her most days in the week, or to stay altogether with her, and thought that Theo's child and husband were only plagues to be sure, and hated us in the most amusing way for keeping her favorite from her. Not that my wife was unworthy of any body's favor; but her many forced absences and the constant difficulty of intercourse with her raised my aunt's liking for a while to a sort of passion. She poured in notes like love-letters; and her people were ever about our kitchen. If my wife did not go to her, she wrote heart-rending appeals, and scolded me severely when I saw her; and, the child being ill once (it hath pleased Fate to spare our Captain to be a prodigious trouble to us, and a wholesome trial for our tempers), Madame Bernstein came three days running to Lambeth; vowed there was nothing the matter with the baby—nothing at all—and that we only pretended his illness in order to vex her.

The reigning Countess of Castlewood was just as easy and affable with her old aunt as with other folks, great and small. "What *air* you all about, scraping and bowing to that old woman, I can't tell nowadays!" her ladyship would say. "She a fine lady! Nonsense! She ain't no more fine than any other lady: and I guess I'm as good as any of 'em with their high heels and their grand airs! She a beauty once! Take away her wig, and her rouge, and her teeth, and what becomes of your beauty, I'd like to know? Guess you'd put it all in a bandbox, and there would be nothing left but a shriveled old woman!" And indeed the little homilist only spoke too truly. All beauty must at last come to this complexion, and decay either underground or on the tree. Here was old age, I

fear without reverence. Here were gray hairs, that were hidden or painted. The world was still here, and she tottering on it, and clinging to it with her crutch. For fourscore years she had moved on it, and eaten of the tree, forbidden and permitted. She had had beauty, pleasure, flattery; but what secret rages, disappointments, defeats, humiliations! what thorns under the roses! what stinging bees in the fruit! "You are not a beauty, my dear," she would say to my wife; "and may thank your stars that you are not." (If she contradicted herself in her talk, I suppose the rest of us occasionally do the like.) "Don't tell me that your husband is pleased with your face, and you want no one else's admiration! We all do. Every woman would rather be beautiful than be any thing else in the world—ever so rich, or ever so good, or have all the gifts of the fairies! Look at that picture, though I know 'tis but a bad one, and that stupid, vamping Kneller could not paint my eyes, nor my air, nor my complexion. What a shape I had then—and look at me now, and this wrinkled old neck! Why have we such a short time of our beauty? I remember Mademoiselle de l'Enclos at a much greater age than mine, quite fresh and well conserved. We can't hide our ages. They are wrote in Mr. Collins's books for us. I was born in the last year of King James's reign. I am not old yet. I am but seventy-six. But what a wreck, my dear! and isn't it cruel that our time should be so short?"

Here my wife has to state the incontrovertible proposition, that the time of all of us is short here below.

"Ha!" cries the Baroness, "did not Adam live near a thousand years, and was not Eve beautiful all the time? I used to perplex Mr. Tusher with that—poor creature! What have we done since, that our lives are so much lessened, I say?"

"Has your life been so happy that you would prolong it ever so much more?" asks the Baroness's auditor. "Have you, who love wit, never read Dean Swift's famous description of the deathless people in 'Gulliver'? My Papa and my husband say 'tis one of the finest and most awful sermons ever wrote. It were better not to live at all than to live without love; and I'm sure," says my wife, putting her handkerchief to her eyes, "should any thing happen to my dearest George, I would wish to go to heaven that moment."

"Who loves me in heaven? I am quite alone, child—that is why I had rather stay here," says the Baroness, in a frightened and rather piteous tone. "You are kind to me, God bless your sweet face! Though I scold, and have a frightful temper, my servants will do any thing to make me comfortable, and get up at any hour of the night, and never say a cross word in answer. I like my cards still. Indeed, life would be a blank without 'em. Almost every thing is gone except that. I can't eat my dinner now, since I lost those last two teeth. Every thing goes away from us in old age. But I

still have my cards—thank Heaven, I still have my cards!" And here she would begin to doze; waking up, however, if my wife stirred or rose, and imagining that Theo was about to leave her. "Don't go away. I can't bear to be alone. I don't want you to talk. But I like to see your face, my dear! It is much pleasanter than that horrid old Brett's, that I have had scowling about my bedroom these ever so long years."

"Well, Baroness! still at your cribbage?" (We may fancy a noble countess interrupting a game at cards between Theo and Aunt Bernstein.) "Me and my lord Esmond have come to see you! Go and shake hands with grand-aunt, Esmond! and tell her ladyship that your lordship's a good boy!"

"My lordship's a good boy," says the child. (Madam Theo used to act these scenes for me in a very lively way.)

"And if he is, I guess he don't take after his father," shrieks out Lady Castlewood. She chose to fancy that Aunt Bernstein was deaf, and always bawled at the old lady.

"Your ladyship chose my nephew for better or for worse," says Aunt Bernstein, who was now always very much flurried in the presence of the young Countess.

"But he is a precious deal worse than ever I thought he was. I am speaking of your pa, Ezzy. If it wasn't for your mother, my son, Lord knows what would become of you! We are a going to see his little royal Highness. Sorry to see your ladyship not looking quite so well to-day. We can't always remain young: and law, how we *do* change as we grow old! Go up and kiss that lady, Ezzy. She has got a little boy, too. Why, bless us! Have you got the child down stairs?" Indeed, Master Miles was down below, for special reasons accompanying his mother on her visits to Aunt Bernstein sometimes; and our aunt desired the mother's company so much, that she was actually fain to put up with the child. "So you have got the child here? Oh, you sly-boots!" says the Countess. "Guess you come after the old lady's money! Law bless you! Don't look so frightened. She can't hear a single word I say. Come, Ezzy. Good-by, Aunt!" And my lady Countess rustles out of the room.

Did Aunt Bernstein hear her or not? Where was the wit for which the old lady had been long famous? and was that fire put out, as well as the brilliancy of her eyes? With other people she was still ready enough, and unsparing of her sarcasms. When the Dowager of Castlewood and Lady Fanny visited her (these exalted ladies treated my wife with perfect indifference and charming good breeding)—the Baroness, in their society was stately, easy, and even commanding. She would mischievously caress Mrs. Warrington before them; in her absence, vaunt my wife's good breeding; say that her nephew had made a foolish match, perhaps, but that I certainly had taken a charming wife. "In a word, I praise you so to them, my dear," says she, "that I think they would like to tear your eyes out."

But before the little American 'tis certain that she was uneasy and trembled. She was so afraid that she actually did not dare to deny her door; and, the Countess's back turned, did not even abuse her. However much they might dislike her, my ladies did not tear out Theo's eyes. Once they drove to our cottage at Lambeth, where my wife happened to be sitting at the open window, holding her child on her knee, and in full view of her visitors. A gigantic footman strutted through our little garden, and delivered their ladyships' visiting-tickets at our door. Their hatred hurt us no more than their visit pleased us. When next we had the loan of our friend the brewer's carriage Mrs. Warrington drove to Kensington, and Gumbo handed over to the giant our cards in return for those which his noble mistresses had bestowed on us.

The Baroness had a coach, but seldom thought of giving it to us: and would let Theo and her maid and baby start from Clarges Street in the rain, with a faint excuse that she was afraid to ask her coachman to take his horses out. But twice, on her return home, my wife was frightened by rude fellows on the other side of Westminster Bridge; and I fairly told my aunt that I should forbid Mrs. Warrington to go to her unless she could be brought home in safety; so grumbling Jehu had to drive his horses through the darkness. He grumbled at my shillings: he did not know how few I had. Our poverty wore a pretty decent face. My relatives never thought of relieving it, nor I of complaining before them. I don't know how Sampson got a windfall of guineas; but I remember he brought me six once, and they were more welcome than any money I ever had in my life. He had been looking into Mr. Miles's crib, as the child lay asleep; and, when the parson went away, I found the money in the baby's little rosy hand. Yes, Love is best of all. I have many such benefactions registered in my heart—precious welcome fountains springing up in desert places, kind friendly lights cheering our despondency and gloom.

This worthy divine was willing enough to give as much of his company as she chose to Madame de Bernstein, whether for cards or Theology. Having known her ladyship for many years now, Sampson could see, and averred to us that she was breaking fast; and as he spoke of her evidently increasing infirmities, and of the probability of their fatal termination, Mr. S. would discourse to us in a very feeling manner of the necessity for preparing for a future world; of the vanities of this, and of the hope that in another there might be happiness for all repentant sinners.

"I have been a sinner for one," says the Chaplain, bowing his head, "God knoweth, and I pray Him to pardon me. I fear, Sir, your aunt, the Lady Baroness, is not in such a state of mind as will fit her very well for the change which is imminent. I am but a poor weak wretch, and no prisoner in Newgate could confess that more humbly and heartily. Once or

twice of late I have sought to speak on this matter with her ladyship, but she has received me very roughly. 'Parson,' says she, 'if you come for cards, 'tis mighty well, but I will thank you to spare me your sermons.' What can I do, Sir? I have called more than once of late, and Mr. Case hath told me his lady was unable to see me;" in fact Madame Bernstein told my wife, whom she never refused, as I said, that the poor Chaplain's *ton* was unendurable, and as for his Theology, "Haven't I been a Bishop's wife?" says she, "and do I want this creature to teach me?"

The old lady was as impatient of doctors as of divines; pretending that my wife was ailing, and that it was more convenient for our good Doctor Heberden to visit her in Clarges Street than to travel all the way to our Lambeth lodgings, we got Dr. H. to see Theo at our aunt's house, and prayed him if possible to offer his advice to the Baroness; we made Mrs. Brett, her woman, describe her ailments, and the doctor confirmed our opinion that they were most serious, and might speedily end. She would rally briskly enough of some evenings, and entertain a little company; but of late she scarcely went abroad at all. A somnolence which we had remarked in her was attributable in part to opiates which she was in the habit of taking; and she used these narcotics to smother habitual pain. One night, as we two sat with her (Mr. Miles was weaned by this time, and his mother could leave him to the charge of our faithful Molly) she fell asleep over her cards. We hushed the servants who came to lay out the supper table, (she would always have this luxurious, nor could any injunction of ours or the Doctor's teach her abstinence), and we sat a while as we had often done before, waiting in silence till she should arouse from her doze.

When she awoke she looked fixedly at me for a while, fumbled with the cards, and dropped them again in her lap, and said, "Henry, have I been long asleep?" I thought at first that it was for my brother she mistook me; but she went on quickly, and with eyes fixed as upon some very far distant object, and said, "My dear, 'tis of no use, I am not good enough for you. I love cards, and play, and court; and oh, Harry, you don't know all!" Here her voice changed, and she flung her head up. "His father married Anne Hyde, and sure the Esmond blood is as good as any that's not royal. Mamma, you must please to treat me with more respect. Vos sermons ma fatiguent; entendez-vous?—faites place à mon Altesse royale: mesdames, me connaissez-vous? je lui la—" Here she broke out into frightful hysterical shrieks and laughter, and as we ran up to her, alarmed, "Oui, Henri," she says, "il a juré de m'épouser et les princes tiennent parole—n'est-ce pas? Oh! oui, ils tiennent parole; si non, tu le tueras, cousin; tu le—ah! que je suis folle!" and the pitiful shrieks and laughter recommenced—ere her frightened people had come up to her summons, the poor thing had passed out of this

mood into another; but always laboring under the same delusion—that I was the Henry of past times, who had loved her and had been forsaken by her, whose bones were lying far away by the banks of the Potomac.

My wife and the women put the poor lady to bed as I ran myself for medical aid. She rambled, still talking wildly, through the night, with her nurses and the surgeon sitting by her. Then she fell into a sleep, brought on by more opiate. When she awoke her mind did not actually wander; but her speech was changed, and one arm and side were paralyzed.

'Tis needless to relate the progress and termination of her malady, or watch that expiring flame of life as it gasps and flickers. Her senses would remain with her for a while (and then she was never satisfied unless Theo was by her bedside), or again her mind would wander, and the poor decrepit creature, lying upon her bed, would imagine herself young again, and speak incoherently of the scenes and incidents of her early days. Then she would address me as Henry again; and call upon me to revenge some insult or slight, of which (whatever my suspicions might be) the only record lay in her insane memory. "They have always been so," she would murmur; "they never loved man or woman but they forsook them. Je me vengerai, O oui, je me vengerai! I know them all: I know them all: and I will go to my Lord Stair with the list. Don't tell me! His religion can't be the right one. I will go back to my mother's, though she does not love me. She never did. Why don't you, mother? Is it because I am too wicked? Ah! Pitié, Pitié, O mon père! I will make my confession"—and here the unhappy paralyzed lady made as if she would move in her bed.

Let us draw the curtain round it. I think with awe still of those rapid words, uttered in the shadow of the canopy, as my pallid wife sits by, her Prayer-book on her knee; as the attendants move to and fro noiselessly; as the clock ticks without, and strikes the fleeting hours; as the sun falls upon the Kneller picture of Beatrix in her beauty, with the blushing cheeks, the smiling lips, the waving auburn tresses, and the eyes which seem to look toward the dim figure moaning in the bed. I could not for a while understand why our aunt's attendants were so anxious that we should quit it. But toward evening a servant stole in, and whispered her woman: and then Brett, looking rather disturbed, begged us to go down stairs, as the—as the Doctor was come to visit the Baroness. I did not tell my wife at the time who "the Doctor" was; but as the gentleman slid by us, and passed up stairs, I saw at once that he was a Catholic ecclesiastic. When Theo next saw our poor lady she was speechless; she never recognized any one about her, and so passed unconsciously out of life. During her illness her relatives had called assiduously enough, though she would see none of them save us. But when she was gone, and we descended to the lower rooms after all was over, we found Castlewood

with his white face, and my lady from Kensington, and Mr. Will, already assembled in the parlor. They looked greedily at us as we appeared. They were hungry for the prey.

When our aunt's will was opened we found it was dated five years back, and every thing she had was left to her dear nephew, Henry Esmond Warrington, of Castlewood, in Virginia, "in affectionate love and remembrance of the name which he bore." The property was not great. Her revenue had been derived from pensions from the Crown, as it appeared (for what services I can not say), but the pension of course died with her, and there were only a few hundred pounds, besides jewels, trinkets, and the furniture of the house in Clarges Street, of which all London came to the sale. Mr. Walpole bid for her portrait, but I made free with Harry's money so far as to buy the picture in: and it now hangs over the mantle-piece of the chamber in which I write. What with jewels, laces, trinkets, and old china which she had gathered, Harry became possessed of more than four thousand pounds by his aunt's legacy. I made so free as to lay my hand upon a hundred, which came just as my stock was reduced to twenty pounds; and I procured bills for the remainder, which I forwarded to Captain Henry Esmond, in Virginia. Nor should I have scrupled to take more (for my brother was indebted to me in a much greater sum), but he wrote me there was another wonderful opportunity for buying an estate and negroes in our neighborhood at home; and Theo and I were only too glad to forego our little claim, so as to establish our brother's fortune. As to mine, poor Harry at this time did not know the state of it. My mother had never informed him that she had ceased remitting to me. She helped him with a considerable sum, the result of her savings, for the purchase of his new estate; and Theo and I were most heartily thankful at his prosperity.

And how strange ours was! By what curious good fortune, as our purse was emptied, was it filled again! I had actually come to the end of our stock when poor Sampson brought me his six pieces—and with these I was enabled to carry on until my half-year's salary, as young Mr. Foker's Governor, was due; then Harry's hundred, on which I laid *main basse*, helped us over three months (we were behindhand with our rent, or the money would have lasted six good weeks longer); and when this was pretty near expended, what should arrive but a bill of exchange for a couple of hundred pounds from Jamaica, with ten thousand blessings from the dear friends there, and fond scolding from the General that we had not sooner told him of our necessity—of which he had only heard through our friend Mr. Foker, who spoke in such terms of Theo and myself as to make our parents more than ever proud of their children. Was my quarrel with my mother irreparable? Let me go to Jamaica. There was plenty there for all, and employment which his Excellency as Governor

would immediately procure for me. "Come to us!" writes Hetty. "Come to us!" writes Aunt Lambert. "Have my children been suffering poverty, and we rolling in our Excellency's coach, with guards to turn out whenever we pass? Has Charley been home to you for ever so many holidays, from the Chartreux, and had ever so many of my poor George's half-crowns in his pocket, I dare say?" (this was indeed the truth, for where was he to go for holidays but to his sister? and was there any use in telling the child how scarce half-crowns were with us?) "And you always treating him with such goodness, as his letters tell me, which are brimful of love for George and little Miles? Oh, how we long to see Miles!" wrote Hetty and her mother; "and *as for his godfather*" (writes Het), "who has been good to my dearest and her child, I promise him a kiss whenever I see him!"

Our young benefactor was never to hear of our family's love and gratitude to him. That glimpse of his bright face over the railings before our house at Lambeth, as he rode away on his little horse, was the last we ever were to have of him. At Christmas a basket comes to us containing a great turkey and three brace of partridges, with a card, and "*shot by M. W.*" wrote on one of them. And on receipt of this present we wrote to thank the child, and gave him our sister's message.

To this letter there came a reply from Lady Warrington, who said she was bound to inform me, that in visiting me her child had been guilty of *disobedience*, and that she learned his visit to me now for the first time. Knowing *my* views regarding *duty to my parents* (which I had exemplified in *my marriage*), she could not wish her son to adopt them. And fervently hoping that I might be brought to see the errors of *my present course*, she took leave of *this most unpleasant subject*, subscribing herself, etc., etc., etc.

We got this pretty missive as sauce for poor Miles's turkey, which was our family feast for New-Year's Day. My Lady Warrington's letter choked our meal, though Sampson and Charley rejoiced over it.

Ah me! Ere the month was over our little friend was gone from among us. Going out shooting, and dragging his gun through a hedge after him, the trigger caught in a bush, and the poor little man was brought home to his father's house, only to live a few days, and expire in pain and torture. Under the yew-trees yonder I can see the vault which covers him, and where my bones one day, no doubt, will be laid. And over our pew at church my children have often wistfully spelled the touching epitaph in which Miles's heart-broken father has inscribed his grief and love for his only son.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

UNITED STATES.

THE most significant political movement of the month is the following letter from Hon. Stephen A. Douglas, in reply to an inquiry whether his friends were at liberty to present his name to the Democratic Convention which is to meet at Charleston, as a candidate for the Presidency. He says:

"Before the question can be finally determined, it will be necessary to understand distinctly upon what issues the canvass is to be conducted. If, as I have full faith they will, the Democratic party shall determine, in the Presidential election of 1860, to adhere to the principles embodied in the compromise measures of 1850, and ratified by the people in the Presidential election of 1852, and reaffirmed in the Kansas-Nebraska act of 1854, and incorporated into the Cincinnati Platform in 1856, as expounded by Mr. Buchanan in his letter accepting the nomination, and approved by the people—in that event my friends will be at liberty to present my name to the Convention, if they see proper to do so. If, on the contrary, it shall become the policy of the Democratic party—which I can not anticipate—to repudiate these, their time-honored principles, on which we have achieved so many patriotic triumphs; and if, in lieu of them, the Convention shall interpolate into the creed of the party such new issues as the revival of the African slave-trade, or a Congressional slave code for the Territories, or the doctrine that the Constitution of the United States either establishes or prohibits slavery in the Territories beyond the power of the people legally to control it as other property, it is due to candor to say that, in such an event, I could not accept the nomination if tendered to me."

Hon. Alexander H. Stephens, of Georgia, delivered a speech to his constituents, upon occasion of his retiring from Congress. In the course of the address he gave his views upon the great political sub-

jects of the day. The question had arisen, he said, whether new slave States should be admitted, or whether the South should never expand and enlarge. The South had been successful; she asked from the North nothing wrong, and had gained only what was right. The great principle to be carried out was that of expansion—the right of the people of the South to go to the Territories with their slave property, protected by the Constitution, on a platform of equal rights. The question was fully settled, as a principle, that Congress should make no discrimination in regard to sectional rights in the Territories; but that the people, when about to form a Constitution as a State, should decide for themselves whether they should come into the Union as a free or a slave State. This settlement was fully up to the demands of the South; and it was a triumph, not of the South, but of truth and right. These measures, however, did not go as far as he wished. He would have Congress to give protection to slave property in the public domain so long as it remained in a Territorial condition. A majority of the South differed with him; and he finally yielded to the doctrine of non-intervention, because it was not aggressive, and because it secured all that the South wanted. If climate and soil did not favor slavery it would not go into the Territories. There was little prospect of the South settling any Territory outside of Texas, unless we increase the African stock. "It is plain," he said, "that unless the number of African stock be increased we have not the population, and might as well abandon the race with our brethren of the North in the colonization of the Territories. If there are but few more

slave States it is not because of abolitionism or the Wilmot Proviso, but simply for the want of people to settle them. States can not be made without people; rivers and mountains do not make them; and slave States can not be made without Africans." Many persons, he said, were offended at the "higher law" doctrine of Mr. Seward; but he himself believed in a higher law—the law of the Creator—and the Constitution must sustain and rest upon this higher law. He repudiated the theory of "the greatest good of the greatest number.—One hundred persons have no right to have happiness at the expense of ninety-nine. If our institutions do not increase the happiness of all—black and white—they ought to be abandoned. If slavery is not best for the African, if it does not increase his happiness, it ought to be abolished." He believed that the institution of slavery was stronger to-day than ever before, and would continue to increase in strength, whether in the Union or out of it. Central America and Mexico were open to the South. He also looked forward to the acquisition of Cuba; but was not in favor of paying much for it to Spain—not more than one or two millions of dollars. If the island wished to come into the Union, he would not ask the consent of Spain; but was in favor of repealing the neutrality laws, so as to give our people a chance to help her in her wish.—Very different in tone from the speech of Mr. Stephens is an address delivered on the Fourth of July by Hon. R. Barnwell Rhett, of South Carolina. He said that the doctrine of equality of State and section, for which Calhoun, M'Duffie, Hayne, and Hamilton had struggled, had practically fallen to the earth. It was not the fault of those whom he addressed. "If," said he, "we must now struggle, feebler in comparison, on a lower ground, and with a weaker moral force, against an increasing Northern predominance and audacity, it has been in spite of the political protest of the old Seventh Congressional District of South Carolina. You are the only people in the United States who, at a regular election ordered by a State, have elected representatives to a Southern Congress, with a view to a Southern Confederacy; and I am the honored representative you chose in that election. In the Senate of the United States I propounded and advocated before the world the dissolution of the present Union and the creation of another Confederation among the Southern States." Mr. Rhett goes on to say that the question should have been met when opposition was made to the admission of Missouri as a slave State. "The contest," he says, "would have ended in one of three ways: The rights of the South would have been conceded; the Constitution would have been amended; or the Union would have been dissolved. But the evil genius of concession ruled our counsels. On the very eve of victory the leaders of the South surrendered our rights in a compromise. They yielded to Congress the power of excluding us from the Territories. The sectional majority of the North grows stronger and more resolute every day. They have the power of controlling the legislation of Congress. They failed in controlling the Executive, in the last Presidential election, only by a few votes. They expect to succeed at the next Presidential election. Having mastered these two great departments of government, they openly declare their determination to command the third—the Judiciary of the United States." The result of which will be, according to Mr. Rhett, that high tariffs will be imposed; railroads and other national improvements

will be undertaken by the General Government; land will be given to the landless, by which means Northern and immigrant population will take possession of all the common territory and make Free States of it; squatter-sovereignty will be established; no new Slave States will be admitted; and finally slavery will be abolished in the South. The South, he affirms, in order to have a free government, must control it. He advises the South to go into the next Presidential election prepared to meet the one issue, and to let no question not immediately connected with this divide them. "Our first great duty," he says, "is to place the South above or beyond the power of the North. First make our property safe under our own control before we divide as to measures for its increase and extension. After our safety is accomplished it will be time enough for the South to determine on measures most expedient to promote her agricultural interests or advance her general prosperity. If our rights are victorious in the next Presidential election we may consider it as a kind augury of a more auspicious future. If they are overthrown, let this election be the last contest between the North and the South; and the long, weary night of our dishonor and humiliation be dispersed at last by the glorious day-spring of a Southern confederacy." Mr. Rhett closed his oration by eulogizing Rawlins Lowndes, who declared that the only epitaph he desired to be placed upon his tomb was, that he opposed to the last the adoption of the Constitution of the United States by South Carolina; and by affirming that he himself wished to be held in memory for having—"after twenty years of earnest effort to preserve the Union, by keeping it within the limitations of the Constitution—turned at last to the salvation of his native land—the South—and in his latter days did all he could to dissolve her connection with the North, and to establish for her a Southern confederacy."—We have given considerable space to the presentation of these characteristic documents, by way of indicating some of the different phases of sentiment which are likely to enter largely into the next Presidential election.

The Secretary of State has prepared an elaborate paper upon the rights of neutrals in time of war, which has been transmitted to our ministers in Europe. The document has not been published in full, but it is understood to maintain that by the law of nations nothing is contraband of war except direct munitions of warfare, such as military implements, powder, cannon, lead, saltpetre, and the like. Breadstuffs are not contraband; neither is coal; and any attempt to treat them as such will be viewed as an encroachment upon our commerce. The principle is re-affirmed, that a free flag covers the cargo as well as the vessel. It is also taken for granted that the American Government will not consent to the abolition of the right of privateering.—Kossuth has addressed a letter to his countrymen in America, dissuading them at present from returning to Europe with the expectation of aiding in the projected rising against Austria. The time has not yet come, he says; and grave considerations forbid him to enter upon premature explanations. They shall be apprised when the time comes; but any inconsiderate rashness might bring personal ruin upon them without the slightest advantage to the public cause.

Recent intelligence, which appears to be reliable, renders it certain that gold to a very considerable amount exists in the Pike's Peak region. Mr. Horace Greeley, editor of the *New York Tribune*, visited the mines, and has published a report, bearing his

own signature and those of Messrs. Richardson and Villard, newspaper correspondents. This report, which is dated June 8, relates mainly to a single locality called "Gregory's Diggings." They say that they have witnessed the operation of digging, transporting, and washing the vein-stone; have seen the gold plainly visible in the riffles of nearly every sluice, and in nearly every pan of the rotten quartz washed in their presence; have, though rarely, seen gold visible to the naked eye in pieces of quartz not yet fully decomposed; and have obtained from the few who have sluices in operation accounts of their several products. Thirteen companies were then in operation, averaging probably five men to each company; none have been in operation more than three weeks, some only a day or two. The gold produced would average some 20 or 30 dollars a day per man. The location was in many respects highly favorable, it being situated near a stream, which furnished an abundant supply of water for washing. Many miners in the immediate neighborhood had worked their claims by "panning" for days without discovering any traces of gold; and they presume thousands will be destined to disappointment, for quartz veins without gold are a prominent geological feature of the country. They conclude their statement with an earnest dissuasion against the rush of miners to this region. "There may be," they say, "hundreds of ravines in these regions as rich in gold as that in which we write, and probably there are many, but up to this hour we do not hear that any such have been discovered." Five thousand people were already in the ravine, and tens of thousands more were on the way. For all these supplies must be hauled from the Missouri River, 700 miles distant, through a country destitute of roads and bridges, and in some parts almost without grass or water. It is madness to attempt to cross on foot. And in midsummer, when the streams are mainly dry, and the grass eaten, the passage is possible only to those who know just where to look for grass and water. By the middle of October the whole mountain region will be snowed under and frozen up; so that for six months there will be neither work, food, nor shelter within 500 miles for those who are pressing thither under the delusion that gold may be picked up like pebbles on the seashore. Few can hope to escape who arrive at Denver City after September, without ample means to support themselves in a very dear country, through a long winter.—Accounts still later, the credibility of which is more doubtful, speak of the discovery of new mines of extraordinary richness.

EUROPE.

From the seat of war our intelligence comes down to the 27th of June. Our last Record, after noting the battle of Montebello, fought on the 20th of May, and the passage of the Sesia, at Vercelli, by the Sardinians on the following day, left the Austrians retreating toward Lombardy. On the 1st of June an action took place at Palestro, on the eastern bank of the Sesia, between the Austrians and the Sardinians commanded by the King in person, in which the former were defeated. Continuing their retreat, the Austrians crossed the Ticino, taking up positions on the eastern, or Lombard bank, with the apparent intention of resisting the passage of the river by the Allies. They were greatly embarrassed by their inability to gain any certain intelligence of the movements of the Allies or the position of their main force. No information gained from the inhabitants could be trusted, and such was the vigilance of the

enemy that their own spies were almost useless. The battle of Montebello was the result of an attempt to learn whether any considerable body of the French was in that quarter. General Stadion found to his cost that a large French army lay at Voghera. The actions of Vercelli and Palestro, fought considerably to the north of Montebello, showed the position of the Sardinians. But still there was nothing to indicate the precise point where the attempt to cross the Ticino would be made.—The main body of the French troops had, meanwhile, been concentrated around Alessandria, and the demonstrations at Voghera, Vercelli, and Palestro, on the right, were intended to deceive the Austrians by leading them to anticipate a movement in that direction. But on the 31st of May the order was given to march to the left; and on the 2d of June a strong division of the Imperial Guard, under General MacMahon, advanced to the Ticino at Turbigo, considerably to the north. They threw three bridges across the river, which they crossed without opposition, on the 3d; but soon found themselves opposed by an Austrian corps, sent by railway from Milan. On the 4th the Grenadiers of the Imperial Guard, commanded by the Emperor in person, crossed the river at Buffalora, a few miles below Turbigo, but yet above the point where the Austrians had expected an attack. Here was a massive stone bridge, at the head of which, on the Sardinian side, the Austrians had thrown up defenses. They abandoned these on the approach of the French and attempted to blow up the bridge behind them. The charge of powder was insufficient, and the bridge was not seriously injured. Over this the French passed; but soon found themselves opposed near Magenta by a far superior force of Austrians, who had marched northward, up the river. According to the original plan, the division of MacMahon, supported by the whole Sardinian force, was to march downward from Turbigo to the support of the body which had crossed at Buffalora. These were delayed and could not reach this point at the prescribed time. The French at Magenta maintained a desperate conflict with superior numbers, and the Emperor himself was, for a time, in imminent peril. At length, toward evening, MacMahon succeeded in fighting his way from Turbigo, and made a terrific charge upon the Austrians at Magenta, which decided the fate of day, and probably saved the person of the Emperor. The Austrians abandoned the field, and the victory remained with the French. MacMahon was created Marshal of France and Duke of Magenta.

That this was a brilliant triumph for the French is shown by subsequent events, though General Gyulai, in his report to the Emperor of Austria, represents it as a glorious action, of which accidental circumstances prevented him from taking full advantage, and the Emperor thanked his troops for their valiant conduct. But his opinion of the merits of the General is sufficiently indicated by the removal of Gyulai from his post. The command of his division has been given to General Schlick, while Field-Marshal Hess is named as commander-in-chief of the army. The actual loss at Magenta is much less, as given in the official reports, than was to have been expected from the numbers engaged and the reported desperate character of the fighting. The official reports are as follow:

	<i>French.</i>	<i>Austrian.</i>
Killed	323	1365
Wounded	2165	4343
Missing	470	4000
Total loss	2958	9713

Each party, however, places the loss of the other much higher. Gyulai says that the loss of the French was at least one-half greater than that of the Austrians; while, according to French accounts, 20,000 Austrians were placed *hors de combat*.—The battle was fought within a few leagues of Milan, the capital of Lombardy; and on the following day the Austrians hastily evacuated that city and continued their retreat. On the 6th a deputation of the Municipality of Milan repaired to the head-quarters of the Allies, and in the presence of Napoleon presented the following address to the King of Sardinia:

"The Municipality of Milan are proud of being able to make use of their most precious privileges in being the interpreters of their fellow-citizens at this grave crisis. They are willing to renew the peace of 1848, and to proclaim again before the Italian nation the great fact which has required eleven years for its full development in the intelligence and hearts of the people. The annexation of Lombardy to Piedmont has been this morning proclaimed by us at the same time when the artillery of the enemy could have thundered against us, and while their battalions were even in our public places. The annexation of Lombardy to Piedmont is the first step in the new way of public right, which allows nations to take the initiative in the achievement of their own destinies. The heroic Sardinian army, our own brave allies who insist on Italy being free as far as the Adriatic, will soon achieve the magnanimous enterprise. Receive, Sire, the homage of the town of Milan at our hands, and believe that our hearts belong entirely to you. Our cry is, 'The King and Italy forever!'"

Two days later, Napoleon and Victor Emanuel entered Milan in triumph. Here the Emperor issued the following stirring manifesto to the Italian people:

"The fortune of war bringing me into the capital of Lombardy, I come to tell you why I am here. When Austria made its unjust attack on Piedmont I resolved to support my ally, the Sardinian King; the honor and interest of France made it a point of duty. Your foes (who are mine) have tried to lessen the universal sympathy all Europe felt in your cause by giving out that I only made war for personal ambition, or to aggrandize the French territory. If there are men who can not understand the epoch they live in, I am not of that number. In a sound state of public opinion, at this time of day, men become greater by the moral influence they exert than by barren conquests. I seek with pride that moral influence by contributing to render free the most beautiful land in Europe. Your welcome has proved that you fully understand me. I come not here with a prearranged plan to dispossess sovereigns, or to impose on you my will. My army will have two works to perform—fight your enemies, and keep internal order. No obstacle shall be raised to the free manifestations of your legitimate wishes. Providence often favors nations as it does individuals, by offering them the opportunity of sudden greatness; but it is on condition of their knowing how to avail themselves of it wisely. Earn, then, the boon now offered you. Your desire for independence so long put forth, so often baffled, shall be realized if you show yourselves worthy of it. Unite, then, one and all, in one great object—the deliverance of your native land. Adopt military organization; rally round the standard of King Victor Emanuel, who has indicated to you so nobly the path of honor. Remember that without discipline there is no army; and, burning with the sacred fire of patriotism, be soldiers to-day, to become to-morrow free citizens of a great country."

To his army the Emperor says:

"One month ago, relying confidently on the efforts of diplomacy, I still hoped for peace, when the sudden invasion of Piedmont by the Austrian troops called us under arms. We were not ready; men, horses, *materiel*, stores were failing; and we were compelled to assist our allies to debouch by small fractions beyond the Alps in presence of a formidable enemy long since prepared for the struggle. The danger was great; the energy of the nation and

your own courage have supplied all deficiencies. France has found her olden virtues, and united for a single object, and in one sentiment she has shown the might of her resources and the strength of her patriotism. The operations commenced ten days ago, and the Piedmontese territory is already freed from its invaders. The allied army has been successful in four engagements and one decisive battle, which have opened the gates of the capital of Lombardy. You have put upward of 35,000 Austrians *hors de combat*, taken 17 guns, 2 colors, 8000 prisoners. But all is not over. There are more battles in store for us, more obstacles to overcome. I rely upon you. Courage, then, gallant soldiers of the Army of Italy! From the heights of heaven your fathers proudly contemplate their children."

On the 9th the Austrian rear-guard, left behind to cover the retreat of the main army, were attacked at Malegnano by the French under General Baraguay d'Hilliers, who forced them to retire with considerable loss. The Austrian army continued to retreat, passing in their course several rivers where it was expected that they would make a stand, until, by the 20th, they had crossed the Mincio, and found themselves in the famous "historical quadrangle." This is a tract of country of some 35 miles square, having at each corner a strong fortress. On the north are Peschiera and Verona, on the south Mantua and Legnano. They are all strong places, and are put by railroads in speedy communication with the heart of the Empire. Here they were met by reinforcements hurried from Venice and Germany, until 280,000 men are said to have been concentrated within this narrow space.—Meanwhile Garibaldi, with his famous free corps, had traversed the mountain region of Northern Lombardy, rousing the people to revolt, winning a number of considerable battles, dexterously eluding the enemy when in superior force, and giving great annoyance to the Austrians by threatening to cut off their communications by the Alpine passes.—Prince Jerome Napoleon, who had been sent to Tuscany, which had embraced the Italian cause, advanced with a large corps, and, in conjunction with a naval force which menaced Venice, threatened to attack the Austrians in the rear.—The French and Sardinians followed leisurely in the rear of the Austrians—who in a month had been driven nearly 200 miles through Sardinia and Lombardy—and on the 22d of June had nearly reached the Mincio, in the neighborhood of the fortress of Peschiera. The Austrians now turned. Crossing the river on the 24th, with 150,000 men they made a determined attack upon the advancing enemy. The battle lasted from four in the morning till eight at night, covering an extent of five leagues. It was fiercely contested, but resulted in a great victory for the Allies. Full details of the action, which is called by the French the battle of Solferino, from a small village where the fight was the hottest, have not been forwarded, although telegraphic messages dated four days after have been received in Paris. The Emperor Napoleon telegraphs to the Empress that he has taken 30 cannon, three flags, and 7000 prisoners; that the loss of the enemy was considerable, and his own much less; and that he passed the night of the 25th in the room which had been occupied by the Emperor of Austria in the morning. In his address to the army, Napoleon says:

"The enemy, who believed themselves able to repulse us from the Chiese, have recrossed the Mincio. You have worthily defended the honor of France. Solferino surpassed the recollection of Lonato and Castiglione. In twelve hours you have repulsed the efforts of one hundred and fifty thousand men. Your enthusiasm did not rest there; the numerous artillery of the enemy occupied for-

midable positions for over three leagues, which you have carried. Your country thanks you for your courage and perseverance, and laments the fallen. We have taken three flags, thirty cannon, and 6000 prisoners. The Sardinian army fought with the same valor against superior forces; and worthy is that army to march beside you. Blood has not been shed in vain for the glory of France and the happiness of the people."

The Austrian official account acknowledges the defeat. It runs thus:

"Our right wing occupied Pozzolunga, Solferino, and Cavriana, and the left wing pressed forward as far as Guidizzolo and Cas-Cioffredo, but were driven back by the enemy. A collision took place between the two entire armies at ten A.M. yesterday. Our left, under General Wimpfen, advanced as far as Chiese. In the afternoon there was a concentrated assault on the heroically-defended town of Solferino. Our right wing repulsed the Piedmontese, but, on the other hand, the order of our centre could not be restored, and *our losses are extraordinarily heavy*. The development of powerful masses of the enemy against our left wing, and the advance of his main body against Volta, caused our retreat, which began late in the evening."

Still the defeat must have been far from a rout, for the Austrians recrossed the river without being pursued; and the Allies made no attempt to pass for a number of days; but when they did so they met with no opposition, and the Sardinians had formally invested Peschiera, the fortress at the north-western corner of the quadrangle.—All Italy appears to be aroused. In the States of the Church serious disturbances have taken place. At Bologna a rising of the people occurred, and Commissioners were sent to Victor Emanuel offering him the dictatorship, which he refused to accept. At Perugia there were disturbances, and the Swiss troops of the Pope were sent against the town. An obstinate resistance was made; but after three hours' fighting, the Swiss forced an entrance, and the combat was continued for two hours in the streets. The soldiers committed gross outrages, killing even inoffensive men and women. At Rome, on the 21st of June, a crowd assembled before the quarters of the French garrison, and were about to raise the tricolored flag and proclaim the dictatorship of Victor Emanuel, when they were prevented from so doing by the French commander. Both Napoleon and Victor Emanuel have given the Pope assurances that he shall not be disturbed in his dominion.—Kossuth and Klapka have gone to Italy with the presumed intention of endeavoring to arouse a revolt in Hungary.—There is nothing which certainly indicates what is to be the action of Prussia and the German Confederation. A large portion of the Prussian Army has been called out; but this is declared to be merely a measure of precaution. "The Franco-Sardinian army," says the official Gazette, "is moving near the frontiers of Germany. The Prussian Government has repeatedly declared that it regards the security of Germany as intrusted to its care. England and Russia are arming on the greatest scale. The Prussian Government would be faithless to its duty if it should refuse to act commensurately with that spirit by which Prussia became great. Prussia is free from every engagement; she obeys only those obligations which spring from the innermost nature of her State interests." The Government has imitated with success Napoleon's plan for raising a loan directly from the people. The sum asked was 30,000,000 *thalers*; the subscriptions amounted to 31,875,000.—The smaller German States still seem inclined to support Austria.—The Russian Government has issued a cir-

cular to its diplomatic agents, plainly intimating that if the German States interfere in the contest Russia will also take part.

In Great Britain Parliament was opened by the Queen in person on the 7th of June. In her Speech she said that, having received assurances of friendship from both contending parties in the war, she intended to maintain a strict neutrality, and hoped to preserve to her people the blessings of peace. But considering the present state of Europe, she had deemed it necessary to increase the fleet to an amount greater than had been sanctioned by Parliament. She would willingly sanction any well-considered measure for Parliamentary reform; and hoped, if there was not time during the present session to consider this subject, that it would be brought up early in the next session. In the House of Lords the customary address to her Majesty was passed, without special opposition. In the Commons an amendment was moved to the effect that it was essential that the Government should possess the confidence of the House and of the country, and that this confidence was not reposed in the present Administration. The foreign policy of the Administration was the chief point of attack in the debate which ensued. Lord Palmerston said that if the Government had made themselves acquainted with what had been going on in Austria, they might have held such firm but conciliatory language as would have stayed that Power in its advance upon Piedmont. The debate continued until the 10th, when the question on the amendment was put. For it there were 323 votes; against it, 310; leaving the Government in a minority of 13. The Ministry thereupon resigned. The Queen requested Earl Granville to form a new Ministry; but he declined to undertake the task. She then sent for Lord Palmerston. After some little delay, he succeeded in forming an Administration, of which the following are the principal members:

First Lord of the Treasury.....	Viscount Palmerston.
Chancellor of the Exchequer.....	Mr. W. E. Gladstone.
Foreign Secretary.....	Lord John Russell.
Home Secretary.....	Sir G. C. Lewis.
Colonial Secretary.....	Duke of Newcastle.
Secretary for War.....	Mr. Sidney Herbert.
Indian Secretary.....	Sir C. Wood.
First Lord of the Admiralty.....	Duke of Somerset.
Lord Chancellor.....	Lord Campbell.
President of the Council.....	Earl Granville.
Privy Seal.....	Duke of Argyll.
Postmaster-General.....	Earl of Elgin, K. T.
Board of Trade.....	Mr. Cobden.
Poor-law Board.....	Mr. M. Gibson.
Chief Secretary for Ireland.....	Mr. Cardwell.
Duchy of Lancaster.....	Sir George Gray.

The feeling of the late Administration was evidently in favor of Austria, while that of the present is inclined toward France. In an address to his constituents Lord Palmerston said that one of the great objects of the new Government would be to preserve for Great Britain the blessings of peace, and to take advantage of any favorable opportunity to exert their influence in restoring peace to the Continent. They would also have to consider the question of amending the laws which regulate the representation in Parliament.—New troubles have sprung up in India. Discontent has arisen among the European troops. They claim that they were enlisted in the service of the East India Company, and that when the Company ceased to govern their enlistment came to an end, and that they were at liberty either to leave the army or to enlist anew under the Queen; and that in the latter case they were entitled to the bounty paid to new recruits.

Literary Notices.

The French Revolution of 1789, by JOHN S. C. ABBOTT. (Published by Harper and Brothers.) The great historical theme, which has been illustrated by the pens of such writers as Mignet, Thiers, Lamartine, and, in our own language, of Scott, Carlyle, and Alison, would seem to leave but scanty materials for subsequent laborers in the same field. Mr. Abbott, however, has naturally made it the subject of earnest study; his sympathies with Napoleon would lead him to dwell with interest on the antecedents of his power; and his attachment to the principles of political freedom enables him to look without regret on the destruction of an ancient throne and aristocracy. Still he has not attempted to soften down or gild over the terrors which marked the progress of the Revolution. He brings forward no apology for the monsters of cruelty in crime, who were quickened into a brief, feverish life by the heated atmosphere of that period. The atrocities of the Revolution, in his view, were engendered in the previous ages of corruption and tyranny. A long career of oppression, on the part of the privileged classes, had poisoned the life-blood of the people. Deep-rooted ancient abuses could not be rectified by the application of soft healing balms. The necessary result was the overthrow of the past; and the conflict between the aristocracy and the mob was the conflict of the most malignant passions of humanity. In treating the subject Mr. Abbott has aimed principally at the construction of a popular narrative. He has given full force to its dramatic elements, and vigorously reproduced its scenes of pity and terror. In addition to his own glowing descriptions, the volume is illustrated by sketches taken on the spot by a distinguished artist.

Acadia; or, a Month with the Blue Noses, by FREDERIC S. COZZENS. (Published by Derby and Jackson.) Not a little of the interest attached to this readable volume grows out of the vivid illustrations which it presents of *Evangeline*—the charming pastoral which Longfellow has founded on the pathetic scenes in the early history of Acadia. The "forest primeval" was at a settlement now called Chezzetcook, about twenty miles from Halifax, and now inhabited by a colony of Acadian peasants, among whom you may find the prototypes of Gabriel and *Evangeline*. The scenery of the place, as observed by the author, is true to the descriptions of the poet. With the same felicity of genius which enabled Washington Irving to paint a minute and accurate picture of the shores of Columbia River, which he had never seen, so that the faithfulness of his descriptions is recognized by those most familiar with the northwest coast, Mr. Longfellow has caught the natural aspects of the landscape, and reproduced the sylvan borders of Acadia so truthfully that the acute eye of the tourist finds nothing to correct in his delineations. The woods are still rich with waving masses of foliage, but of a peculiar character. Not an oak, nor an elm, a chestnut, a beech, a cedar, a maple is to be seen among the vast array of evergreens. Spruces and firs cluster in wild profusion, while here and there a gigantic skeleton of pine or hemlock rears its spectral outline above its fellows. The air is aromatic with the odors of resinous balsams. From the dead branches of the aged pines hang masses of white moss, snow-white amidst the dark verdure. You meet a brown-skinned maiden, with

lustrous eyes, and soft black hair under her hood, with kirtle of antique form, and petticoat of holiday homespun, looking as if she might have stepped out of Normandy a century ago. On entering the little village of Chezzetcook Mr. Cozzens found much to remind him of the primitive Acadia, although some changes were visible in keeping with the nineteenth century. The water of the harbor had an intensity of color rarely seen, except in the pictures of the most ultra-marine painters. Here and there a green island or a fishing boat rested on the surface of the tranquil blue. Grassy slopes rolled away for miles on each side of the harbor, skirted by exquisite lines of creamy sand that melted off in the clear margin of the water. The occasional little cottages that nestle among these green banks are not the Acadian homes of the poem, "with thatched roofs and dormer windows projecting," but comfortable, homely-looking buildings of modern shapes, shingled and unweathercocked. There are no cattle visible, no plows nor horses. Some of the men are at work in the open air, in tarpaulin hats and tarry canvas trousers. These are boat-builders and coopers. Simple and kind-hearted, they have a ready salute for the passing stranger. He is invited to alight at one of their little dwellings. It is divided by a partition, with the hall, the parlor, kitchen, and nursery in one, occupying the larger portion. A huge fireplace, an antique spinning-wheel, a bench, two settles, a table, and a cradle, with a baby very wide awake, complete the inventory. By the fireside is an old woman, in a face all cracked and seamed with wrinkles, like a picture by one of the old masters. Just back of the cradle are two of the Acadian women, with eyes so lustrous, and teeth so white, and cheeks so rich with brown and blush, that they might have sat for the portraits in *Evangeline*. The dark mass of hair has been combed forward and over the face, that the little triangular Norman cap might be tied across the crown of the head. The hair is then thrown back over this, so as to form a large bow in front, and retied at the crown with colored ribbons. To finish the toilet, it is plaited in a shining mesh, and braided with ribbons—forming a kind of coronet, which well sets off the harmonious features. Only one feature of the landscape has been omitted in *Evangeline*; that is, the wild flowers of Acadia. The road-side is all fringed and tasseled with white, pink, and purple. The blossoms of the wild strawberry whiten the turf all the way from Halifax to Chezzetcook. In the swampy grounds there are long green needles in solitary groups, surmounted with snowy tufts. Clusters of light purple laurel-flowers spring up from the bases of gray rocks and boulders. A rich array of blood-red berries gleams out from a mass of greenery; hundreds of pitcher plants down by the ditches lift their decorated vases, brimming with water, to the wood birds, who drink and perch upon their rim; while the gorgeous show is completed by the delicious May-flowers, meadow-sweet, the fragrant blossoms of the buckthorn, and a profusion of odorous plants and evergreens. In addition to its peculiar interest in connection with Mr. Longfellow's admirable idyl, this volume abounds in pleasant narratives of adventure, racy anecdotes, which are related with inimitable vivacity, and appropriate historical notices. Mr. Cozzens occasionally indulges in a vein of phil-

osophical or ethical reflection, glancing at questions of grave importance, and laying down the law with superfluous earnestness. This somewhat mars the unity of his book, which, for the most part, preserves a gay and almost rollicking tone, without interfering with troublesome problems of Church or State.

M. T. Ciceronis de Officiis, edited by CHARLES ANTHON, LL.D. (Published by Harper and Brothers.) The basis of this volume is the edition prepared for the syndics of the University Press by the Rev. H. A. Holden. It is nearly an exact reprint of the text of Zumpt in his smaller edition, published at Brunswick in 1849. It is accompanied by a marginal analysis, and a brief commentary explaining such difficulties in the text as are likely to be felt by the ordinary student of classical literature. Dr. Anthon has often simplified the commentary of the English editor, and added to it notes and emendations of the text from other European scholars. The volume is brought out by the American publishers on excellent type and in substantial binding.

Lives of the Queens of Scotland, by AGNES STRICKLAND. (Published by Harper and Brothers.) This volume, which completes the series of Miss Strickland's popular historical memoirs, contains the lives of Elizabeth Stuart, the eldest daughter of James VI. of Scotland, and of Sophia, Electress of Hanover. The last-named biography is one of the most interesting of the whole series. Its subject was no less renowned for her intellectual culture than for the charms of her disposition and her personal beauty. At an early age she became imbued with the philosophy of Descartes, with whom she was on terms of intimate friendship. She subsequently formed an attachment to the system of Leibnitz, who, under her patronage, attained the scientific eminence which has identified his name with the progress of European learning in his age. Copious extracts are given from her correspondence with that philosopher, which throw a curious light on the politics and the manners of that day. Miss Strickland maintains intact her natural womanly love of gossip, in spite of her severer historical researches, and has made effective use of it in the present volume.

Eschatology; or, the Scripture Doctrine of the Coming of the Lord, the Judgment, and the Resurrection, by SAMUEL LEE. (Published by J. E. Tilton and Co.) The main doctrine on which the conclusions of this volume are founded is that the "Coming of the Son of Man," so often alluded to in the New Testament, applies to the work of the Messiah from the time of his resurrection to the overthrow of the Jewish power. The "Coming of the Lord," on the contrary, refers to an entirely different event—namely, the change experienced by the human soul at death, with the cluster of momentous facts connected with that event. The Judgment, according to the writer, refers to the assumption of the government of the world by the Messiah; and the Resurrection signifies the development and exercise of the spiritual body. The future life, in all its completeness, dates from that epoch; no intermediate state exists in the moral administration of the Deity, and the end of the material universe is not a doctrine of the Bible. These views, which differ widely from the generally received opinions on the subject, are tested by a critical examination of a variety of Scripture passages, and by a course of argument on the inferences to be

drawn from their teachings. The weighty themes are discussed with the calmness and reverence suited to their character, but the conclusions of the writer will naturally provoke comment and opposition.

Elements of Moral Philosophy, by the Rev. R. H. RIVERS, D.D.; edited by THOMAS O. SUMMERS, D.D. (Published by the Southern Methodist Publishing House.) The design of this new treatise on Moral Philosophy, as stated in the preface, is to furnish the institutions of learning in the South with a suitable text-book in that department of study. The volume is divided into two parts; the first treating of the various theories of moral agency, moral obligation, and moral government; the second discussing the principles of practical ethics, considered in their relation to the Deity, to personal duty, to society, to politics, to the family, and to slavery. Moral obligation, according to the author, is that which binds moral beings to the observance of moral law. No legitimate question can be proposed concerning its foundation. All theories in regard to this are based upon the false assumption that a higher reason for the performance of obligation can be given than the existence of obligation; whereas, in fact, obligation is original, self-sustaining, and ultimate, and is not only the highest, but the most authoritative reason that can be given for the performance of any act. In the portion devoted to practical ethics, considerable space is given to the institution of slavery, which, in the opinion of the author, "was established by Divine legislation, and has the authority of Christ and his Apostles." Nor does ethnology fail to contribute its support to the argument. "The children of Ham are doomed to serve the children of Shem and Japheth by the decree of Him whose ways are not as man's ways." With regard to the mutual obligations of the two parties, "the slave is under obligation to give his service to his master; and the master is under obligation to direct his labor, to give him an abundance of good food, a good house, good clothes, to attend to him when sick, and give him a decent burial when dead." The abolition of slavery, Dr. Rivers argues, would be attended with the worst consequences. It would turn out of employment thousands of operatives at the North, crush the industry of England, withhold the supplies of cotton from commerce and manufactures, convert the South into a field of blood, and prove the utter extinction of the negro race. In the course of his discussion the author examines the grounds of Dr. Wayland, President Mahan, and other writers against slavery, and endeavors to show that they have no tenable support either in reason or Scripture. The views of the advocates of slavery are probably nowhere stated in a more distinct form or in a briefer compass than in this little volume.

Walter Thornley; or, a Peep at the Past, by the AUTHOR of "Allan Prescott" and "Alida." Although wearing the garb of a fictitious work, this charming domestic story is too rich in natural incidents and familiar characters not to have been founded in personal experience. Its scenes have a singular air of reality, while brightened with a true glow of imagination and romance. In just and expressive delineations of character, and in a high tone of moral sympathy, the present volume fully sustains the reputation of the previous productions by the same writer. It is understood to be from the pen of Mrs. Theodore Sedgwick, of Lenox, Stockbridge, Massachusetts, and does credit to a distinguished name.

Editor's Table.

THE PRACTICAL ELEMENT IN AMERICAN LIFE.—The practical element, or the faculty of work, is, of all American characteristics, the most distinctive and the most pervading. Work so belongs to our entire nation that no special class exists to indicate the limits of description or discussion. As a separate body, as a specific organization exclusively defined, we have properly no "laboring class." American society, speaking strictly, has no such division or department in the general community. We may use the phrase as a conventional convenience; but it designates no reality that accords with the genius of our institutions or with the conditions of our life.

We may take either of two methods in the consideration of our subject: we may trace the practical element from the whole people to the individual, or we may trace it from the individual to the whole people. The latter method of the two appears the more convenient. It is suggested to us by a homely question, which we hear in popular intercourse constantly repeated, sometimes critically discussed; it is—*What does he do for a living?* Usually, the manner of asking is one of doubt, and of no very respectful uncertainty. The problem to be solved, the point to be settled, seems to involve, in some degree, the character of the absent individual, and it is not always solved or decided to his credit. Occasionally, one says directly to another, who returns on a visit to his native neighborhood from a distant place, whither he had immigrated—*"What do you do there for a living?"* In whatever manner, or from whatever motive asked, the question seems to us pregnant with meaning. It implies the inseparable connection of *doing* with *living*, and the necessary union of these two ideas in the American mind. *"I think—therefore I am,"* according to the Cartesian philosophy, postulates existence; *"I live—therefore I work,"* completes the thought in the practical logic of America. Given, in the Cartesian philosophy, the fact of thinking; there is also given the fact of being. Given, in American logic, the fact of living; there is also given the fact of working. The longer we have reflected on this brief popular interrogatory, the more it has impressed us. It indicates the essential logic of American life; it is of that life the first, the most simple, the most indisputable assumption.

It is not merely, however, the question which one asks another, or about another, it is the question which the individual begins very soon in America to put earnestly to himself. The American youth, often before he is out of boyhood, begins to say within his thoughts, *"What shall I do for a living?"* *"My father shaped his way in life; how shall I shape mine?"*—or, *"My father missed his way in life; I am determined not to miss mine. I must earn my own living—in what method shall I do it?"* The question is not forced on him by the immediateness of want or the coerciveness of home. A sense of sordid want is a rare feeling to a representative American youth; and, generally, more desire is in the home to keep him there than to drive him from it. The question implies the wish for early independence: it implies the anxiety to begin the work of life; it is, therefore, a question entirely of liberty and choice. The American youth has much to favor him in the discussion of this question, and in the decision of his choice. The American man enters on his work in the midst of singular advantages; and with intelligence, industry and persistence the

advantages are, as he proceeds, to more and more effect. He has here a sphere for his energies which embraces a domain of ample wilderness, in union with thickly-settled spaces. He holds no hungry fight with nature; he boldly and skillfully subdues it to his service. He has the social elements and culture of civilization, without that loss of individuality which the extremes of luxury and poverty alike entail. Within himself he has the consciousness of independent manhood; outside him he has all varieties of occupation among which to choose, or even to change, his labor. No man was ever better conditioned than the American for unfolding the activity of his existence.

Let us now for a while look, first, toward the desert, then back through the inhabited spaces, that we may see what has been done, and what is doing, in this country, by the millions in practical answer to the question from which our reflections started. Give to thought a direction westward; stop it not in its flight; let it career away until it finds the fagged ends of railroads seaming the turf of the distant wilderness. Let it thence follow the longest telegraph-line to the remotest station. Without crossing the Rocky Mountains to survey that new empire which spreads itself along the Pacific with marvelous rapidity—an empire which only the other day was founded by some gold hunters—let the mind stop for a while in the desert and meditate. This wide and lonely space is not *dead*, is not without social import, without living impulse. It is not mere emptiness, like other great vacant spaces of the world; it is not inert or inactive, like the wilds of Russia or Tartary, or like many an unused paradise in Asia, Africa, or on the Southern half of this American continent. The still vacant spaces which the United States command are full of potential energy. Distant as they seem, or perhaps we must now say, did once seem, from some of the populous cities, the *idea* of them is every where; it is a silent force *within* our life, and a controlling force around it. The idea excites our imagination; gives daring and largeness to our thought; stimulates passion and sustains will for boldness of adventure, of successful speculation, and of action. It widens the mind to the comprehension of expansive undertakings; it amplifies conception for design; it invigorates courage for execution. Our views, our purposes, our manners, and our plans, individually and socially, are all more or less modified or formed by the interacting relations between inhabited places and the wilderness. Some peculiarities of our character are brought strikingly into notice by means of these relations. One is individual self-reliance; and not this alone, but also self-resource and self-inventiveness. Judged by outward appearance, the American character abhors solitude and loves a crowd; judged more deeply, it is the character that is ever most alone, and that can best bear to be alone. The contact or presence of numbers does not open it to communion; and in company or a throng it is the most within itself. On this account the American is an excellent explorer. He is, of all men, the greatest of pioneers: sagacious yet enthusiastic; patient yet ardent; abstinent, persevering, tranquil, equable, and firm; vigilant to guard against danger, quick to avert it, prudent to avoid it, brave to meet it; in all circumstances master of his advantages and of himself. He is inexhaustible alike in hope and in the power

of endurance. The future lifts him up; the present does not easily cast him down; and he is less encumbered than most men are with those habits and wants that are dead weights upon the spirit of adventure. He has not the Englishman's need of comfort, or the Frenchman's need of amusement, or the Irishman's need of society, or the German's pain at the disturbance of local and family associations. Strong in himself, and to himself sufficient, he finds his kingdom on whatever spot he stands. There is no movement of our civilization into which the influence of our continuous and expansive territory does not penetrate; there is no activity which, more or less, it does not rule; no place where it has not invisible dominion. The influence is felt in the counting-room, in the dwelling, in the church, in the theatre, in elections, in the legislature, in the cabinet, in the money market, in the food market, in the factory, on the farm; and over the silent spaces of our wide domain mysteries are sleeping which are yet to awaken in the destinies of future millions. Without our knowing it those spaces enter into all our calculations, and in every estimate they are an unreckoned element. A man living in the crowds of New York may fancy that, because he sees only houses and human beings around him, it is much the same as living in London, where also he would see around him only houses and human beings. But so it is not. London is but a centre, about which the English have gathered into a larger and thicker knot than they form elsewhere; and thus all England is only a diluted London. Now New York has but thinly settled districts between it and the desert; and if its thousands were as many as those of London, the difference between the two cities would be still essential.

But from the Western wilderness let us now mentally come eastward; and if with rapid, yet with observant travel. Here and there, at first, we meet with a solitary hut. Rudeness, bleakness, discomfort, are about it and within it. The inmate struggles for little but mere life. As we advance, the distance shortens between successive habitations, and the idea of neighborhood becomes suggested. At length we arrive at a group of houses, and shortly after we find ourselves amidst the rudiments of a village. We find there a hotel, a school, a church. We understand that, even in this remote and primitive situation, "*to work for a living*" does not mean to work merely for the body, but also to work for the intellect and the soul. Moving on, still eastward, we enter into steepled and towered cities, abounding with evidences of wealth, activity, and intelligence. Life, inwardly and outwardly, complicates itself, till we arrive at greater cities still—in their stately grandeur by the sea—where mind, sense, desire, passion, and all their manifold inventions, have excitement and expression: where riches, pomp, luxury, pleasure, culture, flourish, and all the genius and the arts that minister to them: where the highest worth has the deepest nurture and the most heroic exercise; but where, also, humanity sinks to the basest wickedness to which sin and crime can deprave it: where the surface is brilliant, and alive with energy, amusement, and delight; but where places hidden out of sight are dark with sorrow, sickness, death; with poverty, calamity, misery, from which thought itself shrinks back disgusted or affrighted; sufferings and agonies of life too vulgar for story, too coarse for song, and too horrible for tragedy. So it must be that, wherever man is most in his greatness and

power, there will he also be most in his wretchedness and weakness. Into these mighty cities are daily poured, from all directions of land and sea, tides of increasing wealth. The whole aggregate of all that we have done, all that we still are doing, between the oceans and on them, is the product of individual and associated workers, nearly all of whom began with earning subsistence, and multitudes of whom yet continue earning it.

We have not time to enter into any analysis of this great national aggregate, and to describe separately its several agencies, industries, and institutions, with their marvels of energy and of result. We can merely refer to the totality as seen in our wide-spread empire, and point to achievements—material, social, spiritual, and moral—such as, within the same measure of time, can not elsewhere be found in the history of the world: such as render American life a novelty in human development, for the study alike of the philosopher and the statesman. Many incongruities we have of character and of conduct; we do not deny that we have our share of vice, crime, and folly. Bold in boasting, as we are said to be, we are not blind to our shortcomings; and that we are by no means satisfied with any present attainment is evident in the fact that we are ever pressing forward, and ever looking to the future. It is true that we deal more successfully with the useful than with the æsthetic, and this is to our credit; for, in later times, the useful has become the sphere of the most decided originality. Generations ago the æsthetic seems to have reached its perfection, and thenceforth to have declined in force and in vitality. Those old countries, who taunt us with our poverty in art, have not themselves, since we have been a nation, evinced in art any daring or creative genius, any inventive grandeur, any transcendent conceptions of beauty, in building, statue, picture. During two centuries, we might say, they have not produced an architect, a sculptor, or a painter, who can be compared to the mighty masters of high art as otherwise than as a copyist or a journeyman. On the other hand, our country, and its characteristic mind and movement, are among modern nations the newest and the greatest facts. Not only is our country in itself the result of original and creative force; not only is it ever, within itself, calling into action original and creative force; it has also scattered widely and far around profound social ideas, that have been, in this latter time, quickening the thoughts and directing the endeavors of nearly all the civilized peoples of the earth. Much, we know, there is in our condition of society that is crude, unsettled, and unfinished; much that is inconsistent and unsatisfactory; but, withal, we may claim to have suggested, even to have exemplified, some possibilities of social progress which had not been before anticipated. Old countries have, we admit, their noble old buildings, statues, pictures; they have also old enmities, old abuses, standing armies, and bloody wars. We have youth, strength, hope; the will to labor, the way to labor, and security in the fruits of labor. What is fine in the buildings of old countries we can borrow; their statues and their pictures we will be able in good time to buy; their enmities, their abuses, their standing armies, and their bloody wars we will not, if we are wise, desire to emulate. It is to the freedom from such burdens, to elasticity of spirit, to pleasure of expectation, but particularly to a certain intelligent individuality, that we trace some of the most effective influences which

make American labor, as it is, so remunerative and so productive.

What the American works at is commonly his choice; and as it is thus willing, it must also be pleasurable work. The American works constantly, because he works cheerfully; he works constantly and cheerfully, because he works with aspiration. He therefore likes his work; he has enjoyment in it, and has hopeful views of it. He is seldom a mere instrument; he never gives up the sense of his selfhood; never wholly resigns the intention of being a master. He strives for excellence; he seeks for individuality by inventiveness; he tries first to beat all America, that, in himself, America may beat all the world. In no nation of the earth are larger individual fortunes made than in America, or made more rapidly; but while the rates of independent wages can be sustained, such fortunes can not be made at the cost of degradation to the laborers. As these fortunes, too, are broken up when their possessors die, the children again are not far from the point at which their fathers had begun. A man commences by earning his bread; when he has made his million he must still go on earning his bread, for he has his million to take care of or increase. Moreover, as every body else is also busy in earning bread, the richest capitalist of the country can not discontinue work without being left alone. A man in America with no individual occupation could only be wretched. As there is in America no class of elegant and educated idlers, the man who has no need to work, and no desire, must find his companions among the debauched and the degraded. In order that such can be society for him he must be like them, for without similarity of character there is no spirit of communion. No amount of inheritance can therefore, in America, release a man safely from work; for if work is not necessary to his daily bread, it is necessary to his daily comfort. Thus, from selfishness alone, though a man were indifferent to usefulness, he would be driven to keep himself industriously employed. But the poorest works for vastly more than his bread, even while he seems to work for that alone. Unconsciously, he is a Power in the grand civilized economy of the age; consciously, he has motives from many a generous affection and many a disinterested feeling. Yet, noble though this is, it would be injustice to American character if we confined its practicality of spirit thus near to the individual. It can and does unite with the grandest and purest ideas, with the profoundest sentiments, with the widest charities; and so we see it in labors that reach to the ends of the earth, as well as in mercies abundantly at home; so we see it in all institutions and endeavors which philanthropy can suggest or munificence endow for supply or help to every human need. And most of this, with all that we have spoken of as achieved in desert and in city, is accomplished, as we have already observed, by the whole people—in each trying to give an honest and practical answer to the inquiry as to "*what he is to do for a living?*"

In the course of these remarks we have been careful to avoid extremes. Our desire has been to keep in view the general average of character and life, in order to be true to what, in both, is most essential and most permanent. And now, in the remainder of this article, we propose to examine some influences of our absorbing practicality on character and life.

The full extent of its social influence we have no time to consider adequately. We shall, therefore,

confine ourselves to its domestic influence—even this we can merely touch—and leave our passing word to those who think. The absorbing practicality to which our people are devoted has one very marked influence in relation to the home: it involves man in continual occupation, and, domestically, it isolates woman. It thus withdraws man from the enjoyment of the affections, and deprives woman of serene contentment. We are not wanting in domestic kindness, but we are wanting in domestic culture. Speaking generally, the husband does not enter sufficiently into the mind of his wife, or the wife into the mind of her husband. They therefore lose complete and cordial companionship. Parents are more willing to indulge than to train their children. They enjoy them more than they instruct them; and they study rather to please than to understand them. The mother is soon unable to influence her daughter, and the father rarely has much hold on the son; the secular school is to be responsible for his culture, the Sunday-school is to take charge of his conscience; and that in which these may fail, some association is expected to supply. We try to connect our most sacred ethics with this or the other society; we look to societies as machineries of moral miracles. The time the father is not at work in his profession or his trade duty or ambition demands, in connection with some organization, economic or political, moral or religious. In the mean while his son, without his notice, has become a man—it may be, not a good one; the secular school has not made him a scholar—the Sunday-school has not made him a Christian. His father has been saving the town, saving the State, saving the Union, saving the world; but he has lost his son. Culture by the home is *that* which brings all other culture into harmony; and other culture, without the culture of the home, has neither unity nor life. To neglect natural instincts, and then depend on artificial conventions to remedy the neglect, is to turn the principle of association itself into "*a mockery, a delusion, and a snare.*"

The intellectual influence of the practical element in our life is worthy of a more searching examination than we give it. We are compelled to be fragmentary and brief. The severe, the abstruse, and the sustained action of intellect does not accord with our circumstances, and has small encouragement from our people. The sciences, therefore, which demand such action are not, among us, much cultivated or much encouraged. Men are in the country, of deep thinking, and of great eminence in science, but they are men either of isolated habits or of academic occupation. The same may be said of our scholarship. We have no time for slow and stern cogitation, for patient culture, for wide research, or for deep reflection. A mind, therefore, among us, of genius or acquisitions much beyond the ordinary standard, easily becomes isolated. Thence, in originality, it tends to mysticism; in vigor, to extravagance; in learning, to seclusion. But the truth is that most of the powerful minds devote themselves to business, politics, or law. Remote thinking is to little purpose. The direct use of intellect is that which is the most demanded, and therefore the most valued. Our function does not consist in elaborating thought, but in applying thought; does not consist in the contemplation of ideas, but in the creation of facts. We seek not for the scientific *law* of what we do, but for the quickest *method* by which to do it. The ship-master accepts the rules of navigation, and sails by them; but, in general, he does

not study the mathematics from which the rules have been deduced. The carpenter learns by statement, and confirms by measurement, the fact that, in every right-angled triangle, the square of the side opposite the right-angle is equal to the sum of the squares of the sides which contain it. Seldom does a carpenter master the science of his work, and give himself the full mental satisfaction of geometrical demonstration. These cases will suggest and illustrate a variety of others. We are not so much meditative as inventive. We pass rapidly from conception to execution, and merge at once the ideal in the actual.

This rapid tendency to action has good on the practical and moral side of life; but it is not without evil on the speculative and spiritual side. On the one side, it leads to decision of purpose, and is satisfied only with realities. Neither in business nor in virtue does it waste energy in dreams, but ever directs its power to an end, with the least possible loss of means and of time. It does not, instead of work, give men content in the vanity of a plan; it does not, in duty or benevolence, give idle satisfaction in the luxury of a sentiment. The plan must be realized in the increase of wealth; the sentiment must be made life in the increase of beneficence. But, on the other side, we are persuaded that from the want of living more within the spiritual consciousness than we do, much that is shallow imposes on us—that assumptions unworthy even of investigation are often accepted as confirmed truths, and shams which one might suppose the least reflection would detect gain most extensive credence.

The influence of the practical element on our literature opens a wide field of observation and reflection. We must, however, pass through it quickly, with some disconnected suggestions as we pass. One circumstance to be noted is, that we have hardly any authors by profession—men who depend on authorship for subsistence. Men we have, indeed, who live by writing, but such writing is devoted to journalism, and journalism is as wide and as manifold as our life. All parties, sects, professions, trades, and theories have their periodical organs of expression, from the quarterly to the daily—from the bulky review to the single sheet. To thousands the newspaper, particularly, affords the means of bread; to not a few it is the instrument of power and of wealth. But most of our regular authors began their career with competence—with fortune, or in connection with some occupation on which their chief dependence rested. Though our regular authors have thus generally been men of easy circumstances, authorship does not constitute, in itself, aristocracy. The more attainable distinctions of politics and wealth are open to all, and are by the many the most coveted. Nor does literature here stand out as a chance possibility of fame for the elect of nature but obscure of birth. It does not present itself as *that* single opening by which the energy of genius escapes from the prison of circumstance. So we rarely give attention to writers because of what is called the humbleness of their occupation or their origin. If this is done, it is done contrary to the spirit of our institutions and of our life. We have no men of genius who stand out from our society as Allan Ramsay, Robert Burns, Tannahill, Allan Cunningham, Hogg, Thom, Bloomfield, Clare, Elliot, Thomas Cooper, Gerald Massey, Carleton, Banim, Griffin, Jasmin, Béranger, stand out from theirs. In the Old World the inspired toilsman is often brought by genius into troublous antagonism with his lot. The

powers of a strong nature burst out in the contention, the man bounds into celebrity, and often in the bound he breaks his heart. Genius in a toilsman, among us, issues into no such antagonism, because his condition involves in it no consciousness of essential disadvantage or of necessary inferiority. The aspiration, therefore, of his genius will, in most cases, be objective and direct; it will quicken his inventiveness, it will intensify his skill, it will extend his business, enlarge his capital, make him a millionaire; or he will entirely put handicraft aside, become a lawyer, stump his way to Congress, disclaim all ambition, and be ready for the Presidency. He will only make books when he is compelled by an inevitable desire of his own to make them, or when he is quite sure that making books will bring more money to him than the making of any thing else. He will never be urged into authorship by any irritable sense of social inferiority, because no such sense is possible in the common relations of American citizenship.

WEALTH, it is generally maintained, is the central principle, the ruling power, in American life. This position does not, of course, concern the inward and spiritual life, but only the outward and practical life. Accordingly, in this outward and practical life, wealth shows itself as the special good to be desired, and becomes thus an object of universal struggle. Suppose we grant the position, and admit the truth of this statement—see how much of social advantage and what a favorable condition of things the statement in itself implies. It implies a wide, an open, an unimpeded sphere of activity. It proves that men are not crushed by their circumstances into apathy or despair; it proves that men are in circumstances that give them a consciousness of individual independence; that they have strong motives of endeavor; and that the chances of success are extensively and, upon the whole, impartially distributed. What is the inference? Simply that *all* the people here have free scope to work and strive, with no artificial hinderances; and that each may press onward, or, if he chooses, lag behind—gain or lose in the race, according to his faculties and his character.

The middle classes of Europe are much lauded. They have not obtained more praise, we admit, than they have earned and deserve. Whatever in modern Europe there is of liberty, toleration, and general intelligence, has principally come from their labor, courage, and endurance. That activity for wealth—that industry, thrift, economy, and order are not inconsistent with the most heroic virtues, has heart-kindling evidence in the history of the English Puritans, of the Scotch Presbyterians, of the French Huguenots, and of the Dutch Calvinists. Why cast odium on the character in America which we magnify in Europe? Has it been found wanting here in the virtues which have glorified it there? Do we seek for wealth with meaner spirit, or hold it with more greedy selfishness? Not so. As the industrious do not with us constitute a *class*, but a *people*, they carry a good deal of the pride and magnanimity of a people both into their pursuit of gain and their use of it.

But again, granting that wealth is a central principle, a ruling power in American life—in what national life, in which men have had liberty and hope, has it not been a central principle, a ruling power? Make the possession of it the monopoly of a few, and by permanent inheritance, then, indeed, you securely shut out its pursuit from the many; but in the mean time you do not render them contented,

nor kill the cravings of avarice in their hearts. The slave, hopeless though he is, hates his master for being rich, and the serf looks with malignity upon the luxury of his lord. This lord himself envies another lord his more extensive domains, and this envy destroys the enjoyment of his own. Most of the private wars among nobles in the Middle Ages consisted of quarrels about property. Most of their marriages were mercenary, though within their own order. Their expeditions were not so much for the glory of conquest as for its spoils, and a good deal of their soldiery was for plunder. They were greedy of money; they were hard in bargains; and they were often as dishonest as they were oppressive.

For our own part, we attribute to the activities of traffic and the money market much of that influence which has enlarged the sympathies of the modern world. No men have done so much as the industrial and mercantile classes to bring the races of the earth, not merely into knowledge of each other, but into knowledge mutually beneficial and improving. No men have done, therefore, so much as these have done to strengthen the relations of general brotherhood. Freedom of belief, of worship, of thought, of expression, and of action, we never should have had by means of churches or of thrones—by means of priests, kings, nobles, or even with their consent: more than to any other human agency, we owe our manifold and glorious freedom to the influence of industry and commerce. The agency to which this influence belongs is the true creator of that civilization of which liberty is the spirit and the life.

But after every favorable admission, we have to confess that the ardor for wealth is among us to a baneful excess, and with a preternatural excitement, robbing life of contentment, and putting contempt on the blessing of a moderate competence. Not only is the longing to be rich almost universal, but also the standard as to what constitutes a rich man rises with each generation. To become rich is, it must be admitted, with the greater number of aspiring young men, the direction which their ambition takes; and to become rich is, with such young men, a possibility, which, in time, they assume, is surely to be a fact. But time itself we can not well endure. It is a slow and painful interruption. Why should we not have the crop as soon as it is planted? Why should we have to wait until the summer has departed, until the harvest, when we are to reap, leaves us on the brink of winter, when we can no more enjoy? That an acorn should require two or three centuries to become a perfect oak may be well enough; an oak has nothing else to do but to *grow*: a man has to *live*; and for this only a few years are allowed him. But we are still more impatient of toil than of time; and we would not merely have the crop without waiting, but also without planting. We not only desire to be rich, but we are in haste to be rich; and some there are who seem to fancy that an art exists superior to what olden sages dreamed of alchemy, by which men can acquire wealth independently of industry, capital, and years. In seeking for the short-cut to fortune, the fools who do so only find the broad road to ruin. Thence you behold youth brought to premature iniquity and infamy—men of grave aspect and of ripened age, who by fair outside and cunning skill had obtained honor and confidence in society, reputation for sanctity in the Church, and who used all this trust as the means of sustained, systematic, colossal robberies. Even to such rogues discovery brings the penalty of fear-

ful misery; but the innocent must suffer also, in the impoverishment of plundered victims, in the sorrow and the shame of guiltless families. Yet why point to moral tragedies to which society is every day an audience? Why moralize on a lesson which is written in disgraceful facts, open to the eyes of all men, and which he that runs may read?

If not so bad ethically, yet with results more destructive than pecuniary crimes, is that stimulated hurry of activity which characterizes our social existence. But what new aspects of society will the generation that is now born see before it arrives at the season of gray hairs? And the more it has to live for the more cheaply it will hold its life. It is the worn-out that are timid. It is the unworn that are rash; and it is this very fullness of life that makes its holder desperate. We once saw an old man of ninety, who trembled in being helped out of a ferry-boat lest he should happen to be drowned; at nineteen he would probably have marched through a tempest of fire to the front of the fight.

There are some vanities of newly acquired wealth on which we might remark; though absurd enough, they are, however, comparatively harmless. Nor is this task needed at our hands; for has not the historian of the Potiphars accomplished it with as much of impressiveness as of amusement? Our gravity after his gayety would be dull and ineffective. What if the newly rich man is rather pompous and ostentatious? Men are pompous and ostentatious for things more frivolous than wealth; men claim and obtain distinction for ideal trifles; wealth is a solid reality. The Chinese Mandarin glories in his button; the Turkish Pasha in his tails; the British peer in his garter; other nobles in their ribbons; savage chiefs in marks of dignity not much more senseless than those of their civilized brethren: now the dollar has this advantage—it is of universal currency, is intelligible every where, and is every where acceptable. What if the newly rich man is, in imagination, big beyond all human magnitude in the thought of his sumptuous palace on Fifth Avenue? What if he shades his windows with curtains of silk damask, and covers his floors with expensive carpets, but buys his books by the hundred, and his Guidos, Raphaels, Murillos by the square yard? Are there no tastes among men of *mind*—who pretend to despise men of money—that are vulgar and superficial? Is there no vanity of scholarship and authorship, with passions envenomed by it that are bad and bitter? What if the wife of the newly rich man flaunts in gorgeous dress, confounds display with dignity, courts public attention to her prancing horses and her showy liveries, crowds her balls and parties with guests who revel in the luxuries her hospitality provides, and then ridicule the giver of the feast? At the worst, she is only ignorant and mistaken; her critics may be envious and malignant. Besides, both husband and wife have often solid, even worthy qualities, behind their vanity and wealth: he, talents, integrity, and skill; she, womanly affections and household goodness. The children will profit intellectually by their parents' wealth; they will rank among the educated men and women of the land, and add to the sum of its culture and refinement. Moreover, whatever may be the faults of the newly rich in America, they are no exaggerations on those of the same class in other countries; on the contrary, there is no other nation where men acquire wealth less obtrusively, or possess it more modestly. We have, indeed, extreme and offensive types; but they are *human*, not *na-*

tional: they are here as they are every where; and here, as every where, they are the material of jocund humor, and the objects of satiric wit.

We could wish the relations of wealth to American society concealed the only dangers which we have to fear. In the matter of wealth we proceed fairly enough in the order of reason and of nature, as to both its acquisition and application. We are active in acquisition, because we have abundance of resources and the disposition to turn them to use. We apply wealth as we acquire it, according to the demands of life, of mind, of duty, of charity, and of pleasure. Physical support, education, religion, care of the poor, reform of the criminal and vicious, provision for hopeless infirmity, contributions toward objects of general benevolence, and, lastly, for luxuries of sense, imagination, taste. Such is the order of our aggregate expenditure; and we contend that it is according to that of reason and of nature. While we excel most countries in humane and useful institutions, we are not, for our day, behind them in support of literature and art. Considering our opportunities, we have produced our share of authors, of artists; and if we have not as liberally encouraged artists as we have bought books, it is because that artists are not in our age, as they were in former ages, the exponents of popular spontaneity, but the representatives of an acquired and educated taste. As it is, we have not been sparing, and especially in reference to music. We are, indeed, ardent in our business, but we are not sordid in our gains; we have zeal in making fortunes, but we are not mean in the use of them; and no nation can point more than ours can to noble appropriations of money to public and to private good.

We have thus not harshly criticised the present; we will not close with ecstatic rapture about the future. We are no prophets, and history is in so many cases contradiction to anticipation, that a prudent man will hardly dare to write it in advance. The best and grandest efforts of the excellent, as well as the basest and darkest doings of the wicked, have only partial efficiency in determining the character of what is to come. Unforeseen agencies may be in any approaching year or generation, the existence of which could not have been suspected, and the power of which, even if known, could not have been calculated. As to the solemn problem of national destiny, no human mind can master the conditions of its solution; in such an attempt the sublimest intellect is as the child which St. Augustine beheld in vision, laboring with a shell to empty out the ocean. But we may humbly hope that although many calamities and changes may in coming time await our country, so is there likewise promise of advancement in strength, worth, dignity, and wisdom. The Present, however, with the duty which belongs to it, is all that we can surely esteem as ours; when, therefore, we have endeavored rightly to understand the present, and earnestly to meet its duty, *that* will be our best contribution toward the formation of the FUTURE.

Editor's Easy Chair.

YANKEE DOODLE has a pleasant way of smiling loftily at his French and English cousins when they talk of the glory of France and of the irresistible cudgel of John Bull. But, after all, Brag is a round game in the world. It is by no means limited to select little tables. Yankee Doodle can flap and crow, if it comes to that. He has a very

distinct remembrance of the yacht *America*, and MacCormick's reaper, and Hobbes's lock; and he occasionally reminds neighbors Bull and Crapeau of those pretty little facts. The days of '76 and the victories of '14 have also been sometimes mentioned by the good Doodle in course of conversation.

In fact, if John Bull thinks no small beer of John Bull, Yankee Doodle thinks some pumpkins of Yankee Doodle.

The most recent illustration of this truth is the ovation of Paul Morphy, a modest and intelligent gentleman of New Orleans, who has acquired a reputation in the game of chess superior to that of Philidor or of Labourdonnais.

He came to New York to the great Chess Tournament of a few months since, where he won extraordinary victories; and, crossing the ocean, extended the area of his triumphs by vanquishing all the great European players at the *Café de la Regence*, the traditional temple of chess in Paris. There he met Harwitz and Anderssen, and defeated them; and in London he challenged the proud English player Staunton, but the proud Staunton sniffed the air and declined. Then the young David, Morphy, defied the giant Staunton, and offered him odds. But Goliath Staunton preferred to abide in Gath, and so lost his laurels without a struggle.

How glad we all were of this, who does not remember? How worthy Morphy's conduct was of a victor in a game which interested the world we all recall. How manly and modest his correspondence was with Goliath, who tried to slander the sharpness of a sword whose edge he was unwilling to feel! And how like the young Napoleon—marching from victory to victory across Italy, from Turin to Lodi, from Lodi to Arcola, from Arcola to Rivoli, from Rivoli to Venice—was the career of Morphy, marking the track of his triumphs by such names as are inscribed around the beautiful chess-board of ebony and mother-of-pearl, with the gold and silver chessmen, which was presented to him in New York.

Paul Morphy's successes either stimulated a universal interest in the game or were most curiously coincident with its awakening. Never before has there been such playing of chess. Not a weekly family paper but has its chess department; scarcely a family but has its men and board; no enthusiast who has not a pocket board on which to set the famous problems of the great masters of the game, or even to play in cars and by the way.

In itself, too, the game is distinguished among all others for its intellectual character. Requiring abstraction, concentration, combination, memory, and foresight, it is less a recreation than an exercise; and to excel in it is to enjoy the kind of fame which belongs to scholars—to intellectual power short of the creative. Therefore with a certain class of minds the game has been always a passion, and a willing homage rendered to its great proficient.

Among these the most famous until Paul Morphy was Andre Philidor, who was born in 1726, and was the son of Michael Danican, called Philidor by the King of France from his excellent performance upon the hautboy. At about the same age at which Paul Morphy had acquired his reputation Philidor was famous for his chess-playing, although he was a musician and composer by profession. In 1745 he began his travels into Holland, Germany, and England; and while in England he devoted himself to chess, and published his analysis of the game. In 1754 he returned to France and wrote an opera. With Duni and Monsigny he is regarded as the

founder of the modern French comic opera. Having written twenty operas, he came to London in 1779, and composed music to Horace's "Carmen Seculare," and died in London in 1795.

No player of any other of the recreative games upon record has so peculiar and distinct a fame as Philidor. No whist-player or billiard-player, nor player at checkers nor tennis, has ever made so distinctive a name. And the reason unquestionably is, that chess is more especially an intellectual amusement—demanding, in fact, a kind of genius, and not admitting any luck.

It was therefore very natural that, if we were proud of our champions of shipping, reaping, and locking, we should be no less so of the great player of chess who disputes the palm with Philidor, and who probably carries it away from all the world.

Yankee Doodle has therefore lifted up his voice in a mighty crow, and a great many wise and witty and poetic things have been said upon the occasion by a great many noted men. In Boston the precious bird of our country was perhaps done to the brownest turn. The famous men of that famous city had a capital dinner, and made capital speeches and poems. It was, possibly, a droll way of offering homage to a chess-champion; but then we are a dinner-giving-and-eating, and an after-dinner-speaking-and-rhyming people, and nobody has a right to complain of pilau if he dines in Egypt, nor of speeches and poems if he dines with Yankee Doodle.

There has been an inclination to laugh at these services, and to make mouths at the orators. But the Easy Chair protests that the complaint is not reasonable.

If you say that it is not an appropriate thing to do, you suggest the question whether a dinner can be "appropriately" given to any body but a hungry man. On the same evening that Paul Morphy, for instance, was honorably dined in Boston, the Hon. Belah Bunkum, let us say, was dined in New York. The one had beat the world at chess; the other had voted in Congress, let us say, with his party. These were the performances which were honored by the dinners. Neither of the guests was supposed to be really in want of a dinner, else the price of the banquet reduced to cash and presented in a box had been a more timely and more charitable offering.

But if neither of the guests were hungry, then the dinner was a form of honor. And why should not Paul Morphy, who has covered the American name with a kind of prestige, be honored as well as the Honorable Belah Bunkum, let us say, who has steadily voted through thick and thin with his party? In the one case, the offering will be made with wit and wisdom, and every body will enjoy it. In the other, it will be made with loud gusts of gas, and Mr. Belah Bunkum's views of the condition of the country, in which no earthly being can have the remotest interest—except, peradventure, the wife of his bosom, who naturally thinks her beloved Belah a great statesman.

We should none of us have been disturbed, probably, if a dinner had been eaten in honor of George Steers, or Mr. MacCormick, or Mr. Hobbes. We should not think it strange if the friends of Senator Seward should insist upon his eating at their expense, and talking at his own, upon his return from Europe; just as it seems quite proper that Senator Brown should sit down with his Mississippi constituents. But where do we draw the line? Are politics and dinners mysteriously related? Is intellectual skill in one direction—especially when it is

confessedly superior to all other skill in its kind—less worthy the regard of those who sympathize with it because there is skill in other directions? There is nothing inappropriate in presenting Mr. Morphy with a set of gold and silver chess-men. And yet he does not want them; he will never play with them. It is merely a form of respect and homage; and we can not make any thing else of the dinners and suppers which may be eaten in his honor, and at which a great many good things will be said.

Of course the eagle will flap his wings upon the occasion. Of course the well-conditioned rooster will crow. Is that extraordinary in any national bird? Consider the Gallic cock, how it crows in all the speeches and proclamations of Louis Napoleon. Consider the British bull, how he glooms and glowers and stoops his head and tosses aloft his horns. Consider the double-headed eagle of Austria, how he screams; the black individual of the same species upon the Prussian plains; and all the minor domestic fowl of Germany, how noisily they cackle of Fatherland. Surely our native bird, in all his glory, is not so turbulent as these!

And if any enthusiast is disposed, in the ardor of after-dinner, to elevate the noble game—beloved of Caissa—beyond its just claims, Paul Morphy will reply to him with a calm and modest eloquence which merges our admiration of the skill of the player in respect for the good sense of the man.

"Chess never has been, and never can be, aught but a recreation. It should not be indulged in to the detriment of other and more serious avocations; should not absorb the mind or engross the thoughts of those who worship at its shrine; but should be kept in the back-ground, and restrained within its proper province. As a mere game—a relaxation from the severer pursuits of life—it is deserving of high commendation. It is not only the most delightful and scientific, but the most moral of amusements. Unlike other games, in which lucre is the end and aim of the contestants, it recommends itself to the wise by the fact that its mimic battles are fought for no prize but honor. It is eminently and emphatically the philosopher's game. Let the chess-board supersede the card-table, and a great improvement will be visible in the morals of the community."

This is simply and modestly said. The bearing of the great master of chess at all the festivals held in his honor, as in all his encounters at the game, can only deepen the sincere admiration with which we all regard Paul Morphy.

THE Easy Chair has a great many requests to describe what it means when it speaks of good manners—or, rather, to say whether there is any fundamental principle of good manners, or if it is a mere matter of polish and sweetness.

There is unquestionably a philosophy of good manners—a philosophy which will enable any body to be well-mannered. It is simply this: a conviction that we ought to feel kindly and act charitably toward every body else. Bad manners are merely selfishness expressed in tones and conduct. Good manners are charity in speech and action.

Of course good manners may be imitated by bad people. But that does not destroy the principle. That is only to say that bad people may sometimes act as if they were good; and nobody probably can complain of that. Kindliness and mutual consideration in intercourse are none the less pleasant be-

cause they are affected by those who are not really kind. They may, indeed, use the good manner as a cover to a bad purpose; and if they do it successfully, it will be a misfortune for somebody.

But it is no argument against lions that asses may sometimes get into their skins. It would be a great pity if good men should be rough and coarse in their manners because bad men sometimes imitate refinement.

Yet although good manners are thus only charity in action and expression, it does not follow inevitably that every body may be equally attractive by having this gracious manner. Unfortunately, some of us are awkward and heavy; some of us are deformed and ill; some of us are too short or too tall, too thin or too fat—alas! and some of us are not in the least pretty. Now, of course, good manners will not make us weigh more; nor will they make a short man tall; nor a graceless woman graceful. But they will do all that can be done to destroy the defect.

For how often—in talking with a loving, tender, true heart—have you not forgotten the withered cheek, or the halting foot, or the corpulent figure! The manner was so gentle and thoughtful that you seemed to see only the pure heart, to hear only the unselfish suggestion, and to converse only with a lovely soul. In the Arabian story there was a magic mirror which made every one beautiful over whom it was thrown. Manner is that veil of mystery and charm; manner softens the rough outline, and lightens the limping step.

It does not, for instance, actually cure lameness. But the want of a kindly manner does actually aggravate lameness, and make it a hundred-fold more conspicuous. More than that, it neutralizes positive personal attraction. The manner of some people is so sullen and selfish that we expect to see them limp and hear them stutter; and their beauty is as much paralyzed and lost as Ariel in the cloven pine.

The mere *imitation* of good manners, of course, does not help the character of the imitator. A person is not more genuinely affable because he wears the appearance of being so. Therefore we are not to suppose that the appearance is really valuable. If good manner springs from good feeling, it can only be uniform by being real. Good manners are not clothes that can be made gay or grave to suit an outward occasion. They are the skin, which is the supple servant of an inward necessity. Now the most diseased person in the world may hide his body in fine clothes so entirely that you can not see an inch of its surface. What a brilliant creature it is! Yes, but the disease is eating within; the skin will work no longer; it is blotched, bloated, ulcerated. Heavens! the brilliant creature suddenly falls helpless, in all his splendid clothes.

The greatest insincerity may affect the sincerest manner, as the most malignant gossip may sit in a front pew and weep profusely under a sermon upon loving your neighbor.

But to love your neighbor it is not necessary to be insincere, nor to seem so. If your neighbor be a Scribe or Pharisee, and yet a hypocrite, it is not bad manners to let him and his friends know that you think so. If he devour widows' houses, you need not smirk at his dinner-table, on the plea that good manners require you to do it.

It is not true. Good manners do not require lying. If your neighbor were caught forging or setting fire to a house, would you dine with him still,

under plea of good manners? Well, then, if you knew him to be unjust, extortionate, inhuman, would good manners suffer you to treat him as if he were an honest, generous, noble man? If they would, how are you going to treat the really generous and noble?

The point to be made here, of course, is, that we are not to hate our neighbors because they are inhuman, but to hate their inhumanity, and, in the interest of decency and morality, to express that hatred in manner. The neighbor would doubtless be offended. If you said to him, "You ought not to eat up Widow Jones's house," he would retort, in the most explosive style, "Mind your own business!" Your personal intercourse would probably be interrupted. But you could not reproach yourself.

For the Widow Jones is your business. The Widow Jones is the business of every honest man in the world.

If we thought otherwise, all of us—if every man were to sit still except when he or his immediate family were touched, great crimes of oppression would never be punished nor prevented.

Cain was before the neighbor in his reply. The Widow Jones is not your affair, says the neighbor. Am I my brother's keeper? sneered the first criminal.

Good manners are founded deep in human sympathy—but in sympathy with what is noble and generous and true—not with the sordid and criminal appetites.

Aaron Burr is usually cited as an illustrious example of fine manners, and of the most utter selfishness of soul. But his name recalls an element in manner which we have not yet mentioned; and that is, the personal magnetism which exercises an irresistible and inexplicable fascination.

There are persons who have this power in a remarkable degree, and entirely independent of character. The class of men who are called "lady-killers" are of this kind. In the experience of this Easy Chair "lady-killers" are among the dullest, the most uncultivated, and the most selfish of men. But their influence over women is very extraordinary. It is explained by some charm of manner—by some magic of voice or expression. But these may all be perfectly imitated without producing the result. It is deeper than any of them. It is a secret of the soul.

Where this exists, and the person is also handsome, and cultivates a suavity of address, his influence and impression are incredible. Add to these things talent, cultivation, and a certain executive power, and you have Aaron Burr.

He did not do great things, nor say memorable ones. His famous speech upon leaving the chair in the Senate, in the reports we have of it, does not in the least justify the impression it made. In our history Aaron Burr is famous for two acts—one, the murder of General Hamilton in a duel, and the other, a trial for high treason—and a treason not brilliantly conceived, and certainly most bunglingly executed, so far as it went. Yet his name is entirely familiar, and he has a celebrity scarcely less than that of our greatest men.

The reason of this is, first, the romantic variety of his life: as related by Mr. Parton, it is a true romance; and second, the personal impression he made, and which is conveyed to us by immediate tradition. Both men and women confess this magnetic power—which, however, was purely personal,

and can only be described, not justified, by any remark or act. Hence the difficulty of introducing him as one of the characters into a story, as Mrs. Stowe has done. It is almost impossible to make him say any thing that shall not seem inadequate. For the charm of the man was not in what he said, but in the manner of saying it. It would be more artistic, probably, to introduce him as a figure, merely—as a walking gentleman—for then he is at once recognized, and that which can not be represented is left to the imagination.

Finally, good manners are almost an instinct. It seems as hard to teach some people how to behave as to give them an ear for music or grace in personal movement. It is easy to study a person whose manners are fair and fascinating—to observe what he does, and what he does not—what he says, and how he says it—and then it may not be difficult to imitate them all. But something will still be wanting. Your form may be perfect, but where is the Prometheus touch? How shall you allure the celestial fire into your image?

Let us not despair. While it is possible to attain a deeper and sweeter charity for all men, it is also possible to have those manners which are the most beautiful and satisfactory.

In the year 1847—the year before the last Italian trouble—the Easy Chair passed part of the summer in Venice. It is not necessary to suppose that because Venice is a city in the sea, with gleaming water in its streets instead of dusty, glaring pavement, it therefore smells badly in the summer months, although that is a favorite theory.

In the bright, hot days of July in Florence, as you stroll lazily by the Arno in the twilight, or ride in the Cascine at early dawn, or lounge at the café upon the Piazza Trinita in the moonlit midnight, you hear that Venice steams foully to the midsummer heaven, and friends who do not wish to lose your companionship beg you to remain.

The Easy Chair was perverse and climbed the Apennines, passing by Pistora, where are the curious, colored clay relievos of Lucca della Robbia. Then on through dark, arcaded Bologna, with its leaning tower, and “thy grass-grown streets, Ferrara!” and St. Antony’s Padua, with the Giotto Chapel and the famous Café Pedrocchi, then across vineyarded Lombardy to the edge of the lagune, and so to Venice in a gondola.

All the way there were two races—two classes visible; and in the silent city in the sea the same division more distinct. The classes were simply the conqueror and the conquered. The Austrians, in their white uniform, were encamped among the green Italian hills, upon the luxuriant Italian plains. There was no union, no compromise, no coalescing. In the eye of the Italian you read hate, more or less vivid. In the eye of the Austrian you saw only insolent contempt.

It was a disgrace for any Lombard gentleman or lady to be presented at the vice-regal court, either in Venice or Milan. If a celebration of any Austrian anniversary or event took place the Italians looked on coldly, enduring the spectacle as they best could. The only persons who had part in the festival were the Austrian officers and soldiers, and those Italians who had been bought by government place, or who wished, for their own purposes, to propitiate the powers that were. Sullen and silent, the Italian population seemed to be only waiting, solemnly saying in their hearts, “How long, O Lord! how long?”

Nothing is clearer in the history of this century than that so long as the Austrian rule continued in Italy so long there would be an Italian revolution. It might be smothered and delayed; but it was an eternal volcanic fire, which would sometimes only mutter forebodingly in the ground, but suddenly, somewhere, yawn in an earthquake or flame in a crater. The history of Italy since the Congress of Vienna is the history of this revolution.

Last year, the Rev. Mr. Field tells us, in his “Summer Pictures,” he was sitting one evening at a café in Venice, upon the Piazza, or Place, of Saint Mark. It was one of the cafés chiefly frequented by the Italians, who avoid those which are favored by the Austrians; but this evening there chanced to be two Austrian officers quietly smoking, chatting, and sipping their coffee. The officers were doubtless gentlemen, and, as such, not fond of the Italian service. Suddenly, in lighting his pipe, or by some unguarded movement of the arm, one of the officers unfortunately upset the little table, and the coffee poured upon the dress of the Italian lady. The officer instantly rose, and bowing and blushing, offered the most profuse apologies, and blamed his awkwardness with the utmost chagrin. The lady rose, with her party, shook the liquid from her dress, and, without a word or a look, passed with her friends to another table, treating the officer with more disdain than she would have treated a dog.

A war between a people which hates and a people which despises is not likely to be a rose-water war.

But the Austrian policy has always been wise. The Austrian empire is utterly heterogeneous. It is made up of the most diverse races—of races whose nationality has nothing in common. Having thus no unity in itself, Austria has been obliged to substitute force for feeling. Instead of being one people, one mass, welded and inwrought, the empire is simply a bundle. It is a fagot of separate sticks bound together by withes. It is a group of nationalities held by an iron despotism.

In the present state of the world such a power is an anomaly, a monster. It reproduces the old Roman empire, and until fifty years ago the Austrian monarch called himself the Emperor of Rome.

Austria is the deadly foe of liberty and mankind. Its despotism has not begotten one great man, or one noble movement for the race, except the men whom it has doomed to dungeons, but whose voice the world has heard and honored, and the movements which have aimed at its destruction. From the days of William Tell in Switzerland to those of Silvio Pellico in Italy and Louis Kossuth in Hungary, the very name of Austria has been the synonym of tyranny and cruelty, and its untold history is more terrible than the history we read. The blood it has shed, which cries only silently, but, thank God! not unavailingly to Heaven—the martyrs in dark prisons, whose voices have slowly died with them—the human hearts in which the light of hope has flickered, fainter, fainter, until it went out in utter blackness of woe—long years of history written in blood—we shall never read them; but God reads them, and God is just.

In the great war now pending the sympathies of all humane men can be on one side only. It is not necessary to think Louis Napoleon a saint. You may regard him, as this Easy Chair does, as an unscrupulous, ambitious, and by no means a great man. But circumstances have made the course of his ambition coincident with that of Italian freedom. And even were this not so—even were it a question

between French and Austrian domination in Italy—who would hesitate for a moment which to desire? In France there is hope; in Austria, only death and despair.

O the summer plains of Italy, red once more with blood! O the peaceful, lovely valleys, clouded with battle-smoke, shrill with the cries of the dying! O the eyes that weep, the hearts that break, the hopes that are lost on earth forever!

And yet better all these—a thousand times better—than the long agony of Austrian rule in Italy—the sure destruction of noble effort—the demoralization of generous feeling—the annihilation of patriotism and humanity!

The spirit that animates the Italians as they fly to the field is the spirit which cried aloud in Patrick Henry, "Give me liberty, or give me death!"

Does the world grow more decent as it grows older, or is it merely that our standards change, and that we decline upon one side as we rise upon the other? There are parts of the Bible that a man would not like to read aloud in his family. Shakespeare, as we all know, has to be expurgated for families, if not for the stage. And as for the great old novelists, Fielding and Smollett, who would be glad to see his son reading "Peregrine Pickle," or his daughter "Joseph Andrews?" Yet Burke was very fond of "Roderick Random," and there is no droller picture of the past than the poet Cowper, the sensitive and pious, reading "Joseph Andrews" aloud to the ladies at Olney. Sir Walter Scott, indeed, mentions that his grandmother—was it not?—or some ancient dame he knew, spoke of the days when she used to read the novels of Mrs. Behn! Aphra Behn, a pretty, witty, sagacious woman of Charles the Second's time, whose life and writings were of an equal, that is to say, an unbounded license. If any woman of to-day should have the hardihood to confess that she read the stories of Mrs. Behn with pleasure, she would go near to lose her reputation. Mrs. Manley's novels, in the next century, are very little better.

It is our custom to speak freely of the masters of English fiction; but if ladies and gentlemen read Fielding and Smollett now, they read them upon the sly, and, if they are detected, justify themselves by declaring that they are studying the manners of a past generation. But what manners they are! What kind of gentleman is Tom Jones, or Peregrine Pickle, or Captain Booth! Uncle Bowling in "Roderick Random," and Admiral Trunnion in "Peregrine Pickle," are surely characters of the tuppenny theatre—they are wild marine extravaganzas. And yet Parson Adams is as delicate and exquisite as a Shakespearean portrait.

When you have read through these novels, and are told that these are the two great masters of fiction, and that their stories accurately represent the life and character of their day, what a sense of vacuity and surprise is apt to overwhelm you! In any grave-yard you may well ask with Charles Lamb, as you read the epitaphs, "Where be all the bad people buried?" But as you course up and down the pages of the old novels, do you not ask where be the noble men—where be the lovely, lofty women? Are Amelia, and Emilia, and Sophia Western specimens of the finest character among women in the last century? If this is the life of that time, do you not ask who did the great deeds, or what influence has made the women we know so much more human and beautiful and satisfactory?

The modern novel is reproached for its subjective character—for its constant tendency to explore the secrets of action, rather than to describe action—and a kind of masculine excellence and robust healthiness is claimed for the novels our fathers read and liked. We are told that we have squeamish stomachs—that we want to be coddled with sentiment, and dandled with philosophic speculation. But is "Tom Jones," in any sense, a healthier or more manly history than "The Newcomes?" Is "Humphrey Clinker," good as it is, more exquisitely humorous and robust than "Pickwick?" Is "Ferdinand Count Fathom," or "The Adventures of Mr. Jonathan Wild," superior as a trenchant delineation of successful knavery to "Vanity Fair?"

The caricature which is criticised in Dickens seems to be universal in the older authors; and simple, natural portraiture, except of the lowest forms of life, is almost unknown. Captain Booth could not, indeed, be improved as a picture, nor Tom Jones, nor Jonathan Wild, nor Squire Western, nor Roderick Random, nor Peregrine Pickle, nor Count Fathom. They are excellent beyond debate. And Henry Fielding himself was a great, lusty, loose, rollicking, good-humored, broad-shouldered, large-hearted Englishman. He had wonderful perception, where he saw at all. He had masterly simplicity of style whenever he chose. He would have been a glorious companion at a supper—he would have outsung and outroared every body at dinner. He hated humbug, where he could see humbug. He was a man of racy, kindly genius—a man who has created characters that live, and must always live, in our literature. If that be all, he has it all. Not a word of that does this Easy Chair deny or recall. Nay, it insists that the prudery which banishes "Tom Jones," and embraces "Ernest Maltravers," is only a more sickly pruriency. It admits, to the last touch, the value of portraits of men and women who were not lovely nor lofty. It concedes that a novel is a picture of life—that a novel is good in the degree that it is a true representation of the average of character. All this, and more than this, it grants with entire assent.

But for all this Teniers is not Raphael. For all this men of greater power and of equal experience are writing better novels to-day than the earlier novelists wrote. And not the least of their praises is, that with the same human sympathy which underlies the earlier books, there is a consciousness of noble aims, of high endeavor, of self-sacrificing character in life, of which the earlier books show no trace. He is the best painter who, in representing a tree, not only imitates its form, but represents it as the best man thinks about it. That is the result of the imagination, which makes painting an art and not a mechanism. So he is the best novelist who describes men with perfect fidelity, and yet leaves upon the mind the impression which the best men have in contemplating life. Art and literature are not to tickle us by a dexterous imitation only—they are to inspire us by an intellectual and moral apprehension.

There is a famous passage in Coleridge's "Friend" to the effect that no man would be improperly affected by reading "Tom Jones" who was not already corrupt. But the test of the book is this: Would any man be corrupted by contemplating the actual Tom Jones in the spirit in which he is delineated? It is that spirit which makes the subtle and real influence of the book, or of any book. It is that spirit which magnetizes the reader. It is

that spirit which makes the danger of any work, and not the mere description.

A. T. M., who dates from Charleston, New York, sends to the Easy Chair some verses upon "Separation," and asks if they have merit. Frankly, then, as poetry they have no merit at all. They are commonplace feelings expressed in commonplace verse. And yet the Easy Chair has no doubt that the feeling which inspired them was very genuine, even tender and pathetic. But A. T. M. should remember that, while we all have the same general range of emotion—and beautiful and true emotion—very few of us are gifted with the power of expressing that emotion in such a way as to interest others—still fewer to do it in poetry—and fewest of all in a manner to attain literary position or distinction.

THE Easy Chair must say something of the same kind to J. W.'s "Margarita." The lines are sweet and flowing, but there is a kind of dainty insincerity in them. That is to say, they leave the impression of being inspired by a certain kind of reading rather than by that actual feeling and experience, which is the only soil in which the roots of real poems and of all genuine literature are fastened. When Shelley says of poets that they "learn in suffering what they teach in song," he does not mean of course that every poet must have suffered every sorrow of which he sings; but that he must know it either in fact or in imagination. But the poetic imagination which supplies the want of actual sight is the rarest of divine gifts.

F. writes to the Easy Chair the following note about the authorship of the "Harp with a Thousand Strings." The note seems to be authentic; but why did the writer conceal his name?

"Among the many beautiful knolls that skirt the River Guadalupe in Texas stands one pre-eminently so. Far as the eye can reach the prairie, like a billowing sea, stretches till, lost in the distance, the heavens stoop to kiss it. Here and there groups of oak or laurel dot the expanse, while acres of flowers give their perfume to each passing breeze. Perched upon the loftiest summits of this picturesque region is a log-cabin, rough and uninviting externally, but within the evident home of taste and culture. Shelves well stocked with books, musical instruments, and pictures by some of our best artists, adorn the humble dwelling. Here, amidst Nature's grandeur, lives the half-poet, half-artist, whole wag, the genial, gentlemanly St. George Lee—the bachelor author of the 'Harp of a Thousand Strings,' 'Willy Harbucklet's Letter,' and many other equally humorous productions."

Our Foreign Bureau.

THE other day (which means later June) a pleasant party was to dine with Madame P——, in the *Rue de l'Université*, and upon every billet of invitation had been written, "*On ne parlera pas de la guerre*" (There will be no mention of the war).

Fancy if, in these times, there could be larger appeal to the inventive faculties of the guests!

Yet the dinner, says our friend De Pène, passed off trippingly; a little self-denial in the beginning (not reaching to the dishes or the wines); and the café achieved under resolute persistence in such banalities of talk as were afforded by the annual exhibition, the new opera of *Ploermel*, the Caucasian rambles of Alexandre Dumas, the *artiste* marriage of the *Opera Comique*, the Cassandra of Ristori, and the opening season at Dieppe and Hombourg.

Shall we dispatch a few of the trifles about which Paris talk engages itself before we go again to the war scenes?

Shall we tell of the summer rains—six showers a day—the Macadam slimy with mud, and the thunder pealing so as to deafen us, to all that exultant noise of guns and trumpets with which the Empress gave echo to the victory of Magenta?

The Parisians have always worn feelings of strong friendliness to the pretty Empress Eugénie; but now that the husband is exposed to the hazards of war, and she has made chivalric appeal to their gallantry as the proper defenders of "woman and child," their devotion expresses itself in most jubilant way. It may be from sympathy with an attached and anxious young wife—it may be from a crazy delight in the French victories she reports—it may be without any reason at all; but certain it is that such demonstrations of kind feeling have been rarely tendered by the Parisian street masses to any sovereign whatever. They are demonstrations which are not pleasantly imagined by the reporters, or kindled by the recommendation of a prefect: never were any more earnest or exultant.

We hear just now the name of Emile de Girardin associated with a new and forthcoming book upon the Balance of Power in Europe. It can hardly fail to bring up some novel views; nor shall we be surprised if it correspond in many important points with the deductions of the *Idées Napoléoniennes*. Of course it will revive his old notions of free straits and free seas, and look to the dismantling of such threats as Gibraltar, and Aden, and Malta. The rhapsody of Madame Sand, eagerly sought for at first, has fallen now below the level of the war enthusiasm, and is counted merely a French poem about Italy and glory.

Michelet and his love treatise, so long the target of a great deal of *salon* discussion, has given way to a patriotic chant by Méry, and to the Italian correspondence of the journals. So, too, all the pretty *equivoques* of the play-writers along the Boulevard have yielded to the guns of the "Day before Marengo," or to the *cantata* (due to Méry and Auber) of Magenta.

The Jardin Catalan in the Bois de Boulogne is prettier the present season than ever: never was there such wealth of flowers there, or such luxurious shade. It has taken on new character, moreover, in coming to be the rendezvous of bridal parties. From three of the afternoon to six you shall see there, on any fine day, a bridal cavalcade; and not one only, but, on occasions, six or even ten of these innocent adventurers upon the gulf of matrimony, linking their last hours of romance and orange-flowers with the bloom and the parterres of the pretty Pré-Catalan.

It cheats one of the memory of war to see the gay throngs that idle upon the grassy knolls, and that listen to the evening music, in this park of Paris; but swift and grave reminders do at times chase their way through the rustic palings and put their inevitable stamp upon the gayety.

What if we wandered there yesterday, on a soft June evening, and as we sat under the shade of a linden (which two years since rejoiced in its forest site) let our eye rest upon three brave couples who laughed, and jested, and murmured songs (as if they had lived in the eye of Boccacio), when some officious *garçon* brings to them the fresh journal of the evening? There is fuller news from Lombardy. One after another takes up the paper, runs over the

columns, casts it down. It is dismal—that list of killed and wounded; but for all that shall not a body be gay on this soft June night?

Hark! there is a new waltz: who cares for such tame reading?

And the brown-eyed one, she with the light muslin dotted with lilac, reaches toward the journal: runs it over carelessly: seems to dwell upon that column of names: forgets the music: scans the list eagerly: dashes it down: grows pale.

"*Mon Dieu! C'est bien mon Alphonse!*"

Her lover is dead; killed at Magenta. This is only a little daily episode of our Paris life.

Again, on certain mornings, we stroll away to the bureau of the *Moniteur*. Here come those work-people who, without sight of the journal, gather their intelligence from the bulletins and the proclamations. Men and women hover about the court: the news has just come in, and is not yet posted: but they linger. What is an hour's work lost against their anxiety to learn of Jean or Alexandre? We stroll on, meeting blithe passers, rollicking boys, and demure-faced chiffoniers (who have no relatives to reckon). Again we stroll back: the news is posted: the list is full. Yon poor woman leading a little child has studied it, and goes away with a glad step. Alexandre is safe. Who knows but he may win the cross, or come back corporal or sergeant?

The old man in blouse, who is reading his way through with glasses, spite of rude jostling, has finished at length—finished before the list is ended. He has only one son in the war, and he "severely wounded."

"*Pauvre Jean!*"

There is no mistaking the grief in the old man's voice; and the outsiders lift their caps and let him pass.

A little girl (surely she is too young to read) forces her way up.

"Please, Sir, maman can not come; she is sick. Tell me if papa's name is there—François Lagnan?"

And those nearest her catch up the name and pass it on. "*François Lagnan*"—is the name there?

"*Attendez donc*"—wait a little: "François, François, François, *il y en à bien*, François—*le voici*, François Lagnan."

The little girl stands on tiptoe, straining her ears to catch the next word.

"What is it?" says a by-stander. "Is he wounded?"

"Dead!"

Poor little one! With this big news she staggers away to the sick mother, choking down great sobs.

This is another little episode of our gay city just now. But not all so dark, even about the court of the Government paper. Thus: A young woman comes up, with a basket on her arm. She may be *modiste* beyond the river; she may be desk-keeper at some other-side café; no matter what she is, save that she is anxious, nervous, trembling, and runs over the list posted at the door of the *Moniteur* with an eager eye. Victor Herault is the name she seeks—her affianced husband. They were to have been man and wife before this; but the war came, and the conscription, and Victor is in Lombardy. They have told her his name was in the list, but she does not see it; not in to-day's list, nor in yesterday's. Is he killed?

"Has any body seen the name—Victor Herault?" There is a poignancy in her tones that makes people turn and stare.

"*Oui, Madame,*" comes a voice from within the

court—"Oui, *il est décoré*—he has been awarded the cross of the Legion of Honor!"

Ah, if Victor Herault could see the flush of pride that spreads now over those cheeks, and the joyous step of her who carries it away down the sunny Paris street, would not Victor Herault do some braver deed than he has yet accomplished?

Once more: a grand *bal costumé* was to have been given somewhere about the latter part of May, in one of the gayest houses of Paris. The invitations were out; the dresses were chosen; the rooms were decorated; but before the evening came war had begun. The General Espinasse was among the first ordered to Piedmont; and the ball which was to have taken place at his hotel in Paris was put off until the master of the house should return.

You know what the report of Magenta has brought home: "The General Espinasse slain." Scarce a month from the ordering of the *bal costumé*, and the house is darkened. Yet he died quickly, they say—a bullet through the breast. In such battles as we hear of yonder, below the Alps, there is cause for gratitude in a death that is quick and sudden.

See for a moment what an eye-witness tells us of the battle-field of Magenta:

"You never saw such a frightful scene of carnage as on all this ground, which the Austrians defended inch by inch, but had to leave at last. It is like the remains of a great rag fair; shakoes, knapsacks, muskets, shoes, cloaks, tunics, linen all stained with blood, and speaking of the obstinate resistance even now, when the greater part of the wounded have been removed and the dead mostly buried. Of how many dramas of heroism and ferocity, and of how many tragedies of woes and misery must this have been the scene!"

"As I told you in my last, the Milanese, immediately after the Austrian evacuation, sent up a train to fetch the wounded. As they were found they were brought in succession to the station by the soldiers—a detachment of two companies of the First Fusiliers of the Guard. At the station the surgeons were in attendance to apply the first dressing, and the trains from Milan went to and fro to carry them off. The trains consisted of nothing but third-class carriages and goods-wagons, partly covered, partly open. Those who were only slightly wounded, and could walk, were put into the carriages, while the others were laid in the goods-wagons, which had been made as soft as the circumstances admitted, by putting straw and hay at the bottom. To these the unfortunate wretches were carried in agonies of pain caused by the movement. A large barrel of cooling drink, made of water and sirup, was near, as well as another filled with wine, with which to assuage the fiery thirst caused by their wounds. Boughs were cut to make an awning over the open goods-trucks, so as to protect their miserable inmates from the rays of a real Italian sun.

"This station, and the railway train itself, were certainly the most shocking scenes of misery which one can possibly conceive. It was the darker side of a brilliant victory—looking behind the scenes by daylight: wounded in all stages of agony and pain, only half clad, torn, dusty, and muddy in their own blood. The priests walking about with the viaticum, to administer the last sacrament to the dying; the glazed eye of death in some, showing that they had ceased to suffer; the working eyes of others, and the kneeling priest before them, showing that they were on the point of sighing their last; near them were others, whom you would have thought

dead, had it not been for the perceptible movement of the eye, or a convulsive twist of the limb. You became involuntarily silent when you entered and took off your cap at the sight of so much misery. Even the lively French soldiers, who ministered to the wants of these defaced specimens of humanity, became grave, and this dead silence was only broken from time to time by the solemn words of the priest, a faint sob, a frantic shriek of pain, or a weak sigh. You forgot almost that there was a victory to redeem this dark scene; and these men, who would otherwise have peacefully followed their domestic occupations, were summoned to expose themselves to all this for a cause which is not their own, which they know nothing about, nor care for. It was, indeed, a hard lot.

"But it was, above all, when the wounded had to be moved to the carriages that the neighborhood became almost intolerable. Such shrieks, such pale faces, contracted by pain, such torn limbs!"

We had intended conscientiously to keep wide of all war topics, at least through the half of our monthly budget; yet see how we have slipped upon them from the dinner of Madame P—, from the pretty parterres of the Pré-Catalan, and from the morning gatherings at the office of the *Moniteur*!

And why not? Can we keep eyes or ears here at our dull window of the Quai Voltaire when such burdened echoes are coming from the Ticino and the Adda? Did we not say, four months gone, that long before this the thoughts and the steps of many an idler would be crossing the Mont Cenis? Did we not foretell, long since, that a bleak year was coming for the Emperor Francis-Joseph, and that an interest altogether new was gathering about the old cities of Mantua and Verona?

No such ghostly and quiet cities now as the traveler of a twelvemonth gone might have seen; no loitering about in the mellow light reflected from the softly-tinted stones of cathedrals; no study of inscriptions or sculpture or turrets. Something sterner and more real; a reckoning of a great nation's hopes, and of the blood and lives they may cost. All lines of travel to Paris, to Toulon, to Vienna, thronged with the murderous material which is presently to thunder out its work near to the solemn cypresses, and the old and changeless rivers.

Can we bring to your mind better idea of the clang and red horrors of this Lombard war (all which the telegraph will be reciting in your ear long before our monthly gleaning can come), than by giving you a peaceful contrasted picture of the old-time quietude?

That fierce, stern Garibaldi has been raging about the pleasant shores of Como, twice taken the place, twice poured down his riflemen from the fastnesses of the western Tyrol; bells have rung at night wild alarms, and flocking villagers have swayed in eager, anxious masses from town to covert in the hills, and from hills back to town, as Italian, or as Austrian has won the battle.

All this, on the banks of Como, whose grassy shores stooping to the water, out from coppices of firs and willows, and stately planes, are, for their wonted stillness, like a dream.

If you would go with us for view of that still life, a little flat-bottomed skiff, upon which the lazy boatmen may lift a painted sail, shall bear you from the white beach of Como town to some wood walk not a gunshot away. You may pick wild roses as you set foot upon the shore, and a trailing path through luxurious undergrowth of vines and rhodo-

dendrons would bring you, two hundred feet above, to the point of some rocky promontory; behind it, crowning hills rise swift and sharp, embowered with brambles and roses and shrubby trees; and at the top of all is a white hermitage like a white dove brooding over the quietude. But below the native roughness has been subdued into the soft landscape of villa grounds; the villa itself hidden indeed (so many nooks and embrasures in those wooded heights of Como), but you see velvety turf, like the shorn meadows of Nottingham, or clumps of exotic foliage, or luxurious wealth of blossom and swaying willow boughs dipping their tendrils in the water. To the left (supposing we stand upon the eastern bank), we see creeping up from the white line of beach the town that gives to the lake a name; two hotels flank the little piers, and the cathedral dome presides over the array of red-roofed houses. A dozen curious little barges, with tall masts and with striped awnings spread over hoops, are moored close to the water's edge; and three or four miniature steamers, with netted bulwarks, and parti-colored smoke-pipes, are puffing out white wreaths of vapor, or lying at anchor in the offing. Behind the town steep ranges of hills sweep up greenly to the horizon, and on the top of the tallest is the remnant of a medieval castle. Villas dot the opposite shore, and mountains rise back of them and fall away westward into those hills by Varese, which seem like purple billows in the distance; northward we see upon the shores the spires of two village churches, which are repeated in long white stripes upon the water; then wooded promontories come down and shut up the lake; but with one of the barges yonder, and a pair of oarsmen, we might sail for miles under the wooded shores, hearing no sound but the splash of the oars, or the chimes of a village clock, or the tinkling of the bells upon the necks of the goats that browse upon the grassy ledges of the cliffs.

And so, oppressed or exhilarated (as your humor may be) with this dreamy silence, you may journey down through mulberry orchards and richly cultivated fields, some thirty miles or more, by Fino, and Asnago, and Barlassina, until from the level of the rice lands, and from the borders of old artificial water-courses, which date back beyond the times of Barbarossa, you see suddenly, over the level sea of green tree tops, a glittering golden angel in the air; it is the crowning statue upon the top of the cathedral spire of Milan.

A gay city, with its white marble duomo, and its clear atmosphere, and its clean, well-paved streets; you would never think, as you take your coffee at the Hotel Gran Bretagna, and look around at the delicate fresco of vines and flowers, and look out upon the sun-lighted courts, that it was of all Italy the city of most conspiracies, and sieges, and civil commotion. Those gayly-dressed men, whom you may have counted fops or worse, strolling under the shadow of the cathedral, are perhaps inheritors of some brave old Lombard name, plotting how its glory may live again; and the sturdy host, who tells you long stories of the pictures you see upon his walls, or of some ancient bit of crockery upon his *buffet*, shall talk till after midnight, in his little *bureau* at the corner of the court, of a revival of Italian independence. You shall observe, moreover, that those well-dressed officers of Austria, whom you see every where upon the street, are talking always with each other only; the cafés they frequent are deserted of the natives; their applause at the opera is never echoed by the Lombards.

There are new times now, of which you will have read in your papers.

And if we take a valet from the hotel, and clamber to the roof of the cathedral, we shall find, at an elevation of two hundred feet from the pavement, a great population of marble statues, delicately finished, repeating there, in that upper silent world, the old traditions of martyrdom and glory. And looking northward you may see the mountain of San Primo, which stands between the two arms of the Lake of Como, and you may see the hills by Varese, and might have seen, had you been there, the smoke of Garibaldi's battles.

Westward Mont Cenis may be traced, over which came those French chasseurs whom we last month attended down the slopes toward Susa and Turin; and in the same direction, but so near that you catch sight of church towers and abutments of bridges almost, are Buffalora, and Turbigo, and Magenta. Green and quiet fields they offered to the eye a year ago; long lines of mulberries and of Lombardy poplars; glistening streaks of canals, with embouchements bordering all the rice-fields; high causeways, upon which the roads are lifted above the yellow grain lands—a most awkward surface for the deployment of an army. To the south and east again we may see Malegnano, where Francis First fought a great battle, and Baraguay d'Hilliers another; and thence, by high causeway, we may journey (in the track of the Austrian retreat) to Lodi, crossing its creaking timber bridge, and finding a quiet chamber in its hotel of La Posta.

And here and hereabout, saving what history has to tell us, there is nothing that could suggest the madness and the excesses of war. A heavy bridge upon piles, just without the gateway of the town, under which the Adda sweeps quietly enough: the timbers are mossy and brown; you will find no bullet marks upon them; gossiping fellows will tell you indeed where the cannon were posted, and where the first Napoleon—the brave young general—came rushing on through the iron storm; but it seems (under that serene sky) as if he were telling some horrid dream of his. Then the quiet fields are here, fringed with stately poplars, and the dun cows that have come down last autumn from the mountain feeding grounds, are loitering in their shade; sleek, quiet cattle scattered all over these irrigated meadows, finding the richest food there, as you may judge for yourself at the inn, if you will call for a Parmesan cheese.

And from Lodi, still eastward (as the Austrians are tending), we go through other meadows, and lines of poplars, and mulberry orchards, and in sight of great fields of rice and maize, and scattered patches of hemp, until we come in sight of the Lago di Garda.

Of course, in our journey, we have gone by way of the famous old city of Brescia; better known in the dreary medieval times for its many galling sieges, and for its gallant defenders than any other city of Northern Italy: but its war interest is utterly gone in these days; the Austrians have left no garrison or treasure there; its fortifications are leveled, and its wreck of a citadel is now turned into offices for the tax-gatherers. For all this it has a quaint charm hanging about its brick Broletto and its Torri, its meadows, its rivers, and its outlying mountains; its palaces, moreover, such as they are, belonging to shattered remnants of old Venetian families, within whose halls you may still see paintings of Palma, and Veronese, and Tintoretto, and Bellini. Fortu-

nate Brescians, and fortunate old palaces, to be out of the line of battle!

But we were in sight of the Lago di Garda? True; and we have gone there by Lonato, which lies a little to the northward of Castiglione: so we are in the region of modern warfare again. From the hills just eastward of Lonato we see the lake, lying clear and still; we thunder down the hills in a *vettura* of the gone-by mode of travel, until we reach the water's edge in the town of Desenzano. Hence we push on (with the low promontory of Sermione stretching at our left), along the lake shores toward the fortified place of Peschiera. There may be, before this reaches the eye of our readers, an interest attaching to this region; so we will even dwell for a time upon a peaceful picture, whereto, as to a simple web, they may broider such scarlet and crimson flowering as the passing season (Napoleon and Francis being gardeners) may ripen to their hand.

Sermione is low, and where a gaunt castle lifts itself upon its further extremity seems to be lost in the water; beyond the surface is calm and blue, and gleams white where the sun touches it, and grows blue again and purples under the shadows of mountains that grow higher and higher as the eye stretches northward. Finally, the blue and the purple are both lost in a haze that comes down between the farthest heights and veils the water altogether.

As we roll along the shore the sun goes down to the level of the western hills, and when we are fairly in sight of the fortifications of Peschiera and of the outstanding sentinels, only a red disk is above the horizon. The road is bordered on either side with vineyards, interspersed with almond and fig-trees; we see peasant women and girls coming from the fields, and crossing stiles, with their aprons full of mulberry leaves (our date being mid May, and no thought of war), and here and there some coquettish one with wild-flowers in her hair. To the right, presently, is the remnant of an old bastion, dismantled and covered with grass, and shaded by huge chestnuts, under which a few officers of the Austrian garrison are strolling, and puffing the long Lombardy cigars. At a turn of the road we see two Hungarian sentinels pacing back and forth; chestnut trees on either side now, through which again and again come glimpses of the water that has caught a blood-red reflection from the clouds. Then come gates, and a drawbridge, and other sentinels, and gates again, and glimpses of mortars, and piles of balls, and another draw, and other gates, and other sentinels, and other pyramids of balls. Then an open place, from which we see the mountains turning gray to the westward, and dimmer to the north; but in the east catching the last rays of the sun, bathing them rosily from top to foot, yellowing the roofs and spires of the little town, and touching the lake in the middle with a fiery splash that spends redness on every ripple that lifts between the middle and the shore.

Peaceful are the purple masses of mountain, the violet banks of haze, the outstretching mirror of lake, the fresh green of chestnut boughs, the luscious odor of locust blossoms, and the ringing laugh of those homeward-bound girls. And of war—hark! (it is the evening call of the soldiery) a low, bugle note, faint, sweet, but growing fuller and richer, till the swell of the music fills all the air and dies yonder, or seems to die, where the sun has given that red tinge to the waters of the lake.

There is a glory in the music and in the crimson

stain as there is a glory in the laughing of the girls.

Red clouds and red reflections on the water

"Give promise of a golden day to-morrow."

Next month we will go and hear the bugle at Peschiera sounding the *réveille*.

And now, from the waters of the Lago di Garda, let us slip down along the shores of the Mincio to Mantua: as we write it is the "head-quarters" of the Austrian army. Every body knows Mantua since Virgil lived there, and to Mantua was banished that "mad runagate" Romeo. Shall we find the shop of the apothecary where he bought his poison? Shall we see the tardy turnings of the Mincio:

———"tardis ingens ubi flexibus errat
Mincius, et tenera prætexit arundine ripas?"

Let alone poetry, there is a good hotel in Mantua called "La Fenice," where one can get a good dinner of fish and mutton and a dessert of figs, all warmed with a flask of the *Vino Santo*, for six francs. It is an island city, with the Mincio flowing slowly in sedges all around it. We said flowing all around it: but there is a point where its flow is kept back by a dam or bridge (the *Ponta Mulina*), constructed as long ago as the twelfth century, where you may see mill wheels carried by the flow of the Mincio which have toiled thus for centuries. Of course the interrupted river assumes the aspect of a lake; and on the surface of the lake are reflected tall towers which date in the feudal times, and iron cages in which blasphemous priests were exposed to shame, and rich tracery on stone and brick designed by no less an artist than Giulio Romano. Not only tall towers, but palaces and castles, weird battlements, rich mullions, sculpture of griffins and cherubs, and frescoes of Mantegna and of others equal to him.

But always it is a strong place. Those who think the Zouaves can take it in a day will find themselves mistaken. It was in June of 1796 that General Bonaparte camped an army about it; and not until September or October (we can not say justly which) did old Wurmser yield possession. He was starved out; all his horses had been eaten, and the garrison had been subsisting on half rations for months. It is a good type of the decayed feudal splendor of Italy. The Gonzagas of Mantua were great men in their day; but the Gonzagas are all gone. Their palace shows here and there a corner lighted with the torch of medieval art; here and there a blazing fresco that is an echo of past glories. But few listen to it; Mantua is out of the line of travel; you would not go there from Milan to Venice, nor from Milan to Florence, nor from Bologna to Padua, only those who love Virgil, or Romeo, or Giulio Romano, or grass growing in old Italian market-places, wander there. The country around is flat and fat; no richer herbage for cattle, and no poorer scene for the lover of the picturesque. There are "milk-white steers" of Clitumnus, but no bold heights or Salvator contrasts. The Mincio rustles among its sedges; the machicolated towers throw black shadows; the palaces are dismantled; trade is not brisk; the apothecary still has "famine in his cheeks," as when Romeo offered his forty ducats for the poison.

Our Romeos ask not poison, but liberty; and there are those who answer, or who might answer (with the apothecary),

"Such mortal drug there is; but Mantua's law
Is death to any he that utters it."

There will be need for all the apothecaries of

Mantua before we take our readers there again. The low, wet flats about it—to say nothing of the lake—will make a camp of besiegers fearfully unhealthy, and it is too strong a place to be left behind.

Some twenty miles, more or less, lie between Mantua and Verona; the old post-road crosses the bridge where the dozen mills are groaning, each under guardianship of its apostle, and stretches through rarely fertile meadows toward Villafranca. As we draw near to Verona the rich, fat grass lands of Mantua give place to a more rolling surface, and we see again plantations of mulberry.

The Adige is a noble, swift flowing river, dashing proudly under the palaces of the city, and bringing down fresh breezes from where the pines mark the hills. Louis Napoleon will find no better camping-ground in Italy than around the city of Verona; and he will need none more. He will have before him a five-fold array of defenses; first, those of nature, which are the river and the hills and the plain; next, there are remnants still existing of Roman walls, dating as far back as the time of Galienus; third, he will be confronted with those forked battlements (on which Ruskin has hung his rotund periods like ivy wreaths), and which belong to the time of the Scaligeri—bringing back on every truculent turret some cruel war-fable from the days of Eccelino the Cruel. Fourth, our Imperial champion will see before him some of the rarest work—both as regards solidity and architectural harmonies—of that master Venetian craftsman Sanmicheli, who originated the system out of which the French Vauban made his reputation, and whose great fortified gate, *Porta San Sisto*, was declared by Vasari to be a miracle of architecture. After all this, and lastly, Napoleon will have to confront the later work of Austrian engineers, encircling, as it were, all the rest, and stronger than any.

There must be hard fighting to win Verona.

We have taken our reader to peaceful scenes, choosing to go before the war rather than to follow it up; first, because the accounts of battles are (as we write) still conflicting; and next, because the details will have reached you long since in a hundred journals. Old war news, like old beer, is stale; it must be taken with the froth upon it. The blood of Palestro and Malegnano is clotted now; the scarlet brilliancy which piques the eye has gone; the rains have carried it down; the maggots swarm where it lay.

And if we were to reckon up how many brigades the French brought into action, and how many the Austrians, the next day's journalism might upset the estimate. If French and German authorities come within thirty thousand of agreement, let it rest. Victory is the main thing.

Two significant facts we write down at our close. They are known through all the journals long ago.

An English Tory Ministry broken down.

Prince Metternich dead.

Two stabs at Hapsburg, and two pæans for Italy.

Lord Derby and Metternich believed alike. The faith of both was a fossil. It belonged to medieval traditions, and shone only, and attracted only, by reason of its age and hardness. Respectable gentlemen both. One having a fine stud and the other—Johannisberg. Both detested democracy; both counted freedom the birth-right of the strong—to be dealt out compassionately and daintily to the weak. Let them pass.

For Metternich's life—read the newspapers. For the extinct Premier's—wait for the Derby day.

Editor's Drawer.

THE Augustan Age has come: unclassical persons call the season dog-days: the Drawer calls it August. The month has its name from the Emperor Octavius Augustus, whose victories were thus commemorated, and perhaps it is from him we have the epithet *august*—which is another term for grand, magnificent, majestic, inspiring reverence and awe. Little, indeed, of the awful is sought or found in the Drawer, which, in this month of sultry weather, will be found more lively, genial, entertaining, chatty, and clever than usual. Even in the midst of the heat our correspondents (may their number never be less!) have made their favors plenty as berries, and now we are ready for more.

LEGAL authorities were not used, and very lightly esteemed in "the West," a few years ago. Dan Wilson, who resides not many miles on the sunset side of the Father of Waters, was a sharp lawyer, more noted for wit than wisdom, for tongue than talent. He was trying a case before a justice of the peace, and the opposing counsel had cited "Greenleaf on Evidence" so decidedly against him that a bold push must be made, or all was lost for him and his client. Squire Wells sat down after making the quotation, satisfied that the Justice would do justice in the premises. Dan asked him for the book, opened it, rose, and, with a look of solemn surprise, said he was amazed that so good a lawyer as Mr. Wells should bring such a book as that into court. "Why," said he, "the author himself never thought of its being used for *authority* in any case. Just hear what he says in the preface: 'Doubtless a happier selection of these principles might be made, and the work might have been much better executed, by another hand. For, now it is finished, I find it but an approximation toward what was originally desired. But in the hope that it may still be found not useless as the germ of a better treatise, it is submitted to the candor of a liberal profession.' Now an author who admits that his work is as bad as this certainly never expected to be brought into court to govern the opinions of a gentleman who has sat on the bench, as your Honor has, for eighteen months."

The Justice was perfectly satisfied. He ruled the "authority" out as of no account whatever, and gave his judgment for Dan and his client.

Squire Wells says it is the first time a lawyer ever spoiled his book or his cause by his modesty.

THE Germans must be looked after: they are as sharp as Yankees. Mr. Tanner, a Western farmer, sold a lot of stock at public auction, the terms of payment being notes at twelve months, with good security. A German named Heinbaw bought largely, but he had no property, and his note was good for nothing unless well indorsed. It was hard for him to find any body to go security for him, but by-and-by he induced his friend Wyndmiller to signify his readiness to do so. Wyndmiller wrote something at the bottom of the note in German, which Farmer Tanner *thought* was all right, and signed his name to it. The note came due. Heinbaw couldn't pay, and the security was sued. A German interpreter was sworn, who read the *subscription* as follows:

"Heinbaw pay me, me pay Tanner. Heinbaw not pay me, me not pay Tanner."

Poor Tanner was tanned completely—lost hide, hair, and all.

THE choir, in the West, has had a severe struggle for life (pity it has succeeded; it ought to have been like the darkey's boy, and "died a-bornin'"), especially in Methodist churches. The old style was a "brother" to "lead the singing," while the hymn was *lined* by the minister. No song monopoly there. No operatic *fee-faw-fum*.

In 1844 the action of the General Conference was such as to lead to the formation of the Methodist Church South, and, under Dr. Sehon, a Southern Church was organized in Cincinnati, and its place of worship known as Soule Chapel. The first General Conference of the new organization was to be held in Petersburg, Virginia, and a large number of "delegates" spent the Sabbath preceding in Cincinnati, and worshiped at Soule Chapel. On Sabbath the noted Dr. (now Bishop) Pierce was to preach the morning sermon, and expectation stood on tip-toe. The house was crowded. The singing was led by that prince of choristers, John G——n; and by his side sat his Honor Judge M'Lean, who joined heartily in the worship. After the opening service the pastor stepped to Bishop Soule, and asked him if he would enter the pulpit and conduct the concluding services. He declined, and suggested Dr. H——r, an antique little man, with sharp features, sharp spectacles set astride a sharp nose, a sharp-cut coatee, and a sharp appearance generally. Dr. Sehon approached him, and said, in low tones,

"Dr. H——, will you conduct the closing exercises?"

"Yes, Sah," was the response; showing the effect of *association* upon his dialect; and entering the pulpit, he took his seat.

The sermon was all that could have been desired; it more than met expectation; and the preacher sat down amidst great excitement.

Dr. H—— seemed to think that an exhortation from himself would be a glorious climax; and briskly arising, hymn-book in hand, advanced to the front of the pulpit, and, with his *peculiar* pronunciation, began:

"How thankful, friends, ought we to be
To Him who brought us here to see
This lovely Sabbath morning!"

G——n, the chorister, never dreamed of an exhortation after *that* sermon; and catching the lines as Dr. H—— read them, found them "fourth particular metre," rose, with the Judge by his side, and started the tune so often sung to that glorious old hymn,

"Come on, my partners in distress."

Louder and louder rolled his clear, strong voice over that sea of heads:

"How thankful, friends, ought we to be," etc.

Poor Dr. H—— was bewildered. Turning to Dr. Sehon, he said,

"Sah, they are singing my exhortation!"

"Never mind," said Sehon, whose face, always rubicund, was seven times redder than its wont; "never mind; wait till they're through."

"But, Sah, they are singing my exhortation!"

By this time John and the Judge were through, repeat and all, and looked up most patiently for Dr. H—— to "give out more." He, however, looked at them steadily, and laid down his book, saying,

"Well, you're the greatest singers here I ever heard! You not only sing a man's hymn, but you sing his exhortation too! *Let's pray.*"

How fervently the ministers and audience joined in *that* prayer may be imagined. Dr. Sehon forgot his *notices*: and they do say that to this day G——n insists that exhortations, if ever so good, ought not to be set to “two-eighths and one-six.”

A DIVINE (Rev. Mr. R——, whose heart is as full of loving-kindness as his head is of wit and learning) was settled in the town of F——, in Middlesex County, Massachusetts. On the first Sabbath following, after morning service, one of the deacons introduced him to a parishioner:

“Mr. R——, allow me to introduce you to Mr. P——; he is one of the pillars of our church.”

“Indeed!” said Mr. R——, “I observed Mr. P—— during the sermon, and it occurred to me then that he was one of the *sleepers*!”

AMONG his hearers there was a gentleman in feeble health. A sea voyage had been talked of, with a view to its improvement. Riding by the house of this gentleman on a fine Monday morning, the Rev. Mr. R—— saw him just as he had finished putting out the clothes’ line for the Monday’s washing. Stopping his horse, Mr. R—— said,

“Good-morning, Mr. B——; how is your health to-day?”

“Oh! about the same,” replied Mr. B——.

“You should be better,” said Mr. R——, gayly, “for, though not much accustomed to the ocean, I see you have *crossed the line*.”

“OUR little four-year-old, Willie, who was early taught the impropriety of resenting injuries or returning blows, but who withal has as much of ‘human nature’ in him as most lads of his age, was not long since struck violently on one of his cheeks by his little sister Jinnie; when, quickly turning the other, he broke out with, ‘*There, dog-gone-ye! hit the other, will ye?*’”

“A FEW days since a friend of mine walking down town saw a little boy pinching his younger brother, who was crying bitterly.

“‘Why, my boy,’ said she to the young tormentor, ‘don’t you know you are doing very wrong? What would you do if you should kill your little brother?’

“‘Why,’ he replied, ‘of course I *should put on my new black pants and go to the funeral!*’”

A YOUNG physician, lately married, and just commencing the practice of medicine, some years since, with quite a gay horse and vehicle, and his young wife riding with him, drove rapidly up behind a lawyer, who, with his wife and five or six children and nurses, was driving a one-horse carriage rather the worse for wear. On coming up within speaking distance the doctor called out to his friend the lawyer, “Good-morning, Colonel! I see you have a heavy load and a sorry team.” “True,” retorted the Lawyer, “I have; but *you* have a *heavy team* and a *very sorry load!*”

“LORD AND LADY NAPIER visited our Agricultural Fair last fall, as the invited guests of one of our principal citizens. The host having occasion to visit some part of his farm, left word that he should be summoned immediately on the arrival of his distinguished visitors. At length his Lordship and her Ladyship drove up to the door. The hostess, anxious that her husband should return as hastily as

possible to do the honors befitting the occasion, called up their most trusty servant, and charged him:

“‘John, run to Mass, and tell him that—[Here she was sorely puzzled, well satisfied that he would never remember the name *Napier*, and fearing that her husband would not understand the urgency of the summons; at length she continued]—tell him that the *Lord* has arrived.’

“John ran with his utmost speed across the field to his master, and exclaimed:

“‘Mass, Mass! Miss says come quick, quick as you ken, for de *LORD* done come!’”

A YOUNG woman of delicate appearance was making application for some medicine.

“You look very pale, my good girl,” observed the tender-hearted young practitioner.

“I have only come from my confinement three weeks,” replied she.

It might have been the sun shining upon him through the medium of a gigantic red bottle in the window; but if it was not, the tender-hearted young practitioner was blushing violently.

“I don’t think you should come out in the cold so soon,” observed he, rebukingly; “and where have you left your baby?”

“Oh please, Sir, I have not got a baby.”

The tender-hearted young practitioner became of an unripe plum color at having thus inadvertently hurt the young woman’s feelings.

“Ah, dear me,” said he, “so the poor little thing died, did it?”

“No, Sir,” explained the young woman, hanging down her head; “I mean I have only just come out of *prison*, Sir, in consequence of “a mistake” about some clothes.”

IN Virginia—as it is presumed is the case in other States—suits tried in the Inferior or County Courts are often, upon appeal, carried up to the Superior or Circuit Courts, and thence to the highest Court of Appeals of the State.

A Justice of the Peace of — County, who occupied a seat upon the County Court bench, on a certain occasion rather boastingly remarked to a gentleman of the bar that “the decisions of the County Court were much oftener affirmed by the high Court of Appeals than the decisions of the Superior or Circuit Courts.

“I can very easily account for the fact,” replied the gentleman addressed, “for I have always heard that *extremes meet*—extreme ignorance in the County Court, and extreme *learning* in the Court of Appeals.”

“A FEW years ago, when the Order of the Sons of Temperance overran the land, my friend Jim O’Wight found himself a citizen of Kentucky, whither he had wandered from Virginia. Jim was a ‘character,’ had great versatility of talent, and was withal an excellent, jolly fellow, and prime bottle companion. Jim contracted the Temperance mania naturally and with great enthusiasm; so much so, that he soon became a conspicuous and shining light in the ‘Order.’ From a popular lecturer Jim soon rose to the dignity of G.W.P. of the State Division. In due time after this hoist in life Jim was called to preside over the Division of the City of L——, and was ‘on hand,’ in all the glory of tinsel regalia, with a chosen lot of *congenials* about him. At his hotel Jim kept ‘open house’ to the *initiated*, albeit his hospitality was not conducted upon strictly Temper-

ance principles; and I am afraid much of poor Jim's eloquence and fervor were drawn from divers 'big-bellied bottles,' whose rubicund visages were kept modestly concealed by the drapery of his bed.

"The hour for the meeting of the Division arrived. Jim presents himself at the door of the Division room, and gives the usual 'signal.' Back flies the sliding panel, and the space is filled with the head of the 'inside sentinel,' a squat, caroty-headed Irishman. Jim gives the pass-word, and stalks in. Business begins, proceeds, and ends, Jim presiding with great dignity. Pat, meantime, has scarcely removed his gaze from Jim's face, but devours him with a gaze in which awe and mirth are strangely mingled. Presently Pat approaches the great man, and timidly plucks him aside.

"'Sir-r,' said he, 'an' yez are Misther O'Wight, the Ghrand Worthy Pathriarch of the Sthate of Khaintecky, I do be afther belavin'."

"'Yes,' said Jim, 'you are perfectly right, my friend; but why do you ask the question?'"

"'To tell yez the thruth, thin, Sir-r, an' shame the divil,' said Pat, 'yez do be havin' the right *pass-word*, Sir, for-r a Son of Timperance, intirely; but by the Howly Vargin, an' the blessed Saint Pathe-rick, yez are got the *wrong schmell*!'"

"Pat had stuck his nose through the panel instead of his ear."

DURING the Mexican War Joseph S. Cohen, Esq., was the Prothonotary of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania for the Eastern District. One of his neighbors was a Mr. Christy, who, in addition to his civil functions, was colonel of a militia regiment in Philadelphia. As soon as the war broke out the field-officers of this regiment assembled and tendered the services of the regiment to the Government. This movement astonished the privates exceedingly and amused the rest of the community.

"Bob," said Mr. Cohen to the Colonel, "there is one thing I am very sure of: if you get down to Texas you will take good care of *Corpus Christi*."

OLD General Sam Houston was some time ago in Austin, and, as usual, his fresh wit and racy humor had drawn quite a crowd around him. Among them was Doctor Tims, who was most violently opposed to Houston in politics. The Doctor, heated by a remark of Houston's, exclaimed,

"General Houston, I like you well enough in private and social life, and believe you to be a gentleman; but, *politically*, Sir, I would not believe you upon your oath."

To which the General replied, in his quiet way,

"I would believe *you*, Doctor."

"Well, Sir," vehemently exclaimed Doctor T., "you have a better opinion of me than I have of *you*; for I actually would not believe you, politically, upon your oath."

"No, Doctor," rejoined General Houston, gravely shaking his head, "I have *not* a better opinion of you than you have of me, but *I* have more *politeness*!"

The Doctor quietly left.

AMONG the many able and devoted adherents to Republicanism in Ohio, William E. Gilmore, of Chillicothe, is distinguished for his abounding zeal and labor for the success of the cause. Since 1848 he has been the "head and right arm" of the organization in this portion of Ohio. At the recent State Convention Mr. G. was, for the first time in his life,

a candidate for office (the Lieutenant-Governorship), and was unsuccessful. Upon his return he was rallied by Job S——, a political opponent, upon his defeat:

"I have always told you, Gil," said Job, "that an honest, consistent fellow like you could never get an office in that party. Now if you were as good a Democrat as you are Republican you could have any thing in our gift. Come over and join us."

"Well, the fact is, Job," said G., "I think my party has not been just, much less generous, toward me; and if I am defeated again, and *go crazy over it*, I may turn Locofoco."

Job passed on to his office.

DR. MANNING, of the —— Theological Seminary, although somewhat eccentric, is also one of the noblest and most devotedly pious of men, and the countless number of anecdotes told of him present some singular compounds of piety and eccentricity. It was his invariable custom as a Professor to open his daily class recitations and lectures by invoking the Divine blessing on his labors, and on those committed to his charge.

The Doctor possessed a lymphatic temperament, and was prone to indulge in what he termed "the very sinful habit of sleeping in the day-time." On one occasion the class met as usual, on the ringing of the bell, at the recitation-room, and, after waiting a reasonable time for him without his making his appearance, dismissed themselves. The very next day after this occurrence the Doctor was again "overtaken in his fault," but managed to get into the room, breathless and slip-shod, just as the class were retiring. Begging them to remain, they readily assented, and the worthy Doctor at once commenced by making a clean breast of his heinous offense:

"Brethren," said he, wiping the perspiration from his forehead and the tears from his eyes, "I owe you an apology for this unwarrantable neglect of my duty toward you. Placed in so responsible a situation as I am, when I reflect upon my shortcomings and the manner in which I discharge the trust confided to me, I am overwhelmed with mortification, regret, and self-accusation. Yesterday (as usual during this warm and oppressive weather) I had fallen asleep in my study, and therefore failed to meet you—the ringing of the bell not waking me; and to-day I have repeated the experience of yesterday. I sincerely ask the forgiveness of each and every one of you. But the truth is, brethren, that miserable college bell of ours is no better than an old wool hat with a lamb's tail in it. *Let us pray.*"

Any one who has ever seen a lamb "drawing nourishment from the maternal fount," as Micawber would say, will appreciate the *felicity* of the comparison.

WHEN "the Fox girls," as the Rochester rappers were called, paid a visit to Philadelphia, about six or eight years ago, they put up at the Union Hotel, in Arch Street, and received the visits of persons who were desirous of communicating with the spirits. Among others, that most witty gentleman, the late Edward D. Ingraham, Esq., called upon them. The method of proceeding was for the visitors to write down questions for the spirits to answer, which were not read out until after the answers were given. Mr. Ingraham said that he would trouble the spirits to answer only two questions, which he accordingly wrote down. They were both answered by affirmative knocks.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said Mr. Ingraham, turning to the company present, "the first question which I asked the spirits was, 'Is not this all a prodigious humbug?' This you have heard answered in the affirmative. The other question was, 'Is the answer which the spirits have given to the first question true?' And the spirits have also answered 'Yes' to this."

A shout of laughter was the response of the audience, during which the persons conducting the exhibition begged Mr. Ingraham to go away, as he "disturbed the spirits."

EDWARD D. INGRAHAM, ESQ., was the first person who acted in Philadelphia as Commissioner under the Fugitive Slave Law, and his first performance was to send a colored man to Maryland as a fugitive slave, who was returned as being "the wrong nigger." The jokes cracked at the expense of the Commissioner upon the occasion were far from few. Among others, his former school-fellow, the late Joseph S. Cohen, Esq., the Prothonotary of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania (of the Jewish persuasion), undertook to rally him upon the subject.

"Joe," said Mr. Ingraham, "let me advise you to keep yourself particularly quiet, or I will make out an order *sending you back to Pharaoh immediately.*"

SOME years ago there lived in Halifax County, Virginia, one Deacon A——t, a leading member of the Baptist persuasion—a man remarkable for his sterling worth and independent character. One of Deacon A——t's neighbors and brother-churchmen had a horse notorious for his fence-breaking proclivities; so much so, that all of the cattle in the neighborhood knew him and followed him, knowing that he would lead them to feed on the fat of the land.

Deacon A——t's corn-field being a favorite resort of his, the Deacon, after long endurance of his depredations and repeated warnings to his owner, concluded to rid himself of all farther inroads by shooting him. The result was that the Deacon was churchd at the next meeting, and it was decided "that Brother A——t should apologize to the Church for committing such a wicked deed, and pay the owner fifty dollars for the horse; and upon his doing so the Church would overlook the offense."

Deacon A——t arose with a good deal of humility, and, laying his hand upon his heart, said,

"Brethren, I am sorry—sorry from the bottom of my heart—that I did not kill him six months sooner, and I would have saved fifty barrels of corn by doing so!"

At a recent trial in a Wisconsin Circuit Court one of the learned lawyers proposed the following question, *in writing*, to the witness on the stand:

"Are there any words in said agreement which you have forgotten, or may have forgotten? And if there are any which you have forgotten, do you know how they would affect the verbal agreement made, if one was made?"

Isn't that lucid? The deponent, of course, had to answer that he could not *remember* what he had *forgotten*.

On the trial of a cause in a Circuit Court of the same lovely State a distinguished member of the bar, now a Circuit Judge, said,

"Gentlemen of the jury, the opposing counsel has come down on the case like an *avalanche*; he has

swept away all the testimony, and left nothing but the *bare poles* standing, 'round which to *wind his yarns!*"

A CORRESPONDENT in Galveston, Texas, writes to the Drawer on this wise:

"In your May number you give us a specimen of American literature in the shape of a 'Consort Notis.' I inclose you the following, copied *verbatim et literalim* from the cards of invitation distributed in our city a short time since:

"TEMPERANCE JUBILEE.

"The beatific pleasure of the presence of your most exquisite physical conformation is solicitously requested to attend a Terpsechorean Festival, to be perpetrated on Saturday evening, the 16th inst., in the edifice of Pleasure most generally known under the euphonest cognomen of 'Morian Hall' by the benevolent order of Colored Samaritans.

"We cordially invite all to attend regardless of expense, age, sex, or color."

"I READ an anecdote in a back number of the Magazine about Audubon and the snake which was not a little amusing, and reminded me of a something similar happening to a choleric old uncle of mine in the town of M——, and good old State of Kentucky.

"Uncle Jimmy' had a son, Frank, about eighteen years of age, a whole-souled fellow, popular, and well-liked by every body; but, like many city-bred young gents, he thought a spice of impudence manly. This impudence caused a pugnacious little tailor to kick my cousin Frank out of his shop one day. In his humiliation Frank repaired to his father, and gave a most dolorous account of the indignity offered him. 'Uncle Jimmy' no sooner heard the story than he was off like a shot to castigate the tailor, and teach him a lesson for all time to come.

"Upon reaching the shop, without ceremony he pitched into the knight of the shears, who, being a more muscular man than my uncle, threw him to the floor and held him there, but would not strike him, as they had always been fast friends. Being allowed to rise, 'Uncle Jimmy,' perfectly satisfied with the castigation he had inflicted, shook his fist triumphantly under the astonished tailor's nose: 'There, Sir, that will teach you how to kick a son of mine again, Sir!' and walked off with the air of a man proudly conscious of having done his duty."

THE Laird of M'Nab being at Leith races, was mounted on a nag of such small size that it was a doubtful question which was the largest—the horse or the rider; and at last, as he rode up to the starting-post to get sight of the lucky winner, the poor beast fell under the weight of his load with his back literally broken. The next year the Laird was at the races again, upon a steed no larger than the unfortunate one of the previous year, when he was accosted by a young dandy with,

"Well, M'Nab, is that the same horse ye had last year?"

The Laird replied with an overwhelming blow from an enormous whip that he carried that stretched the youngster in the sand, and accompanied the blow with,

"It's no the same horse; but ken ye, Billy, it's the same whup."

Two Highlandmen were traveling together, and stopped for the night at an indifferent hostel. The

next morning one of them complained to the other that he had had a very uncomfortable bed, and asked him how he had slept?

"Troth mun," says Donald, "nae very weel neither; but I was mickle better aff than the bugs, for de'il a ane o' them closed an e'e the hale nicht!"

EPITAPH on a smuggler who was shot in an affray with the excise officers, near Plymouth, England:

"Here I lies,
Killed by the xii."

JUDGE NORTON was solemn, stern, and dignified to excess. He was also at once egotistical and sensitive to ridicule.

Judge Nelson was a wit, careless of decorum, and had a sharp voice. He did not like Judge Norton.

At a Bar supper Judge Norton, in an elaborate speech, referring to the early days of Wisconsin, the rude practice of that period, and the discomforts of the profession in a new country, described with tragic manner a thunder-storm which once overtook him in riding the old circuit.

It was night, in a forest; the scene was awful, "and," said the Judge, "I expected every moment the lightning would strike the tree under which I had taken shelter."

"Why, then," interrupted Nelson, in his peculiar squeal, "*why in thunder didn't you get under another tree?*"

The party roared, the splendid period was spoiled, and the poor Judge sat down.

THERE is an anecdote related of Judge Jones and Mr. Haight, who were early practitioners of law in Wisconsin, which deserves to be recorded.

Many years ago, when journeys were made here with (at the best) only a horse and wagon, Judge Jones and Mr. Haight, both prominent lawyers, started together for Manitowoc, a shire town "in the country," as the wilderness was then called. They provided themselves with the usual ammunition—two bottles of whisky—and left Milwaukee. There were several places to stop at where entertainment was provided for man and beast. They stopped at G——, and lo! a new supply of liquor was needed. This being laid in, the twain proceeded to O——. By this time, after starting early, it was near evening. But the day was long, and the pair took "refreshments" to carry them on. Perhaps they took too much. At all events the next place was near, and Judge Jones "footed it" the balance of the way. On reaching M—— and going to the tavern he found Mr. Haight just emerging irregularly from the bar-room, with the exclamation as he saw Jones,

"There! I declare! I looked in the wagon-box, and I found (hic!) the empty bottles and the halter for the (hic!) hoss; but I knew I missed something, and (hic!) it was Jones! Who'd a' thought it? Come in, Jones, and take something."

Why Judge Jones was not on hand when Haight started from O——, and why Haight didn't know what he "missed," are unsolved questions to this day.

OLD Professor S—— was one of the instructors at "Dartmouth College" years ago, and was withal about as blunt and straightforward a specimen of humanity as ever walked, being considered a *little* crabbed by intimates. One day in the early summer he was taking his usual stroll around the vil-

lage, keeping his "eye out" for any "fast" student who might be "off duty," when he chanced upon Mr. Page, a sturdy farmer from East Hanover, with a load of wood, trudging along the dusty street barefooted and coatless; but he was a fine representative of "Nature's noblemen."

"Hullo! Mr. Page," growled the Professor, "I should like to know if all the people at East Hanover go barefoot?"

"Part on 'em do, and the rest on 'em mind their own business!" was the rather settling reply.

A FEW years since, in the town of Farmington, Connecticut, lived a wealthy farmer, Mr. Coons. He had a half-witted negro, named Henry, in his employ. For some cause Henry left. A short time after Mr. C. met him in one of the village stores, and says to him: "Henry, you don't live as well now as when you worked for me, do you? You then had roast beef, mince pie, and loaf cake every day." Henry rolled up the white of his eyes, and replied, "Yes, Massa Coons, we did have roas beef, mince pie, loaf cake, ebery day; dat is, Massa Coons, if you call *codfish* all dem!"

RORY O'MORE's variations were nothing to those made by a young lady of our acquaintance in singing Eve's Lament,

"Must I leave thee, Paradise?"

A gentleman present had never heard it before, and on leaving the house asked what could have induced her to sing such foolish words. We did not understand him, and begged to know what song he referred to. He said, "The one beginning with the line,

"Must I eat thee, must I eat thee, sparrow-grass?"

AH! how true to life is the following from Old Kentucky:

"Governor P——, of Kentucky, tells a couple of good ones on himself. When on the canvass preceding his election, he stopped at a cabin on the way-side, in the eastern mountains of the State, for a bite of dinner. The good housewife served him a better repast than he expected, tender and juicy fresh venison being one of the courses, followed by a tempting display of pastry. Cutting into one of the pies and tasting the same, his palate was entirely propitiated, and he paid his compliments to the lady by way of making an inquiry:

"Madam," said he, "this is a very delicious pie; but upon my word I don't know what is the fruit in it—pray tell me, if you please."

"Why! stranger, where did you come from?" demanded the dame in turn.

"Well, I am from the lower part of the State, but no such fruit as this grows there. Indeed, madam, I am ignorant of this fruit, and beg you will inform me what it is."

"Up for Governor," exclaimed the astonished woman, "and don't know huckleberries! Well, I mistrust you ain't fitten for the office!"

"The Governor would have relinquished the track, but his party wouldn't let him off; and he was elected in spite of his ignorance of huckleberries."

"On another occasion he stopped for supper at a cabin not so well provided as the former. The poor woman of the house had neither sugar, tea, nor coffee, and spread before him a dish of clabber, uttering a profusion of apologies and regrets that her house was so ill provided.

"'Why, madam,' said he, with perfect truth, 'I prefer this to tea or coffee, or even strawberries and cream; and often take it in preference, on hot evenings like this, when at home. It requires no apology, for I couldn't be better suited.'

"'Now, stranger,' responded the doubting lady, 'are you lying jist becuse you are a candidate; for I've hearn tell them candidates is the lyingest critters on the yeth?'

"'The Governor could only vindicate his truth by bolting a second dish of clabber.'

"'THERE are some people so organized (especially fussy politicians) that they must always have some pet sorrow to bemoan—some dire calamity impending—else they are nothing. One such, at least, was cured of his mental malady (through a process of terrible excitement, however) by the jest of a low humorist. Judge M——, though brave as a lion in battle and all other dangers, had a cowardly fear of snakes, and dreaded a snake-bite more than a cannon-ball. He was out one day surveying, and exhibited frequently his fear of being snake-bitten. Coming to a corner, in a suspicious-looking place, he charged the chain-carriers to keep a sharp look-out for the dreaded reptiles while he was busy with his compass and notes. One of them, club in hand, sat down on the ground behind the Judge, promising to kill any snake coming in sight. While the Judge was absorbed with his notes the humorous dog behind him pierced his calf with a pin, and at the same moment crying 'Snake! snake!—copper-head!' scrambling along in the weeds, striking the ground with his club at every step, till, getting behind a log near by, he exclaimed, 'There! the rascal got into his hole, and I never hit him!' The lamentations of the Judge on his ignominious death, which he regarded as certain, were so piteous that the jester, to relieve him, confessed the trick. Insulted at the indignity, the Judge—his eyes blazing with fire and fury—whipped out his belt-knife and made at the aggressor, who fled as for life. Knowing that a collision would be bloody, but believing that a parley would end in peace, the flying man ran up on a corn-heap inclosed by a pen of rails, and here he sounded a parley as his furious pursuer came up. 'What is it you want to kill me for, Judge?' cried out the fellow from his battlement; '*is it because you AIN'T snake-bit?*' The earnest but ludicrous form of the demand struck upon his quick perception, and instantly restored him to a rational state of mind and feeling. Dropping his brandished knife on the ground, he called his tormentor down to shake hands; admonishing him, however, against the habit of playing off unseasonable practical jokes, and confessing, on his own part, that this one had taught him a good lesson, never to get in a passion because he wasn't hurt.

"'Would it not be better for their own peace, as well as that of others, if the fussy disturbers and agitators of the country, in all sections of it, would cease attempting to cut each other's throats 'because they ain't snake-bit?'"

FATHER HAYNES (the colored preacher) has been in the Drawer before; and a correspondent sends him here again:

"It is well known that old Father Haynes was not a Democrat, but always voted and talked the other way. Not many years previous to his death, while walking along the street of Granville, New York (his last place of residence), he was hailed by

a jovial company from the steps of one of the stores to come in and drink a toast to a new President-elect, of the Democratic school. He requested them to excuse him, but this they refused, and he consented with the proviso that the sentiment might be taken from the Bible. He took a glass of wine and said, 'I think you will find it in the 109th Psalm, at the 8th verse.' Before a Bible could be found the old gentleman was missing; and, to the chagrin of the Democratic guzzlers, it was found to read thus: 'Let his days be few: and let another take his office.'

"Father Haynes was no singer, and yet always wished to have a hymn sung at his lectures, or social meetings. Upon an occasion he asked a deacon if he could not sing some tune, as there seemed to be no one to lead? The deacon said he had always thought he should be excused from singing in public, though he had a tune which he sometimes sung alone; and upon being urged to sing, commenced and went through with a few verses; but it was too much for Father Haynes, who broke in upon the music with, 'I declare, Deacon C——, I believe you *had* ought to be excused!'"

NOTHING richer than this has come to hand since the last month's Drawer was emptied.

The freight lines represented in New York employ a small army of freight solicitors, or, as they delight to call themselves, "contracting agents," who, as a class, are genteel, pleasant, plausible, industrious, and intelligent gentlemen, and, like the salesmen in our jobbing houses, are generally Western men, and are valuable to their lines in proportion to their acquaintance and popularity. One of the most prominent members of this fraternity, noted alike for the length of his legs and the zeal he displayed in the service of his Company, whose full name is Etherial Oily Fellow; but out of respect for his family we will designate him simply as Mr. O.

In the early part of April he passed through a street in the southern portion of this city occupied principally by the wholesale grocers, and on the sidewalk, in front of a large establishment, he saw some twenty or thirty barrels of freight. He noticed the mark, which was "B. Sug., St. Louis;" and stepping into the store, addressed the grocer with his usual bland smile, thus:

"Good-morning, Sir. Is Mr. Sug in?"

"No, Sir," says the grocer. "Is there any thing I can show you, Sir, in our line?"

"Oh no," says O., "I merely called to see Mr. Sug, who is buying heavily for the St. Louis market. I am connected with the transportation business; here is a card of our line. Our rates are as low as by any other line, and we are making better time than ever—only nine days to St. Louis. I saw Mr. Sug when I was West last fall, and he promised to give us his business, and I thought I would step in and remind him of it. Sug is a sharp business man, and knows that it is to his interest to ship by our line, and if I don't happen to meet him I hope you will ship his freight by us. It is all right; and if Sug should come in tell him I called on him."

"But," says the bewildered grocer, "we don't sell to any such man. What did you say his name was?"

"B. Sug, of St. Louis," says O. "There is a large lot of goods turned out for him in front of your door."

"You are certainly mistaken," says the grocer.

Marching to the door and putting his finger on

the mark of one of the barrels, "There," says O., triumphantly, "what do you call that?"

A smile, a grin, and then a roar broke from old Gunnybags, who, as soon as he could speak at all, said, "Why, those are stores for the steamship *St. Louis*, and B. Sug. stands for *Brown Sugar*!"

Those incomparable legs did their duty, and, with the roar of old Gunnybags still ringing in his ears, O. rushed into the office, exclaiming, "Sold! Sold!"

The joke was told to a select few, but it was too good to keep. Wherever he went he was recognized and introduced as Sug's friend, all of which he bore good-humoredly; but at length the outside pressure grew too strong for poor, weak human nature to bear, and he resigned his situation, bought a stock of dry goods, went west, and opened a store; and now *Ethereal Oily Fellow*, oblivious of the past, "colors his meerschaum" in quiet contentment on a broad Illinois prairie, where, in a circle of ten miles, there is not even a maple-tree to call to mind his *sweet* friend, B. Sug, of St. Louis.

LET the little fellows come in with the dessert.

"At one time it was my privilege to occupy the position of master at a country school in Washington County, in this State, and among my students was Bill Morgan. Bill was possessed of a very large head and a 'mighty' thick skull; but once he answered a question propounded to him as well as any of your Sheridans or Hooks could. I was drawing a bucket of water from the well, and with the water in the bucket came up a katydid.

"'Hallo, Bill!' said I, 'here's a katydid. Now, Bill, what was it Katy did?'

"'Flew in the well, I reckon!' was Bill's instant reply.

"Another young gentleman, in looking over his spelling-book, discovered the portrait of Noah Webster on the second page, and wished to know if that was the fellow who had command of the big ark at the time of the big flood."

DEACON JONES had always been remarkable for his meekness and uniform propriety of conduct. On the occasion of a "militia muster" the *spirit* of the day produced such an influence on the worthy Deacon that it attracted the attention of the pastor and some of the brethren. The dominie expressed his astonishment, and asked the cause.

"Why, Dominie," replied the Deacon, "you see I've been 'instant, in season and out of season, serving the Lord' for the last twenty years, and I thought that, just for once, I'd take a day to myself."

"You have recorded so many of the sweet sayings of children, please let me give you one 'with a difference,' as a spice to the dish you set before your readers.

"A neighbor's little girl who has been well trained in the Catechism and other books containing solid truths, and who knows all the fearful consequences of being a naughty girl, was playing with two or three mates. As is usually the case, they had not played long before something marred the harmony of their sport, and words commenced running high. She was about to answer an extraordinary torrent of abuse from the opposite party, when suddenly recollecting the lessons she had learned, she turned to Willie—who was on her side—and exclaimed, with a chuckle of the most intense satisfaction, 'He'll go to the devil for that, won't he, Willie?'

"That's what I call *natural*; and no phrase is more

common in our neighborhood when any act of meanness is reported, than, 'He'll go to the devil for that, won't he, Willie?'"

"It was formerly the custom for those applying for license to practice law in Mississippi to be examined by the presiding Judge of the Circuit Court. On a certain occasion Mr. M—— applied to Judge G—— for examination, and it so happened that his Honor was then in a little town where they had just passed the Maine Law; and being especially fond of Old Rye, was in quite a quandary as to how to obtain it. When M—— applied, putting on a look of terrible import, and keeping the poor fellow in agony for half an hour, he asked Mr. M——, 'Do you think you could get me a bottle of good whisky?' 'Yes, Sir,' said M——. 'Well, get it,' said the Judge. The whisky was brought. Walking up and down the room for some time, Judge G—— said, 'Mr. M——, will you drink with me?' 'Yes, Sir.' They drank. The Judge resumed his walk, M—— in horrid suspense. 'Mr. M——, will you take another drink?' 'Yes, Sir.' Again, the Judge walked; and looking horrors at M——, said, 'M——, I have one question to ask you; if you answer it you are passed: Were you ever drunk?' 'Yes, Judge, I reckon a thousand times!' 'You are admitted, Sir.'"

THE Yankees are not all north of Mason and Dixon's line. A Southern correspondent of the *Drawer* says that his neighbor Curtis is a wealthy old planter who has just been victimized by a traveling tobacconist who goes about buying up the crops. This traveling trader called at the house of Mr. Curtis about noon, and purchased feed for his horses. As he was starting away he drove over a hog of Mr. Curtis's and killed it. A fierce war of words succeeded, which ended in the trader paying the planter four dollars for his hog. He then proceeded to put the carcass into his wagon, which the planter resisted, claiming the hog as his own.

"'Not at all,' said the trader; 'I paid you four dollars for it.'

"'Not at all,' said the planter; 'that is for killing it.'

"The dispute grew warmer and warmer, till it nearly came to blows; and was finally settled by the planter paying seven dollars to the tobacco man. As he had received four of it from the peddler, this was giving him three dollars for killing his hog!"

OUR city was for some years enlightened by the presence of a young minister who meant exceedingly well, and did *pretty* well. A congregation in a Western city learning of his fame, and having no shepherd, invited this our Mr. X—— to assume the vacant crook, deputing to carry their offer a much-respected deacon, commonly called, in abbreviation of his first name, Epaphras, "Uncle Emfus." Uncle Emfus came, told his errand, and caused a church-meeting to be held that he might lay the case of his own distant church before it. The pathetic appeal with which he opened his business was this:

"My brethren, I have come from a long distance to lay before you the condition of our church in the wilderness. We read in Holy Writ that, upon a certain occasion, our Lord directed two of his disciples to go into a certain village, saying unto them, 'Straightway ye shall find an ass tied: loose him, and bring him unto me.' My brethren, among you we have found the ass tied. Permit me to loose him, and lead him away. And if you ask, as of old,

why I do it? in like manner I answer, 'The Lord hath need of him.'

They let Uncle Emfus untie the ass and lead him away.

CHILDREN sometimes ask hard questions. A correspondent says: "I am not much of a theologian, but I have a Harper's Pictorial Bible, and a boy of four, who likes pictures and stories. To vary his entertainment on Sundays I sometimes use the Harper. One day I showed him the pictures, and read to him the account of Abraham and Isaac at the sacrifice. He listened very attentively, and when I had finished he turned his face to me, his eyes just overflowing, and asked:

"Papa, if he hadn't found the ram, *would* he killed his boy?"

"I have put the question to several clergymen without getting a satisfactory answer. Perhaps if you put it in the Drawer it may get answered."

THE Age of Chivalry is not passed and gone; at least there is something like it in the following, which comes to us dated at the "Head of Salt River, Boyle County, Kentucky:"

"The incident related in the 'Artists' Railroad Excursion,' in which Captain Rawlings displayed such gallantry, reminds me of a scene which I witnessed some eighteen months since.

"At the ball given by 'The Mystic Krewe of Comus,' in the Gayety Theatre at New Orleans, winter before last, was present a beautiful, accomplished, and rich widow of the State of Mississippi. When the entertainment of the evening was over, there was of course a great press for egress. There was only one passage-way from the parquette to the dress-circle, and the crowd would be long in getting through. In this extremity the aforesaid lady expressed great anxiety to get over the partition which separated the parquette from the dress-circle. There appeared to be no means of accomplishing it, however, until the gallant Mr. C——, of Memphis, dropped on one knee, and offered her the other one as a step. She accepted it, and as she passed over said,

"Mr. C——, you are more gallant than Sir Walter Raleigh."

"Mrs. ——, you are more royal than Queen Elizabeth," was Mr. C——'s ready reply."

DEACON G——, a member of the Baptist Church, and justly reputed for his great meekness and piety, on occasion of a distressing drought that prevailed was engaged in prayer, and felt it his duty to pray for rain. In the simplicity and earnestness of his manner he seemed to reason the matter, insisting with great energy that "rain was not only badly wanted, but was absolutely necessary!"

A REVEREND gentleman in this city writes to us that at a dinner-party the other day a grave divine of the Scotch Kirk told a story with such good effect that he begged him to write it out, which he did, and here it is:

"The fishing population along the eastern coast of Scotland were known but a few years ago to be among the most ignorant and depraved of all the British people. Without the elements of ordinary education, they retained all the traditions of their peculiar race, and with them many of their ancient feuds and animosities. Between the fishermen of the north shore of the Firth of Forth and those of

the south shore such a feud existed, and led to many a night engagement on the waters of the noble estuary, and under the dark shadow of 'Tantallan and the Bass.' When the boats of the respective parties approached each other, sometimes it ended, as it began, in pleasant banter, interlarded with the broad Doric Billingsgate peculiar to the men and women of their tribes; but at other times hard knocks and *cruel clips* were given and received, buoys were cut from the deep-sea lines, and nets were cut asunder; and yet all the while there was a well-understood etiquette faithfully and honorably observed among them. When any of the boats from the one side were overtaken by a squall or storm, and compelled to flee for refuge to some one or other of the harbors on the other, the crews were always hospitably entertained during their stay, and on the return of fair weather were sent on their way rejoicing. Those of the south shore, however, regarded themselves as the aristocracy of their race, and looked upon their neighbors of the north shore as little more than savages. It so happened that one of the Buckhaven boats was driven over toward the Dunbar coast, and of course the north shore brethren received from their cousins of Dunbar the sympathy and hospitality which their case called for; and during a detention of several days, owing to a heavy northeasterly storm, one of the north shore boys fell violently in love with a strapping damosel of Dunbar, and, quick to act as to woo, ere the storm subsided the two were married, and the north shore boat returned with an addition to its crew of a *brave and gallant first mate*. How the honeymoon was spent it is unnecessary here to state. All we know is, that the young bride from Dunbar did her best to instruct her husband in the purer language and less jaw-breaking dialect of the aristocratic south shore; but to the shame of the semi-savage Buckhaven boy, he was a very slow pupil, as the sequel will serve to show.

In process of time a son was born to the loving pair, amidst the usual observances peculiar on such occasions; and all in due order a second youth, the very image of his mother, made his case known in the house of his father, shortly after which the following colloquy was held:

"Noo, Dauvid, ye're gawn to the minister's to see about the baptism; bit mind, ye're no to speak about the *bairn*; that's a vulgar word—jist like ye fowk o' Fife. Eh, man, gin I had ye ower at Dunbaur I wud mak' a man o' ye! Bit Dauvid, my man, ye're to say to the minister, 'Gin ye please, Maister P——k, will ye come down this e'enin' and bapteeze the infant?' Mind, noo, Dauvid, no the bairn, bit the infant!"

David looked with wonder on his young wife at her learning and good breeding, and he loved her more than ever. But the word infant was new to him; it was too soft and sweet for his untutored lips to lisp; but, true to his love, he tried it, and promised faithfully to try again, and muttering the word over and over—infant, infant, infant—and wondering, at the pauses, at his wife's lear, he took his way toward the minister's house. But ere he reached it David had lost the flow of the syllables, and before he had recovered his presence of mind he found himself in the minister's hall. The worthy minister, half suspecting what had brought the fisherman along so early, said,

"Well, David, how are ye all down the way?"

David answered, "Brawly, Sir thank ye; we're as weel as can be expectit."

"Ah!" said the minister, "has there been any thing i' the wind, David?"

"Oo ay, Sir; the wife's been down."

"Ay, David! It'll be a lassie this time?"

"No, Sir," replied David, "it's no a lassie."

"Hoot, man," said the minister, "anither lad-die! Ye'll be made up wi' laddies if ye gang on at this rate."

"Weel-a-wat, no," said David; "it's no a laddie aither."

"David! David!" asked the minister, in sore astonishment, "what is it, man, if it's naither a lad-die nor a lassie?"

"Weel, Sir," replied David, "as sure as death I dinna mind, but I think the wife *ca'ed* it an elephant!"

The worthy minister would fain have been relieved from the arduous duty of baptizing the young elephant; but the law of the Church and the law of the land alike demanded that it should be done, and so, being a dutiful son of the Church, and a still more loyal and obedient subject of the British Crown, the minister went down the way and bapteezed the wondrous stranger.

METHODIST itinerating in the van of our moving population has ever been, and still is likely to be, rich in personal incident and adventure. These experiences are fresh chapters of unprinted life—and rich as well as fresh—from which the preachers are ever fond of drawing for the amusement of their friends. We know of no entertainment in the conversational way equal to that of a company of these veterans, when met together for social enjoyment, as they frequently are, at the sessions of an Annual Conference.

Some twenty years ago we became acquainted with the persons and place of one of these amusing experiences, which has never seen the light; and which, as it is too good to be lost, we send to the Drawer to be illuminated, if the editor thinks proper.

In the days we speak of Jefferson Circuit was an out-of-the-way appointment in Ashe County, which lies among the mountains of the "Old North State," where it juts up between Tennessee and Virginia. The light of the sun finds it difficult to penetrate the deep valleys of these mountain retreats; and the light of civilization found it about equally so, if indeed it has got there yet. Among the preachers of the Holston Conference this Circuit was familiarly known at that day as the "Academy," from a secret suspicion that "the appointing power" was wont to send to it, for *schooling*, such cases among the young itinerants as were supposed to need a severe régime. At this time Rev. J. M'D——, a choice bit of a wag in his way, was sent to this Circuit. On making his first round, according to "the plan," he found a week-day appointment in an obscure neighborhood, where the settlers were few and poor, and where the "schoolmaster," if "abroad," as Lord Brougham a long while ago said, had evidently not yet come. After preaching, one of the members of the congregation invited him home to dinner, and the invitation was accepted. While dinner was preparing M'D., not exactly liking the signs, and desiring something a little more savory than the everlasting "hog and hominy" which constitute the standing fare of those parts for nine months in the year, took down a gun from its hooks over the door, and, going out, was absent but a few minutes before he returned bearing in his hand a large and fat gray squirrel, which he had shot, and which he asked the good

sister to cook. It was dressed, and, being divided into four pieces, was presently on the table smoking beside the hot corn "*pone*" and other preparations.

In the mean time the family had gathered, consisting, besides the parents, of two half-grown, clownish sons, and two daughters, of similar uncouth quality, just verging into womanhood. They, equally with the preacher, evidently had their eye upon the savory "varmint." As soon as all things were ready the family surrounded the table, and the preacher, with closed eyes, lifted up his hands to ask a blessing. But judge of his amazement on looking around—alas! for the vanity of such prandial expectations—the boys and girls, by an unexpected *coup de main*, had transferred all the pieces to their own plates, without leaving "a hait" for him!

It so happened, at a subsequent round, that the young preacher was compelled either to take his dinner at the same place or go hungry. He was too good a philosopher for the latter alternative. But remembering his ill luck at the former visit, and resolved to be too sharp for them a second time, he went through the same "motions" as before, and shot another squirrel. In due time it was brought upon the table, in four pieces as formerly. But in this instance, as they surrounded the table, mindful of his duty to *watch* as well as *pray*, he deliberately took up his fork, and, stooping over, set it firmly through one of the quarters, and holding it thus asked the blessing. On opening his eyes the wisdom of this masterly precaution was apparent—the other three quarters were gone!

A DASHING young Sophomore of the name of Post, frequently nicknamed Pilaster by his laughter-loving convives, told the following anent his patronymic:

"In our church at home, exactly behind our family pew, is a row of pillars, or posts, supporters to the singers' gallery—no pun. Our old parson was one Sunday impressing the duty of charity toward all men upon his drowsy hearers.

"'Why,' said he, 'a man without charity has no more chance of heaven than one of those *posts*!' pointing toward the row of pillars to which I before alluded; but as the family slip was directly in range, every body supposed he meant my respected relatives, and the whole congregation, in the charity of their hearts, rejoiced greatly thereat."

THERE is something very natural and tenderly beautiful in this little incident:

"Eddie is fair and lovely, with a head of beautiful curls. He is called the beauty boy. All the friends think it is a pity he is not a girl; but I am glad he is a boy, as his papa dwells not on earth, but in a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.

"When Eddie was two years and a half old he came to me one day with a sad face, and said,

"'Mamma, where is mine papa?"

"I told him in heaven. A few days after, we had occasion to use a tall ladder. After we were through with it it was left at the side of the house. Eddie was missed soon afterward; and on looking for him, I found him on the topmost round of the ladder, looking up, and in the sweetest voice, calling,

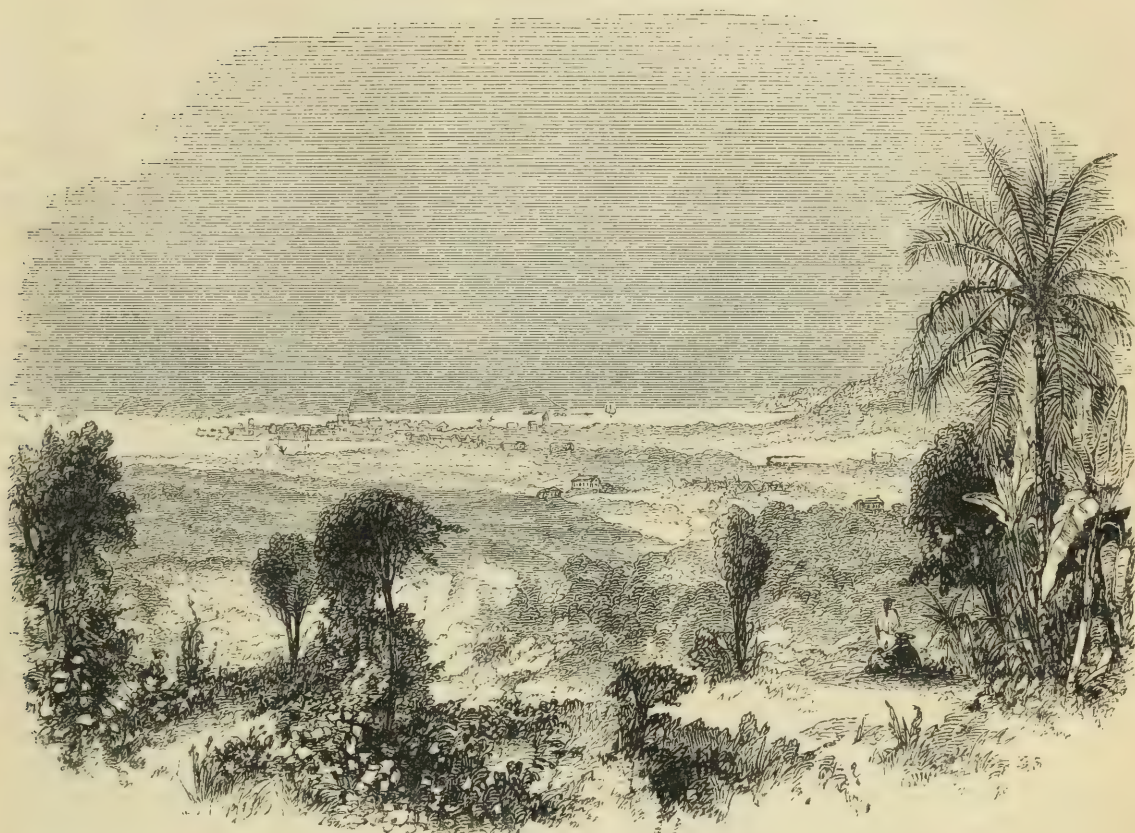
"'Papa! papa! PAPA!'"

"I said, 'My dear, what are you doing up there?'"

"He answered, 'I talking to mine papa in heaven!'"

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. CXII.—SEPTEMBER, 1859.—VOL. XIX.



CITY OF PANAMA.

TROPICAL JOURNEYINGS.—BY ORAN.—PANAMA.

ON the return of Columbus from his third voyage, bringing accounts of the wonderful riches of Paria and the Pearl coast, great excitement prevailed throughout Spain, and people of all classes became filled with a desire to possess themselves of the untold wealth which they deemed needed but their presence to be secured to them. Numerous private expeditions were fitted out under a general privilege from King Ferdinand to explore and colonize the newly-discovered El Dorado. Among these was one under the command of Alonzo de Ojeda, who left Spain in 1499, with four vessels and three hundred men, among whom was the celebrated Amerigo Vespucci, and a lawyer named Martin Fernandez d'Enciso. After various fortunes the command of the expedition devolved upon Enciso, who founded a city at the mouth of the River Darien, in 1510, which, in honor of the Virgin, who was supposed to have saved them from great peril at about that time, he named Santa Maria

de la Antigua. This place was occupied for several years as a rendezvous for the naval and military forces sent out to subdue and plunder the natives of the country, and as a temporary deposit for the riches so accumulated; and was also made the head-quarters of the Church authorities established in the New World. Owing, it is said, to the unhealthiness of the place, the consent of the King was obtained, in 1519, to remove it to the Pacific coast, which had been discovered by Vasco Nuñez six years previous.

The site pitched upon for the new location was situated in $8^{\circ} 57'$ north latitude, and $79^{\circ} 31'$ west longitude, on the shores of a bay discovered by one of the companions of Columbus, named Tello de Guzman, and called *Panama*, from an Indian word signifying a place abounding with fish. In 1521 the city was granted a royal charter by Charles V., with the title "*Very Noble and very Loyal City of Panama.*"

Born from the blood and sinews of the simple

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1859, by Harper and Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

VOL. XIX.—No. 112.—E E

aborigines of that unfortunate country, this "very noble and very loyal city" was fed and nourished by a system of oppression and plunder, the detailed accounts of which, handed down to us by the fearless Peter Martyr and the venerable and truthful Las Casas—Spanish historians of that day—can not be perused, even at this remote period, without horror and detestation of the actors in the enormities with which they teem. It was in this infant city, in 1524, that the celebrated triumvirate Don Francisco Pizarro, Diego de Almagro, and Hernando de Luque, first met to construct their plans for the discovery and conquest of Peru, which added, if possible, a still bloodier page to the records of Spanish-American history.

As the *entrépôt* for the riches of the northern and southern Pacific coasts, Panama, during the next hundred years, grew to be a wealthy and beautiful city, boasting of temples adorned with gold and silver, and pictures of great value, with nunneries, monasteries, and hospitals, and more than seven thousand houses, many of which were of magnificent construction. Surrounding the city were rich plantations and cultivated lands. A paved road connected it with the city and harbor of Porto Bello, then the Atlantic rendezvous for the trade with Old Spain.

Up to the year 1665 the city continued increasing in wealth and importance. At about that time various piratical expeditions were set on foot to despoil the Spanish-American possessions along the Caribbean coast, which resulted in the capture and sacking of several of their richest and most strongly fortified towns.

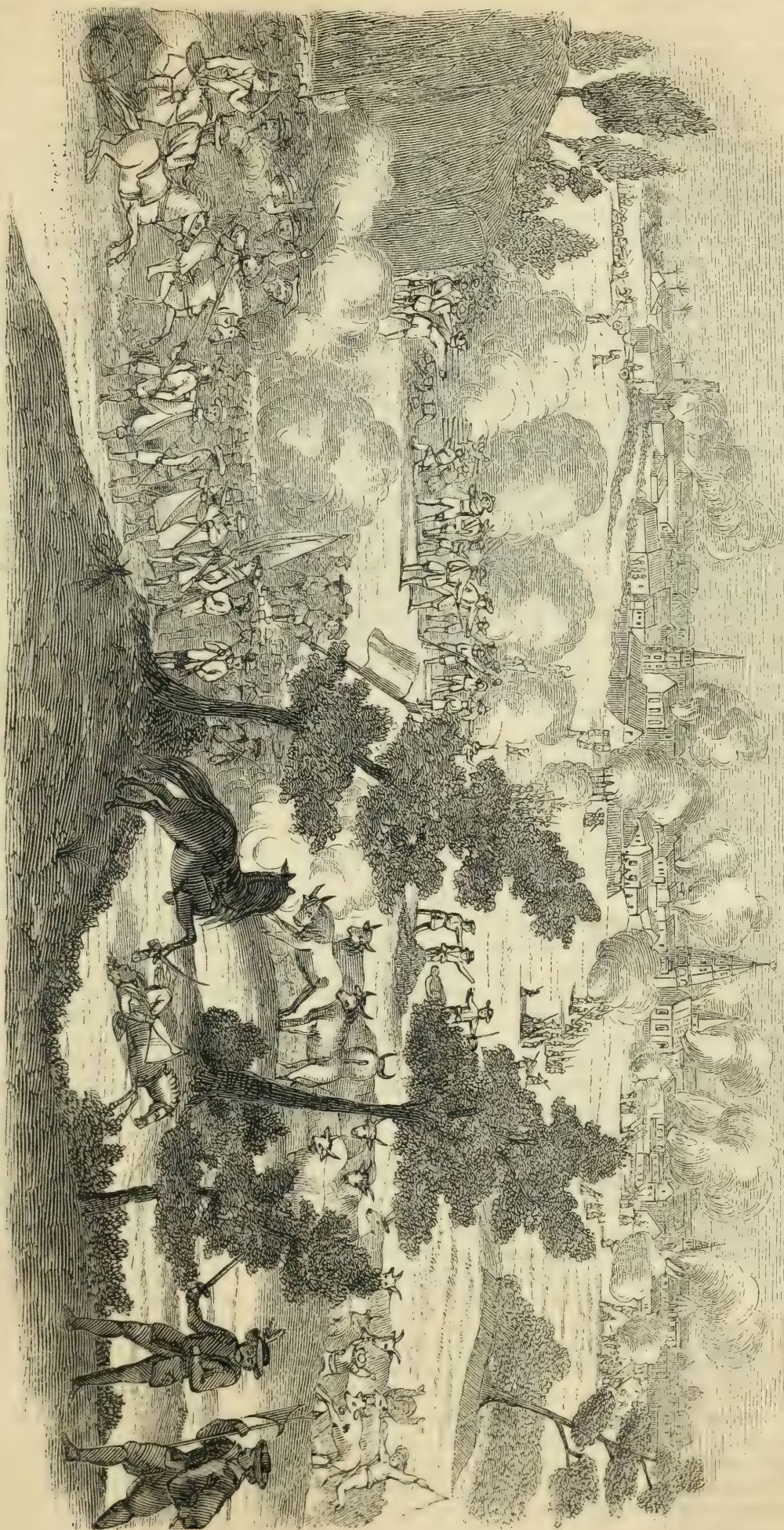
In 1668 Porto Bello was plundered of vast riches and destroyed by the English pirate Sir Henry Morgan, a detailed account of which appears in a previous chapter of these writings. Don Perez de Guzman, then Governor of Panama, had on several occasions sent assistance to the beleaguered towns; but little success, however, attended his arms. During the attack upon Porto Bello he dispatched a large body of soldiers to chastise the bold marauders; but they were speedily routed. The astonishment of the Governor was so great, when he was apprised of the defeat of his troops by a comparatively insignificant number of raw adventurers, that he sent a messenger to Morgan with the request "that he would send him some small pattern of the arms with which he had overcome such odds." Morgan received the messenger very graciously, and gave him a pistol and a few small bullets to carry back to his master, telling him, withal, that he desired him to accept that slender pattern of the arms wherewith he had taken Porto Bello, and keep them for a twelvemonth, after which time he promised to come to Panama and take them away. The Governor returned the present very soon to Captain Morgan, giving him thanks for the favor of lending him such weapons as he needed not; and sent him a ring of gold with this message: "That he desired him not to give himself the labor of coming to Panama as he had done to Porto Bello; for he did assure

him that he should not speed him so well there as he had done at other places."

Notwithstanding the pleasant manner in which the Governor of Panama had declined the honor of his presence, Morgan, after a little more than a year spent in riot and rapine among the lesser towns of the Spanish-American coast, determined to fulfill his promise of visiting Panama; and repairing once more to his favorite rendezvous in Jamaica, he issued a proclamation to all brave men desiring great and easily-gotten wealth, at once to assemble at a given point on the island of Hispaniola (now known as Hayti), where he would unfold to them his plans. So great was the fame of this notable pirate, and such was the confidence in his success in any expedition he might undertake, that within a short period more than two thousand renegades of all nations had assembled at the appointed rendezvous.

Morgan then finding himself in the command of a large body of men and a goodly squadron—numbering no less than thirty-seven vessels—set himself to the task of regulating these heterogeneous forces. First, in order to give some legal color to his proceedings, he issued commissions in the name of the King of England, granting power to each of his captains to commit all manner of hostility and depredation upon the Spanish people; and then, in order to obtain arms and provisions sufficient for his purpose, he proceeded to the island of St. Catherine, which was known to be well fortified and provisioned. This place, though against great odds, he captured, and obtained therefrom all the things of which he stood in need; and also from the prisons on the island he secured three or four bandits well acquainted with the country around Panama to be used as guides. Now the Spaniards had at the mouth of the River Chagres a great castle called San Lorenzo; and as it was through the River Chagres that an enemy having evil designs upon Panama would be most likely to attempt a passage across the Isthmus, it was made strong and garrisoned with their bravest troops. This castle Morgan determined to occupy, in order to secure a safe point of departure for his great enterprise, and to which he might retreat in case of failure. Not wishing his designs upon Panama to be suspected, he sent forward only four hundred men to accomplish this initiatory step.

After waiting a reasonable time, Morgan then proceeded to Chagres with the remainder of his fleet to find his plans entirely successful, his advanced forces having obtained possession of the castle, though with a loss of nearly half their number. He then started up the river in canoes with a force of twelve hundred men, and a large park of artillery, leaving the balance of his forces to garrison the castle and protect the ships. The hardships and sufferings of the pirates during their transit across the Isthmus, as related by one Basil Ringrose (who accompanied Morgan on this expedition, and published an account thereof in 1669), almost surpass belief. In the expectation of finding provisions in the



CAPTURE OF OLD PANAMA BY MORGAN. (Fac-simile of Cut in Ringrose's History, edition of 1659.)

native towns along their route, they went almost totally unprovided with supplies. But they found their coming anticipated, the inhabitants having fled, after destroying their provisions and laying waste their fields; and the invaders were reduced to such straits that even the leathern bags used for storing grain were greedily devoured by them.

At length, after nine days of toil, suffering, and danger—exhausted, though not disheartened—they arrived at the summit of a little eminence from whence they descried the towers and steeples of Panama, and there encamped for the night. Toward evening a large body of horsemen came out from the city, sounding their trumpets and crying defiance to the pirates; but they soon returned, without venturing any attack. Through the whole night the great guns of the city were continually fired at the camp of the invaders, but the distance was so great that but little harm was done; for, according to Ringrose, “after having feasted upon the bulls and horses which they had taken in the vicinity, they laid themselves down to sleep with great repose and satisfaction, awaiting only with impatience the dawning of the next day.”

Early on the following morning Morgan set his forces in motion toward the city. They had not proceeded far when, ascending a small hill, the Governor of Panama was discovered, with all his forces, advancing to meet them with a display so formidable that the pirates began to fear sudden and utter destruction; there being no less than twenty-four hundred foot-soldiers, and four hundred horsemen, besides about sixty Indians and negroes, in charge of two thousand wild bulls to be driven upon the ranks of the enemy. But however much the buccaneers might have repented their purpose, retreat was no longer possible. The remembrance of the bitter cruelties practiced upon the Spaniard on previous occasions assuring them that no quarter would be shown in case of defeat, they were nerved with the strength of desperation to engage these fearful odds.

At the first onset, so fierce and resistless was their charge, that the cavalry of the Panameños, which bore the brunt, was greatly worsted. Their infantry was then brought forward to support the horse; but nothing could stem the headlong fierceness of the buccaneers, who rushed upon them, encouraging one another with savage cries. The poor Spaniards, whose experience in warfare had been heretofore with the simple and easily vanquished Indians, were terror-stricken at the havoc made by the well-directed fires and the skillful and impetuous charges of the pirates; and, after a feeble resistance, they fell back upon their last resort, and attempted to drive their wild bulls upon the ranks of the enemy. But even these were speedily repulsed, and the infuriated beasts turned against their owners, who, now thoroughly disheartened, threw down their arms and fled, the victors pursuing them with great slaughter to the very gates of the city. But here they were

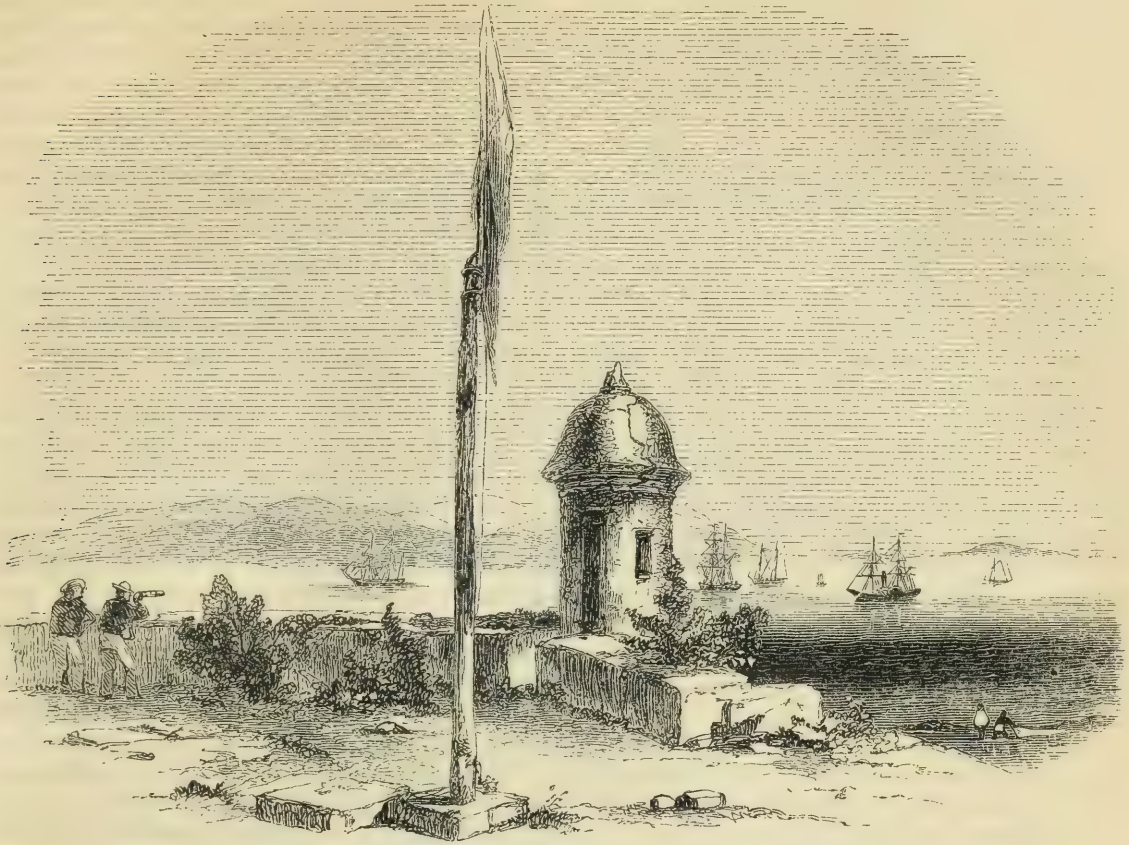
forced to come to a pause, for the great guns which had been planted upon the walls and in the avenues to the gates poured forth their fires so effectively that many of their number were slain. Nothing daunted, Morgan, gathering his remaining forces, made a descent upon another portion of the walls not so well protected, and, after several hours of desperate fighting, succeeded in entering the city and forcing the enemy to yield.

Then followed an indiscriminate butchery of all who attempted resistance or flight. Many, however, of the better portion of the inhabitants, with the priests and nuns, and much of their wealth, had taken refuge on board vessels in the harbor before the issue of the battle, and so escaped.

Among the vessels was one containing the king's plate and jewels; intelligence of which soon coming to the buccaneers, infuriated them greatly; and having no other means of revenge, they set the more savagely upon the poor wretches that were left, committing upon them brutalities too hideous to be told. Neither age nor sex was spared. The whole city was given over to rapine and pillage. The greater portion, including the churches, the public buildings, and the most costly private dwellings, was burned. Nor were the buccaneers content with this, but daily sent out foraging parties to plunder and destroy the country seats in the vicinity, bringing back their occupants, who were then imprisoned and inhumanly tortured until they produced a sufficient ransom, or were released from their sufferings by an agonizing death.

For a space of three weeks did these renegades revel in diabolical wantonness, until, having secured all the portable wealth of the city, they departed for Chagres, taking with them “one hundred and seventy-five mules, laden with gold and silver and precious goods, besides six hundred men, women, children, and slaves.” So utter was the destruction of that great and beautiful city, that when its miserable fugitives returned to it they could no longer find any place of shelter; and so disheartened were they by their great sufferings and losses that they had no courage to rebuild, assured that it would only serve again to attract the avarice of the remorseless pirate.

When tidings of these events reached Spain the King immediately sent orders to have the city removed to a more defensible locality, and rebuilt in such a manner as to defy future assaults, the expenses thereof to be defrayed by the Crown. In accordance with the King's edict a site was chosen on a rocky peninsula at the base of a high volcanic mountain, called Ancon, four miles to the westward of the old city. There, in 1671, the foundation of the present city was laid. This peninsula (said to have been formed by the lava thrown out by Ancon, in the ancient times) was about half a mile in length, by a quarter in breadth, and protected to seaward by great coral reefs, which extended out for nearly a mile on every side.



VIEW FROM THE RAMPARTS, LOOKING TOWARD SITE OF THE ANCIENT CITY.

These, though an incalculable drawback upon the commercial interests of the place, gave this people what they had come to desire above all things else—to wit, protection from the ruthless filibusters.

The entire site was surrounded by a wall from twenty to forty feet in height, and so massive and costly that the Spanish Council, who audited the drafts of the Panameños for its erection, in affright at their magnitude, wrote demanding to know “whether they were being builded of silver or of gold.” Forts and watch-towers were erected upon the ramparts, and a deep wide moat cut off the city from the main land. The modes of entrance and exit were by massive gates on the northern, eastern, and western sides. The expense of the entire works was said to have exceeded six millions of dollars.

The golden tide from the southern coast and from the islands of the Pacific still continued to pour into its coffers, but with less force and rapidity than in the former times; so that, though the city was rebuilt and comparatively secure—though it boasted of its cathedral, its score of churches, its colleges, rich warehouses, and princely dwellings—it never attained to the wealth and magnificence of the old. It was, however, a source of much wealth to the crown of Spain until the year 1739, when it was almost totally destroyed by fire. Originally constructed of wood, it was rebuilt of stone: but scarcely twenty years elapsed before it was again burned down; and in 1784 a third conflagration swept over the ill-fated city and almost completely destroyed it.

These calamities following upon each other so rapidly, combined with its gradually declining trade, soon completed the ruin of this once noted and powerful city; so that by 1821, when the United Provinces declared their independence, not a single blow was struck to contest for the sovereignty of her impoverished and fallen greatness.

A little life was still kept up in the ruined town through its pearl fishery and the scanty agricultural resources of the province; and a little trade was still carried on with the Island of Jamaica, from whence its foreign goods were imported; but even these were gradually decreasing up to the year 1849, when the discovery of gold in California, and its accompanying emigration from the United States and Europe crossing the Isthmus at this point, gave a sudden and unexpected impetus to business. Besides the enormous rates for transportation of passengers and goods from Chagres to Panama, hundreds of travelers (detained often for months at this place before they could find means to pursue their journey) paid usurious tribute to the newly-awakened resources of the place; and prospects were held out that its ancient importance and splendor were about to be revived. But on the completion of the railroad in 1855 this ephemeral trade was swept away, and business once more relapsed into its former stagnant condition.

But while thus apparently sweeping away the prospect of immediate resuscitation and speedy opulence, the successful working of the railroad soon developed other and more substan-

tial resources upon which to base hopes of coming prosperity. The whole of Central America, that from pure plethora had been dull and sluggish for centuries for the simple reason that no outlet was found to discharge its surplus wealth, now presented a full and throbbing vein to the commercial world demanding immediate depletion; and after seeking in vain for men willing to be enriched by undertaking the operation, the railroad company themselves, from sheer necessity, played the good physician to this apoplectic country. A line of steamers was established by them, touching at all the ports of western Central America as high up as San José de Guatemala.

Then came proofs that these countries were not dead, as many believed, but torpid; and after a feeble, uncertain trickling for a few months, there came from each a steady flow of the rich products of those regions—cochineal, indigo, coffee, sugar, hides, etc.—all of which came to the port of Panama for transit; and thus was developed a healthy and growing trade, which has continued increasing up to the present time, and bids fair, at no distant period, to realize for the Panameños their golden hopes.

Passing through the railway dépôt, and from thence directly onward to the sandy beach of the bay of Panama, about fifty yards distant, a beautiful panorama opened to our view. On our left were the warehouses and the long, covered wharf of the railroad company. Beyond them a white sandy beach swept around a quarter circle of a couple of miles, skirted by tangled masses of foliage interspersed with groups of cocoa-trees. A ridge of high and broken but heavily-wooded land rose up behind, sloping

down to the eastward toward the peaceful ocean that stretched out to the horizon before us. On our right the city, high-walled and turreted, stood boldly out into the ocean, like Balboa of old, as if still claiming dominance over the limitless expanse—no longer bristling with defiant cannon, nor decked with the flaunting colors of the *Conquistador*, but deserted, crumbling, and grass-grown, “mellowed into harmony by time.” Within the walls a mass of high-tiled roofs, with here and there a dilapidated tower or pearl-shelled spire, glinted by the departing sunshine, completed a scene as beautiful and picturesque as any I had ever beheld.

In the cool of the brief tropical twilight we pursued our way toward the city through the *Cienega*—a filthy native suburb, the scene of the terrible massacre of Americans in April, 1856, at which time a blood-thirsty horde of natives, aided and abetted by the local authorities, set upon the California passengers in transit, wantonly murdering and mutilating scores of men, women, and children, and committing robberies to the amount of more than a hundred thousand dollars; for which, up to this day, our Government, with inexplicable indifference, has delayed to enforce just retribution. The squalid appearance of the huts, and the numerous scantily-dressed and by no means amiable-looking natives, lounging around or gathered at rude gambling boards, risking their *quartillos* and drinking *aguardiente*, coupled with the noisome atmosphere in the vicinity, made me rejoice when a quarter of a mile was passed, and, ascending a small hill, we came to the north-western gate of the city.



ON THE NORTHEASTERN BEACH.

The deep moat by which this entrance had once been protected was filled up, and the outer wall demolished; but the main wall and entrance, though battered and moss-grown, still retained a formidable appearance. Through this gateway we entered into a narrow-paved street. On either side were dingy stone houses, three or four stories high, whose rickety balconies and vegetating walls bespoke their antiquity, and the indifference or poverty of present owners. Opening on the narrow sidewalks were occasional shops filled with a confused mass of odd commodities—fruits and liquors predominating.

A couple of minutes' walk brought us to the Aspinwall House, and we finished the evening with an excellent supper served in the European style, and a quiet smoke on the third-floor balcony, which overhung the main street of the city. The Aspinwall House was a large, gloomy-looking stone building, four stories in height, toler-

ably clean, and very well conducted by a shrewd Frenchman, with half a score of German boys under his command. The rooms were arranged on the social system—half a dozen cots in each. Fortunately for us the guests were few, and a choice of the best netting and the softest sacking, with the luxury of occasional change as the couch waxed hot and mosquitoes multiplied, gave comfortable sleep to us all.

I was up betimes on the following morning, for by the gray of dawn there commenced such an unearthly din as was never heard out of this venerable city. If the reader can imagine a matter of fifty sugar kettles vigorously and promiscuously smitten with fifty paving stones by fifty frantic urchins, he may be able to appreciate the clatter with which I was saluted on awaking. It was some saint's day (almost all days are saints' days in Panama), and the broken and clapperless chimes of a dozen ruined churches were



STREET IN PANAMA.



THE CATHEDRAL.

yielding their vibrations to the virtue of stones and stout Catholic arms. In the brief intervals of the chimes, ascertaining that the inhabitants of the streets below were stirring, I descended for a stroll about the city.

In the dim light of the previous evening I had been struck with the antique and peculiar style of the streets and people; but could not realize, as now, the entire novelty of every thing around. The narrowness of the cobble-paved streets, scarce a dozen feet in width, the sidewalks not exceeding two; the high Moresque houses, massively built, with rudely ornamented balconies and stuccoed walls, with ponderous iron-studded doors, and iron-grated windows, and, withal, a look of great age and shabbiness about them, reminding one that the former days were not as now. Numbers of natives, swarthy and stalwart, trudging by under loads of different kinds of produce from the country, or riding scrawny little mules that looked ready to break down under their double freight; water-carriers, each with a brace of kegs on either side of the mule's back, the lazy owner astride the haunches of the patient but unlucky little brute; now a tall gowned priest, with his broad shovel hat, passed by; or a party of tawny, black-eyed women, with

the *rebozo* thrown gracefully over their heads, on their way to mass.

Proceeding down the main street for a hundred yards I came to the *Plaza de Catedral*, or great square of the city. On the western side of this stood the Cathedral, a huge stone and stucco pile, at least two hundred feet in length, by a hundred and fifty in breadth. The façade, which fronted the Plaza, was decorated with bronze figures of Christ and the Apostles, and surmounted by two lofty towers and spires, the latter incrustated with shells of the pearl oyster, which glistened like polished silver. Through the open arched spaces of the towers several large bells were visible; also several native boys performing upon them, after a manner previously alluded to.

As the Cathedral was open I entered and was struck with the lofty and spacious proportions of the interior. Four rows of massive composite columns united by Roman arches divided off the aisles and supported the roof. The floor was of brick, and scrupulously swept. In the nave, near the main entrance, was a large mahogany latticed inclosure for the choir, which on this occasion consisted of a single individual, tall and dark skinned, habited in black flowing serge

gown, and having a little shaved spot upon his crown about the size of a tea-cup. This friar, as I took him to be, walked up and down the inclosure, chanting with a fine baritone voice the responses for a priest officiating before an altar at the opposite end of the Cathedral. In proceeding thither I observed along the wall occasional shrines decorated with silver ornaments and artificial flowers, containing life-size figures of notable saints. There were altars at the end of each aisle adorned with a profuse display of silver, in the shape of candlesticks and emblems, and a greater and richer at the end of the nave. Two priests, one black and the other white, officiated at the side altars. The devotees, twenty or thirty in number, kneeled promiscuously about the entire building; some on the bare bricks, and others on mats or little chairs brought for the purpose. The majority were females, their heads draped with the dark lace veils of the higher class, or the graceful *rebozo* of the common people. Some worshiped with arms outstretched, and others prostrate with their foreheads to the floor, giving quite an Oriental character to the scene, and forcibly suggesting the semi-Moorish origin of the Spanish race.

The Cathedral was probably built about the

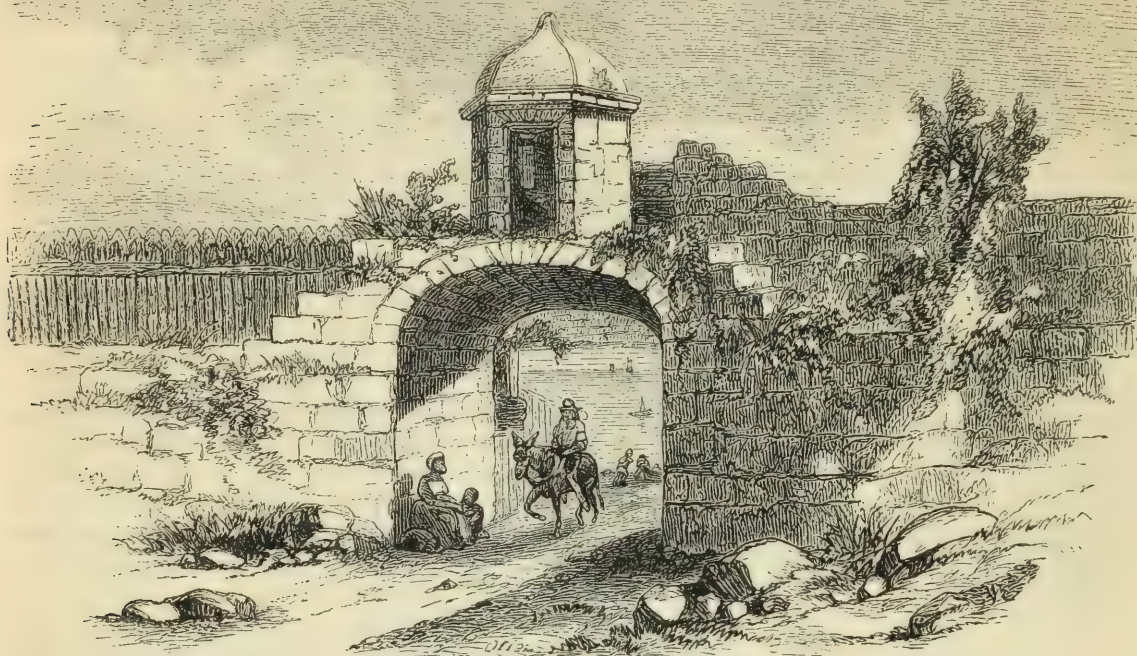
year 1750, and, according to the inscription carved over the main entrance, was founded by "Doctor Don Francisco Xavier y Luna Vitoria, most worthy Bishop of Panama."

The characters after "Panama," of which there were several, were too indistinct to be accurately rendered. Dr. Don Francisco Xavier y Luna Vitoria, a negro, is spoken of in a history of that time as "a citizen of Panama—exceedingly charitable—a doer of good—founder of the University of San Xavier—presented a Bishop of his country in 1751, and promoted to Trapillo in Peru, in 1759."

On the southern side of the Plaza stood the *Cabildo*, or Government House, a simple and substantial stone structure of two stories with a columnar arched front, well stuccoed and white-washed. The lower story was devoted to merchandising, while in the upper were the Legislative Halls and Council Chambers of the State and city. The remaining sides of the Plaza were occupied by high stone buildings—dwellings above and stores below—the universal arrangement in Panama, with, I believe, the single exception of a large building on the northern side occupied by the office of the *Panama Star and Herald*, the English newspaper of Spanish-



THE CABILDO.



GATE OF THE MONKS.

America, to the kindness of whose editors I am indebted for much information concerning this region. The main street by which I had entered the Plaza crossed its centre and terminated at *Postiga de las Monjas*, or the Gate of the Monks, which pierced the heavy wall surrounding the city and opened upon the beach. On the right was the Agency of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, evidently antique, but well renovated; its balcony teeming with cultivated plants and flowers. On the left a massive time-worn stone building—the Convent of Las Consebinas—the last of the numerous establishments of the kind that once flourished in Panama, and this in so dilapidated and forlorn a condition that but a few more years must place it among the things that were. The nuns who have been its occupants for near half a century—now only four in number, old and decrepit—may safely be written as the last of the nuns of Panama.

Passing through the gate, the tide—which at this place has an average rise and fall of near twenty feet—then at its lowest point, had exposed a stretch of dark coral reef extending out into the bay for half a mile, inviting the scrutiny of any one at all interested in the curious and beautiful developments of marine production; and in spite of the heat and glare of a burning sun, I spent a delightful hour in exploring the rugged fissures and sandy nooks with which the reef abounds. Curious crabs scampered from me at every step. There is one whose claws are blue, purple, and white, and whose flesh is a dainty treat for the epicure. There was the

cuttle-fish, whose power of ejecting a dark fluid, discoloring the surrounding water, often enables it to escape pursuit. There were star-fish, shrimp of enormous size, and many other varieties of crustacea. Among many rare shells were the Cypria, the Olivia, the bearded Pinna, and that far-famed variety of oyster whose patulous tissues in deeper waters yield the pearl. Adhering to the rocks, or buried in the sands, were many more varieties beyond my conchological knowledge. In the little pools flourished the most beautiful anemones of sea-green, purple, and scarlet; variously-colored corals; and many exquisite varieties of algæ.

Returning to breakfast at nine o'clock (the usual hour for the morning meal in this country), I met and made the acquaintance of several of the American and English residents of Panama; and I beg to be excused the digression in here avowing my belief that there are few places in the world where a stranger will meet with more hospitality and unselfish kindness than among the foreign residents of Panama.

The remainder of my first day was spent in sketching among the picturesque ruins of the Church and Convent of San Domingo, an establishment built in 1678, and burned in 1761. This church was, in its palmy days, one of the largest and richest of the religious edifices of Panama; and was commended to my particular inspection on account of a remarkably flat arch it was said to contain. The entrance to it was by a narrow lane running to the southward from the main street, nearly opposite the nunnery.

The lane terminated in a blacksmith's shop, located in a part of the eastern transept of the church. Passing through this into what had evidently been a fine garden, but which now contained only a few untrimmed orange and lime trees and a mass of tangled undergrowth, my companion (a Panemeño, who was kindly acting as my cicerone) knocked at the door of a forlorn-looking house adjoining. The summons was answered by an old mulatto woman who had charge of a small chapel, still in use, which was once attached to the Convent of San Domingo, and who was accustomed to afford strangers an ingress into the ruined church—for a consideration. Following her across the garden or court we came to the foliage-hidden, crumbling, and vegetating walls of the church, and passing through a small rickety wooden door, were ushered at once into the body of the ruins.

A noble edifice it must once have been; about a hundred feet in length, by fifty in breadth. The walls were of massive stone, between three and four feet in thickness, perforated by numerous high-arched windows, and spanned by six lofty arches, which once supported the roof. These, as well as the floor and sides of the building, were almost completely covered by shrubs, vines, and parasites, presenting a sight that could not fail to charm the lover of the antique and the picturesque. Separating the main edifice from what seemed to have been the porch was a massive brick arch, about twenty feet in height and of forty feet span, having a perpendicular radius at its key-stone of not more than two feet; and yet this remarkable architectural specimen had stood the test of nearly two centu-

ries, besides an ordeal by fire in 1761. On one side of the porch, half-buried in dirt and rubbish, were several bells of different sizes—bright, and free from rust, but broken and battered, probably at the time of their fall from the towers when the church was destroyed. On the opposite side were two of the largest, still in good condition, elevated to a height of six or eight feet upon rude sticks of timber, with raw-hide thongs attached to their tongues, in evidence that they were still occasionally used.

The history of this church and its chime of bells has a peculiar interest, on account of the manner in which the funds were raised for their construction. Shortly after the foundation of the new city the then Queen of Spain was said to have invited the ladies of her court to a grand entertainment. They were also solicited to bring with them such sums of money as their religious feelings might prompt and their means allow, for the founding of the Church and Convent of San Domingo, in the new City of Panama. So successful did this ancient donation party prove, that by means thereof was erected one of the most extensive and costly religious establishments in the New World. And again, when the time came for the casting of the chime of bells to swing in the towers of this noble charity, people of all classes—the poor as well as the rich—were summoned to be present at its casting, and were privileged then to cast into the molten mass such precious metals as they felt disposed to give, in order to secure for the bells a greater clearness and sweetness of tone. According to the tradition, a right royal assemblage was gathered around the cupola at the appointed time. The



RUINS OF CHURCH OF SAN DOMINGO.



ARCH IN CHURCH OF SAN DOMINGO.

Queen, with her numerous retinue, attired in costliest silks and sparkling with jewels; rich merchants and artisans, with their wives and daughters, decked in gala-day costume; and the church dignitaries, with their gold-embroidered robes and glittering paraphernalia—all gathered around the embryotic chime, full of zeal to sweeten the matin and vesper call for the denizens of that far-off land. Soon the ceremony of blessing the metal commenced. Upon an exhortation from the priest each of the goodly assemblage, according to their rank and means, or the measure of their enthusiasm, pressed forward to throw in some bits of coin or silver plate. Ere long the greatest excitement ensued; ladies tore off their golden ornaments and flung them into the boiling metal. Badges of distinction and precious mementos of affection were sacrificed in the wild enthusiasm that prevailed. So the bells were made and christened; and it is said that, when hung, none other could vie with them in sonorousness and clear silvery tone. They are still held in high esteem by their present possessors; and although many have essayed their purchase, their value as ancient and holy relics is too great to warrant much hope of their ever falling into the hands of the sacri-

legious speculator. Toward evening, resuming my rambles, I followed the street in front of our hotel (*Calle de Geraldo*) southward, passing the ruins of the great collegiate establishment erected by the Jesuits in 1738, but which, on account of troubles in the order, was never entirely completed; but it still gave evidence of being once a magnificent structure. Covering an area of at least a hundred yards square, its massive walls, full fifty feet in height, though covered within and without with rank vegetation, seemed to stand, after a lapse of more than a century, as firm and as perfect as on the day they were laid. A couple of hundred yards further brought me to the ramparts. The walls were here from twenty to thirty feet in height and about ten in breadth, protected on their outer margin by a breast-high parapet, with circular watch-towers placed on the bastions two or three hundred yards apart. Dilapidated, and fast crumbling under the "silent tooth of time" and the ceaseless dash of waters at their base, they still gave evidence of having been the work of a people, mighty in wealth, determined to make their strong-hold impregnable. Watch-tower, parapet, and curtain, down to the coral rocks at the base, were embossed with parti-colored li-



REMAINS OF THE JESUIT COLLEGE.

chens and parasites, giving beautiful contrasts in color with the light gray stone; while here and there masses of graceful vines, draping the fissured walls and fretted towers, gave to the ramparts an air of picturesque beauty which I had seldom seen surpassed.

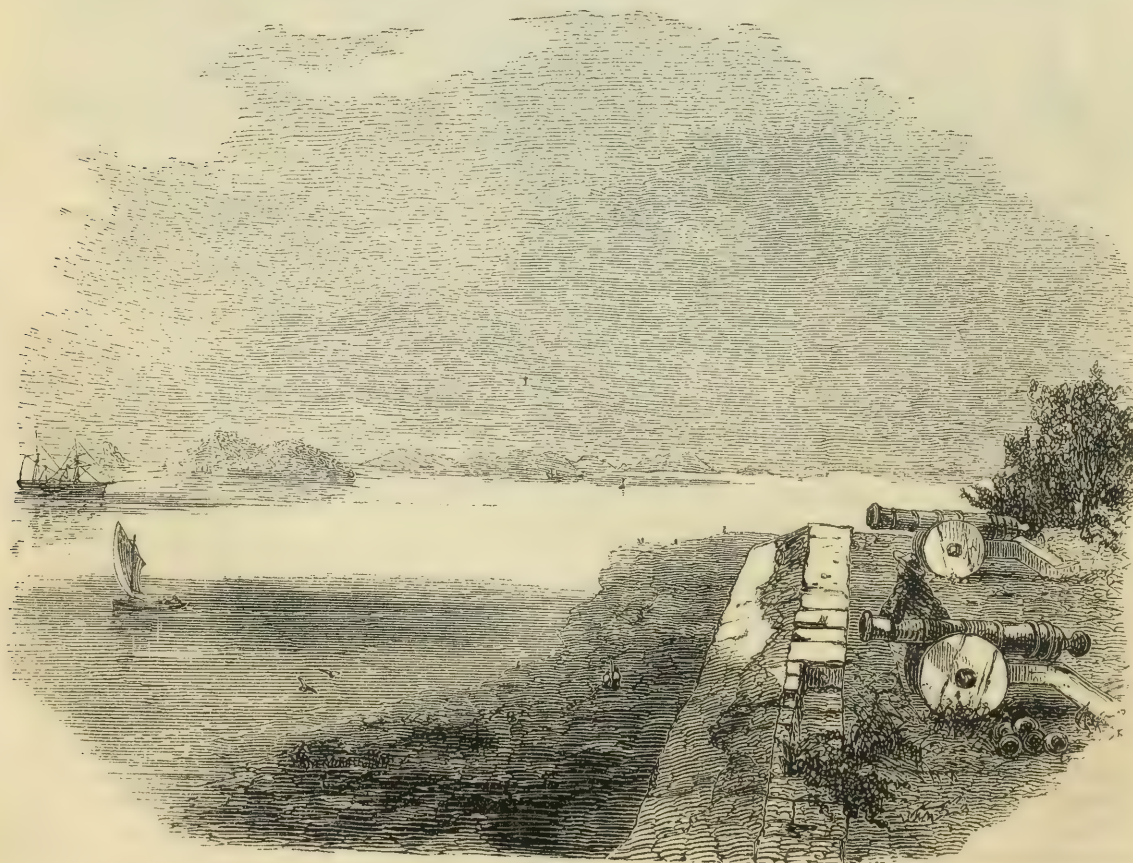
At the extreme southeastern extremity of the ramparts, turning toward the north, the wall expanded into a wide esplanade several hundred yards in length, behind which, on a plain twenty feet below, the arsenal, the prison buildings, and government barracks were situated. Half a dozen barefooted soldiers were parading about the barrack yard, musket in hand; and a dozen or two villainous-looking faces peering from the rusty grates of the prison windows gave evidence of present occupation, which, from its dilapida-

ted and neglected appearance, would otherwise have seemed improbable. In striking contrast with this was the scene upon the esplanade—the favorite evening promenade for the *bon ton* of the city. Bevvies of dark-eyed señoritas, habited in the gauziest tissues, their heads dressed with the inevitable but ever-graceful vail, sauntered up and down the *paseo*. Here was a group reclining on the grass around a youthful caballero tinkling his guitar, and there a love-lorn couple leaning over the outer parapet, mutually absorbed in each other, or mayhap in the contemplation of the beautiful ocean that shimmered under the rising moon to the horizon before them. In truth, it was a view to gladden the eye of a painter or poet. On the right, half a league distant, lay the favorite haunts of

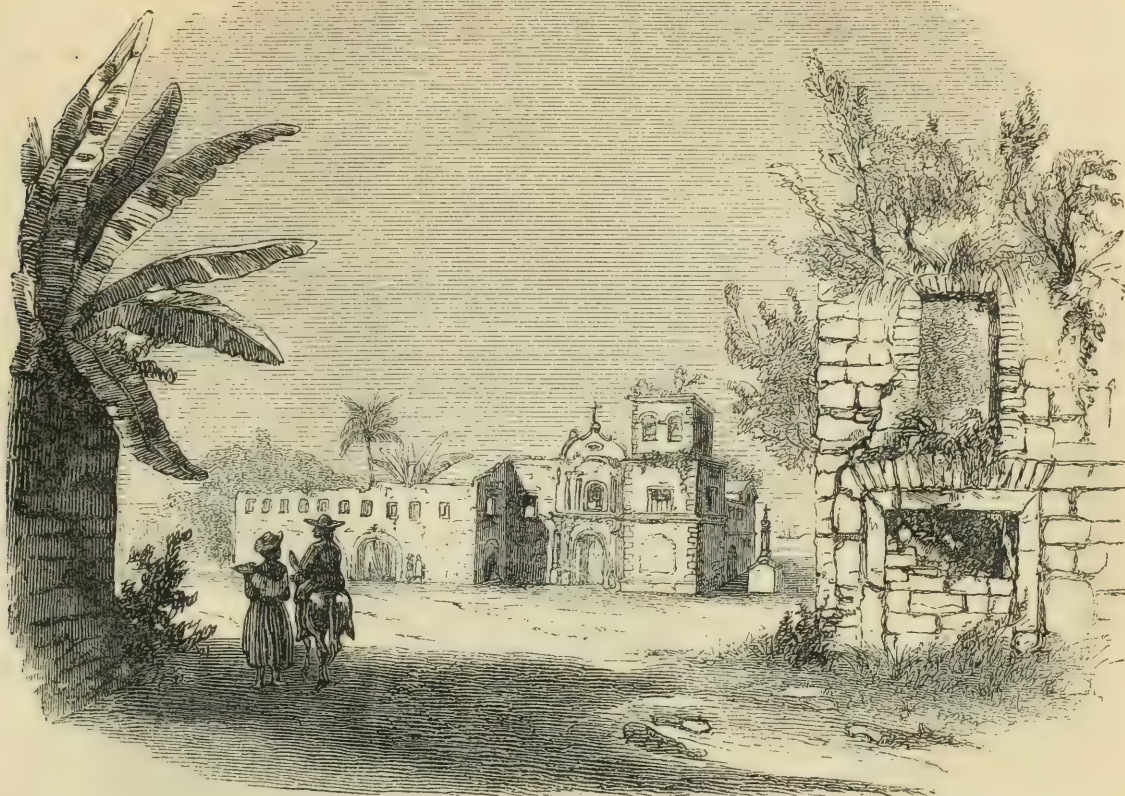


SOUTHEASTERN RAMPART.

the buccaneers in the olden times; a group of verdant islands, bold and picturesque in form; the palms on their summits standing out in strong relief against the sky beyond. Now be-
 tween them peacefully nestled the steamships of the California line; and on their left the dark hulls and tall tapering masts of several American men-of-war swinging lazily at their anchors.



RAMPARTS.



RUINS OF CATHEDRAL AND CONVENT OF SAN FRANCISCO.



END OF THE JESUIT COLLEGE.

On the extreme left a long, dark point of land stretched out, the site of the ancient city: one massive tower alone lifted its broken summit up into the moonlight to mark a spot once the wonder and envy of the world.

At the terminus of the esplanade, descending into a contiguous street—*Calle de San Francisco*—and following it to the northward for a couple of hundred yards, I came into a large Plaza of the same name, upon the eastern side of which were situated the ruined church and monastery of San Francisco, once the largest religious establishment in Panama. Tall forest trees towered up within the lofty walls, proclaiming their years of desolation, but giving likewise the promise of increased prosperity for a people whose submission to priestly rule and exaction in times past gave to their declining fortunes a headlong impetus; but who, a few years since, by the bold legislative action of a few independent spirits, threw off the weight of their burdens, and turned into their legitimate channels large revenues which had previously found their way into the coffers of the Church.

Without taxing the reader's patience farther to follow the details of my peregrinations about the city, I shall simply mention those things that appeared to me most noteworthy during the remainder of my stay in the place.

While its general appearance was that of dilapidation and neglect, I encountered not a few really fine modern buildings, chief among which was one occupied by Mr. Corwine, the American consul. This was a fine specimen of the square Italian architecture, built of stone, with



SANTA ANA.

ornamental iron balconies and frescoed corners, said to have been erected at a cost of forty thousand dollars. Many of the streets gave evidence of recent repair. Mercantile business (which is mostly in the hands of foreigners, and embraces almost every conceivable variety of merchandise in each establishment) seemed more brisk and extensive than a passing traveler would be led to suppose. With a population of scarcely ten thousand people, not less than six Spanish newspapers are published, besides the *Star and Herald*, which is both English and Spanish.

The national amusements of the Spanish people are still retained at Panama. Bull-fighting (or rather bull-baiting, for with the Panameños the animal is seldom killed), cock-fighting, and horse-racing are standard sports. Toward the close of each day parties of pleasure sally out to enjoy a *pasear*, or short excursion, into the country on horseback and in carriages. The latter are an innovation recently introduced by *los Yankees*; and it is a pleasant as well as a curious sight to see, among the diminutive native ponies and the prancing and curveting barbs from Mexico and Peru, a solid, straight-trotting American nag whirling a Gotham buggy after him. Even an actual Gotham omnibus, drawn by a pair of mules

(*bona fide*), may be seen lumbering along in the train; for every evening such a vehicle starts from the Aspinwall House for *Cerro de los Buccaneros*, to give those who lack other opportunity a chance to enjoy the outside air.

The *pasear* to *Cerro de los Buccaneros* is well worth taking, as your narrator—once a passenger in the above-named omnibus—can truly testify. Emerging from the city proper by what was once the western gate, but which the march of improvement has tumbled into the adjacent moat, and left a fine broad street instead, we enter the parish of Santa Aña, the great suburb of the city, which contains the ruins of a large church, a spacious Plaza, and a long street extending for a full quarter of a mile to the north of the city walls. The houses have high balconies and spacious colonnades, but are now sadly dilapidated. Then we pass on over a broad graveled track, made upon the remains of the old paved way that, in ancient times, connected Panama with the city of Porto Bello. On either side are the simple cane huts of the natives, who scarcely lift their eyes to us as we rattle by. Little attention we get, except from the yelping curs and naked children that scamper out of our way. Thus we proceed for more

than a mile, with the rich skirting of orange-tree, banana, and palm waving in the cool evening breeze from the sea, which opens on our right, broad and beautiful, through occasional meadowy openings; while on the other hand are rolling savanna, palm-topped hill, and distant mountain bathed in that golden haze that Church has so truthfully depicted in his "Andes of Ecuador," awakening the dullest sense into admiration of the beauties that nature has lavished upon this intertropical land.

Leaving the paved road on our left, another half mile brings us to the foot of "*Cerro de los Buccaneros*" (that hill from which freebooter Morgan first feasted his eyes upon the "Golden City"), once a tangled wilderness, now a beautiful garden. At length dismounting from our vehicle, we enter a large gate, and commence the ascent of the hill by one of half a dozen broad paths, overshadowed with plantain-trees, that diverge from the gate. Thousands of green and golden pine-apples (of dimensions that those unfamiliar with the fruit in this region would scarcely credit) shoot up out of their prickly settings along the path. These alternate with patches of luxuriant sugar-cane, banana, and plantain-trees, until, after various symmetrical windings and turnings, we arrive at a little circular thatched arbor on the summit of the hill. My pen would fail me in the attempt to describe the beauty of the scene which there stretches out to the horizon in every direction. The ocean with its islands, the city, Mount Ancon, and the beautiful intervening valley, are on one side;

on the other are dense tropical forests, covering hill and dale, back to the distant ranges of mountains, behind which the sun is setting in a blaze of glory. We descend the hill to a little rustic cottage by the gate, where the two dimes' entrance is returned in pine-apples, freshly plucked and yellower than gold.

On the evening previous to my intended departure from Panama, Mr. P——, an artist from New York, and myself, under the generous guidance of Mr. Boyd of the *Star and Herald*, projected a visit to the site of the ancient city of Panama, some seven miles distant. On the following morning at sunrise we three sallied forth on horseback from the northwestern gate. The bay shore, which was reached by a short and abrupt descent, presented an animated scene. Numbers of native bongoes, laden with fish and other articles, were drawn up on the beach or anchored near. Householders of all classes were gathered around purchasing their daily supply. The surrounding waters still abound, as in the ancient times, with the finest varieties of fish. Spanish mackerel, corbenas, bonitas, craw-fish, shrimp, and oysters, were displayed in abundance. The vessels of the fishermen were very novel and picturesque in appearance. Varying in length from twenty to forty feet, and in breadth from two to six—the largest said to be capable of carrying from thirty to forty tons burden—they were in all cases formed from the trunk of a single tree, hollowed out and pointed at either end, uniformly clean lined and graceful in shape. They have usually a little cabin aft, thatched



NATIVE BONGO.



ANCIENT BRIDGE, AT OLD PANAMA.

over with palm leaves, two or three masts, and divers odd sails of rude shape and material. Primitive and unique as they are in appearance, with a native crew they are said to be among the safest and fleetest boats in the world.

Passing through the Cienega, and by the buildings and wharves of the Railroad and Steamship Companies, we soon struck the sandy seashore, over which we galloped for a couple of miles. Our horses were fleet and mettlesome, and the broad beach was white as marble and almost as smooth and hard, while the clear water of the Pacific coquetted with our chargers' feet as we dashed along in the cool and exhilarating morning air; and then a sunrise that threw our artist friend into ecstasies. But this was too fine to last; so there came a mass of heavy black

rocks—"fine foreground for a sea-view," as my friend remarked, but decidedly unpleasant to scramble over, as we found. Then for a while we followed a picturesque tide-water stream, among mangroves so low and stout that sharp dodging alone saved our necks. A mile of this brought us out upon the plains of Petillo—a fine rolling meadow, skirted with thick woodland and dotted with cattle.

Half a league more, and we came again upon the beach, half a mile wide, with masses of black rock, and scarce half a handbreath of reliable footing to the rod. These rocks, along which we rode for a couple of miles, were a species of conglomerate, evidently of not very early date; for many boulders contained marine shells, still unchanged in color, deeply imbedded in their

surface, and occasionally masses of agate and jasper. Farther onward still stronger evidences of recent origin were visible; for, as we rounded a steep headland, and the great tower of the old city came into view—across what at high-tide might have been called a bay, but which at low-water was apparently a square mile of black mud—this rock was met in every stage of formation, from the solid rock to the soft mud yielding under our horses' feet. The different varieties were so exactly similar to the eye that oft-

en our horses settled up to their fetlocks in what seemed solid rock, and again would strike unyieldingly upon apparent mud. Perfect footprints of men and animals were said to have been found in the firm stone. But while we discovered none of these, frequent solid ripples—the washings of the highest wave of a tide—were distinct and unmistakable.

Skirting along the shore of this rock-making bay, near its head we espied a narrow arched entrance of stone, almost hidden by trees and



TOWER OF SAN JEROME.



MARCO AT HOME.

shrubs that grew from its surface. It proved to be a small viaduct, over which the old Panama and Porto Bello paved road passed, and was just outside the city proper. After riding through it we dismounted, and while Mr. P—— set about making a hasty sketch, Mr. Boyd and myself clambered up on the old road and succeeded in following it for nearly a hundred yards. But the labor of accommodating ourselves to the freaks of vegetative nature displayed thereon stayed our farther efforts. Much of the stonework, which was massive and well hewn, was in perfect condition; but large portions had been rent and thrown down apparently by the growth of huge roots that had inserted themselves into the crevices.

The sketch finished, we again mounted and resumed our course along the crescent-shaped beach. The coast soon opened, striking away to the northward, bringing into view the watch-tower of San Jerome, a massive pile of hewn masonry, seventy or eighty feet in height, completely clothed with a net-work of strong vines, and blotched with mosses. It is said to have been erected in 1665, only six years before the destruction of the place. It is now the only visible structure remaining where was once the

great entrepôt of the Spanish-American world, all other vestiges of its existence being completely buried in a dense forest of nearly two centuries' growth.

Spurring our horses up a steep bank, we came to the tower, which was situated on a broad plateau, ten or twelve feet above the level of the sea, and fifty yards from the beach. The pile was found in perfect preservation, with the exception of a circular flight of stairs that once wound up on one side of the interior, but of which nothing remained except the vacant spaces in the wall where the steps had once been. Behind the tower, imbedded in a maze of shrubbery, were the remains of some great edifice, portions of its walls standing thirty and forty feet in height, with trees at least a hundred feet high growing out of the interior.

While our artist friend remained to sketch, Mr. Boyd and myself started off to find some shelter for our beasts during the explorations we proposed to make. A short distance south of the tower we discovered a couple of huts deftly hidden in a little plantain patch, but tenantless; a little farther on, however, we espied a third, and forcing a path through the thick canes and plantains that surrounded it were fortunate

enough to find its owner at home. The hut was simply a thatched roof set upon stout sticks, and its occupant a venerable negro, who sat in a woefully dilapidated grass hammock making "*vejucos*" (a native rope of vines). His appearance, as he came forward and bid us *Buenos días*, was certainly unique. Judging by a mass of white wool on the front part of his head (that back of his ears being close shaved) he was at least seventy. His sole dress consisted of a quarter yard of blue cotton about his loins and a pair of raw hide sandals; but there was a quiet dignity and a native politeness in his air and manner, as he bade us welcome and invited us to dismount, that commanded respect in spite of his *outré* appearance. Accepting his invitation, we seated ourselves on a rude bench while the old man, after passing to us a large gourd filled with water and donning a very antique chip hat, again seated himself at his work.

In answer to inquiries put by Mr. Boyd, he said,

"I am Marco Segundo, a native of Chipo (a province about twenty miles distant); here I live with my dog and my cat (pointing as he spoke to a very thin bob-tailed cur and a crop-eared

cat that lay at his feet), and here have I lived for twenty years.

"And why," said Mr. Boyd, "do you live here alone?"

"It is better," said the old philosopher, "to live alone than to have a bad companion; three times a year I go to Panama with my *vejucos*, and bring back my tobacco and other small things, and am content."

"And have you no neighbors, Marco Segundo?"

"Two (pointing in the direction of the deserted huts)—Santo and Jesu, both very good men."

While Mr. Boyd continued conversing with the old sage I stepped outside and commenced to sketch the interior of the cabin. Very simple it was—on one side a rude hand-press for crushing sugar-cane, and one or two rough wooden bowls; an oblong wooden bench which served as his bed; his old hammock; half a dozen gourds; one or two baskets, and a kettle placed upon several large stones, beneath which a little fire was smouldering. Behind his hammock stood a wooden cross about four feet high, with here and there a speck of gilt upon it. This Marco had



MAKING CHICHÍ.

evidently smuggled from some old church in Panama the new. Over this cross was another smaller and ruder of his own handiwork—Marco was without doubt a good Catholic.

As my sketch, including Marco in his hammock, was nearly completed, I observed the old man stop his work for a moment and plunge his thin bony fingers into the curly cushion upon his head, and shortly, to my infinite amusement and amazement, he drew out therefrom a black, stubby little pipe, and again a small stick, with which he began coolly cleaning his pipe. This operation satisfactorily completed, from a little pouch over his shoulder he filled it with tobacco, and lighting, sat quietly puffing until I completed my work, when he knocked out the ashes and returned the pipe and stick to their curious hiding-place. What other articles of use or luxury Marco carried in his wool I felt some curiosity to know, but lacked impudence to inquire.

Would we drink some *chichi* (juice of the sugar-cane)?

We would; so Marco started out, *macheta* in hand, and in a few moments returned with a back load of sugar-cane. After a preparatory bruising with a mallet he began putting them through his mill; very hard work seemed the turning of it, and Mr. Boyd generously seized the spokes of the opposite side and worked so vigorously that Marco contented himself with little more than feeding the machine. After ten or fifteen minutes, a couple of quarts of the juice having been expressed, my friend sat down perfectly reeking with perspiration, while the philosopher never "laid a hair." After the *chichi* (which was delicious), a proposal was made to Marco that he should accompany us as guide through the ruins of the city.

"*Si Señores,*" responded Marco, "*in un momento.*" Whereupon Marco set about putting his house in order as a preparatory step. Gathering together all his stores in the shape of plantains, corn, a little sugar, and a yam or two, he packed them all in an old basket, covered this over with a large wooden bowl, and locked his extemporaneous safe by placing a great stone upon the top; then touching his old hat with the air of a prince, "*A su disposicion, Señores,*" *macheta* in hand, he started on, and we followed.

Under Marco's guidance we pursued our way by a narrow and devious path through the forest, which was so dense that not a ray of sunlight broke through the tangled and luxuriant growth. At last, after many windings and turnings (within perhaps a quarter of a mile), Marco halted, and pointing through a little opening discovered to us the overgrown and scarcely discernible outline of a ruin which he averred had once been a church. In like manner he conducted us to several more of the same sort, to all of which a similar description would suffice. It was certainly curious to behold the fantastic freaks of nature exhibited in the trees and parasitic vines upon the ruins. Some of the latter were huge and tortuous, with their shining gray and black spotted surface, close clinging to the walls, and

so like great slimy serpents as to make one shudder; then there were giant trees posted, sentry-like, upon the highest walls, their roots often reaching quite down to the ground on either side, with radiating twigs insinuated into every possible crevice. There was little to charm the observer or suggest former magnificence of the place, except in two or three instances, where we encountered ruins of considerable magnitude that were highly picturesque—portions of their walls standing thirty and forty feet in height, with fine arched windows and entrances. These were all that remained to tell of its ancient greatness and grandeur. Fragments of paved streets were frequently met, and two or three beautiful groves, free from undergrowth, which were thought to have been public squares; a tide-water stream, some ten yards in width, passed through the southern portion of the city. This was spanned by a massive hewn stone bridge in complete preservation, called *Punta de Embarcadero*. It is said to have been the point to which market boats and other small craft came up from the sea in the olden time to take on or discharge their cargo. At this point Marco turned to us, and sweeping his arms around exclaimed,

"*Señores, ustedes ha vista todos*—Gentlemen, you have seen all."

Tired and hungry, we were satisfied that it should be so, and in another half hour were again drinking *chichi* in the cabin of Marco Segundo. A hot and uncomfortable ride home—a luxurious bath—a comfortable dinner—half an hour packing, and the sun setting on that memorable day found me on board the propeller *Columbus*, en route for San José de Guatemala.

A FOREST STORY.

II.—THE ADIRONDACK WOODS AND WATERS.

BY T. ADDISON RICHARDS.

AS our path led us at once into the heart of the thick forest we soon lost sight of our worthy guide of the Saranac; after we had bidden him good-by at the end of our memorable voyage through the placid lakes and lakelets of that charming portion of the great wild-woods of Northern New York.

The summer was not yet quite gone, and a fair opportunity seemed to be before us to explore—as we had often wished to do—those regions of the wilderness more especially known as the Adirondacks, though that ancient name is often given to the whole country around.

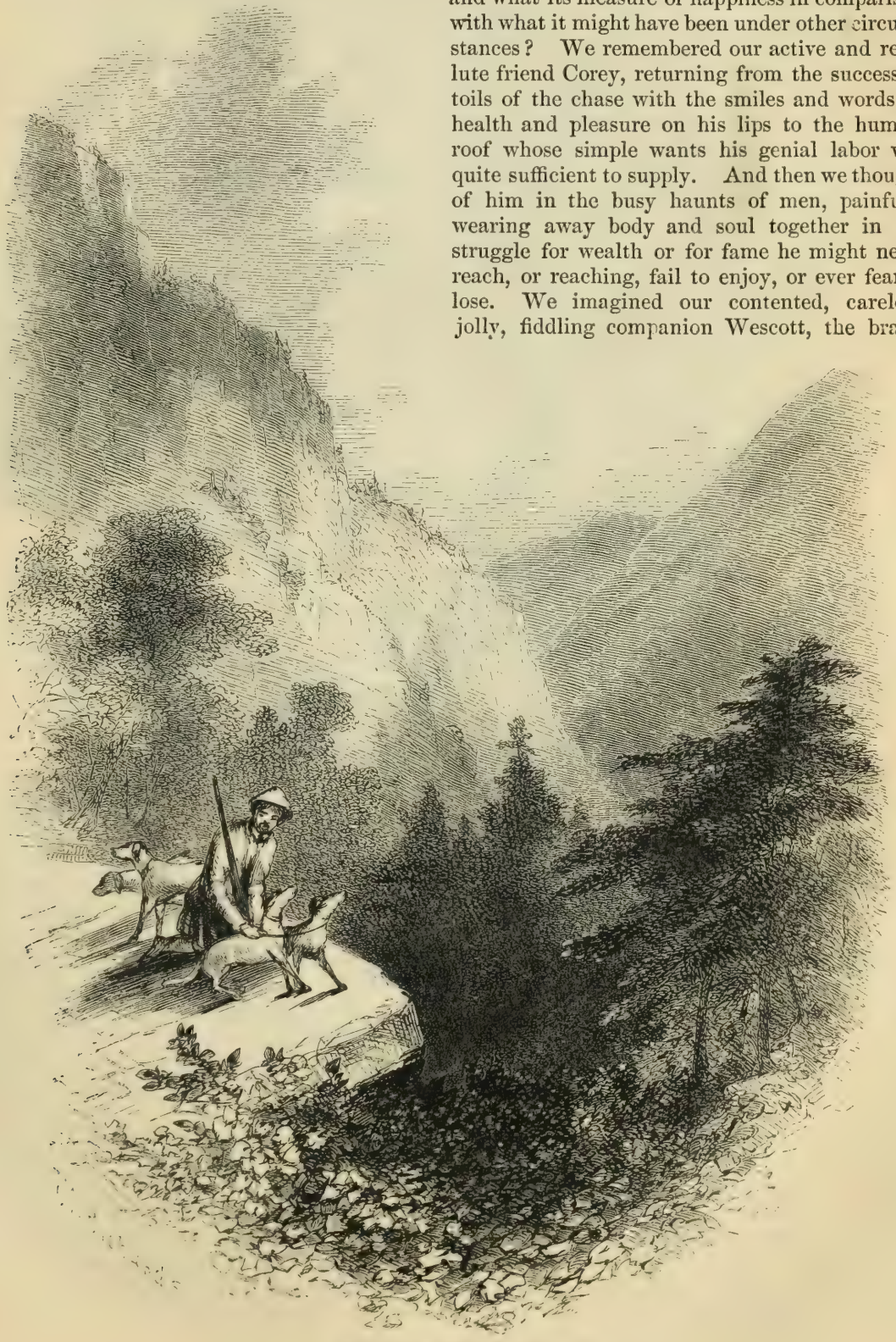
With the help of our late experience, and such good counsel as we had received in parting from Tahawus, we hoped to make our way thither with safety and dispatch. Following our chart carefully we should reach a clearing or cabin each night of the journey, and at the worst the alternative of trusting to the open sky for shelter was not very terrible, bold mountaineers as we thought we had grown to be. So we gayly readjusted our knapsacks, looked again to see that our rifles were ready for service, and confidently struck into the trail which was to conduct us to

the hunting-lodge marked out for our first night's halt.

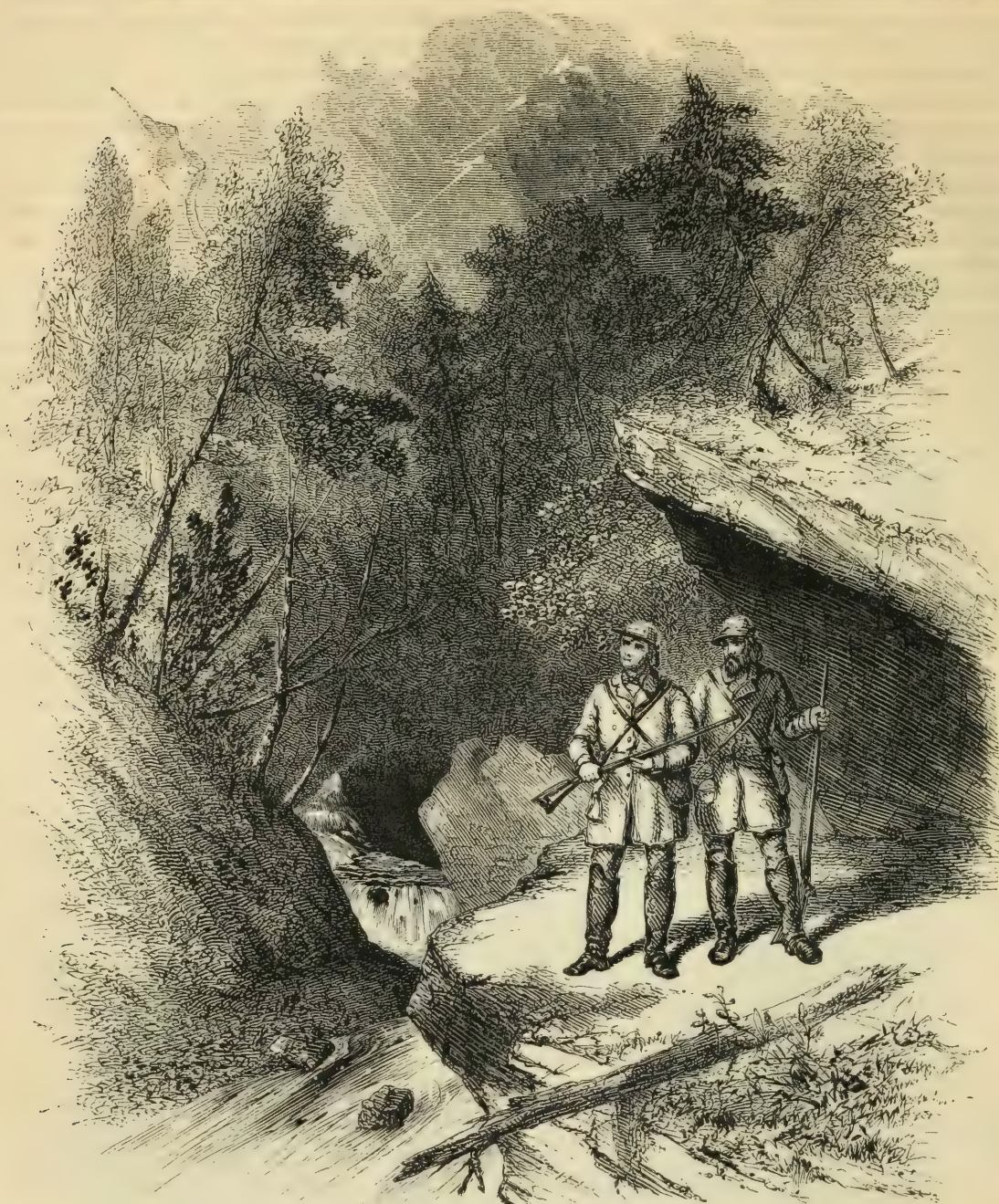
The path, though it might have been quite imperceptible to the unhabituated eye, was, to our now sharpened sight, so legible that we were able to follow it with a degree of ease which left our thoughts free to pursue other themes. They naturally ran back, after the fading of the first vivid impressions of our novel position in the woods alone, to our late worthy guides and all the rude friends we had found in our rambles and adventures among the wilds of the Saranacs.

We recalled the simple histories of their unsophisticated lives, philosophized upon the varying temper of their natures, all so undisguised, in the open, frank atmosphere of the mountain solitudes, and wondered whether they lost or won in the social refinements, the mental enrichments, and the thousand pleasures, so called, of more busy life, which they missed; or the hardy, healthful, simple, and truthful enjoyments which they possessed.

What, we asked each other, has been the influence of their way of life upon their character, and what its measure of happiness in comparison with what it might have been under other circumstances? We remembered our active and resolute friend Corey, returning from the successful toils of the chase with the smiles and words of health and pleasure on his lips to the humble roof whose simple wants his genial labor was quite sufficient to supply. And then we thought of him in the busy haunts of men, painfully wearing away body and soul together in the struggle for wealth or for fame he might never reach, or reaching, fail to enjoy, or ever fear to lose. We imagined our contented, careless, jolly, fiddling companion Wescott, the brawl-



THE GREAT INDIAN PASS.



THE STORM IN THE FOREST.

ing soul of a rowdy city conclave, instead of the good Orpheus of a sober forest camp, angrily pitching into his fellows whom he hated, instead of regretfully into bears and panthers whom he respects. And last, and more than all, we spoke of Tahawus our mercurial guide, and of the sweet, even if sometimes sad, measure to which the gentle music of the woods had attuned a nature which early disappointment might, under other influences, have soured into unloving and hateful misanthropy; and whatever might be the fortunes his scornful Polly Ann had met, we felt sure that her days could not be passing more happily than his own.

Thus in pleasant talk, alternated ever with the delight of the forest attractions and incidents continually recurring, the little labors of the way, the sudden flight of the wild bird, the passage of a deer or a new charm in the landscape, the day waned as we descried the smoke curling

up from the hearth of the hunter whose hospitality we were to seek for the night. So closely had we followed the capricious trail, without one careless or ignorant divergence, that we grew quite vain of our sylvan lore, and began to imagine ourselves veritable Iroquois of days gone by. We tried our voices even at a war-whoop, and as we came out upon our woodman's clearing, emphasized into a small example of a war-dance, which, if translated, would certainly prove a fortune to Cerito.

We again took up our march at the next peep o' day; for though the weather was dark and threatening, we trusted to the sun's return in good time. A feeble gleam now and then sustained our faith, and with fresh instructions and cautions from our good host, and a new supply of provisions, we struck into the sombre forest, cheering our hearts with the melody of "A life in the woods for me!" Alas! the day's mis-

adventures very nearly ended in a "death in the woods" for both; but I must not anticipate.

Indications of foul weather thickened as we advanced, and we had not got very far before it became evident that the day was to be devoted to storm. But assured of the safety of our India-rubber knapsacks, and of our well-cased rifles, we could not consent to turn back. Our new hunter vanity forbade; there was, besides, a strange fascination for us in the thickening darkness and the sad voices of the dense woods as the clouds gathered in sombre masses over our heads, and the winds swelled from plaintive murmurs into wailings loud and deep. We watched in silence, with keen vision and quick hearts, this stern and solemn aspect of the wilderness, until the blinding rain left us enough to do to note our fickle path and guard our stumbling steps. Our thoughts, too, were brought back to earth again by the sudden absconding of my companion's hat in the height of an angry gust.

"Hold on to the trail, my boy!" he cried, flying with flying locks in pursuit. "This," said he, as he returned, "would be a surfeiter even to Lord Bacon, who, you know, is said to have delighted in baring his head to the fresh rain."

Soon after he fell over a prostrate tree, and had scarcely picked himself up when his foot

slipped, and he half disappeared in one of the deep holes with which the way was lined. This last mishap he considered to have initiated him into the joke of the hour (by no means a dry one), to the heroic point of "a heart and boots for any fate!"

We were both very soon so thoroughly saturated that we trudged on through mire and bog with increasing independence, not pausing even when the way led through the treacherous depths of a beaver meadow. At last the wind and rain became so furiously blinding that we continually missed the way, and, finally, the alarming fact burst upon our consciousness that we had lost it altogether. After a little vain search we sat us down, soaked as we were, to hold a council of travel, soon rising again to act upon our determination to seek the trail each in his own way. This resort only increased our trouble; for though the calls which we had agreed to exchange at intervals were duly answered for a long while, there at last came a moment when my loudest shout won no response. Though I cried till I was hoarse the woods only gave echo. I prepared to discharge my rifle, when, to my treble alarm, I saw that there was no help there, as the casing had been disturbed, and it was as wet as myself. As I stood, in hesitation which way to turn, there came the joyful report of my



LAKE SANFORD.



ECHO MOUNTAIN, FROM LAKE SANFORD.

friend's gun; and pushing on, heedless of all obstructions, we were soon once more in reach of each other's voices. When we met again we resolved henceforth to make the search together. But so vain were all our efforts that we found the night to be rapidly approaching before we had discovered, even with the aid of our compass, the least clew to the lost trail. We had come, as the darkness made further advance impracticable, to the rocky shores of a little lake, of which we had no recollection of having before heard.

Here we resolved to pass the night as joyously as the unpropitious circumstances would permit. When we had looked at all points of the case, the remembrance that our provisions of the morning were gone and the prospect of more but very slight included, we thought with a sigh of Tahawus, and restored to the profession of guide that character of dignity, as an "institution," which we had been disposed to deny it only the day before.

Near the lake we found a very young fawn which, from some accident, perhaps the fall of a tree, was too much disabled to walk. To our surprise the poor thing crept toward us, evidently inclined, in its extremity, to throw itself upon our mercy. She seemed to take gracefully to our caresses, and to us she was as welcome as his man Friday to Robinson Crusoe—so welcome that when the hours sped on, and we were still supperless, we mutually shook our heads, to a mutual but unspoken thought.

"Not to-night!" said my companion, patting poor Fan's head as she lay at our feet, "or to-morrow, or next day."

Wet as we were, we did not venture to sit down for many minutes at a time, especially as we found it difficult in the darkness and rain to find fuel or to burn it when found. No new disaster befell us in the still watches, yet the long night did not pass so gayly, even with the best face we could put upon the matter, as to make the dawn, which came at last, other than a most welcome sight to us.

The rain had ceased, but the new day as yet brought no bright sunshine to cheer our drooping spirits. Our first care was to take "Fan" down to the lake, where she could regale herself upon the lilies which grew near its banks, and where we might try our chance for breakfast among the trout, if any there were. Very soon, to our delight, a fine fellow swung on each of our lines, and others followed until we had caught a mess even for a hungrier couple than ourselves. Fan, too, seemed to be getting on marvelously among her lily-pads, and in due time we were all in better mood to consider our future steps. We determined, after due cogitation, to try our luck on the other side of the lake, and had already set out—Fan, who was now in better condition, voluntarily following—when our steps were suddenly arrested by the most unexpected report of a gun.

So great was our joy at this hope of relief that it was some moments before we bethought us to shout in reply, which we did at last with all our lungs. Soon there came back cheers in answer again, voices which seemed to our eager ears not at all unfamiliar. We turned back in haste to meet our approaching friends, when, to our equal astonishment and delight, we found them to be

none other than our late guides Tahawus and his crony Wescott, with whom we had parted two days before at the end of our journey of the Saranac.

"Ha, ha! lost are we!" laughed Tahawus, our first greeting over, "just as I and Wescott agreed you'd be!"

"And so you came to keep watch over us?" we inquired.

"Well, you see we kind o' missed you, and when the storm came along we thought that you might maybe git into trouble, seeing that the trail ain't any too plain at the best of times; and so Wescott and me agreed, as we hadn't much of any thing to do, just to step round and see how matters was a-going."

"And as lucky an idea for us as it was kind in you," said we, again shaking hands jollily all round. "But how did you happen to find us, and so soon too?"

"Well, when we seed what the weather was a-going to be, we started off, and it didn't take us long to get to the clearing where you stopped the first day; so we put out again and got to Brown's last night, and as it was rather late and you hadn't come up, we knowed that you must have missed your way, and staid out in the woods; so we rested a spell to see if you might be along after all, and then set out again."

"And so you have been in the woods all night after your double tramp of yesterday!" said we, again shaking hands.

"That ain't much for us," replied Tahawus; "but we might all have slept soundly at Brown's if we had only looked for you in the right place.

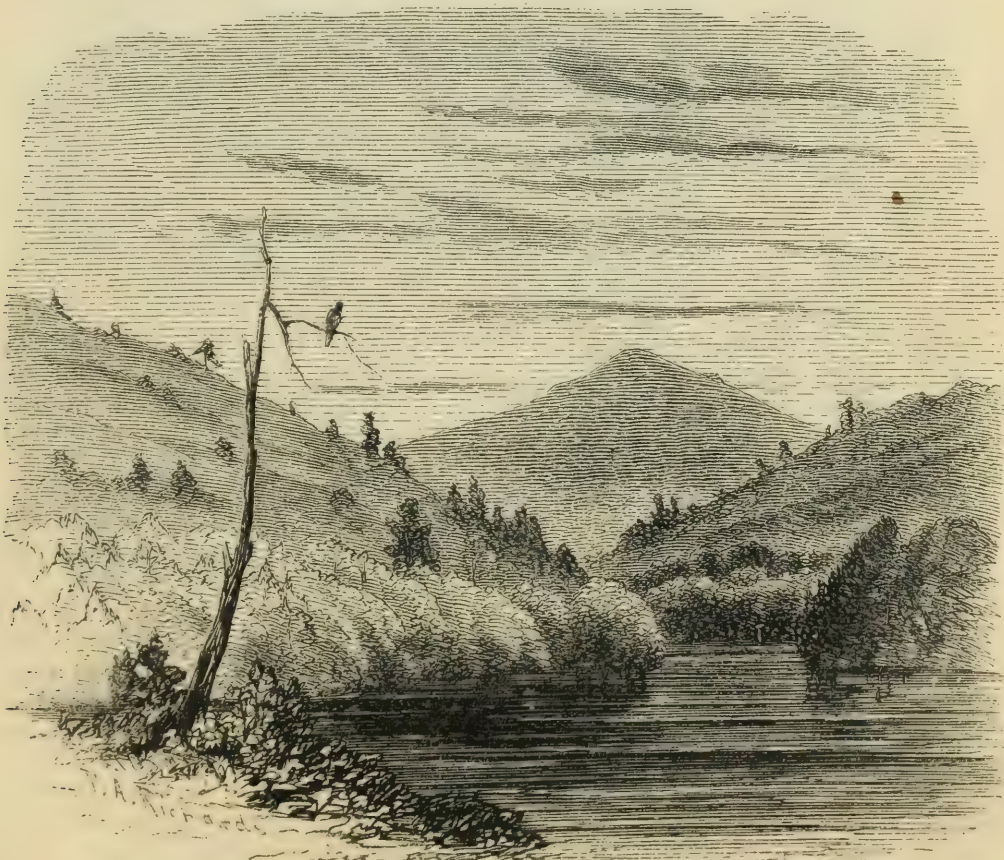
We ain't more than two miles off now, and I guess you'd better go right over there and rest a bit."

"And then," added Wescott, "we can all start off again in good trim; for you see Tahawus and me ain't been to the Adirondacks for a great while, and we rather think we should like to take another look at 'em."

This unexpected promise of the pleasant company of our old friends throughout the rest of our wanderings completed our satisfaction, and the two miles to our lost cabin were speedily and happily trudged—Fan, who had been duly introduced to the new-comers, seeming as contented as the rest.

We did not leave Brown's until the following morning, as it was a whole day's walk to the next cabin. By that time the sun had reappeared and the way was reasonably dry again. But whatever its difficulties might have been, they would all have been easily met in the pleasure and security of the company of our old associates.

Without pausing to relate the various incidents of our long march through the woods, I will hasten on to the hour of its close, in our approach to the vicinage of the Adirondack waters. It was now evening, and we were to reach the Lower Works of the Iron Company on Lake Sanford for the night. Recalling the perils through which we had just passed, we were speaking of the lucky second sober thought, to stay at home, of certain friends of ours, ladies among them, who had once threatened to follow us to the wilderness.



MOUNT GOLDEN, FROM LAKE HENDERSON.



THE INDIAN PASS, FROM LAKE HENDERSON.

"Such a life," said we, in conclusion, "is not exactly the thing for women."

"Stuff!" interrupted Tahawus. "They come here safely enough sometimes, and I often wonder we don't see many more of them. If they take care of themselves and don't lose the trail they get along well enough. And it's just the sort of thing they'd like, if they only knew it; for the women has got more grit than the men, after all, when you put them to their trumps."

"And by the Commodore," cried Wescott, "some of 'em seem to think so, for yonder's a camp and I thought I heard a woman's rattle!"

We listened, and Tahawus's quick hearing confirmed that of his friend. By-and-by the sounds of merry laughter were audible to all. Sure enough, thought we, as our party drew near to the camp, our journey does not lack adventure; for who should the gipsies be but the very group

of which we had but just then been speaking, as recreant to their boasts. If the meeting was a surprise to us, it was a still greater one to them, even though they knew us to be somewhere in the region.

Their party consisted of three ladies and their maid, and three gentlemen, besides two guides. They had come up from Lake George, by Schroon, in wagons, bringing with them tents and all other appliances for wood-life. When we met them they were encamped for the night, their teams being close by the road which we had now reached. It took us a very long while that merry evening to exchange congratulations and compare notes—so long that we quite forgot the Lower Works whither we were bound, and established ourselves for the rest of the night in the wagons of our friends instead. The ladies themselves took charge of our protégé, poor Fan,

whom they made if possible more welcome than ourselves. The little creature had not quite recovered from her lameness, and we had often found it necessary to carry her. We were not sorry to get her into more comfortable quarters.

The addition to our quiet duet, first of our two Saranac friends, and now of the long train of the new party—for it had been at once arranged that we should unite our forces—put a very different complexion upon our Adirondack visit; a complexion of charming promise which after-events entirely fulfilled.

In all this rugged portion of New York iron deposits are to be found, and the abundance and richness of the ores through the Adirondack hills, especially so called, led long ago to the establishment of very extensive "works" in their midst. These works now form, with the shops and the dwellings of the operatives, quite a busy little settlement, nestled in the brief interval between the two most attractive lakes, Sanford and Henderson, and conveniently near to the other chief scenes of interest in wood and water. Being thus pictorially centred, the Iron Works make a very acceptable head-quarters for the tourist, and relieve him from the necessity of

living in camp; though in pleasant weather, at least, he may find that mode of life more comfortable, as he certainly will on occasions find it more independent and convenient. Sometimes his excursions might be very agreeably more than the day in length, and then he could pitch his tent where he could not find a house or cabin.

Through all the rest of our mountain tramp the weather was especially amiable, and our party continued their camp life without interruption; Tahawus and Wescott readily improvising the additional nomadic accommodation which our own accession to the troupe required.

It was duly arranged that the next day should be devoted to the little voyage of Lake Sanford, and that in the evening we should fix our camp, *sine die*, in the neighborhood of the village.

While the wagons were sent round by the road, we were fortunate enough to secure the service of a noble twelve-oared pleasure-boat belonging to the Iron Company.

A pleasant day it was in the genial sunshine of dawning autumn, and in the happy temper of our own hearts. Now the pickerel, for which the ladies trolled as we sailed along, were merrily pulled into the boat; and now our oarsmen



MOUNT M^cINTYRE—OUTLET OF LAKE HENDERSON.



DEER HUNT AT THE PRESTON PONDS.

rested while we enjoyed at leisure some new passage of delight in the landscape. Here were grand catacombs of huge skeleton trees which had been killed—as much of the growth on the banks of these lakes has been—by the overflows of the water. Weird and wild were these desolate scenes, down among the forest dead men. It was grateful always to turn from these gloomy recesses to the bright, verdant, sun-lit hill-tops, chief among them the bold crown of Echo Mountain, and the grander cliffs of the great Indian Pass. On our way we landed and made an excursion of two or three miles to the clearing of Newcombe Farm, which commands a wide and noble view of the chief mountain summits in the Adirondack group. Among the rocks in Lake Sanford there is an odd formation called Napoleon's Cap, from its striking likeness to the immortal chapeau of that famous hero. The cap seems to have dropped overboard and to be floating quietly on the water.

Lake Henderson, near the village on the opposite side, was the scene of our next visit, and that to which we most often returned; more for the superior beauty of its pictures than from the close vicinage of our camp. Here we missed the Company's "omnibus" in which we had navi-

gated Lake Sanford, and we were compelled to go out in detachments in such crazy craft as sufficed for the wants of the fishermen.

The mountain glimpses from this little lake—it is only two miles in length—are of great beauty and variety. At one point Mount Colden leads the scene in bold display; at another, Mount M'Intyre, and the omnipresent walls of the Great Pass continually arrest and charm the eye.

Henderson is the home of the trout, which made no little part of its merit in the estimation of the ladies of our party, as it gave them fine opportunity for the cultivation of their skill with the angle. Their ventures were a little discouraged at the start by a *contretemps* which sent Marianna, the maid, unwillingly overboard in the deepest part of the deep waters. Happily our trusty guide, Tahawus, was pulling by at this moment, and the fair diver was very promptly fished up and safely placed in his skiff. As she herself seemed to consider the incident as nothing more than a joke, rather pleasant than otherwise, so in this light it was agreed to accept it. To me it was somehow a reminder of the very cordial acquaintance which I had before observed to be growing up between Marianna and

our gallant forester; and I could not resist the temptation to whisper his memory back to the assurance I had once given him on our preceding journey, of the existence in the world of more Polly Anns than his first faithless love. The ladies, too, bit at my view of the subject quicker than the trout at their hooks, when I confided to them all I had learned of the personal history of our worthy friend; and they had discovered, as they imagined, some similitude between the story and the few facts which they knew of Marianna's own earlier life. The incident and its suggestion were, however, soon forgotten in the crowding impressions of our following adventures and experiences.

One of our many excursions was to the desolate shore of Avalanche Lake, lying at the foot of Mount Colden. Some years ago a great landslide happened on the mountain-side, and the *débris*, in jagged masses of rocks and earth and tree, still chokes up the waters. It was this occurrence which gave name to the lake.

At another time, and in another direction, we visited the Preston Ponds, where the people of the Iron-Works often go to take the trout, which are to be found in remunerating supply. It was here too that our friends, Tahawus and Wescott,

had the luck to gratify the wish of the ladies to assist at a deer-hunt. Spot and Jack had accompanied them—as I may not have before mentioned—when they followed us to the Adirondacks. Long held in leash, the poor fellows were overjoyed at the prospect of a little sport, and they bounded away with a will when at last set free.

The deer is not quite so easily found here as among the Saranac waters, and for a long while we waited, uncertain of our fortunes; but at last the cries of the hounds came across the lake, and soon after our eager eyes were blessed with the brave sight of a gallant buck, standing with his antlered head erect, in momentary irresolution, upon a tall cliff on the opposite shore. "How quick bright things come to confusion!" we thought with the poet, as this stirring picture vanished almost before 'twas looked upon, and the panting animal was battling with the waters, the hounds still in hot pursuit. Tahawus, accompanied by Marianna, the only one of our fair friends who would venture to play Lady of the Lake, in his dangerous skiff, was on the watch; and at this instant, passing the paddle over to his companion—who certainly proved herself worthy of the trust—he lifted his rifle, wounding but not



THE ADIRONDACK IRON-WORKS.



THE ASCENT OF MOUNT MARCY.

killing his game. There was a second gun in the boat, which Marianna herself instantly seized, and, before her hand could be stayed, leveled at the struggling deer, sending with the discharge the *coup de grace*, which gave her, and not our famous guide, the laurels of the day. How it so happened she could not tell, for she had acted, she said, from an unconquerable impulse in the intense excitement of the moment. No one excepting herself was more astonished than Tahawus, and no one surpassed him in loud and hearty plaudits. As he lifted her from the boat when they touched the shore I saw significant glances passing between the observant ladies, which I could not fail to interpret aright; and by-and-by, when I found myself alone with my heroine for a moment, while on our homeward march, I took the opportunity to renew my com-

pliments upon her prowess, saying that she deserved to have been born in the woods.

"Indeed," she replied, "I *was* born in the woods!"

"Indeed!" said I; "and perhaps you would not be unwilling to return—"

"Certainly not, if you think it best!" she interrupted quickly, and at the same instant facing right about to rejoin the rest of the group a few steps in the rear.

After the preparatory tramps which I have recorded, and of others unwritten, the ladies felt sufficient confidence in their powers of endurance to venture upon the supreme exploit of our Adirondack travel—the ascent of the great Mount Tahawus, or Mount Marcy, as it is otherwise called, to the exceeding indignation of our guide, which had won for him his aboriginal *sobri-*

quet. Besides, after the bold feat of Marianna at the hunt of the Preston Ponds, it was undisputed that she could do any thing, and the others, of course, could not do less; so it was all arranged, the rugged climb up to the frowning summit of Tahawus; the excursion to occupy two days in the going and the returning, with a night in the woods between. We took with us the lightest of the tents for the feminine accommodation, and such kitchen apparatus only as was indispensable to tea and trout. Thus lightly burdened and securely "guided" as we were, several of the most famous hunters of the Adirondacks having joined our party for the occasion, we hoped to make the journey without mishap or over-fatigue. Vain imagination, as the sequel showed. To be sure, no grave accident befell, but oh those weary, weary, immeasurable miles, over the rude rocks and the treacherous bridges of the mountain torrents! up and down and around and among the crags and the chasms of the pathless forest; and how much real earnestness in the light words of my merry companion:

"Ah! who can tell how hard it is to climb
The steep where Mount Tahawus seeks the skies!"

We had been cautioned against any unnecessary exertion, especially at the start; but some of the gentlemen, dreaming that their strength was inexhaustible, spent it prodigally in every frolicsome feat which the changing way and their exuberant spirits invited. The ladies, more provident, remembered the toils beyond, and in the end established their claim to the compliment which Tahawus had paid to the "grit" of their sex on the eve of our first meeting with them in the woods. Nevertheless, even they were so well contented with the length and labor of the walk that, when we at last reached the crown of the mountain, Marianna herself, who was our standard-bearer, solemnly declared that she would not make the ascent again if the Queen of Sheba were coming up on the other side to meet her.

As the gentlemen thus found it impossible to fatigue the ladies, they did their best to frighten them. Our grave guides, even, ransacked their memories and their fancies for doleful incident and alarming suggestion at every dark and unpropitious passage of the way. One shuddered to remember the fearful snow-

storm which had overtaken him, at this very spot, at this very season, and after just such weather as the present; and how his strength failed him as day after day wore on, so that he was about to give up in his struggle with a hungry bear, at the very instant that help reached him in the appearance of a party of fearing and anxious friends. Another had been only the year before overtaken on the mountain top by a terrible flood, which so filled the brook—through whose usually shallow bed much of the only practicable way is found—with rushing waters that he found it impossible thus to descend, and seeking another and new route, was lost so long in the wilderness that even his dogs failed to recognize him when he was at last found. A third had been stealthily followed by wolves for many long miles, when, his ammunition being exhausted, he had no means whatever of defense. A fourth had awakened to find himself literally surrounded by rattlesnakes. A fifth recalled his narrow escape from a bloody encounter with a panther; and a sixth turned pale at the bare recollection of a scene with the details of which nothing could persuade him then and there to harrow up their souls.

After these lugubrious disheartening yarns, told by the daylight and by the darkness, our



SANTANONI MOUNTAINS, FROM THE GREAT INDIAN PASS.

heroines would listen to the songs of the birds in the rustling tree tops—look down upon the gentle moss and the smiling flowers—out upon the interminable vistas of valley and hill, or up to the soft, sunny skies above them, and laugh with provoking incredulity, while Marianna would wave her banner and say, "Pooh!"

An odd mixture of memories it must be, the recall of the contrasting incidents and impressions of that adventurous journey; the gay jest and the grave toil, the often ludicrous appearance of the travelers, and the ever sublime aspect of nature, the omnipotent sun lifting with invisible hand the ocean of vapor and cloud from the interminable forests, and the countless mountain crests, and the grotesque confusion of our camp *ménage*.

After three nights, instead of one, in the woods—for we took our time, as all mountain travelers should do, opportunity and weather permitting—we again reached the Iron-Works, and made preparations for the next and last of our Adirondack explorations—that of the Great Indian Pass. After Mount Marcy, or Tahawus, this is the most famous scene in all the region. It is a wild gorge, precipitously walled at one point by the colossal cliffs which so continually dignify the landscape around. By-and-by, when the engineer shall have tamed its rough nature by path and road, it will be a ready route eastward to Lake Champlain. Then, too, the traveler may be able to see the wonders which now, in the denseness of the forest, he can only infer. It is on the heights of this pass that the brave Ausable begins the race which we saw so madly urged through the great "Walled Banks," near Keeseville, on our preceding journey to the Saranac. Other sparkling waters are here, too, worthy daughters of the woods.

As we came out upon their grand shadows, yet silent and dark as when they fell upon the red man's camp, it was a strange remembrance that we were so near, and should so soon again be in the midst of a life where all these mysteries are only myths.

In the morning our bright camp-fire would smoulder to be relighted no more, and we should bear to our city homes only dreams of the wilderness. I strolled off in the moonlight to seek Tahawus, that I might say to him some kinder words of farewell than would befit a laughing throng. I found him at last, but not alone, for Marianna was by his side, and both were speaking earnestly. I became aware of my intrusion too late; for almost before I observed them they stepped forward to greet me.

"I have been seeking Tahawus," said I, "for some parting gossip before he goes back to the woods."

"But he is not going back," said Marianna, with a glance half-bashfulness half-coquetry; "at least, not now. He is going with us to the city, and then—"

"And then?" I interrupted, curiously.

"Then," she added, boldly, "I shall return with him!"

"Ha! ha!" I laughed, as I whispered in our brave guide's ear—"So we've found another Polly Ann!"

"No, he hasn't!" cried Marianna, her quick ear catching or divining my malicious words.

"No?"

"No!" she replied, with emphasis. "It is the same old, long-lost Polly Ann!" And with a mingled laugh and cry she threw her arms—

But perhaps I am staying a little too long, and had better be returning to my deserted friends at the camp.

Whether or not Tahawus and his re-won Polly Ann ever returned to the wilderness I am quite unable to say. But I am very sure that all who follow us there will find men and women quite as worthy of their esteem and interest.

SOMETHING ABOUT DIAMONDS.

MASTER THOMAS NICOLS, who writes himself "sometimes of Jesus College, Cambridge," Anno Domini, 1652, says: "The true Diamond is a hard, diaphanous, perfectly transparent stone, which doth sparkle forth its glorie much like the twinkling of a glorious starre."

Master Thomas was the first English writer who sought to illuminate the world on the subject of gems. A dapper little volume, with the title "A History of Pretious Stones," from under his hand, excites the curiosity of our own day that one like Master Thomas should combine so much of the practical with so much of the ultra fabulous. With this, however, we have little right to find fault; time has improved us but in a small degree, and the ignorance of "the trade," to say nothing of the people, on this fascinating subject is one of the marvels of our enlightened age.

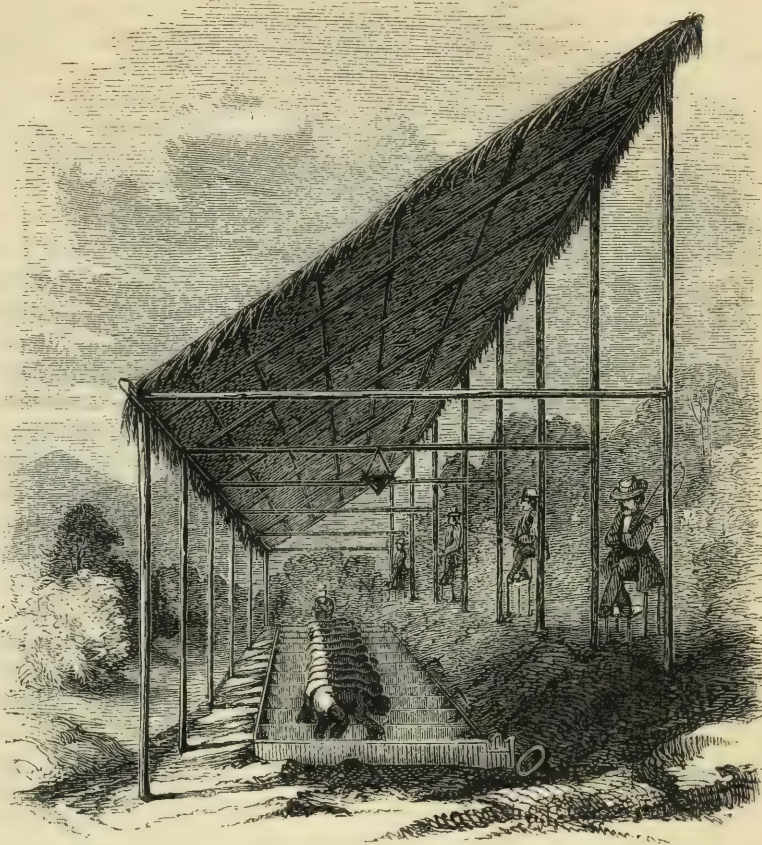
Master Thomas Nicols gives this opinion of the virtues of this wonderful stone. He says: "It will make men rich and eloquent; it will preserve from thunder and lightning; it will create dreams, keep men chaste [it should be more worn in the present day], hinder fascination [how valuable to the tyro who would run the course of society and still come out a bachelor!], stop witchcraft, and make men invisible. If a true diamond be put upon the head of a woman without her knowledge, it will make her in her sleep, if she be faithful to her husband, to cast herself into his embraces; but if she be otherwise, to turn away from him."

Among all the ancients we find the diamond held as an amulet possessing wonderful powers and immense intrinsic value. Pliny says "the diamond and the magnet are antagonistic." Also he asserts that it can not be broken when placed upon an anvil and stricken with a hammer; which extraordinary assertion the writer has himself heard advanced by setters of and dealers in diamonds, repeatedly, as though they could possibly believe in the truth of so absurd a story.

The diamond is the hardest substance known,

surpassing all other gems and metals. It is the *ademas* (signifying unconquerable) of the ancients, the *almas* of Persia, the *heera* of Hindostan, and the *diamant* or diamond of Europe. Scripture makes several mentions of it—the most prominent of which is in the description of the robes and jewels of the high priests, twelve stones of precious value being worn in the plate called the Urim and Thummim, and one of great price upon the scarf. The specific gravity of the diamond is, with Oriental stones, 3.521, with the Brazilian, 3.444; about three and a half times heavier than water. The Oriental stone is pronounced the hardest, though no means have yet been found to test the actual difference. It is pure carbon, and has been reduced to a gas by ancient and modern chemists under the electric current or by the lens; Cosmos III., Grand Duke of Tuscany, having first realized the fact by experiment, though Boetius de Boodt asserted the possibility in 1607. The heat required for its combustion is equal to 5000 degrees of Fahrenheit. It is a non-conductor of electricity, and is not acted on by any solvent. While the world of chemists have found means to resolve the diamond into particles, they have not yet succeeded in producing the gem. Alchemists and chemists have devoted more time and study to this point than any other, only excepting the search for gold in the crucible; and still the product is nothing. The numberless modern experiments of the French chemists have succeeded only in creating crystals so minute that it is impossible to say certainly that they are the true article. Dr. Hare, of Philadelphia, produced such crystals from mahogany charcoal, and Professor Silliman from plumbago. But while the chemists fail in producing the real diamond, the manufacturers of false stones are improving daily, until the excellence of their wares is so great as sometimes to stagger the judgment of the best connoisseurs. Paris is the chief point whence originate these imitations, many of which, under the name of Paris brilliants, do duty for the real stone, even to suiting the taste of the wearer in color, flaws, irregular cut, etc. We have seen these imitations so perfectly copied in yellow tint and in specks for flaws, that, unless with the absolute test, there was no safety in judgment.

The composition of the paste, or Paris brilliant, is fine pure white glass-sand or silex—the best of which is now found in Rhode Island, and exported to Paris for that use—potash, borax,



DIAMOND WASHING IN BRAZIL.

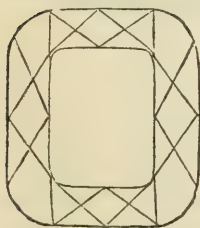
red lead, and arsenic. These substances are put into a crucible, which is kept at a great heat for twenty-four hours or longer, a greater length of time being preferred. The mixture which results is called "strass;" it is cast into moulds, cut and polished the same as glass, and thus receives all the facets and imitations of the real stone. The most celebrated of the imitators of diamonds is an artist of Paris named Bourquignon. These brilliants have the richness and refraction of the true diamond, but not its hardness; a few months' wear takes away their brightness, and exposure to the air corrodes their surface. After the Paris brilliants come the numerous crystals under the cognomens of Bristol stones, Irish diamonds, Cape May diamonds, and California diamonds, all of which are of one school—skillfully cut quartz; they possess greater hardness than the paste, but lack its lustre.

Any imitation can be immediately detected by the practiced eye without tests, but to such as have no experience the only safety lies in the use of the file or the crucible. The first is the surest, and can be used with impunity; if it be a real diamond, the file can make no impression, while all imitations will yield before its rasping edge. The crucible, on the contrary, might injure a good stone if not carefully used.

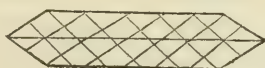
The old writers mention imitations of the diamond executed by subjecting the sapphire, amethyst, topaz, or chrysolite to fire, by which the color was extracted and the brilliancy kept. This mode of imitation, though undoubtedly good in its time, has passed away before the reign of "strass."

Among the common superstitions regarding the diamond which have come down to our own day, there is one which is yet sanctioned by some high authorities, among whom are Brande and Ure. This error is the asserted phosphorescence of the diamond. Nearly all writers agree that it incorporates light within itself, and emits rays if held or rubbed while in total darkness. The writer, from habitual handling, was led years ago to doubt this. Hundreds of experiments, backed by every advantage in eliciting the truth, only confirmed his impression that the diamond would no more glisten in the dark than would the topaz or any other stone.

The diamond is cold to the touch, and can not be looked through, as can all imitations. When first brought from the mines or washings its outer coat resembles ground glass, and is sometimes of a greenish cast—a hue which, until late years, has been deemed as of peculiar value. Its shape is various, from the regular form of the crystal to the most irregular rounds or ovals. Until the year 1476, when Louis de Berghem first discovered the art at Bruges, the diamond was worn uncut; and many stones, supposed to be the most beautiful in the world, still remain in this state, among the most remarkable of which the four great stones on the mantle of



Face.

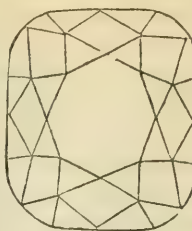


Section.

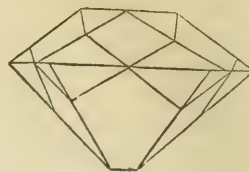
TABLE CUT.

Charlemagne at Paris deserve mention. After the discovery by De Berghem, Holland for a long period held a monopoly of diamond cutting. England gradually came in, and now the English lapidaries are esteemed the most reliable, and are intrusted with the largest stones.

There are three forms in which the diamond is cut—the *brilliant*, the *rose*, and the *table*. They are shown in the accompanying cuts. The shape of a stone is regulated by its form in the rough. The brilliant is of the most value, the rose second, and the table last. It is the duty of the lapidary on receiving the rough stone to examine it carefully that he may see into what shape he must cut, so that he may lose as little as possible of the stone and still obtain the greatest surface, refraction, and general beauty. It is here the artistic skill of the workman comes into requisition. His decision is guided by no positive rules, and is purely a matter of taste and experience; and, in the case of large stones, involves an immense risk. Having decided as to the form he shall cut his stone, he next makes a model in lead, which model rests continually before him as guide in his labors. Next the stone is cemented into a handle, leaving only exposed the small portion of its surface which is to be



Face.

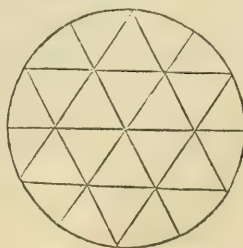


Section.

BRILLIANT CUT.

subjected to a single cut. In the left hand is held a similar handle, with another diamond similarly cemented, and the cutting is performed by rubbing these two stones together, literally making diamond cut diamond. When that single cut, or facet, is finished, the operation is repeated, changing the stone each time in the handle. It is a work of great labor, many large stones consuming a large part of a year, or, as a more certain estimate, a brilliant of 30 carats, or three quarters of an inch in diameter, taking six to seven months in the cutting. After this comes the polishing. This is performed on an iron wheel revolving with great rapidity, against which the stone is held, the wheel being fed with diamond dust, the results of the cutting, saved by the cutter working over a metal box which catches every grain. This dust is mixed with fine oil and fed upon the wheel by hand. In this country we have some skillful lapidaries, about thirty of that profession being the total in our great population; but of all these, none make pretension to diamond-cutting, there being in fact no call for their services in that line, few if any rough diamonds finding their way to this country.

Of the relative value of the cut and uncut diamond there can be no positive certainty, though, as a general agreement, the finished stone is conceded to be triple worth the uncut. It is only within two hundred years that any certainty in the valuation of diamonds has been arrived at, though the diamond merchants of the East Indies undoubtedly had a method of their own for estimating values, even during the time that Tavernier traveled to the mines or washings of Golconda, in the year 1665. The actual computation of their value was, until recent times, little understood in Europe; Jeffries, who wrote upon the subject about one hundred years since, asserts that the valuation of diamonds was at that time a secret known only to the few, he being the first to communicate it to the world. The standard of his valuation has remained, with



Face.



Section.

ROSE CUT.

slight changes, to the present day, with slight fluctuations for a rise or fall; the past five years showing a decided rise, created, as we believe, by the increasing taste and augmenting wealth of the world. Though fancy has a large share in the question, as it would have in all matters of taste or art, yet all dealers and buyers are more or less guided by these rules. The diamond is calculated by carats. The word *carat* was for a long time supposed to have been derived from a species of bean growing in Africa and India, which was used by the natives for the purpose of weighing gold dust and diamonds, and called *knara*; but of late a different derivation is found. Master Thomas Nicols makes use continually of the word *ceratium*, in speaking of the weight of gems. He also speaks of Monardus, who, in

traveling in Visnapour (Golconda), saw a diamond weighing 140 *ceratia*, and further says that every *ceratia* is four grains. The *ceratia* is a word derived by the Romans from the Greek, and signifying a small weight. This is undoubtedly the true derivation of the word. The rule, therefore, by which diamonds are valued is, firstly, by weighing, then by multiplying the square of their weight, after which a multiplication at the rate of \$40 per carat. Thus if a diamond of a single carat be worth \$40, one of two carats is \$160, one of three carats \$360; as two carats would be 2×2 is 4 multiplied by 40 is 160; three carats: 3×3 is 9 multiplied by 40 is 360. A diamond, therefore, of 100 carats would count 100×100 is 10,000 multiplied by 40; and would be worth \$400,000. As a matter of course this valuation is influenced by their regularity, purity, freedom from flaws or specks, these flaws or specks being indentations on the surface, or grains of sand imbedded in the stone. A great part of the lapidary's skill lies in his ability to detect these flaws in the rough stone. The diamond-cutters of the East seek for them at night by

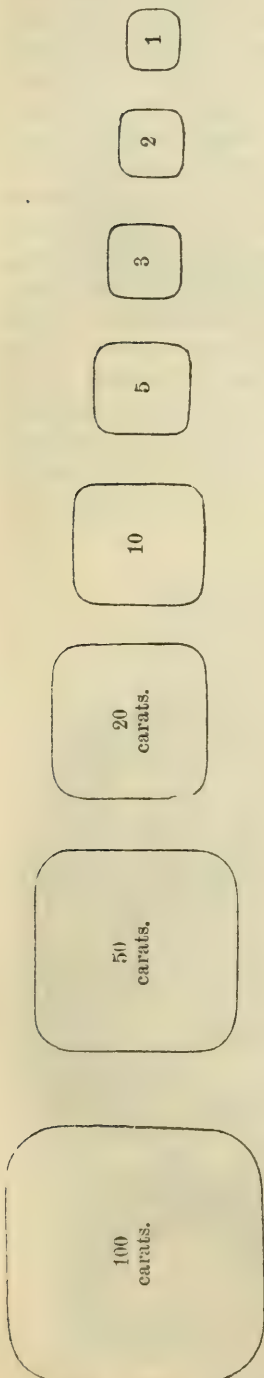


DIAMOND-CUTTER AT HIS WHEEL.

a lamp set in a niche of the wall, while the European workman prefers the strongest daylight. The valuation is greatly influenced also by their color, the pure white or limpid stone being held of the highest price, though some colored stones from their rarity are highly prized. The diamond has been found red, yellow, blue, brown, black, and limpid or white. While the white is held of the highest value the yellow is still considered the most brilliant, and in Turkey and Persia is the most sought.

The lapidary on receiving a diamond will oftentimes steep it in fine oils, or Canada balsam, changing and turning it, that he may thereby discover any flaws that may not be detectable without; the oils or balsam sinking to the cracks or imperfections of the stone and making them more visible. It is common, when such imperfections exist in the centre of the stone, to divide it by sawing or splitting, making two gems of one, removing the detrimental portion, and, if skillfully done, enhancing the value of the stone. For this sawing a fine steel wire is used, fed, as in the case of the revolving wheel, with diamond dust and oil. For the splitting, a chisel and a hammer with a skillful hand are used, but at a great risk. Instances are told where the single blow of the hammer involved the reputation and perhaps the labor of years, the slightest error hazarding the destruction of a priceless stone.

The principal diamond mines or washings of the world are the districts of the East Indies extending from Cape Comorin to Bengal, and the Brazilian localities. In small quantities they are found in the Ural, Russia, and upon the western coast of Africa. Of some few chance discoveries in this country and elsewhere we shall have occasion to speak hereafter. The East Indian mines of Raolconda, five days' journey from the fortress of Golconda, formed the first, and for many years the most important spot known for the production of diamonds. The mines of the island of Borneo, and those of Sacadan in Bengal, and Soumelpour in Visapour, have since assumed great importance. In the mines of Raolconda they are washed from earthy



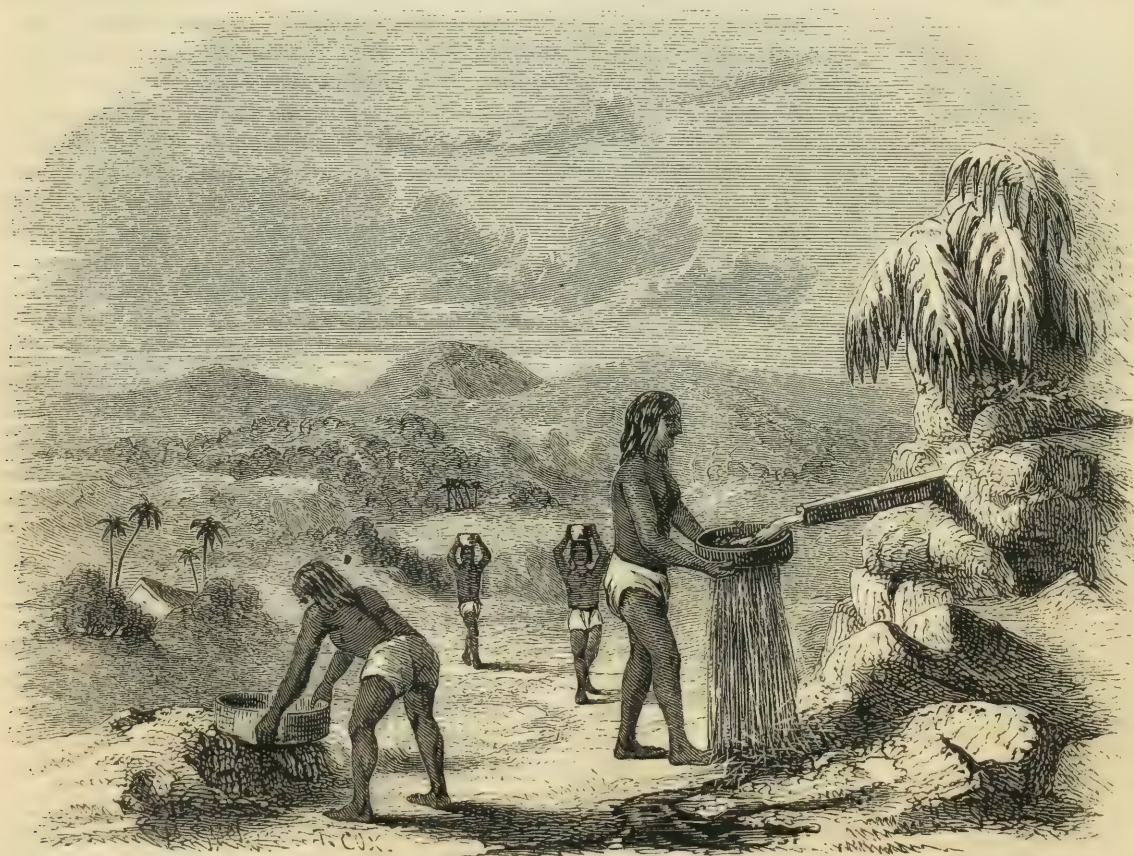
SIZES OF DIAMONDS OF VARIOUS WEIGHTS.

or sandy substance, which is dug away from the openings in the rocks with pointed hooks. In the mines of Borneo they are obtained from a soft loam lying below the surface. This is gathered into sieves and repeatedly washed, until hard earthy lumps appear, which are in turn subjected to the blow of a hammer to search for the gems which they contain. The miners are men, women, and children, held in a slavery of the most abject kind, their lives being entirely at the mercy of their masters. In these mines, as in those of Brazil, a slave finding a diamond over a certain weight is declared free, the stipulated size being not less than fifteen carats. It is generally conceded that the diamonds of India come from the washings of earth and gravel from the mountains. In the mines or washings of Raolconda a skillful miner will tread through the loamy vegetable matter, feeling with his toes for the gems with as much accuracy as another with the hands.

The stones when found lack all brilliancy; it is only by the hand of the artist that the beauties are developed from their crusty covering. In the employment of diamond miners great watchfulness is used to prevent the concealment of the stones. To hinder this as far as possible, they are made to work perfectly nude, only excepting a small cloth about the middle. They are under espionage in every movement, and every incentive is held out for one to betray his fellow. Still the theft of the larger and more valuable stones is great. They will swallow them, hide them under the eyelids, in the ears, hair, and in sores, knowing that if once they

convey the coveted treasure away from the eye of the master they will find a hundred receivers ready. These miners believe that if the chips or cuttings of the diamond be thrown back on the spot from whence the stone originally came they will grow, and again produce the gem. The mines of Raolconda were discovered about 1450; but from the earliest record the southern districts of India have been famous as diamond producers; and the earliest history of that land is coupled with romantic stories concerning this remarkable gem, which, though undoubtedly founded in truth, stagger belief.

It is the opinion of many reliable travelers that immense treasure in diamonds remains buried in different portions of India, the owners having chosen to lose their lives in the bloody wars that have continually desolated the land rather than give up the wealth on which they placed more than its intrinsic value. This will be better understood when we explain that all, from the lowest miner to the highest noble, are tinctured with the wildest superstition concerning the gem. Not only do they believe to the present day the same superstitions indulged in by our forefathers two hundred years ago, that the virtues of the stone are potent in sickness, witchcraft, and distress, but they also aver that the rise and downfall of nations, dynasties, and families are influenced by their possession. The chief of a great family would part with wives, children, all, before he would divorce himself from his ancestral gems. The offer of purchase is an insult; and on the downfall of his house, as the North American savage buries his dead

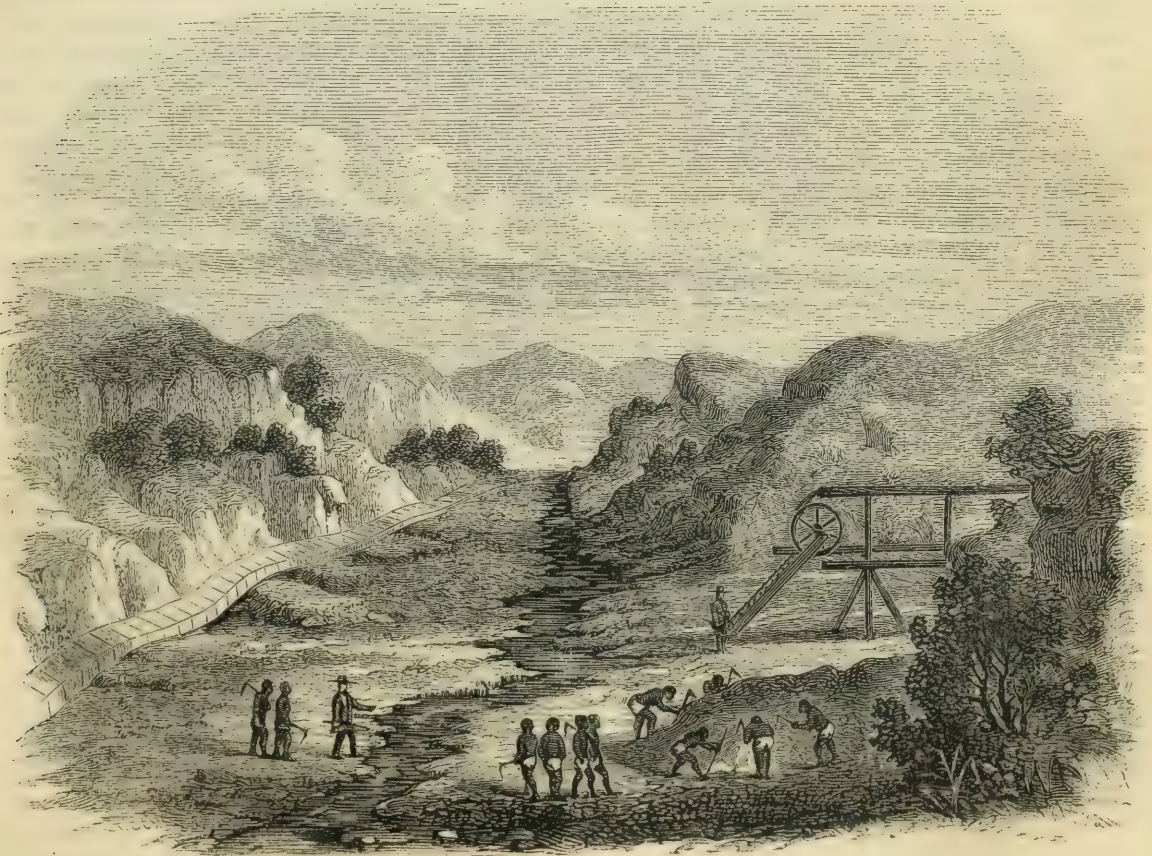


DIAMOND WASHING IN THE RAOLCONDA MINES.



THE RAOLCONDA DIAMOND MINES—NEAR GOLCONDA.

and departs from the land, so does the East Indian with his diamonds. Stones that have thus been held for hundreds of years in families are seriously deteriorated in value, from the custom indulged in of each new inheritor placing on them his mark by drilling a hole or boring a spot, which, while it lessens the pecuniary value of the stone, gives it greater value in the eyes of

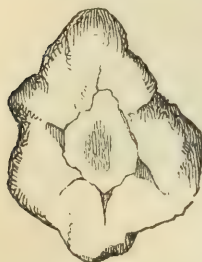


DIAMOND WASHINGS IN THE PROVINCE OF TEJUCAS, BRAZIL.

its possessor, answering the same end as the ancestral records of Europe. The history of all the large diamonds of India is a history of bloodshed and romance, testifying the insanity of the passion that has burned with an unquenchable desire for the possession of the gems.

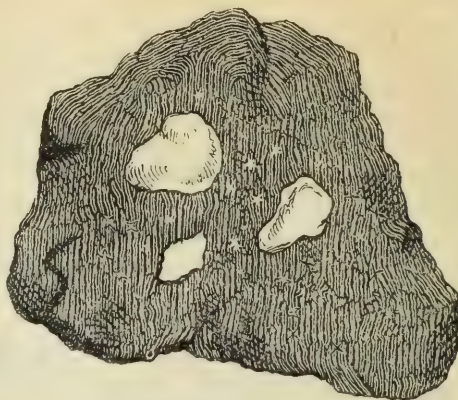
In the art of cutting diamonds the Eastern lapidaries are deficient, and all stones of importance are recut in England or Holland, the native workmen making no effort toward those finer operations which have so distinguished European lapidaries.

Tavernier, who visited the diamond districts of Raolconda in 1665-'70, gives many interesting but unreliable statements; the most amazing of which, the relation of the Great Mogul diamond, which he declares he saw, and of which he gives, in his book, a drawing, either existed only in the imagination of the author, or was magnified into greater importance and form than it deserved. Tavernier, who traveled in the East



A ROUGH DIAMOND.

at the command of the King of France, and for the purpose of buying gems for his majesty, who, at all events, became the possessor of the results of his trade, and made the semi-author, semi-jeweler, "Baron d'Aubonne, in consideration for the services that he had rendered the state," gave the first account received of the diamond mines of Hindostan and of Golconda. He was a man of intellectual force, and wealth, with seemingly a passion for precious stones, discoursing of them as a lover of his mistress. For forty years he traveled, partly, as it appears, from the love of adventure, and partly from the desire of trade and speculation in gems. From his pages we gather much of the great jewels of the world, part of which is true and part apocryphal. Of the great diamonds which he saw, and which he brought to the King, we will, in their order, relate. He professes to have discovered many of the secrets of the diamond dealers, and to have



CASCALHAO, OR DIAMOND EARTH.

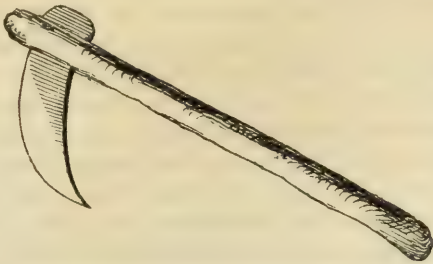
been allowed unlimited license in visiting the mines, and viewing, and even handling, all royal jewels. Among the most interesting of his recitals is that of the buying and selling. The merchants meet, and seat themselves opposite. No word is spoken, and the bargain is concluded simply by grasping the hand, the seller placing his in that of the would-be buyer. If the buyer squeezes the whole hand the meaning is an offer of one thousand rupees; if only the five fingers, five hundred rupees; if one finger, one hundred; the second joint, fifty; the first joint, ten. Thus are managed the most intricate and the heaviest bargains without noise or bustle—a lesson that might be profitably read by Wall Street. A rupee is about half a dollar.

In the year 1728 diamonds were found in Brazil, at Tejuco, on the Rio San Francisco. These mines, or washings, were first discovered by a gold-miner, and for a long time were considered of little consequence. The production from thence of quite a number of fine diamonds finally attracted the attention of the dealers of the world; and the increasing wealth caused the Government, in 1775, to lay claim to, and take possession of, all the discovered districts, in which hands they have since remained. At this period 5000 negroes, slaves, were employed in the search, which number, in 1818, had decreased to 1000, and remains now at about that figure.

It is almost impossible to reach any thing like a just estimate of the products of the Brazilian mines, they are guarded with such jealous care and so covered with secrecy. Travelers are rarely permitted to visit the district, and when permission is accorded but little reliable information is gained. It is, however, asserted that the yield is about 30,000 carats per annum, of which only one-eighth is suitable for jewelry. The district of Diamantina had, up to the year 1849, yielded ten millions of dollars' worth of diamonds. On the discovery of the Brazilian mines a panic seized the



EASTERN DIAMOND MERCHANTS BARGAINING.



PICKS USED BY EAST INDIAN DIAMOND MINERS.

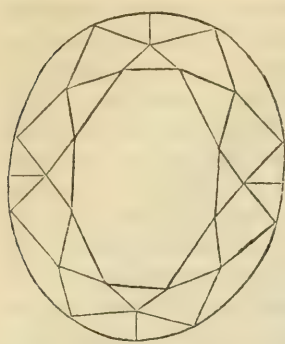
diamond merchants of the world. They sought to throw discredit on the Brazilian stones by calling them Portuguese diamonds, and declaring them infinitely inferior to the Oriental ones. The Brazilian gems, however, stood all the tests, and they were forced to admit their genuineness. At this time the quantity produced must have been greater than the demand, as no buyers could be found, and the value fell so low that the London and Lisbon merchants forbade their correspondents making any more shipments. Whether this panic was founded upon the great quantities received, or from the fear of a glut, we have no means of knowing. It was asserted that in the year 1738 *eighty pounds'* weight of diamonds went to Europe from the Brazilian mines. This, of course, is an exaggerated account, but leads us to believe that the finding of the first few years far exceeded all subsequent ones. However this may be the depression did not last long, and the jewels again reached their standard value.

In the different Brazilian mines the diamonds

are found in a loose, gravelly substance, consisting of quartz, sand, and oxyd of iron, accompanied with grains of gold and topaz of different colors; this substance is called *cascalhao*. The sheds for the washers are erected on a spot where the water necessary for the process can be freely conducted. These sheds are simply roofs composed of the bamboo, upon which is laid the long native grass, protecting the negroes from the intense rays of the sun. At intervals along the sides of this shed are placed the overseers, whose vigilance is assured by seating them on high stools without backs, that they may not rest, or yield to the natural desire in tropical climates for sleep. Through the centre of this shed a line of box compartments is built, about twelve feet in length by three in breadth, to each of which a negro washer is assigned. The water enters by the upper end, going away at the lower, through a drain so arranged as to prevent all possibility of any thing escaping but the fine mud. In this box the negro dabbles, assisted only at intervals by the small hook or pick. Should he find a diamond he must rise from his stooping posture, clap his hands, and hold the stone elevated between his thumb and forefinger. At this signal the overseer comes forward, takes the gem, and, weighing it in the presence of the other overseers, registers its weight, description, time of finding, etc., in a book kept for that purpose, and then places it in the *gamella*—a species of basket suspended in the centre of the roof of the shed. There are certain rewards given the negroes for finding a stone of more than ordinary



CROWNING A LUCKY DIAMOND FINDER.

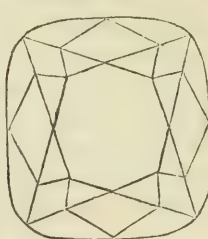
THE PIGOT OR LOTTERY
DIAMOND.

fortunate slave is taken in hand by his fellow-laborers, dressed, and decked with flowers, crowned, and carried, with shouts and singing, on their shoulders, to the administrator or head director of the mines, who, with great ceremony, confers upon him his liberty.

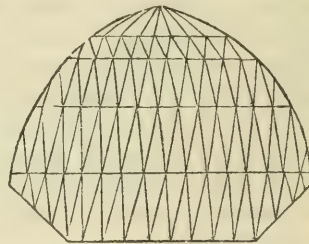
Here, as in the Eastern mines, every precaution is used to prevent stealing; and yet it would be safe to say that one-third of all the diamonds brought from Brazil are obtained surreptitiously. The mines, though surrounded by a line of guards several miles in extent, are watched with such ceaseless assiduity by receivers and smugglers, that if a negro succeeds in secreting a diamond he finds not the slightest difficulty in obtaining a purchaser, though at but a small moiety of its value. These smugglers, who stand always ready to buy of the negroes, or of any chance finder, are, in their turn, subjected to great peril in getting their gems out of the jurisdiction of the Government, not only risking the loss of the stones, but of life and liberty, the penalties being very severe. Mawe, who traveled to the Diamond districts in 1804, relates a remarkable instance of an attempt to convey an immense amount away at a great risk. A mule-driver was arrested on his way from the Serro de Frio under suspicion of smuggling; his gun was taken from him, and on examination it proved to contain in the stock over one hundred thousand dollars of value in diamonds. The poor fellow, apparently astounded, declared his innocence, asserting that he had bought the gun at a low price at the mines, and knew nothing of its

size—should it exceed six carats, a shirt, some cotton cloth, and an extra allowance of food is the award; but if the weight of the stone reach seventeen and a half carats, the negro has his freedom, which is conferred with great rejoicing and ceremony. Upon an occasion like this all labor is suspended for the day, the contents. He was imprisoned, and when, after long delay, the Government sought evidence to substantiate his story, no absolute certainty could be arrived at; but no doubt was entertained that the man had been made the instrument of smugglers, who sold him the gun so prepared with the treasure in its stock, watching him continually on his progress, and intending to buy, or by some means again obtain it, when he had arrived in Rio Janeiro, ignorant of his costly burden.

The diamonds found in the mines of Brazil do not run large, 20 carats being the average outside weight. In 1791 a stone of 138 carats was found on the Rio de Abaite by three criminals who had escaped from Rio Janeiro. Knowing it to be a diamond, but not having any chance of disposing of their treasure as they then were, they went to a priest for advice under the seal of confession. He told them to return to Rio, throw themselves on the mercy of the Emperor, and present their jewel. They did so, and were pardoned—his Majesty pocketing the stone in compensation, and giving them no doubt the privilege of finding more. Mawe relates an in-

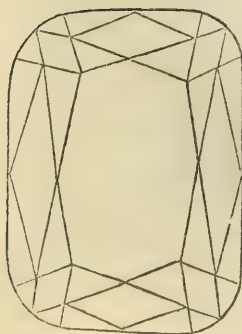


THE POLAR STAR.

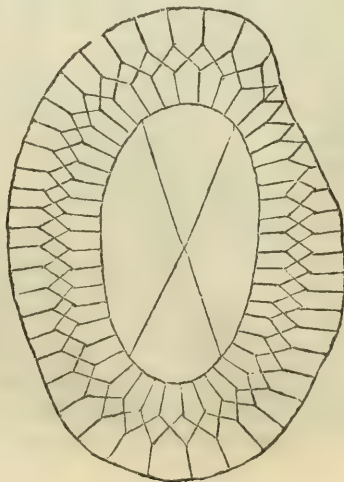


THE RUSSIAN DIAMOND.

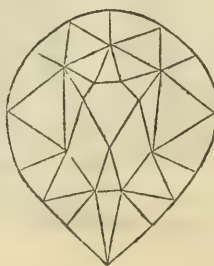
stance of a strange nature occurring during the period of his stay in Rio. A free negro of Villa do Principa transmitted a message to the then Prince Regent that he was the possessor of an immense diamond weighing a pound or more, which he had found in a small stream near that place, and which he desired to present in person to the Prince. All Rio was aroused at this wonderful report. A guard of soldiers was immediately dispatched for the lucky negro; his progress toward the city was one continued ovation; the populace streamed upon the roads and streets to catch a glimpse of the man who was going to certain honor and fortune. He came before the



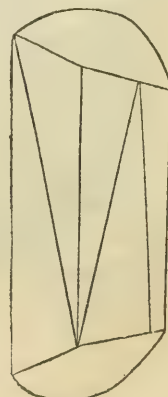
THE BLUE DIAMOND.



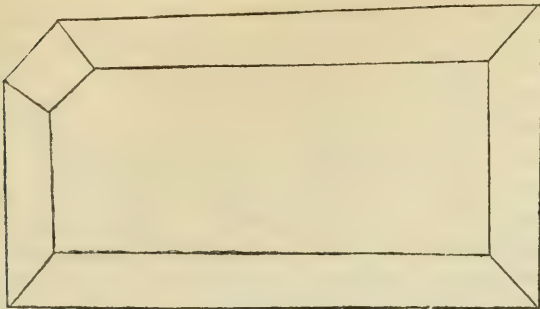
THE KOH-I-NOOR.



THE SANCY.



THE SHAH.



DIAMOND SEEN BY TAVERNIER.

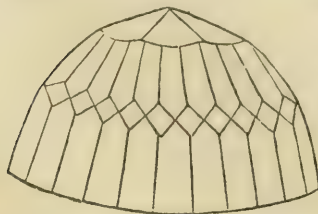
Prince and presented his stone. There was a deathly silence. There it lay in the hand of his Royal Highness, truly of a magnitude such as the world had never before beheld. The Prince gazed on it for a few moments and handed it to his ministers who were grouped about him, and then first went up the doubts as to its being a genuine stone. The most reliable judges were sent for, and but a short time elapsed before the poor negro, with his white topaz, was flying back on his road to Villa do Principa, followed by the jeers of the same crowds who had a few hours previously bowed before him as a rising star.

Besides the Brazilian and East Indian mines, diamonds are found in small quantities in Russia, on the western coast of Africa, and at other points which we shall mention. Humboldt, traveling through the Ural mountains in 1829,



VIRGINIA DIAMOND.

by indications which he discovered, declared that diamonds would be found there on search. This assertion induced some of the proprietors of estates to institute researches, which have resulted in finding many small stones, though not enough to become a source of profit. Again the same great traveler, while passing through this country, declared that diamonds would be found ultimately on the spurs of mountains running at right angles with the great ranges, or nearly north and south. Though this is not yet fully verified there exists no doubt of its ultimate realization, small stones having been found in several instances—one in North Carolina, near Raleigh, weighing nearly 2 carats; another near Milford, Connecticut, of smaller size; and one or two in Kentucky. But the only American diamond of considerable size, and well vouched for, was found by a man named Benjamin Moore, a laborer in the employ of Mr. James Fisher, Jun., at Manchester, near Richmond, Virginia, in the month of April, 1855. It is a curvilinear octahedron, weighing 27.7 carats; its general characteristics approaching nearer the Brazilian than the Oriental stones. In specific gravity it is be-

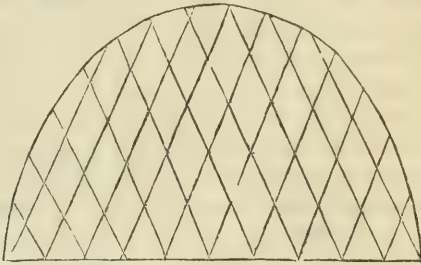


END VIEW OF THE KOH-I-NOOR.

tween the two, being 3.503. Its quality as a gem is considerably marred by a flaw extending nearly one-eighth through its extent. This flaw it no

great measure, to the rude test to which it was submitted soon after being found, by being placed in a furnace for melting iron at Richmond, and kept at a red heat for nearly three hours. The great marvel in this Virginia diamond is not that it *was found*, but that it was retained by the finder; for were it dropped among the pebbles at Cape May or Newport, it would have been among the last to be elected as being “so like a diamond.” It is now in the possession of a gentleman of New York, who obtained it for an inconsiderable sum, and it still remains uncut.

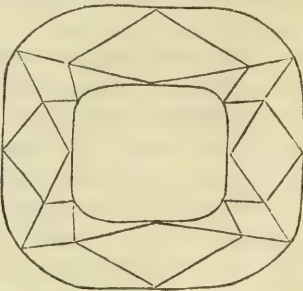
Before going to the consideration and description of the famous historical diamonds of the world, we will explain the great difficulty with which truth is evolved from the mass of fable, falsehood, and error surrounding these gems. Through all periods of the world the ownership of wonderful jewels has been a passion with great monarchs, who have fought for them, diplomati-



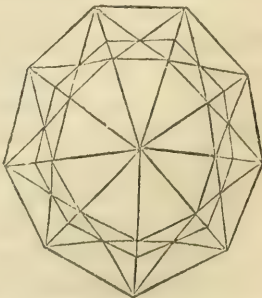
THE GREAT MOGUL.—FROM TAVERNIER'S DRAWING.

zed for them, and, when the real article could not be obtained, have invented mythical gems having no real existence, and only perpetuated in the memories of such as catered for notoriety by asserting their eyes to have beheld more than the rest of mankind. By this means many diamonds have been asserted to exist which have no local habitation, and oftentimes not even a name. The famed splendors of Aladdin's jewels and the gems of the Arabian Nights pale before these tales; and it has been reserved for the days of steam and electricity, which open up all the secret places of

the earth, and allow “our own correspondent” to pry into the coffers of monarchs and millionaires, to deny the authenticity of these “bogus” diamonds. When it is considered that all the diamonds found to this date, weighing over 40 carats, do not number in the aggregate more than twenty-five, it will be seen that it is the easiest thing in the world to trace the origin and history of the great stones. If, therefore, any



THE REGENT OR PITT DIAMOND.



THE GRAND DUKE OF TUSCANY.

person were to assert his possession of a stone weighing 100 carats, it would be instantly known that it must be a falsehood, as no such stone could exist without being familiar to the diamond-admiring world. Another source of error has heretofore arisen from the change of ownership in diamonds, and the fancy of the owners that their cut should be altered: by this means a stone will at one period be described in one way, while in twenty or fifty years the description will entirely differ.

The first of the great diamonds of the world which we shall consider is "The Great Mogul." During the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries the travelers, principally merchants, who penetrated to the East Indies, brought back the most stupendous accounts of extraordinary gems which they declared themselves to have seen—diamonds of the size of ostrich eggs, rubies weighing pounds, and emeralds from which drinking cups and vases were made, were only small portions of the account. The East was a fabulous land, glowing with diamonds and gold, and as jealously guarded as the entrance to Paradise. The last must unquestionably have been true, as these traders and sight-seers never brought back any of these wonderful gems, the jewels of which they became possessed being of insignificant size compared with those they told of. Various accounts, each differing, reached Europe of a great diamond in the hands of the Mogul Emperor, but no definite description was had until the visit of Tavernier in 1665, who gives a drawing of it. He says it is the largest diamond he has ever seen or heard of. "It belongs to the Emperor of Mogul, who, with great honor, showed me that and all his other jewels. The drawing I have made represents its form since it has been cut, and permission being given me to weigh and value it, I found it to weigh $319\frac{1}{2}$ ratis, or 279 carats, and its value I make 11,723,278 livres [equal to \$4,000,000]. It is precisely the form of half a hen's egg." In another portion of his book he speaks again of seeing this wonderful stone: "I was conducted to an apartment where I found the Chief of the Treasury, who, upon our entrance, sent four of the Emperor's eunuchs to bring in the jewels, which they soon did, bearing them on several great dishes lacquered over with gold, and covered with cloths of red and green embroidered velvet. They were then uncovered, and having been three times counted, piece by piece, a list was made out by three secretaries with great exactness. The first piece, then placed in my hands, was the great diamond. It is round, rose cut, and higher on one side than the other. It is of fine water, and weighs 280 carats, having one small flaw or speck near its bottom edge."

Of this diamond we have the following history: It was produced from the mines of Gani, in the kingdom of Golconda, about the year 1550. It became the property of the King of Golconda, and remained in its rough state, weighing, as was asserted, 793 carats, until the reign of Shah Jehan, the father of the great Aurung Zebe,

when, by the unskillfulness of the cutter, it lost over 500 carats of its weight, and the lapidary his life. Aurung Zebe died in 1707. From him the diamond descended to his son, grandson, and great-grandson, each with but a short term of enjoyment. Up to 1739 the kingdom of the Mogul had been the greatest of Asiatic powers. At this period the great Persian conqueror, Nadir Shah, swept through India, carrying away the Mogul dynasty and its treasures. Among these, it was asserted, went the great diamond.

Of all known diamonds that of the Emperor of Russia is unquestionably the greatest. Its weight is stated at 195 carats; its shape resembles the half of a pigeon's egg, with a diameter of about one and a quarter inches. It is rose cut and almost white; the base not having been cut to a flat surface the stone presents an irregularity on either side. The first authentic trace of this stone is its appearance at Amsterdam, about the year 1775, in the hands of a Persian merchant named Shafrat, who sold it to Prince Gregory Orloff for the sum of \$540,000 and an annuity of \$20,000. From whence this man obtained the stone, or its previous history, nothing definite is known. From the fact of his being a Persian it has been sought to identify it with the Great Mogul, concluding that it had found its way into his hands from the treasure-box of Nadir Shah, the conqueror of India. The story is related as follows: At the sack of Delhi in 1739 the treasure of the Mogul fell into the hands of Nadir Shah. *If there existed such a gem as the Great Mogul Diamond* it came, unquestionably, into his possession. The spoil on this occasion was reckoned as amounting to \$150,000,000, which was carried back to Persia. Though at this time English and French travelers and merchants were passing through Persia, often in quest of jewels, no account has come to us of this Mogul. In 1747 Nadir Shah was assassinated, and civil war reigned for many years. The treasure of the Crown was appropriated by the Afghans. Many years after this an Afghan chief brought this Russian diamond to the merchant Shafrat, at Bassora, who bought it. For many years he kept his purchase concealed; but thinking, finally, that the gem would not be claimed or identified, he came to Amsterdam, where he sold it to Prince Orloff for Catharine II. Of the identity of this diamond with the "Great Mogul" this is the only evidence. In the opinion of the writer a greater mass of circumstantial evidence exists in favor of the "Koh-i-noor" being the Great Mogul. Before dismissing the Russian diamond we will mention that some writers ascribe its presence in Europe to a deserter from the French service, who got himself made a priest to the Malabar deity at Seringham, and eloped one night, carrying off this diamond, which formed one of the eyes of the principal idol. This tale, though pretty in the telling, has no shadow of truth, but only a foundation in story told by Tavernier in his fourth volume, page 143. He says:

"Jagrenate is the name of the mouth of the River Ganges, where stands the great pagoda; and on this spot the Brahmin in Chief has his residence. On the altar of the temple is the great idol, which has two diamonds for its eyes, and a collar of diamonds, which hangs down low upon its stomach. The smallest of these diamond eyes weighs not less than 40 or 50 carats. Its arms are decorated with rubies and pearls. The name of this grand idol is Kesora. The income of this great pagoda is sufficient to feed twenty thousand pilgrims daily; and this being the holiest place in all India, that number is frequently there, coming from all directions. The jewelers are attracted here, the same as all others, but none are admitted to enter, since one of the craft got himself locked in the temple at night and purloined one of the diamond eyes of the deity. Upon making his escape in the morning, when the temple was opened, he dropped dead upon the door-sill. The natives say it was a miracle to punish the sacrilegious theft."

The next largest diamond is that of the Grand Duke of Tuscany. It weighs 139 carats, and is cut as a brilliant of the most perfect form. It is about an inch and a half in diameter, and an inch deep. In the purity of its color and the beauty of its form it has no equal in the world. This diamond is now in the possession of Austria; and of its history or origin nothing positive is known beyond the legend that it was originally bought at a stand in the city of Florence for a few cents, and supposed to be a bit of crystal.

The third is the great Regent or Pitt Diamond, so called from having been purchased by Thomas Pitt, the grandfather of William Pitt, at Malacca, in 1702, while he was Governor of Fort St. George, Madras. He bought it of a native merchant for about \$72,000 of our money. After passing through several hands, it was bought in 1748 for £675,000 by Louis XV. of France, and still remains among the French royal jewels. This is the same diamond that was worn by Napoleon in the hilt of his sword. Its weight is 136 $\frac{3}{4}$ carats; its diameter, an inch and a quarter; its depth, an inch. The above is about the true estimate of the value of this jewel; though when in 1791 a number of diamond merchants were called together to value it, they set its price at twelve millions of francs—an absurd price, allowable by no rule. After the "Grand Duke of Tuscany," this is the finest diamond known.

The fourth in weight is the "Etoile du Sud." It was found in Brazil in July, 1853, and was purchased by a firm of jewelers in Paris, who have just finished cutting it. Its weight is 125 $\frac{1}{2}$ carats. Of this diamond we can gather little reliable information, and no representation of its form. It was exhibited in the French Exposition, some years since, and laid before the French Academy, who pronounced it of the purest water, and free from any blemish whatever.

The fifth is the Koh-i-noor, or Ku-i-nor, the famous Mountain of Light, of which so much has

been said, sung, and written. It is now among the crown jewels of England; and when obtained by that Power was the largest diamond known, with the exception of the "Russian," which only exceeded it by a few carats. In 1852 a re-cutting was made, under, as since admitted, bad advice, for the purpose of altering it from a rose cut to that of a brilliant. By this operation the stone lost 83 $\frac{1}{4}$ carats, reducing its original weight from 186 to 103. Previous to this cutting its length was nearly two inches; its breadth, an inch; and its depth, three-quarters. Its tint is slightly yellow. It came into the possession of England in 1850, and was exhibited at the Crystal Palace in 1851, from which circumstance it became the most familiarly known of all the great precious stones.

There can be no doubt that the Koh-i-noor is the diamond seen by Tavernier, if he saw any diamond whatever approaching to that weight and size, which he describes as possessed by the Great Mogul. That this stone was in the possession of the Mogul Emperors there can be little dispute. It is said to have been found in the northern mines, and passed first into the keeping of the Rajah of Oojen; then for centuries it remained among the hereditary gems of the rajahs of Central India, until it came by conquest into the Mogul line, through Baber its founder. Its history is a history of blood and rapine, even down to the moment of its possession by the British. And the East Indian prophets have invariably foretold the downfall of a dynasty owning the Koh-i-noor. It remained among the treasures of the Grand Mogul until the accession of Mohammed Shah, who surrendered to the great Persian conqueror, Nadir Shah, on the 8th March, 1739. This diamond formed part of the treasure of the conquered, and was carried by the conqueror back to Persia.

We will digress here to show why we believe this Koh-i-noor to be identical with the "Great Mogul." When Tavernier saw the "Great Mogul," which he classes as weighing 279 carats, the Koh-i-noor was unquestionably in the same monarch's possession. He describes and gives drawings of all the other fine stones, but says not one word about the Koh-i-noor. Nor does he mention this stone, or any one answering the description, in any way, except it be a stone he saw in the hands of some merchants, of an oblong square, and weighing 242 carats, of which he took a cast and drawing, and for which he was commissioned to offer 400,000 livres (\$80,000); this, however, was refused, the price asked being 750,000 livres. Though Tavernier does not state whether this diamond was cut, his drawing shows it to have been. There is said to be a large diamond in the possession of the Rajah of Mattean in Borneo, weighing over 300 carats, egg-shaped with an indentation at one end. If this Rajah of Mattean has really any great diamond, it will probably turn out to be the one M. Tavernier saw in the hands of the merchants.

To go back to the "Great Mogul." It will

naturally be asked, if M. Tavernier is worthy of any belief, how could he make so great a difference in the shape as there is between the Great Mogul and the Koh-i-noor? This is the explanation: Having decided to astonish the world with a great diamond, our traveler took an end view of the Koh-i-noor, by which he presented a stone of beautiful form without any effort on his part but the one of magnifying it. The "End-view," on another page, answers to his of the "Great Mogul" much nearer than the Russian diamond. The Koh-i-noor was carried by Nadir Shah back to Persia. In June, 1747, Nadir was assassinated in a rebellion of his subjects, brought about by their jealousy of the Afghans, who usurped all places of honor at court. The Afghans were necessarily compelled to fly in all directions, fighting their way in desperation out of the kingdom. Ahmud Shah, who was the commander of the Afghan cavalry in the service of Nadir, making the best use of the time, seized the treasury, and made good his escape. The Koh-i-noor was part of this treasure. He carried it to Afghanistan, founded a kingdom and became a great conqueror, extended his arms to India, and grew rich with his spoil beyond all computation. When he died, in 1773, this jewel was among his wealth, and came into possession of his son, Timoor Shah, who dying in 1793 bequeathed his throne and treasure to Shah Temaun, a younger son, who was soon driven from the throne by Mahmood his brother. Temaun in his escape carried with him the royal jewels, the Koh-i-noor among them. He took refuge with a friend, Asheek, who confined him in prison and betrayed him to Mahmood. While imprisoned he buried the jewels in a hole in the wall. Mahmood's messengers soon after arriving they put out the eyes of Temaun, and carried him to Cabul, where he was again thrown into prison. Mahmood's reign was short and bloody. A revolution deposed him, and the successful chief, Mookdhar, placed on the throne Shoojah, an elder brother of Temaun, whose first act was the liberation of his brother, and the blowing away from the mouth of the cannon of Asheek and all his family. The Koh-i-noor was now released from the hole in the wall where it had been placed by Temaun.

Mr. Elphinstone, who was British Envoy to the kingdom of Cabul in 1808, speaks of seeing this diamond, owned by Shoojah. On his reception by the King, after describing the extreme magnificence of the jewels worn by the monarch, he says, "In one of the bracelets was the Koh-i-noor, known to be one of the largest diamonds in the world." Within a few years after this, about 1813, the kingdom of Cabul was overrun and subjugated by the Sikhs, under Runjeet Singh. The manner of surrender of this diamond to the conqueror shows the tenacity with which the Indian Princes cling to their great gems. Threats and diplomacy were used in vain to make Shoojah *present* the gem to his conqueror. Finally they met and took their seats in solemn silence, which continued un-

broken for an hour. At length Runjeet became impatient, and sent an attendant to quicken the action of Shoojah. The conquered prince spoke not a word, but made a signal to an attendant, who retired for a moment and returned with a small roll, which he laid down half-way between the chiefs. After another silence, at a sign from Runjeet the roll was unfolded, and there was the Koh-i-noor in all its unapproachable brilliancy.

On the retirement of Runjeet Singh to his own dominions the diamond accompanied him. On the conquest of the Sikh country by Great Britain it became the prize of the conquerors. What a story, for a bit of stone!

Thus, while we have no authentic evidence to show that the Russian diamond was ever in the possession of Nadir Shah or the Afghans—all this hypothesis being founded on the fact of its sale by a Persian merchant—we have a body of it to trace the Koh-i-noor through every phase. Our theory with regard to the Russian stone is, that at some former time it was stolen or concealed, where possibly it lay hidden for centuries, and was only brought to light when it was offered for sale and bought by Russia.

The sixth diamond to be considered is that of the King of Portugal, which, if report is to be believed, should be placed first on the list. The Portuguese authorities declare it to be the largest diamond in the world. It still remains in a rough state, and is asserted to weigh 1680 carats and to be worth \$30,000,000. Eminent judges, who have declared themselves to have seen the stone, say it is much larger than an egg, but assert it to be only a white topaz, without any specific value. It was found at the mines of Tejuca as reported in 1808, and was brought from Brazil by John VI., then Prince Regent. It may be the identical white topaz of which Mawe speaks, and the anecdote of which we have related.

The seventh is the extraordinary Blue Diamond now in the collection of Mr. Hope the great banker of Amsterdam, where it is simply classed as *carbon*—a remarkable instance of "the pride that apes humility." It is exquisitely cut, of brilliant form, about an inch and a quarter in length by an inch in breadth, and weighs 77 carats. It is held at altogether a fancy price from the rarity of its color, the rich blue tint making it perfectly unique.

The eighth is a diamond in the possession of the Pacha of Egypt; it is of the brilliant cut, and weighs 49 carats. It is said that this potentate is possessed of many beautiful diamonds, though none larger than the stone mentioned.

The ninth is the Piggott or Great Lottery Diamond, so called because brought to England in 1801 by Earl Piggott, who was Governor of India and obtained it there. It was disposed of by lottery, valued at \$150,000. It was drawn by a lady, who by agency sold it to the Pacha of Egypt, in whose possession it now remains. It weighs 47 carats, and is brilliant form and fine color.

The next is the Sancy Diamond; the first record of which is its having been sent by Francis I. to Diana of Poitiers as a present. Next, in the reign of Henry IV. of France, the Count Nicolas De Sancy was its possessor, and wishing to raise money to aid his sovereign in war, he sent the diamond by a messenger to the city of Metz, that he might find a Jew who would loan upon it. The servant was beset by robbers, and killed. A long time after, by the suggestion of some shrewd guesser, the Count Nicolas De Sancy searched for the spot where his messenger had been interred, and unburied the body. On opening it the diamond was found, having been swallowed by the faithful servant. The Sancy is of oval form, rather more than an inch in length, and half an inch in thickness, weighing 33 carats. It is now in the possession of France, and among the crown jewels.

The eleventh is the "Polar Star," a brilliant cut, an inch long by half an inch in depth, and weighing 32 carats. This stone is also among the crown jewels of France.

The diamonds of which we have yet to speak may possibly be worthy of more extended mention; but as no certain account of them has ever been put forth to the world, we can do nothing farther than mention the fact of their existence, or supposed existence, with such characteristics as we gather.

The first of these is the reported great diamond of the Sultan of Borneo, which is said to weigh 367 carats, or nearly three ounces Troy. It is reported to have been found at Landak about a hundred years ago. One of the Governors of Batavia offered some years since to buy this stone, if it was as represented, and to give for it \$750,000, and two vessels of war, with their armament and ammunition. It was refused.

One called "Le Shah," is in the Russian crown jewels. It is of an irregular cut, oblong, about an inch and a half in length, and of a blue tint.

There is a diamond in the possession of the King of Saxony called the Green Diamond from its color. It was brought from Warsaw by Augustus the Strong, where he bought it for 60,000 thalers.

The East India House has one called the "Nassau Diamond," obtained by them in some of the wars in India. It is believed to weigh about 60 carats. There is a very fine diamond in the possession of Holland, and one or two in the Portuguese crown jewels, of which we are unable to give any account.

Of the immense quantity and value of the crown jewels of the different powers of Europe some conclusion can be drawn by the following items:

The crown alone of England contains 1700 diamonds, valued at \$500,000.

The Russian treasury contains, among other trifles, the crown of Peter the Great, containing 887 large diamonds; the crown of Ivan, 841 diamonds; and the Imperial crown, with about 2500 large diamonds.

The French crown contains 5352 diamonds; one state sword is embellished with 1576 brilliants, and another with 1506 rose diamonds.

In America we rarely see stones weighing over 8 carats. Messrs. Tiffany have lately received an order for the largest stone that has yet been brought here; its value is to be \$12,000. A singular circumstance is the rapid change of ownership in American diamonds. The following instance occurred under the writer's notice: In February, 1857, two large stones were imported to New York, to order, and were delivered by special messenger to their buyers in a Southern city. Exactly one year after, a sale of diamonds was held in New York city, being part of a stock seized by the Custom-house for smuggling. The messenger who had delivered these two stones, some time after the sale, while examining the purchases, identified the same two diamonds among the stock. A spirited discussion arose on this, when his identification was supported by other evidence. The stones had been set, unset, sold and resold, traveled to Europe and back, all within one year.

Though we are supposed to be growing in our knowledge of precious stones daily, yet some of the most remarkable instances of ignorance occur—such as, were they not vouched for by indisputable evidence, we should discard as impossibilities. A theatrical gentleman of some note, whom for shortness we will call Jones, as he denies the privilege of his name, while wandering through some street in New Orleans, espied a pair of brilliant shoe-buckles in the window of an old-clothes shop. Viewing them in a professional light, Mr. Jones concluded to purchase, if they were to be had low. A bargain was soon struck for the buckles at six dollars (they were silver-mounted). Mr. Jones sported his buckles in numerous characters; and in one instance, while tearing a passion all to tatters, kicked one of them into the orchestra, where it lay until next day. After he had owned them about two years one of them needed some repairing, and found its way for that purpose into the hands of a jeweler, and while here the discovery was made that the supposed pastes were, in reality, fine brilliant stones. The sequel was that our Thespian friend sold his buckles for \$4000.

A circumstance of a like nature occurred with an ancient Masonic medal which for six months lay exposed in a second-hand shop in Chatham Street, New York, until it caught the eyes of a connoisseur, who rescued it for a small sum, to find himself possessed of diamonds worth \$700.

On the very first authority we can assert that the larger part of the diamonds coming to this country are smuggled. So large a sum in value can be stowed in so limited a space that even the small duty, which by a recent enactment amounts to only ten per cent., is no inducement for regular entry. In every conceivable way these smugglers, who are mostly Jews, pass their treasures under the eyes of the custom-house officials without suspicion: in the linings of trunks, by false bottoms, in their hats, in their boots, in

the linen and the dress of women. Nothing less than their betrayal by the smugglers themselves, by their restless, fidgety manner, could give the lynx-eyed officers the clew. The great seizure case of H—— & Co., wherein over \$20,000 worth was taken, was detected in this way. The diamonds were concealed in the upper rim of a leather hat-box. This case, with that of another New York firm, who lost to Uncle Sam the nice little sum of \$26,000 in the same way, are the two most important for several years. A case of this kind occurred within a few months, wherein United States Marshal Rynders was the prominent actor, and a German Jew played second. The latter gentleman, on the arrival of one of the steamers, brought his trunks up, and hurriedly demanded an examination, as he asserted his wife was anxious to get on shore. Mr. Rynders had been standing aloof watching the matter until his quick eye told him something was wrong, when he took the case personally in hand, saying, *sotto voce*, to his deputies to watch this man carefully, that they might see the play of his countenance. The Marshal began by sounding the suspected trunk, turning out its contents. A few minutes convinced him it had a double bottom, though carefully papered inside, and all traces of such a fact carefully concealed. Now came the study of the man's face; as he thought detection certain, the countenance would fall, and his cheeks grow pale, and the tongue run faster and more confused; then, when the Marshal had the things replaced, and turned to the other trunk, the face would brighten, and the air of independence came out. At last, the Marshal having exhibited his customer to his deputies, as the enthusiastic surgeon does his capital case in a lecture, he called for a chisel and hammer, and knocked out the false bottom, within which were found \$7000 worth of diamonds and jewelry, which the poor fellow declared was only his wife's private jewelry. This, unfortunately for him, he could not make the officials believe, and it all went into the coffers of Uncle Samuel. It seems a hard case; but these men must be placed in the same category as gamblers or any other law-breakers; and as they run their risks, so take their profits. There are penal enactments against smuggling, but no convictions ever take place, it being accounted sufficient punishment to deprive them of the goods.

In connection with this subject we may relate a singular case which occurred in this city a few years since. Information was received by the United States Marshal that a large diamond importing house in Maiden Lane had been engaged in smuggling. How this information came has always remained a mystery, and to this day has not been accounted for. The result was, however, that a sudden irruption was made upon their premises, and a seizure made of a box said to contain jewelry, but which had paid duty, and had not yet been opened or exposed for sale. The owners declared it to be all right, no fraud being used. The Marshal broke open the box,

and displayed to the astonished importers a false bottom, wherein lay snugly ensconced about \$12,000 worth of diamonds. Of course the valuables were carried away, but were immediately replevined by the importers. A lengthened litigation was the consequence, ending in the triumph of the importers, who put forward this very extraordinary defense, no doubt with perfect justice: The box was one constructed in Berlin, and intended for conveying diamonds into Russia by smuggling. By some unaccountable mistake this box had been packed for Russia, but had come to this country instead, exporter and importer being alike ignorant of its real contents until the seizure. The most mysterious portion of the matter was, from whence came the anonymous information that gave the Marshal intelligence not possessed by the importer.

We believe in no part of the world does the insanity (we must so call it) set so strongly for finding diamonds as in America. The leading diamond setters and jewelers tell strange tales of the delusions of people who, thinking they have found a valuable brilliant, seek information as to its money value. Only a few months since a man brought a top of a bottle-stopper, wrapped in a variety of cloths and put to bed in cotton lint, to Messrs. Tiffany & Co., declaring it a diamond, and, of course, offering it for sale.

With one more diamond anecdote we will close this paper. It is an actual occurrence within a few months. A party of gentlemen were conversing together in the reading-room of a well-known New York hotel, when they were joined by another whom they knew by sight as a frequenter of the house. This last gentleman had on what appeared to be a fine diamond ring. In the course of conversation the ring came up, and the owner having freely shown it, said, finally, that it was worth \$800, but he was in want of money, and would sell it for \$500 if he could do so immediately. One of the gentlemen, a Southerner, offered to give him that sum. Accordingly the money was paid and the ring changed owners. In the course of an hour or two the purchaser was told, jeeringly, that he was the possessor of a false stone. He rushed to the jeweler's and found he had really been sold. Some days passed over, and the purchaser of the ring stood the jeers and laughs of his acquaintances on his investment, until, one day, determining to be even with them, he stepped into a diamond setter, and making a bargain to give fifty dollars for the loan of a real stone for one day, he had the real placed in the same setting where the false one then lay. Joining his friends again, as usual they began inquiring as to whether he had found the seller of the ring, etc. In the midst of their jokes the gentleman broke in with an assertion that he did not believe he had been humbugged after all. So sure, in fact, was he, that he would bet the stone was a real diamond. He had no difficulty in getting bets on that issue, and in a few minutes booked to the amount of \$600. Adjourning to a jeweler's,

the stone was pronounced good, and the \$600 lay in the pocket-book of the ring-buyer; while within fifteen minutes the real stone was returned and the false one put in its place. Not many hours had elapsed when the singular circumstances connected with the ring became circulated, and finally reached the ears of the swindling seller of the ring. "Had he really sold a diamond worth \$800 for \$500?" He was startled; the mistake must be retrieved. Making a poor face, the rascal sought out the holder of the ring, and with as much assurance as a New York swindler could be supposed to possess, asked the gentleman to sell him back the ring, as he was now sorry he had sold it. The gentleman at first refused, but finally, on the rascal's begging, agreed to do so on condition that he had fifty dollars given him more than he gave. This was soon accomplished, and the ring again changed hands—this time permanently.

A RAINY DAY, AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

I.

ARTHUR LEIGHTON was walking home from school one rainy October afternoon. A dreary northeast storm, for which the clouds had been gathering all day until the sky was veiled with their leaden hues, had swept down at last in gusts of wind and driving rain that whistled and blew up the long village streets, and howled around the bleak corners, as if they had taken lease of the premises and meant to keep possession for the full term. The school-boy was well protected against the weather with heavy overcoat and water-proof shoes, and a sturdy umbrella that defied all attempts of the wind to turn it inside out. He trudged along cheerfully enough, therefore, with a certain enjoyment of the storm in his own sense of security against it.

At the same time, on the other side of the street, a little girl was hurrying home also; not with Arthur's careless indifference, but with all the haste that her little feet so clogged and saturated with mud and water could make. She had neither over-shoes nor umbrella, and the heavy rain was beating down pitilessly upon her head, covered only by a gingham sun-bonnet that was already wet through. Her shawl clung dripping about her shoulders, her pantalets were splashed with the black mud of the crossings, and her shoes covered with the same; so that altogether she looked a most forlorn little creature, and doubtless felt very much as she looked, considering the circumstances! She had come to a crossing, and wanted to get over to the other side, but a swollen gutter stretched broad and deep between the pavement and the flag-stones, and the child stood in dismay, neither daring to leap across it nor yet to plunge through the muddy water as it ran in a swift current down the street.

Arthur Leighton, half hidden in his coat-col-

lar, and carrying his umbrella straight before his eyes, did not see any body or any thing, and never would have been conscious of the little girl's distress if a sudden blast fiercer than usual had not blown aside the umbrella and forced him to stop to take firmer hold of it. In doing this he caught a glimpse of the child's troubled face, and comprehending her difficulty in a moment, he obeyed his first impulse, which was to spring across and help her. He had almost thought her a beggar from his first sight of her draggled clothes; but he did not hesitate on that account to go to her assistance, and he was very glad afterward that he had not, for he saw his mistake as soon as he reached her, and felt more than repaid for his simple act of kindness by the sudden brightness that came over the sweet little face uplifted in quick gratitude to his.

It was so pretty and delicate, so frank and trustful, with such a lovely little mouth and shy brown eyes, that Arthur, who had a boyish weakness for pretty faces, was almost tempted to kiss her then and there. He did not do it, however, but took her up in his arms instead, and carried her not only over the gutter, but safe across the slippery flags till he reached the opposite pavement. Then he set her down, but continued still to shelter her with his umbrella, though her way home was through a side street in quite a different direction from his, and though she protested, with many grateful thanks, that she did not mind the rain at all, and she could get home by herself now.

"You don't mind the gutters either, do you?" asked Arthur, mischievously.

"But there are no more bad ones," the child answered. "I sha'n't have to cross the street again."

"So much the better; I sha'n't have to lift you again. But I am going home with you for all that, so you might as well take it easy. If you don't like my company, you must put up with it as a punishment for coming out with no umbrella."

"I couldn't help that," she returned, laughing, put at her ease by his good-natured bluntness. "The storm came up while I was at school, so I had to get home the best way I could."

"Why didn't you wait for somebody to come after you?"

"There was no one to come," was the frank reply. "We don't keep a servant, and I haven't any brother."

"Why couldn't your father come, then?"

"Oh! because—" and the child hesitated a moment as if she scarcely knew herself. "Why, don't you know father's a minister!"

"And what difference does that make, I should like to know?" Arthur persisted with a boy's bluntness. "He needn't let you walk home alone and get such a soaking, if he is a minister, need he?"

"I guess he doesn't know it's raining," she answered, merrily, "unless mother told him! He is always so busy in his study that he doesn't

see what's going on any where else. Besides, he is not well. It would make him sick to be out in a storm, but it won't hurt *me*."

"What's your father's name?" asked Arthur. "Is he the Methodist, or the Baptist, or the Presbyterian Minister?"

"He is the Presbyterian—Mr. Murray; and my name is Rose," she added, shyly.

"Is it? I might have known that, for you look so like the rose just washed in a shower that Mary to Anna conveyed. Don't you remember how the plentiful moisture encumbered the flower, and weighed down its beautiful head?"

And Arthur laughed heartily at his own wit, but little Rose did not echo the laugh. Her cheek grew red as she looked down upon her soiled dress, and she made an instinctive effort to straighten into shape the limp, dripping hood that clung like a wet rag to her head.

"Don't," said Arthur, laughing still—"that bonnet is perfectly picturesque as it is; you can't improve it possibly. What's the matter, though? Are you angry?"—for the little face, quick to express every shade of feeling, was clouded over with a look of mingled mortification and distress. "Say! what is it?" he persisted. "What have I done?"

"You—you're making fun of me!" the child exclaimed, with a quiver of indignation in her voice. "And I won't go any farther with you. There!"

"Let's see you help yourself, now!" and Arthur tucked her arm tightly under his. "Don't be a little goose, Rose Murray. You'd laugh at yourself if you had a looking-glass."

"I never could bear to be made fun of," said Rose, reproachfully; "and I never thought *you* would tease a little girl, if other boys did."

"Why not? What makes you think so? You don't know any thing about me, not even my name."

"Don't I, then?" and now Rose, forgetting her vexation, laughed gleefully. "Your name is Arthur Leighton, and I see you every day when you pass by our school-house," she exclaimed, triumphantly.

"Oh!" said Arthur. "*That's* the way of it. But what made you think I was too good to tease a little girl?"

"Because you never tease *us* when we are at play. Lots of the Academy boys throw pebbles and peach-stones into our yard, and peep through the knot-holes in the fence to make faces at us, and call us names; but you never did, and I heard you scold Harry Wilcox for it one day. So I always liked you after that, but I can't bear *him*."

It was an artless, childlike confession, and Arthur's face glowed with pleasure at it, big boy as he was. "You thought right, Rose," he answered, warmly. "I never would tease a little girl to make her feel badly, and indeed I didn't mean to vex you just now. I couldn't help thinking of those verses that I used to speak in school—when I was a little shaver, no bigger

than you—when you told me your name was Rose."

"I'm not such a *very* 'little shaver,' I'm sure," said the child, drawing up her small figure proudly—"and I learned those verses myself, *ages* ago. I don't mind, though, if you didn't mean to tease, and if you won't do so any more," she added, graciously, taking hold of his arm again in token of her forgiveness and acceptance of his apology.

Arthur was much amused, but he kept a grave face and promised never to offend again; so they went on amicably, Rose clinging to her companion with a tighter grasp as the wind rushed against them, and talking merrily all the while, full of childish enjoyment of her adventure, and not at all concealing her pleasure in the fact of Arthur's company and protection. The truth was, he had been a hero to the little girl's imagination for months. She had singled him out from the whole crowd of boys who passed by her play-ground every day—first, in simple admiration of his handsome, pleasant face; afterward, with the involuntary respect which all women feel for chivalric conduct in a man. She saw how he not only refrained from all rudeness and unkindness to the little girls with whom he came in contact, but he checked and reprov'd others who were less considerate; and more than once she had seen him rescue some timid child from the rough sport of one of his school-mates. His bold rebuke to Harry Wilcox—a big, burly fellow, who could have flogged Arthur without "making an effort"—produced a deep effect; and from that time Rose liked and admired him with all her little heart.

The walk was a pleasant one to both of them, in spite of wind and weather, and Arthur was almost sorry when it came to an end at Mr. Murray's little corner-cottage. The child had interested him so much with her ingenuous revelations that he was half tempted to yield to her urging and go in for a while; but then came a fear of being in the way, perhaps, or, worse still, of having to be thanked for bringing Rose home. So he refused, but promised as he said good-by to come and see her some day after school and help her with her Latin syntax, which, as she had confided to him, was the greatest trouble she had in the world.

"How Harry Wilcox would laugh at that!" he said to himself as the door closed upon Rose's little figure and he fronted the storm again for his homeward walk. "Who cares, though, for Harry Wilcox, or any rough fellow like him? Not I, I guess. I'd rather help a little girl with her lessons any day than tease her out of her senses, as he thinks it such fun to do. He'd better take care, though, how he teases *her* in future. If I catch him at it I'll give him a lesson, big as he is!" And Arthur thrust his sturdy old umbrella against a blast of wind that came careering round a corner, sweeping a small cataract of rain before it, as defiantly as if he were fighting an imaginary battle with that impertinent Harry Wilcox.

II.

This was the first "adventure" little Rose Murray had ever met with, and it was a very great one to her, little as she guessed the influence it would have over all her future life. "To think that she should get acquainted with Arthur Leighton in such a funny way—so often as she had thought of him, and wished she could know him! and to think he had really promised to come to see her!" Her mother wondered at the child's excitement and delight over such a simple thing, and seeing the eager expectation with which she waited day after day for the promised visit, was much afraid of a sore disappointment for her. For she knew better than Rose how carelessly such a promise might have been made and forgotten; and, moreover, it was quite likely that his mother, whose worldly rank was so far above their own, might object to her son forming any acquaintance with a poor minister's family.

She did not say this to Rose, however, and she was glad afterward that she had not, for Rose's simple confidence was not misplaced after all. Arthur fulfilled his promise not many days after it had been made, and the two hours to which his call lengthened itself were among the happiest Rose had ever spent. He made himself so perfectly at home in the little cottage parlor, talking with boyish frankness to Mr. and Mrs. Murray, but devoting himself chiefly to Rose, making her bring out her syntax and her grammar, and going over her lessons with her, just as naturally as if he had been her brother, and done it always.

Mrs. Murray did not wonder so much at the little girl's enthusiasm after this, for Arthur quite won his way to her heart in that visit. She was still more pleased when he came again a few days afterward, bringing his little sister Marian, a child of Rose's own age, with him. Rose had so few companions, so few pleasures, that it gladdened the mother's heart to see any addition made to them; and Marian Leighton was just as frank, unaffected, and enjoyable as her brother.

The children grew intimate immediately, as only children can, and at parting kissed each other with all the ardor of a new friendship—Marian urging Rose for a return visit, at which Rose looked appealingly to her mother, and Mrs. Murray smiled a little doubtfully; but Marian spoke eagerly, "Mamma and sister are coming to call on you to-morrow, Mrs. Murray—she told me to tell you so—and you will let Rose come to see me then, won't you?"

This was a new surprise, and a distinction that Mrs. Murray had not looked for at all. Mrs. Leighton was at the very head of Edgehill aristocracy; Oak Lawn was the most elegant residence in the village, and there was not a member of Mr. Murray's congregation who was honored with her acquaintance. She attended the Episcopal services only, and was the centre of a circle into which Mrs. Murray, true lady as she was in refinement and cultivation, had never been admitted. It is true she had never cared to be.

She had the rare gift of contentment with a humble position in connection with capacities for an elevated one; and it never troubled her, for herself at least, that her sphere was so narrow and filled with such lowly duties. Her wifely pride made her desire better things for her husband, whose talents were so little appreciated, so poorly compensated; and she sighed sometimes to think that she could command so few advantages for her child. But she did not repine, even for their sakes; for she was of the number of those to whom "it is meat and drink to do my Father's will," and to her the burdens and disappointments of life were but simple expressions of that will to which she submitted without a murmur.

It must be confessed, notwithstanding all this, that she grew a little nervous as the hour for Mrs. Leighton's call drew near, and when she heard the door-bell ring at last, in warning of the arrival, almost wished that there was any way of escape from the embarrassing honor. Rose had no such feeling, happily. She ran forward eagerly to open the door, and got a smile and a kiss in return, for there was a charm in the little bright face which Mrs. Leighton could no more resist than Arthur. Mrs. Murray heard the affectionate greeting given to her little daughter, and her uncomfortable feeling gave way instantly to one of pleasure and interest. Before her visitors had reached the parlor she felt as much at her ease as if she were waiting to receive the most commonplace of her acquaintances, and five minutes after she was entertaining the great lady with a simple self-possession, a quiet grace and dignity, which could not have been improved upon had the cottage parlor been a stately drawing-room and herself its mistress.

Mrs. Leighton's visit to the Murrays created far more excitement outside of the parsonage than in it. There was no little gossip about it in the different circles to which the two ladies respectively belonged, especially when it was perceived that it was no mere ceremonious call, made once for all, but the beginning of an actual intimacy. Mrs. Murray's friends accused her of pride and ambition, and a desire to push herself into high places; and Mrs. Leighton's associates wondered and sneered at her strange tastes, and determined that *they* would not be drawn into noticing "a creature who did her own housework, if Mrs. Leighton *did* set the fashion."

But Edgehill gossip had little power to disturb either of the parties most concerned. Mrs. Murray suffered most—a minister's wife being always at the mercy of the congregation—but she survived open censures and secret innuendoes, and enjoyed her new friend in spite of them. At her hands she met with sympathy, appreciation, delicate and thoughtful kindness, such as she had rarely received before, and it is not easy to estimate the value of such things in a life so full of care and privation as hers necessarily was. As for Mrs. Leighton, she received as much as she gave, and going first merely to gratify Arthur, found she had discovered a source of perennial

gratification for herself. She was enthusiastic and warm-hearted, but also discriminating and clear-headed; admirable faculties all of them, especially in combination; and taking their united verdict upon Mrs. Murray, she determined that she had never bestowed the title of friend upon one more worthy. Henceforward, "friends" they were, in the fullest sense of the term. The outward demonstrations were all her own, of course. It was impossible for Mrs. Murray to return in kind the drives in Oak Lawn carriages, the flowers from Oak Lawn gardens, the fruit and game and other substantial tokens that continually attested Mrs. Leighton's remembrance. But there were hours of sympathetic intercourse in which Mrs. Leighton felt with gladness, and acknowledged with humility, that her friend had attained heights beyond her own climbing, and that she must sit as a learner at her feet. Very happy hours these were to both, cheering the one in the midst of thickening cares, and keeping fresh the heart of the other in spite of counteracting worldly influences.

Little Rose had the sunniest time of all. For her there was neither remembrance of past sorrow nor dread of future change to cloud the present joy. Her acquaintance with Arthur Leighton was the beginning of a long holiday of delight to her, the opening of an entire new range of enjoyments. She had known little about the wonders which wealth and taste devise until she had the freedom of Oak Lawn; and her mind, sensitive to all forms of beauty, was enraptured when she beheld the variety and profusion of beautiful objects collected there. She was like a butterfly in a walled garden, to whom every flower is a delight, though he has no right of possession in one. It was small matter to the child that Oak Lawn and its luxuries were not her own, so long as she could enjoy them all.

These were nothing in comparison, however, to the companionship with Arthur and Marian and Clara; the first two especially, for Clara, though a year younger than her brother, preferred much older society. She used to laugh at him for spending so much time with the two little girls; but it did not effect any change in his habits. Rose and Marian were perfect little worshipers at his shrine, besieging him with flatteries and attentions of every description. They monopolized him from the time he entered their presence, waiting upon him, humoring all his whims, appealing to him for help and advice in every childish plan or undertaking, and deferring to his will as if he were a very sultan to them both. And Arthur liked it. There is no flattery so delicious as a child's spontaneous admiration and affection; and he, in accepting them from Rose, soon began to grow very fond of her, for her own sake, as well as for her devotion to him. He might never have thought of her again, after their first meeting, if it had not been for her artless confession of liking for him. When that had led the way he perceived how lovable she was in herself, and as her character

unfolded more and more, developing capacities for all womanly perfections, he began to have strange dreams and fancies about her, which would have called forth Clara's most unmerciful ridicule if she could have guessed them. He was wise enough not to let her; but he thought in secret many a time, with a thrill of boyish anticipation, and a flush of boyish shame, how pleasant it would be if one were a man, and had sole proprietorship in such a loving and winsome little woman as Rose would make.

Of course Rose had no such fancies. She lived, like all children, upon her present happiness, without thinking of change; and for two years—two wholly unshadowed years for her—there came no change except that of natural growth and progress. She grew taller and more womanlike, left off some childish plays and ways, and by degrees approached somewhat nearer to an intellectual equality with Arthur by trying to read the books he liked in preference to her own juvenile literature. But there was no other difference in her relations with him. She was still his firm champion, his loyal subject, his devoted admirer, as innocently as from the first; and so happy in his affection, and in her companionship with the whole family, that she never dreamed it might not last forever.

We may imagine the shock when she learned suddenly one day that there was to be an abrupt and complete breaking off from it all. Her father was going away. Troubles in the church, misapprehension and prejudice, and a series of petty persecutions arising therefrom, were brought to a close finally by a formal resignation of his pastorate on Mr. Murray's part. Mrs. Murray had anticipated it for months, as Mrs. Leighton knew; but Rose, who had known little or nothing of her father's troubles, was completely astonished and overwhelmed with the intelligence. How could she ever live away from Edgehill—or rather, from Oak Lawn and the Leightons? She could not, *would* not go! She should never be happy again if she had to be separated from her dearest friends! These were the passionate thoughts which swept through her mind in the first rebelliousness of this her first real grief; and although she did not give expression to all she felt, she said enough to make her mother feel a deeper regret than Rose appreciated, in her somewhat selfish distress. It was hard to put an end to so happy and good a period of the child's life—hard to take her away from friends and influences that might be so much to her in the future; and yet the mother could not help a little jealous pang in seeing her daughter grieve so for them, and forget, apparently, how much more real need she had of *her*, who was still left to her.

It all came to an end soon, however—the mutual astonishment and indignation between the young people, the spoken and unspoken regrets between the elders, the pledges of unforgetting, unfailing affection all round, and the final sorrowful parting. Mr. Murray had accepted a call to a far distant parish, and every thing was hurried for the earliest possible departure.

The two households were almost thrown into one for a time. Rose spent every minute that she could be spared from home at Oak Lawn, and when she could not be there Marian was sure to be at the cottage. Mrs. Leighton went to and fro, continually thinking of something new to do for her friend, and even Clara joined in the general interest by preparing presents to be given at the parting. Arthur gave himself up to helping Mr. Murray in his packing of books, etc., but it was chiefly for the sake of being near Rose all the time. He had not acknowledged even to himself before how strong a hold she had upon his heart, and it was only owing to Mrs. Murray's prudent watchfulness that he was kept from saying and doing many a foolish thing in that time of excitement and impulse. But she saw the boyish fancy, and she did not want "foolish notions put into Rose's head." So she wisely kept guard over both, without ever suffering them to see that she did, or ever really interfering with their enjoyment of each other's society, but simply preventing nonsense.

She did not forbid Arthur's parting gift—a gold locket inclosing his daguerreotype and a curl of his hair—nor yet Rose's frank kiss in return for the treasure which made her eyes brighten and her cheeks flush with unspeakable delight. But she thought with a sigh as she looked on, that this parting might be a happy thing for the child after all, and save her, perhaps, from a far greater sorrow in the future.

III.

Had any one told Rose—or Arthur—how perfect and how long their separation would be, how many years would pass before they met again, and how their meeting at last would be the meeting of strangers, both would have indignantly refused to believe it. In the glow and warmth of his boyish affection Arthur believed that Rose's sweet, childish face would be the ever-present image in his mind; that time and distance would make no change, only to bring him nearer to the future which his fancy painted, when Rose's unconscious girlhood should have blossomed into beautiful womanliness, and he himself as a man should be free to claim her for his wife. His heart beat fast with proud and glad anticipations of such a time, and he made innumerable plans and resolutions about writing to her, going to see her in vacations, and perhaps bringing her back some time to make a long visit at Oak Lawn. Rose's dreams were more innocent and unconscious, but she had as many as Arthur, and he was the hero of them all. So they parted one summer morning—with many tears and regrets it is true, but with a thousand hopeful anticipations as well, and no suspicion of change, forgetfulness, or indifference in the future.

For a time there was neither. Rose wrote long letters to Arthur and Marian, full of all the daily trifles of her life, and overflowing with girlish, confiding affection. Arthur wrote, too, but

from the first he discovered that writing letters to Rose was not at all the same thing, or half so pleasant, as talking to her. He missed her bright face, her loving eyes, her sweet, merry voice rippling into song and laughter as easily as into speech, and the thousand winsome ways which had charmed him so when she was about him every day. Nothing of all this reached him through her letters, and answering them was an unsatisfactory thing always. He began to neglect it by-and-by, his entrance into college making the first long break in his correspondence; and afterward, when Rose's letters grew fewer also, he wrote less and less frequently. The new scenes and more absorbing interests of his college life occupied his attention, and their hardening influences made him half ashamed of what he began to call his "foolish" fondness for a little girl. As for Rose, the cares and anxieties of a straitened life, thickening about her as she grew older, put out of sight, by slow but sure degrees, her childish fancies and memories. She did not forget Oak Lawn and the Leightons, but time and distance, and engrossing duties which had no connection with them, deadened her interest in those once cherished recollections, and left little leisure for dwelling upon them.

It was neither a sudden nor unnatural estrangement; only the gradual, inevitable consequence of such a separation, where there is no tie of relationship, and no common bond of interest to keep up that closeness of intercourse which can alone preserve familiar friendship. The names which had been household names at first in both families, daily remembered and repeated in a thousand connections, came to be less frequently spoken by-and-by, and at last, as time and change kept on their inexorable way, to be heard only at rare intervals. Arthur's college, his tutor, his travels abroad, Clara's marriage, and Marian's "coming out," were the all-absorbing interests at Oak Lawn; and Rose Murray, far away in an obscure village, teaching a little school to help out the minister's scanty salary, and watching, with "sorrow too deep for tears," the failing health of her parents, had as little time to think of her old friends as they of her.

It was six years now since they had left Edgehill, and they had lived in three different places in the time. Mr. Murray, though a man of piety and ability, was an unpopular minister everywhere. The people over whom he had the misfortune to be placed were incapable of appreciating him, and all the eloquence of his sermons could not atone to them for his lack of what they called sociability. They did not want a pastor who spent so much time in his study, and was so indifferent to the attractions of their tea-drinkings and gossiping conversations. So he left one place after another, if not by the expressed, at least by the implied, wish of the parish; and with each change that he made his worldly prospects grew less and less bright.

The old story had its old close at last. Trial, disappointment, and wearing cares ended finally in a rest and peace never more to be disturbed.

Rose and her mother lived on in their bereavement, sorrowful, yet taking comfort in each other, for a year. The little school supported them, after a humble fashion, and Rose was content to toil, with patience and thankfulness, so long as her mother remained to strengthen her hands, and cheer her heart, and bless all her life with her tenderest love. But the time came by-and-by when the mother was no longer there—when the sweet eyes were closed and dim—when the lips that had spoken words of holy love and fervent faith to the last no longer gave back Rose's clinging kisses—when the young girl was orphaned and desolate, and life seemed a burden too heavy to be endured.

How she did endure it in that first agony of utter bereavement she could not tell. At first every faculty seemed paralyzed with a blank despair, and forgetting all hope and trust and promise alike, she only prayed to die. But she was young, and life and energy are strong in youth. She could not die, and the necessity for active exertion—a most merciful necessity to her—forced her to rise up from her despair. She had to live, and to work, and to find work to do. For she must give up the little school now—she could not stay in that place to be reminded forever of her sorrow and her loss.

Where to go, and what to do, were anxious questions pondered over wearily without any hopeful result. She dreaded to go alone among entire strangers seeking employment, and she would not go to any place where they had lived before, and where her father had been ill-treated and ill-spoken of. One plan after another suggested itself only to be rejected again; and day after day passed by without bringing her any nearer to a decision.

One day, in ransacking an old desk, she came upon a package of letters with the Edgehill post-mark upon them. It had been one of her loneliest, dreariest days, when she had been tempted, over and over again, to give up every effort and purpose in life—when nothing but continual, passionate supplications, and the very "grace of God" vouchsafed in answer, had kept her from utter hopelessness and despair. The sight of these almost forgotten letters called up a host of long-buried recollections, and brought back with strange vividness scenes and events unthought of for years. Like a picture rose up her first meeting with Arthur Leighton—the rainy day, the muddy stream, and the kind, boyish arms which had lifted her safely over, and innumerable memories of her happy childhood, made so glad and bright by the love and kindness of those new friends, followed fast one upon another. How good and dear the Leightons were—what a fairyland of delight Oak Lawn had been—how merry and care-free were those old childish times!

She read the letters, crying over them as she read; and when she had finished her resolution was made to go back to Edgehill. It was a wild, impulsive decision, and, Rose was more than half afraid, a very foolish one. For it was

only to be near the Leightons that she wished to go, and she did not even know whether they were in the village still or not. The last of her letters was dated four years ago, while Arthur was still at college. What had become of him since—what changes had happened in the family—whether their home continued to be at Oak Lawn—she had never heard. It was more than likely, she said to herself, that both Arthur and Clara were married by this time, and perhaps Marian also; and the whole family might be far away from Edgehill for all she knew to the contrary. Nevertheless, after a woman's willful fashion, she was determined to go; and the mere resolution, putting an end as it did to the perplexities and vexations of her undecided state, brought a certain degree of rest and hopefulness with it.

As to what she proposed to do after she got to Edgehill her ideas were exceedingly vague and undefined. She had certainly no intention of going to Oak Lawn, even if she found the Leightons were still there, to ask for sympathy and help in her difficulties. No, Rose Murray was proud, and romantic too, in spite of all her experience of the hard realities of life. It was her fancy to go back to Edgehill as a stranger—as a stranger to find employment, if possible; and to reveal herself to no one—especially not to the Leightons—until she should be satisfied that the recognition would be a welcome one. She would not make the intimacy of former years an excuse for thrusting herself, in her homeless orphanhood, upon their notice now.

She said this to herself with a curve of her proud lip and an unconscious elevation of her graceful head, as she looked down upon Arthur Leighton's little gold locket, searched out from some old trinket-box, and recalled the time when it had been given her, and the kiss which she had bestowed in return. "How much he must be changed now! I wonder if I should know him!" she thought, as she pondered over the bright, handsome, boyish features which the tiny gold circlet inclosed; and then a sudden impulse sent her to the glass to trace the changes time had made in her own appearance.

A pale oval face, with a serious thoughtfulness and dignity upon the brow, and in all the delicate lines of mouth and chin; brown liquid eyes, with grief and passion and tenderness in their shady depths; cheeks faintly tinged and softly rounded, brown hair just shading them with smooth, shining bands, and coiling in abundant rings round the small head—these made up the portrait which the mirror framed; a very different one, indeed, from the round, childish face whose shy prettiness had so attracted Arthur Leighton nine years ago, and even from the more matured and girlish one which he had seen last, two years later. There was little danger that he would recognize it now, for only a close and careful investigation would have identified it as the same. Rose turned away from the glass, as she came to this conclusion, with a little smile and flush, kindled part-

ly by memory, partly, it must be confessed, by anticipation too. But both faded soon, as the sorrowful present, with all its dreary realities, came back again to her contemplation.

IV.

Two weeks after this Rose Murray was sitting in a little back room whose one window looked out upon the well-remembered play-ground of the old Edgehill district school-house. It was a humble little lodging, but it was clean and respectable; and she was thankful to have secured so good a one—though whether she could afford to keep it long was a question not yet decided to her satisfaction. For a whole week she had been trying in vain to procure some employment. There was no vacancy, or prospect of one, in the district school; no opening for a private school; nobody in want of a governess; no demand even for a dress-maker or seamstress; and utterly without friends and influence as she was, the prospect was certainly dark enough, and her heart, it must be confessed, heavy in proportion. No one had looked upon her with a kindly face since she arrived; she had met old acquaintances in the street, but they had passed by without recognizing her; and even the men who had been elders in her father's church, and to whom she made application now for advice in procuring employment, never seemed to remember her name in connection with their former pastor. Indeed, they treated her so coldly—declining even to look at her testimonials and letters of recommendation, "because they knew of no opening for a teacher; none at all"—that Rose did not choose to make a claim upon their courtesy by explaining her antecedents.

As for the Leightons, she had learned from her landlady, Mrs. Lambert, that they were all at Oak Lawn, excepting Arthur, who was traveling abroad still, but was expected home at Christmas; Marian's wedding with a gentleman from New York being fixed for that time, according to village rumor. Clara had been married years ago, but she was a widow now, with two little children, and had come back to live with her mother. She learned, in addition, that there was a young lady, by name Miss Hartley, visiting at Oak Lawn—a very beautiful young lady, the sister of the gentleman to whom Miss Marian was engaged, and every body expected that Mr. Arthur would fall in love with her when he came home, and so make a double marriage in the families. Rose heard all these things with many mingled feelings. Such changes in her old companions, as well as in herself, seemed harder than ever to realize, here on the very scene of their former intimacy. Looking down from her window upon the noisy, romping children, playing the same old games in the same old playground, she could almost fancy herself a child again, eager for the long school-hours to be over that she might hurry away to spend a holiday hour at Oak Lawn, or go off on some delightful excursion after wild flowers and berries with Marian and Arthur.

The wide difference between then and now struck a chill to her heart when she came back to the reality, and made her shrink with a strange doubt and dread from every thought of making herself known to them. "What should I be," she thought, sadly, "but an unwelcome intruder upon their family plans and pleasures? They are engrossed with interests in which I can have no share; and though they might spare some pity for me, for old times' sake, still I should be an interruption and a hinderance. No! It was a strange folly for me to come to this place, and the best way to amend it is to leave again as soon as possible, and go back to the work which God gave me to do. Human sympathy and affection are not *absolute* essentials of existence, and I suppose I can survive without them—even *there*, where the memory of what I have had and lost haunts every wind that blows."

She sat alone in her little room, one afternoon, full of these sad and hopeless thoughts, and feeling more utterly weary and dejected than at any time before. A knock at the door made her raise her head from the window-sill where it had drooped in pain and listlessness, and in answer to her permission Mrs. Lambert entered the room—her good-natured, motherly face having a somewhat important expression, as of one who had news to communicate or a proposal to make.

"You were saying to me the other day, Miss Murray," she began, "that you wouldn't object to do plain sewing until you could find something better. I told you then that I didn't know of any body that wanted any done, but to-day I've happened to hear of a chance for you."

Rose's face did not express much interest, but in gratitude to Mrs. Lambert she tried not to seem indifferent. "Have you? I had almost given up expecting a chance," she answered, with a faint attempt at a smile.

"Oh, but you shouldn't do that," Mrs. Lambert said, cheerfully. "Never give up expecting things to mend. You always make a rainy day wetter by crying over it, you know—and if you wait long enough, and take it easy, something's sure to turn up almost always."

"Taking it easy is just the impossible thing, however," Rose returned. "What is it you have heard of to-day?"

"Well, it isn't plain sewing exactly, and I don't know as it'll suit you after all; but my daughter Jane—she does dress-making by the day, you know—was sent for to-day to do some work at Oak Lawn. It's Mrs. Leighton's place, down by the river—I don't know whether you've gone past the house or not."

"Yes, I have," Rose answered, eagerly. "What of it?"

"Well, it was a long job. They wanted a dress-maker to stay in the house for three or four weeks, and Jane couldn't undertake it. She's engaged for three weeks straight ahead already, so she had to refuse, though she would have liked nothing better than making up Miss Mari-

an's wedding things. She promised to find somebody else that could go, and the first one she thought of was you. Now if you like it, and if you can do the job, you can get it. That's all." And Mrs. Lambert leaned back in her chair with the satisfied air of one who had made a good offer, and expected it to be duly appreciated. She was not disappointed either. Rose looked up with a grateful face, and said, earnestly,

"It was very kind in Jane to think of me, Mrs. Lambert, and I am very much obliged to you both. I will take the work, and be glad to get it."

"And you're sure you can do dress-making?" Mrs. Lambert asked.

"Oh yes; I have always made my own dresses and my mother's; I understand that part of it perfectly."

"Very well, then, you'll have work enough for a month, and maybe longer. A nice place, too, and good pay. I'm glad it's Mrs. Leighton that wants you instead of any body else. She's a real lady, and you'll be sure to like Miss Marian."

So Mrs. Lambert bustled out of the room again, and was in a good humor for the rest of the day: while Rose sat alone in a strange excitement, full of a thousand busy thoughts, and hopes, and fears, and wonders; at one moment thrilling with pleasure at the prospect of being so soon among the Leightons, and having the opportunity which she had longed for, to see and know them without being recognized herself; at the next, dreading it with a nervous terror, and wishing that she had not given her promise to Mrs. Lambert; again, thankful for what seemed a providence of God, sent to her just when she was on the point of despondency; and, finally, quieting her troubled heart with the one specific for all ills—earnest, trustful prayer.

After this she felt assured and hopeful, and although it was not without some inward tremors that she started upon her errand the next morning, still she had no temptation to turn back or to shrink from whatever might await her in this new and strange experience of life. She had no intention of disclosing her previous acquaintance with the family unless (and she did not think this very probable) her name or her appearance should awaken suspicion, and they should question her upon her identity. She had told Jane Lambert to give her name as *Margaret* Murray, and to say nothing about her being a stranger in the village, as the Lamberts believed her to be; and she thought this would be sufficient disguise, for the present at least. The surname was common enough, more than one family in Edgehill bearing it; and they had never known *her* except by her first name, Rose; although she had the same baptismal right to the title of Margaret. So she did not fear an immediate recognition from any one at Oak Lawn, and she would have been still more sure of her disguise if she had known the odd rendering of her name that had already been received there. Whether from

mistake or carelessness in Jane Lambert, I do not know, but Mrs. Leighton understood the name to be *Murphy*, not Murray, and expected, as she afterward told Rose, to see some Hibernian damsel as its proper owner.

There was little outward change to be seen as Rose drew near the place: house and grounds were just the same as of old, and even when she mounted the piazza steps and entered the hall she saw no change still. The handsome winding staircase, the polished oaken floor, the hunting scenes on the wall, even the heavy old chintz chairs and couches were all just as she remembered them, and for a second she almost looked to see Marian's light, childish figure spring out to meet her. Instead of which came a servant, who led her up stairs into a little sewing-room, and then went to inform Mrs. Leighton of "the dress-maker's" arrival. Presently she came back with a parcel of work and the message that Mrs. Leighton would see her by-and-by. So Rose sat down quietly and busied herself with the work for two hours before any one else came near her.

She was glad of this quiet time, for it gave her an opportunity to grow familiarized with her strange position, and enabled her, when Marian and her mother came in at last, to meet them without embarrassment. At least with less than she would have felt if she had had to meet them suddenly. Even as it was she could not check an involuntary start and flush when Mrs. Leighton first spoke to her. The voice struck such a familiar chord, and the face was so little changed! only grown a little older and more worn, but still so like to the face which Rose had loved so well once, which had always smiled so kindly upon her. Marian was much more altered, though even in her time had made far less change than in Rose. Rose thought she would have remembered her any where, in spite of her height, her fashionable dress, and stylish air. But neither of them recognized *her*: face to face as she stood with Marian, her hands busied in fitting the dress-lining to her shoulders, and so near that she looked into her very eyes, and stirred her hair with her breath, Marian never saw any familiar resemblance or dreamed that she had ever met her dress-maker before. She *did* notice with admiration the pure, refined face and classic head bending so steadily over the needle; and both she and her mother wondered at the unusual dignity and grace of language and manner which characterized the sewing-girl. But they did not look to find an old acquaintance in a new seamstress, and so Rose Murray's identity remained unsuspected.

She did not see Miss Hartley that first day. A vision of flounces and curls fluttered past the open door once, but it did not stay long enough to be fairly seen. The next morning, when Marian was "trying on" a half-finished basque, the vision flitted in, made a pretty little bow and smile to Rose, and established herself upon a couch to watch the process. She was not in flounces now, but in the most dainty and *dégagee* of morning-dresses, with embroidered skirts,

rosetted slippers, and all; and Rose, as she watched her lying in her carelessly graceful position, thought that she had never seen a lovelier creature. Her beauty was of the petite, fairy-like order; she had little light flitting feet, and childish white hands, a cloud of auburn curls that danced and waved in unison with every graceful motion, and a face that was more bewitching for its saucy, piquant expression than even for its peachy bloom and sunny blue eyes. Altogether she was pleasant to look upon, a beautiful object that one would not soon weary of—at least through the eyes.

She lay upon the couch for an hour, chattering nonsense to Marian, who was busy sewing trimming upon a sleeve of the basque, and Rose, who could not help listening, grew more initiated into fashionable frivolities than she had ever been before. Miss Hartley's talk was all of bonnets and dresses, parties and operas, beaux and conquests—especially the latter. Rose's cheek glowed unconsciously with a most old-fashioned blush as she heard the young girl rattle on with such freedom about the sayings and doings of her various admirers, her "flirtation" with this one, "her horrid scrape" with another. She could not help thinking, and a quiet little smile flitted over her face with the thought, that Arthur Leighton must have changed very greatly from her old memory of him if he could ever be satisfied with such a butterfly, pretty and charming as it was, for a wife. Some way this feeling set her quite at her ease with Miss Hartley, and made her take a degree of pleasure in her frequent visits to the sewing-room which she would not have felt had the young lady's conversation been of a more intellectual description. Whoever has dived deep enough into the "feminine element" to understand its contradictory currents may explain this disposition to his own satisfaction. Rose did not try to account for it to herself—indeed she did not even acknowledge it to herself, and would have been deeply indignant if the accusation of such a feeling had been brought against her!

V.

The weeks went by very rapidly, and notwithstanding her confinement to the little sewing-room—for she was rarely beyond its limits—very pleasantly too. She took an unwonted interest in the pretty, bright fabrics that lay heaped about the room, and exhausted her taste and skill in fashioning them into most beautiful robes for Marian; for all her old affection for Marian was fast reviving in this daily intercourse, restricted as it was. She found her much the same as in her first girlhood, simple-hearted, loving, and generous, and all her little involuntary, half-conscious allusions to the great "coming event" of her young life possessed a wonderful interest for Rose. As for Marian, she was growing into a great liking for her "beautiful dress-maker," as she called her continually. Rose's quiet sympathy, which she understood as plainly as if it had been expressed in many words, was as charm-

ing as it was unexpected to the young fiancée; and her perfect ladyhood almost made Marian forget the difference in their stations when they sat together, as after a while they did frequently, sewing each upon the same garment, and talking familiarly upon a far wider range of topics than she could ever venture upon with Ella Hartley. Not that they were such very exalted topics, or that Ella was lacking in intelligence, either; but Miss Hartley was interested in very few subjects that did not preponderate with the masculine gender.

At such times as these the temptation was strong to Rose to reveal herself in her real character. The old affection had sprung up into such new, warm life, quickened by Marian's kindness and freedom, and it seemed so natural and fitting that she who had once been Marian's dearest friend should be with her now, helping and sympathizing in all these important preparations, that she almost forgot sometimes that she was there merely as a hired assistant, and such familiar words as would inevitably have revealed her secret trembled upon her lips more than once.

One evening, especially, she could scarcely resist the yearning impulse of her heart. The two girls were together for a little while in the short October twilight, after it had grown too dark for Rose to sew. She had gathered up her working materials and put them in order for the next day, and was looking out now in a half sweet half mournful reverie at the great oak-tree, whose leafy boughs, silvered here and there with moonlight glimpses, were tossing before the window. So many memories of the past days centred under that old tree, and, as she looked out into its thick foliage, came clustering back to her, that soft tears filled her eyes and blinded them until she never saw Marian's quiet approach to her side. The first token of it was the light touch of a hand upon her shoulder, and when she turned around hastily she met Marian's eyes looking into hers with such a tender, appealing sympathy that she longed to throw her arms around her neck, and tell her every thing then and there.

"You are crying, Margaret," Marian whispered. "I wish you would tell me what is the matter, and let me comfort you if I can. Why do you never talk to me about yourself? You would, if you liked me as I like you!"

"I like you *more* than that, Miss Leighton," Rose answered, quickly and earnestly; "much more than you can understand."

"Do you really? then why not confide in me? I have taken a fancy—perhaps it is foolish and romantic, but we all think so—that you used to be in different circumstances—that you were never born to be a dress-maker, in spite of your beautiful fitting," Marian added, with a little laugh to cover the embarrassment which she felt in probing such a subject.

A flush came to Rose's cheek, and a thrill of pleasure to her heart, for it was pleasant to know that they talked of her with interest among them-

selves, and appreciated her superiority to her situation; but she restrained herself, and only answered, quietly, "Suppose you are right, Miss Leighton, what then? That is my position now, and I must be estimated accordingly."

"Not so," said Marian, eagerly. "I estimate you for what you are in yourself, not for the accident of your position. I know that you are above this dress-making drudgery, and I want to release you from it if possible. If you will tell me about yourself—if you will let me be your friend—I am almost sure I could help you in some way."

She spoke so warmly—she was so like the generous, impulsive Marian of old times at that minute, that Rose could hardly keep back the words of confession that were on her lips. They would surely have found utterance, but that just then Ella Hartley's silvery tones rang along the hall: "Marian, Marian! where in the world are you hiding yourself?" and the next moment the flounces and ringlets rustled into the room, putting a sudden end to the conference.

Rose sat down in the darkness when she was left alone, and asked herself what would be the end of all this, and what course she was going to pursue? She had been at Oak Lawn now for three weeks, and she might be engaged for as many more, but after that what was she to do if she still kept her secret from the family? Why *did* she keep it now? Not in any hope that they would penetrate it themselves and so make the confession needless; for notwithstanding Marian's affectionate regard, and the kindness which both Mrs. Leighton and Clara had shown her, there was no sign of recognition or remembrance from them, and no likelihood of any, unless she herself gave them the clew. Neither did she doubt but that they would welcome her willingly and kindly, for the sake of what she was now as well as for what she had been in time past. Why, then, did she linger, and delay the revelation which it was both her duty and her desire to make?

Why, indeed? And why did Rose hide her face when she asked herself the question, as if the darkness could show what blushes were reddening there! Around her neck was a slender silken cord, visible only when she bent her head, and fastened to this, but concealed from every eye, was a little gold locket that might have revealed the motive of her silence. It was in vain that she called herself foolish and romantic, and even harder names than these; she could not put away a certain fancy that had sprung up in her mind, to tell no one until Arthur Leighton came home, and to make *him* the first confidant of her secret. She knew that he was expected soon—that any day might bring warning of his arrival; and perhaps when he came there would be no need for her to tell—perhaps his eyes would be clearer to see through the disguise which had hidden her from others! In any case, he had been her first friend of them all, and her dearest always, and she would at least wait for his return before she made any change in the present

state of things. So Rose argued the point, and made her conclusions, determining that she was glad of Miss Hartley's interruption, which had prevented any confidences to Marian, and that she would be careful in future to avoid a like temptation.

Marian did not come early to the sewing-room the next day, and Rose, who had been waiting some time for her to come in and decide some question of trimming, was about to go in search of her, when the door opened, and Clara entered instead, holding her youngest child, a boy of two years, by the hand.

"I thought mamma was here," she said, looking around. "Do you know where she is, Margaret?"

"In the garden, I think," Rose answered. "I saw her near the grape-vines a few minutes ago."

"Oh! Will you take care of Charlie, then, a little while? His nurse is busy just now, and I do not like to take him into the garden while there is so much dew."

Rose replied by laying aside her work and lifting the child to her lap. The little fellow laughed and patted her face contentedly, and the mother, with a pleasant smile and "Thank you," to Rose, went out and left them together. Charlie was one of those fearless, sociable children, who never "make strangers" of any one, and Rose had won his affections some time before by allowing him to upset her basket of spools and tangle them at his pleasure whenever he came into the sewing-room. She had a womanly fondness for little children, and it was a pleasant task to take care of bright little Charlie; so she gave herself up to it, riding him upon her shoulder, trotting him upon her knee, and telling him the wonderful lyrics of Mother Goose, to his entire satisfaction. By-and-by, in the midst of "Banger-buffer," the young gentleman ordered her peremptorily to stop: "Charlie tired now—Charlie want 'oo to sing;" and laying his head upon her arm, he settled himself in a position for sleeping, as Rose began to sing softly for him.

It was not long before his eyelids drooped heavily over the laughing blue eyes, and his soft, deep breathing told that he was asleep. Rose held him closely and tenderly to her; the clasp of his baby arms and the weight of his little head upon her breast gave her a new and delightful feeling. It was long since she had held a sleeping child in her arms, and little Charlie's innocent face, in its deep, rosy rest, stirred her heart with a strange mingling of sad and sweet sensations. His mother did not come back so soon as she had promised, and Rose feared to disturb him by laying him on the sofa, so she continued to hold him and watch his slumber. It was still and profound at first, but by-and-by he began to toss his arms restlessly, though without opening his eyes, and Rose noticed that a redder flush was spreading over his face, and that his little hands were growing dry and hot. It made her feel anxious, though she hardly knew what she appre-

hended, and she wished that Mrs. Rivers would come back. But an hour went by and no one came near her, and all the while the child's feverish restlessness seemed to increase. He woke up at last with a start and cry which thoroughly frightened her. His eyes stared wildly, and his flesh was so hot that Rose knew he was in a fever, and she started up at once to carry him to his mother. To her great relief Clara appeared just at that moment, beginning an apology for having imposed upon her so long. But Rose cut it short, exclaiming, anxiously,

"Never mind that, Mrs. Rivers; only look at Charlie now. I am so afraid he is ill! He has been asleep in my arms, and has waked up with a fever, I am sure."

Clara snatched him from her with a look of alarm, and saw at a glance that her fears were well founded. The child was really ill, and in a moment she was filled with terror and distress.

"He is going into convulsions—what shall I do!" she cried wildly, as the little fellow turned his burning eyes unconsciously toward her.

"Oh no," said Rose, eagerly; "he is only feverish, and not quite awake yet. He will know you presently. Take him into your room, and I will go and find Mrs. Leighton, and send some one for the doctor directly. It may not be much after all."

But even as she tried to speak cheering words her own fears belied them. The unconscious eyes, and burning head, and drooping limbs convinced her that it was something more than an ordinary ailment; and she hurried anxiously to find Mrs. Leighton, whose more practiced experience would be better able to estimate the cause for alarm.

It was very soon found to be serious enough. The doctor, hastily summoned, pronounced a verdict of scarlet fever, and poor Clara was overwhelmed with despair. She had the greatest horror of the disease, and would not listen to a word of hope or comfort, or believe that her child would ever be well again. The whole household was in distress, and by way of crowning the trouble, Bridget, the nurse, announced her intention of leaving instantly. "She was afraid of her life to stay, an' no money could tempt her to take that awful faver," she declared. It was out of the question trying to find another nurse under the circumstances, yet now, of course, was the time when her services were most indispensable. Clara quite broke down under this accumulation of misfortunes, and Mrs. Leighton herself, prompt and energetic as she was in most emergencies, was worried and perplexed, not knowing what to do.

Rose came to the relief simply and quietly, without a thought of herself, but only anxious to be of use. "If you will take me, Mrs. Leighton, I will fill Bridget's place to the best of my ability," she said. "I am not afraid of the fever, and I have been used to sickness and watching at night. I can help you I am sure, if you will let me stay."

And so it was arranged, in spite of Mrs. Leighton's unwillingness to place her in such an inferior position; for there was nothing else to be done. She was too thankful for the unexpected relief to refuse it, and even Marian could make no objections. So Rose was installed at once in Bridget's office. It had all come about so naturally that it scarcely seemed strange to her, and her mind was so full of anxious care for the sick child that she had no time to think of herself at all, or to dwell upon the sudden and startling transitions of the past few weeks.

The disease developed rapidly, in a most alarming form, and, in spite of every precaution, little Helen, the older child, was soon attacked with it also.

Hitherto Rose's duty had only been to take care of this child, and keep her out of the way of the sick-room. Mrs. Leighton and Clara had given themselves up to Charlie; but now that Helen also was ill, Rose's abilities as a nurse and watcher were brought into requisition. For many days she scarcely left the room, except for a few minutes at a time, never seeming to feel fatigue or pain so long as she could do any thing for any one. Marian declared that she would kill herself, and pleaded to take her place, if only for a day or a night; and even Miss Hartley, who had steadily refused to put herself out of danger by leaving the house, would gladly have done any thing that she had been allowed. But Rose, beyond any or all of them, seemed to possess the power to soothe the moaning children. She had a thousand little arts and devices to wile away their pain, and the most watchful, unweary patience, the most tender skill in the exercise of them. Hour after hour she walked the room with one or the other in her arms, or rocked them upon her knees, singing low, murmuring songs which lulled them into quiet when every thing else had failed; and no one had such power as she to coax the bitter medicines down, or persuade submission to the doctor's prescriptions. So they all gave up to her finally, allowing her to do as she pleased—only wondering at and blessing her in their hearts, and showing to her such grateful love and appreciation as made Rose's heart swell and her eyes fill with happy tears many a time.

Indeed she was happier now than she had been for a long time before. In spite of her constant labors and watchings, and more than all, her anxiety for the children whom she was growing to love so tenderly, she felt lighter-hearted, stronger both in body and spirit, than she had felt since her mother's death. She was no longer alone in the world useless and hopeless, but serving those she loved, and winning in return affection and trust to the full extent of her heart's desire. She almost forgot, sometimes, that she had any other name than "Margaret," or any other claim upon their regard than this that they so lovingly acknowledged, except when some mention of Arthur Leighton, or allusion to his expected return, brought a thrill of remembrance to her heart.

VI.

She sat alone in the nursery one afternoon. The children were both sleeping, and their regular, even breathing, and the light moisture upon their brows, confirmed the doctor's morning verdict, that the fever was abating, and the danger already past. Clara was up stairs, sleeping soundly as a child, now that her greatest dread was over; Mrs. Leighton down stairs, busied with some household matters, and Marian and Ella were walking arm in arm on the piazza below. Rose could hear the low murmur of their voices as they passed and repassed beneath her window. Another sound came to her ear by-and-by, as she sat in the darkened room, listening dreamily—a sound like the roll of a carriage and the noise of wheels grating on the gravel. She drew nearer to the window in a sort of idle curiosity, and looked out to see the arrival, though she only supposed it to be the doctor. But instead of the doctor's substantial person a tall, slender figure leaped lightly out of the carriage, and a youthful face, browned by exposure, but still fresh and handsome, was uplifted for a moment, then disappeared under the arch of the portico.

The blood rushed to Rose's pale cheek, and her heart beat tumultuously for a minute. She had not *recognized* the face she saw—that was impossible in her fleeting glimpse of it—but she knew in her heart whose it was, and that Arthur Leighton had come home at last. She heard the joyful exclamations down stairs, the outcry of surprise and delight—half checked for fear of waking the sick children—and Arthur's manly tones ringing above the feminine voices, with a strange mingling of emotions. Her own isolation was more painfully apparent—she had nothing to do with this family gladness; and yet she could not help the vivid pleasure which brightened lips and eyes at the thought of seeing him soon again, the keen curiosity regarding all changes that had taken place in him, the shy, yet thrilling hope that he would penetrate her disguise, and know her as she knew him.

It was in vain that her reason protested against this last folly, and warned her of disappointment; the eager wish was beyond the power of reason to control, and never had she possessed so little self-command or dignity as in those first few moments of excitement and suspense. Every sudden sound below made her start and tremble with eager expectation, for she knew that he would be coming up soon to see the children and Clara, and that he must meet her at the same time. Whether she most dreaded or longed for the meeting she could hardly tell, heart and mind were both in such a tumult.

The sound of voices and footsteps upon the stairs recalled her at last to some degree of self-possession, and pride coming to her aid, enabled her to repress the outward signs of her inward agitation before Mrs. Leighton and Arthur had fairly entered the room. She was very pale, but she did not stir from her seat, and scarcely lifted her eyes; and Arthur, thinking only of the children, did not even see her at first.

"This is Margaret, Arthur, our dearest and best of Margarets," Mrs. Leighton said, as he turned away from the beds at last, and noticed with a little start of surprise, quickly followed by a courteous bow, Rose's presence at the window. He bowed again as his mother spoke, and Rose responded with a simple bend of her stately head, and a quick, uplifted glance that sought his eyes for one moment only, then dropped again to the work in her lap. The flashing look startled him, not that it awoke any recollection, but it revealed such beautiful eyes; and he would have gladly lingered to see them raised again. But Mrs. Leighton was already leaving the room, and he was obliged to follow. So they parted without a word, and the meeting that Rose had anticipated so long, so eagerly, was over.

"He has forgotten me!" with a strange pang of disappointment she said it to herself, and a sense of desolation unknown before fell suddenly upon her heart. She had recognized *him* at once; changed as he was, grown tall and manly, with his brown cheek, and dark, heavy whiskers, still the one glance had been enough for her faithful memory; and although she knew how unreasonable the hope had been, and bitterly reproached herself for vanity and presumption, she could not deny or overcome the pain she felt in his complete unconsciousness.

She sat alone with the children all that evening. Clara, quite refreshed by her nap, and brightened by Arthur's presence, was glad to leave Rose in sole charge, and spend a merry evening down stairs. Marian and Ella were at Arthur's side, of course; and although Mrs. Leighton came up stairs once or twice to see if the children slept quietly, and to speak a kindly word to Rose in her solitude, still the hours were long and weary to her. She tried to read, and so forget the vague, sore pain at her heart. But her thoughts wandered away from the page, and the words that her eyes rested upon conveyed no meaning to her mind. She found herself listening instead to the cheerful sounds below—the light bursts of laughter and cheerful confusion of voices that reached her ear when a door was opened—although each mirthful echo but added to the homesickness that already made head and heart ache with loneliness and longing.

She could not resist the tears that came at last, breaking up her forced composure, and making her bury her face suddenly in the pillows of the couch upon which she sat, to hide thereby her quivering lips and blinded eyes. It was not often that she gave way to such uncontrolled emotion, but to-night she felt both hopeless and reckless. She did not attempt to restrain herself, even when she heard some one entering the room; and Arthur Leighton, who had been sent up on some errand by Mrs. Rivers, stood astonished and distressed at the sight of her passionate grief. He had thought her asleep when he first approached the couch, but he soon saw how her whole frame was shaken with sobs, although not a sound came from her lips; and perplexed and troubled at the sight, he did not know

whether to leave her without speaking or to stay and try to comfort her. The latter impulse prevailed, for Arthur's kindly nature could never let him "pass by on the other side" when he saw any one in trouble. So he bent over the couch, and with a simple feeling of compassion and sympathy laid his hand softly on her head. Rose was startled with the touch, and her head was lifted hastily. But Arthur spoke quickly:

"Forgive me; I did not mean to disturb you; but I saw you were crying, and I am so happy myself to-night that I can not bear to see any one else in distress. Can not I say something to comfort you? I am *very* sorry that any thing has happened to grieve you so."

Rose made no answer. At the first glimpse of Arthur's figure she had hidden her face in her hands, and the tears rushed faster than ever as she listened to his kind words. But they did not flow now from the same bitter source. The tender, respectful sympathy had been as balm and healing to her sore, aching heart; and there was a strange delight in receiving it thus from him, all unconscious as he was that she had any more than a stranger's claim to it.

He stood by her in silence for a minute; then he spoke again, anxiously:

"I can not bear to see you weeping so. I wish you would tell me what is the matter, or something that I might do for you. Can I do nothing, really?"

"Yes, if you will be so kind, you may call some one to take my place," Rose answered at last, forcing herself to speak calmly. "I am not very well to-night. I would like to go to my own room for a little while."

"And is that all? Can I do nothing else?"

"Nothing more than to keep to yourself that you have seen me behaving so childishly. I would be sorry to have Mrs. Leighton vexed or worried on my account." And Rose drew herself up from the sofa and made a movement toward the door.

"Stay a moment," he said, stopping her. "I will promise this if you wish it, of course; but if you would only let my mother know the occasion of your trouble, I am sure *she* could comfort you, even if *I* have no power that way."

The tears came back to Rose's eyes, and her lip quivered again. "How good and kind he is!" she thought. "I am nothing but a servant-girl to him, and yet how tenderly and respectfully he speaks to me!" Her voice trembled as she said,

"You are very kind, Mr. Leighton, and I thank you very much. I know your mother's goodness, but she can do nothing more to comfort me than she does every day. Indeed it is of no consequence. I am a little tired to-night, and nervous—that is all. Thank you, again. Good-night!"

"Good-night, then," Arthur returned. "I shall at least tell my mother not to let you watch any longer with these children. I know that you must be worn out with fatigue, and I insist upon

your sleeping undisturbed for the rest of this night."

He held out his hand as he spoke, and Rose could not refuse hers, though her cheek glowed as she offered it to him. She had moved toward the door, and was standing directly under a gas-bracket; shaded from the children's eyes, the light fell softly upon her face, and for the first time Arthur Leighton *saw* it fully. The flushed cheek and drooping eyes—the tender, sad, grateful expression—something in the whole look and manner—startled him, and, mingled with the tones of her voice, which as he listened to them had seemed echoes of something heard before, awoke a slumbering memory in his heart. She was gone before he could recall the association; and although her face haunted him all the evening, and he ransacked his memory to discover its counterpart there, he could not remember when or where he had seen one like it.

As for Rose, she went to her bed excited and agitated by a whirl of wild thoughts that would not let her sleep. It was in vain that she said to herself, "*Any* gentleman would have done the same. My station, whatever he knew about it, was nothing to prevent his offering me common sympathy—and it was nothing but common sympathy that he did offer. Why need I be so stirred, so fluttered, so restless with the pleasure of *being pitied* by him?" And here the proud lip curled with self-contempt, and she vowed that she would neither think of him again nor care what he thought of her. But the vow was broken more than once before sleep's soft unconsciousness settled down upon heart and brain.

VII.

The children grew better, slowly but surely; and as fears for their safety subsided the household fell back into the old social habits which had been for a time interrupted. Marian's visitors came and went as usual; she and Miss Hartley renewed their rides and drives; and the evenings were mirthful again with music and pleasant company. Arthur was with the two girls constantly; no plan or excursion of any kind could go on without him—at least, in Miss Hartley's opinion. All her flow of spirits—checked for a time by her real sympathy with the sorrow in the house—had revived, and she was so arch, playful, pretty—so tender, admiring, and gracious at times—so saucy and coquettish at others—so captivating in all moods—that Arthur could not but be fascinated by her many graces, especially as he could not help seeing her evident admiration for him and pleasure in his attentions. No one knew better than Miss Hartley how to apply this graceful flattery; and to tell the truth, it was not altogether flattery in the present case. Arthur's manly beauty and accomplishments—not to speak of his wealth and social position—were attractions for which the little lady was quite willing to exchange the whole catalogue of her charms. He was not only unexceptionable every way, but she liked him very much besides; so she laid her-

self out to make the conquest, and Marian looked on smiling, thinking of her own marriage, and how pleasant this exchange of brothers would be. Ella was not quite so "deep" as she might be, but then she was a good little thing, kind-hearted and affectionate, and so pretty and graceful that it did not make much difference whether she knew any thing or not. She would always be fascinating, even if she could not "talk books," and she would be so devoted to Arthur that he could not help being happy with her. So Marian settled the matter to her own satisfaction, and lent all her influence for Ella's benefit; and Arthur, susceptible as he was to these womanly spells, might fairly have been thrall'd and conquered by them if there had not been a counter-charm to protect him.

Rose held this, unconscious though she was. He saw her every day, and the interest at first excited by the secret bond of sympathy between them, and the vague memory which continually baffled his efforts of recollection, was kept alive by the thoughtful beauty of her face, the womanly sweetness of her voice, and the simple dignity of her behavior. She never sat at table with him, she never shared their evenings in the drawing-room, she never joined in any general conversation, and, especially, never spoke to him unless he directly challenged it; but in spite of all this he managed to see enough of her to form, in some sort, an estimate of her character. He saw that she was in a false and difficult position—that she was a lady in refinement and cultivation, while occupying so inferior a station; and he could not but admire the dignity which could command respect under such embarrassing circumstances. Miss Hartley would not have been flattered if she could have read the mental comparisons drawn between herself and the dress-maker nurse; and she would have been alarmed for the success of her schemes if she had known how many times, even in her presence, his thoughts were full of the same humble individual. The mystery about her, the haunting conviction that he had seen her somewhere before, continually attracted him to fancies and speculations concerning her, and drew his steps often to the sick room, which was still her constant post. He never said much to her when there, for there were always others in the room; but he observed every motion that she made, every word that she uttered, and every shade of thought or feeling that crossed her face.

As for Rose, she watched for his visits with an eagerness that surprised herself, and for which she vainly reproached herself. He had forgotten her—there could not be a lingering doubt about that—and it made her indignant to feel an interest, for the old time's sake, in a person who had so forgotten those very times. Nevertheless she watched for his coming, and the tedium of her close confinement was strangely lightened by his presence in the room, even although he staid but a few minutes, and said only a chance word to her. He often spoke admiringly of her patience with the children, her tenderness with

their fretful humors, her unfailing kindness in spite of their thousand caprices and exactions; for both were now in the most restless and irritable stage of the distressing malady, and one such word as this, "How patient you are, Margaret!" or, "Margaret, you must have the temper of a saint to bear with these children!" was enough to inspire her with a cheerful courage and patience which all Charlie's fretful cries or Helen's unreasoning demands failed to disturb. He called her "Margaret" just as all the others did, but with a different tone. They said it familiarly, and affectionately, too; but upon his lips it became a title of dignity, so gentle and respectful was his manner in uttering it. All Rose's childish memories of him, all her later imaginations of what he might be, all her girlish ideas of manly courtesy were realized in him when he spoke her name. The tone thrilled upon her memory long after its echo had died upon his lips, and hours of weary watching were brightened with the pleasant thoughts which his brief presence had inspired.

Not that she yielded passively to this fascination. In the solitude of her own room, and in sleepless hours of night, she held communion with her heart, and took it to task for all this weakness. Not a blush or smile, or secret thrill of pleasure which his influence had given life to, but she sat in judgment upon, and bitterly she upbraided herself for allowing word or look of his to charm her so. "What was she to Arthur Leighton?" she asked herself with proud humility. "What folly and presumption on her part to dream that he would think of her—a servant in his mother's house! Even if her true position were recognized, what was it? A poor minister's daughter once, a penniless and friendless orphan now, she had *no* position, and was in *no* way within reach of his notice. Yet she was so weak in pride, so lacking in self-respect, so void of womanly reserve, as to give away her heart in return for one kind word! as to tremble with delight if he called her name, and listen for his coming step as if it had music in it! When all the while, moreover, any body might see that Ella Hartley held sway over his every thought and action. He was with her always, and she—ah yes! it was easy to see what *she* thought of him. So many fluttering airs and graces when his name was mentioned, so many smiles and blushes when he came in sight! Of course they would marry—every reason in the world was in Miss Hartley's favor; and no matter how vain and frivolous she was, she was a more fitting mate for him than Rose Murray could be."

And so poor Rose would rebuke herself, and with sore shame and vexation of spirit resolve to think no more of Arthur Leighton, care no more for him than she would for the merest stranger in his place, and go back to her weary school-teaching as soon as she could be spared from the children, without ever letting any of them know that she was other than she seemed. But the passionate tears that drenched her pil-

low told what anguish even the resolve cost her; and, alas for womanly strength! the next occasion of temptation proved it vain and fruitless in spite of all. When he came into the room with his bright, handsome face, that seemed to make an atmosphere of cheerfulness wherever it shone—when some slight word or action proved his thoughtful consideration for herself—when a laugh or a look, or perhaps some earnest expression of deeper feeling, recalled the gay, impetuous, but always noble-minded boy of the past—she could no more have repressed the thrill of interest and pleasure than she could have checked her heart's pulses. All in vain were her self-reproaches, and strict examinations, and stern resolves: disguise it as she might, treat it with scorn and indignation, crush it down and trample upon it, utterly deny it even, she could not conquer or put away the love that had sprung up unbidden in her heart.

Since the first night, and the brief interview which had so comforted Rose's grief, they had never met except in the presence of others; and of course but few words had been exchanged between them. It was not Arthur's fault that their intercourse was so limited; for wearying often of Ella's graceful trifling, he longed for an hour of conversation with "that mysterious Margaret," as he called her in his mind, and determined to improve the first opportunity that offered for such a purpose. But the opportunity never seemed to come; he had gone at all hours to the nursery in hope of finding her alone, but somebody else was always there, or sure to come in before he could begin to speak. Miss Hartley had a way of fluttering in whenever he happened to be there, starting with most innocent and unconscious surprise at sight of him, and exclaiming, "*You* here? why I thought you were deep in your letters down stairs!" and then she would completely monopolize his attention, so that, in despair of getting a word from Rose, he would have to depart, no better satisfied than he came.

He went down into the village one afternoon in the midst of a heavy rain-storm. Little Charlie had been fretting for some peculiar dainty not to be procured at home, and Arthur good-naturedly undertook to get it for him; declaring, in answer to Clara's protestations, that he should enjoy a battle with the storm after the manner of his school-boy days. So mounting cap and overcoat, and spreading a big umbrella, which, if not the very same that had sheltered little Rose once upon a time, was certainly first cousin to it, he trudged down the street to the self-styled "fashionable restaurant" of Edgehill, where little Charlie's jelly was manufactured. On the way he occupied his mind after his usual fashion, with conjectures about Margaret. The more he thought of her, and compared *herself* with her circumstances, the more inclined he was to build up some sort of a romance about her. She had never been born or educated for such a station, that he could swear to; and he could certainly swear to a strong be-

lief, if not a positive conviction, of having met her before and known her somewhere in a different position.

Busied with a thousand vague thoughts and suppositions concerning her, he walked down the long street, and passed by on the other side without ever seeing the restaurant, or discovering that he had gone too far, until the old Police office—a well-known landmark in his boyish days—loomed up before him and showed him his blunder. He turned back hastily as he saw it, with a laugh at his own carelessness; saying to himself, "So much for giving my whole mind to a mysterious young lady instead of attending to my business. It is too provoking, though, that after all my long walk I have come to no satisfactory conclusion about her. Margaret! Margaret! who and what are you? and where have I seen you before?"

He did not expect any answer to this impatient question, but one came with the suddenness of inspiration. A blast of wind swept round the corner, whirled the boughs of a young tree that stood exposed to its full force, and struck it down so quickly that Arthur had to rush into the side-street to escape a blow in its fall. As he did so he came full in sight of a little brown, corner cottage—the very same that had once been Mr. Murray's home, and, though empty now and falling to decay, it kept still enough of the old familiar look to recall vividly a memory of his boyhood. Like a sudden light before his eyes the whole scene flashed into his mind—a dreary, stormy afternoon like this, a school-boy standing by this very cottage-gate, a dripping little girl just disappearing within the door—and some mysterious link of association connecting it with his previous thoughts, the solution of all his puzzling queries and vain conjectures stood clear before him.

"Eureka!" he exclaimed, aloud. "Rose Murray! my own little Rose that I found in the rain! Oh, what a fool I was never to see it before—never to remember that her name was *Margaret*, too, as well as Rose! No wonder her eyes startled me the first time I saw them—little Rose, dear little Rose!"

He was a perfect boy again in the excitement of this discovery, and, in the abundance of his delight and exultation, cut such a variety of astonishing capers as would have shocked all the proprieties of Edgehill if they had only been there to see. Fortunately for his reputation as a man of sobriety, his gymnastics were unobserved, though it made small difference to him either way. He had but one care in his mind, and that to get home by the quickest possible route, and in the shortest possible time put his discovery to a practical test. It is to be wondered that he did not forget little Charlie and the restaurant altogether, but he did manage to secure the jelly, and then "made a bee-line" for Oak Lawn.

A few minutes later and he was sitting in the nursery—at a respectful distance from the bed on account of the dampness supposed to be about

him—watching Rose as she fed the child with spoonfuls of the delicate food. Very closely he watched her, too, though all the while he was rattling off a gay description of the storm and the destruction of the young poplar, ostensibly to amuse the children, who made great eyes of wonder when he came to the final *crash!* of his story—but really to observe whether *she* would show any emotion at his mention of her old childish home.

“Do you remember that little old house, mother?” he asked, turning to Mrs. Leighton, who sat beside Rose. “I don’t know when I have thought about the Murrays before, but it came back to me like a picture this afternoon as I stood before the gate—my first encounter with little Rose. It was on just such a day as this, and how many years ago? Ten, isn’t it, mother?”

“Longer than that, I think,” said Mrs. Leighton. “It seems more than ten years since I saw Mrs. Murray last. I wish we had not lost sight of them so completely, Arthur. I suppose Mr. Murray must be dead by this time—he was always delicate, you know, and as for dear little Rose, she is a woman grown of course. We shouldn’t know her if we were to meet her.”

“I think *I* should,” Arthur returned, quietly, looking straight into “Margaret’s” face with an air of perfect simplicity, and exulting secretly as he perceived the tell-tale color spreading redly over face and throat, in spite of her averted head and air of intense interest in her occupation of feeding Charlie.

“You are spilling that jelly, Margaret,” he said, with a wicked enjoyment of her agitation. “I shall have to feed Charlie myself if you are so careless.”

“Do it, then,” she answered, hastily, setting down the saucer. “I wish you would, for I want to go down stairs.”

“No, no, Arthur!” Clara and Mrs. Leighton exclaimed, in a breath. “You are too damp to go so near Charlie. Give *me* the spoon, Margaret.”

But here Master Charlie interposed with a fretful exclamation of, “No, no! no mamma—no ganma—*Maggie* feed Charlie! *hit down*, *Maggie!*” And so Rose had to take her seat again and listen to the conversation, which Arthur took care should not be turned into another channel by this interruption. Every thing that he could recall about the family, about herself, his first meeting with her, the subsequent intimacy, Mrs. Leighton’s friendship with Mrs. Murray, and the household fondness for little Rose—he brought up relentlessly for discussion. Clara, and his mother, interested in the topic, responded with their reminiscences; and Marian and Ella coming in presently, the whole story had to be repeated for Ella’s benefit. She was like a child in her enjoyment of a story—which showed that there was something true and fresh after all beneath her frivolities—and had a thousand questions to ask concerning “little Rose.”

“Was she pretty? was she clever? did you love

her so very much? how long is it since you heard of her? don’t you really know any thing about her now? and do you never expect to see her again?” All of which, and the answers thereto, poor Rose in her own person had to hear—with what feelings the reader may imagine.

It was hard to keep the tears that *would* spring to her eyes from overflowing, as she listened to words that showed how lovingly she was still remembered, in spite of time and absence; harder yet to control the hot blood that came and went in her cheeks, and made her feel as if all eyes were upon her in wonder and suspicion. Sometimes—especially when Mrs. Leighton spoke with such tender and admiring appreciation of her precious mother—a wild impulse came to throw herself at her feet then and there, and reveal the truth before them all. But that was only momentary, and, thanks to her innate strength of mind and power of self-restraint, she bore herself bravely, to all outward seeming, through the lengthened ordeal. Nor one, Arthur only excepted, saw any thing unusual in her manner, or guessed for a moment that she had the slightest personal interest in the conversation. Jane Lambert’s carelessness, or Mrs. Leighton’s imperfect hearing, whichever it was that caused the mistake in her name, effectually prevented any association of Margaret *Murphy* with Rose Murray, in their minds.

Charlie fell asleep at last, dropping her hand which he had refused to relinquish before, and she was allowed to escape. Once alone in her own room, she sat down and cried, as the only relief she could obtain in the tumult of doubt and distress that disturbed her mind. What to believe, what to expect, what to fear, she could not tell; for she had no means of determining whether this conversation had arisen from a chance recollection merely, or whether it was conducted purposely to try her. Sometimes she inclined to the latter opinion, when she remembered how pertinaciously Arthur Leighton had kept up the subject, how many minute details he had recalled, especially how much he had dwelt upon herself; and this belief brought a thrill of tremulous joy to her heart which would have atoned for all she had suffered of late could she only have rested in it. But then came the recollection of his perfect carelessness and frankness in speaking, his complete apparent unconsciousness, his openness and unreserve of manner; and her first belief seemed the extreme of folly and presumption. So she sat, tossed in mind, and sore troubled in heart, unable to see any light through the mists that bewildered her, until she felt constrained at last to return to the nursery, lest her absence should be noticed and wondered at.

Marian met her in the hall as she went down, and spoke in her usual gay, affectionate tone, and Mrs. Leighton and Mrs. Rivers were just the same as ever. Nothing in *their* manner betokened any new feeling toward her. From the drawing-room below there came a sound of music—a few notes played softly, and two voices singing in a subdued strain. She knew very

well whose they were, and in bitter humiliation she scorned herself for imagining that *she*—in past or present person—kept any hold upon his thoughts. “Why did I ever come here? why did I place myself in a position to be so humbled and stung? Oh! that I had never come back to Edgemoor!” was the despairing cry of her heart.

VIII.

Meanwhile, Arthur, in a very different frame of mind, was exulting over the success of his experiment. He had been wandering about the house, whistling and singing, and in the restlessness of his delight quite unable to settle himself to any quiet occupation, ever since Rose had left the nursery. Miss Hartley took possession of him at last, to try a new duet with her. He could make no excuse for refusing, and had to put himself at her disposal; but if poor Rose had known how sorely unwilling was *one* of the voices whose mingled strain she listened to, her lonely vigil that evening would have been kept with a far less heavy heart.

For Miss Hartley’s smiles and wiles were all in vain. Mr. Leighton had no eyes for her fascinations, and no ears for her flatteries, this evening. He lounged about the parlor after dinner, trying all the seats in the room but resting in none, and finally, to the astonishment of every body, sprang up suddenly and declared that he must take a walk. And go he would, although his mother expostulated, and Marian scolded outright, and Ella Hartley pouted expressively, without saying a word. She was both astonished and indignant at his behavior, and showed it so plainly that, for the first time since Arthur’s return, the party in the drawing-room was a silent and uncomfortable one. He—selfish fellow! did not give them a thought as he battled with the wind and rain in his whimsical walk. He only looked back once as he clanged the gate behind him, and that was not to the bright parlor windows before which Miss Hartley’s figure flitted, but to one higher up, where a single light shone dimly, and where a shadowy face and form, only seen for a moment, caused his heart to thrill with a sudden and strange delight.

“Did he love her—this Margaret, or Rose, whichever she were—or was it only the mystery and romance with which he had invested her that kept her forever in his thoughts? Would he have cared for her if he had never suspected her to be something different from what she seemed? And was there any likelihood that her old childish love for him could deepen into such a feeling as he would wish to inspire where he *did* love?” These were the questions that he turned over in his mind and viewed in all aspects, growing so absorbed in them that he neither looked where he went nor thought of how the time was passing. Up one street and down another, through narrow lanes and dark alleys—wherever he happened to turn—he trudged along without purpose, unless, as the state of his

garments when he *did* reach home at last would seem to prove, to collect as much mud as he possibly could in the given time.

It was ten o’clock when he made his appearance in the parlor again—such a dismal figure that Miss Hartley shrank away from his approach for the first time in her life, and Marian exclaimed, pettishly,

“Why Arthur! what a sight you are! If you will be so rude as to spend the evening out of doors in such weather as this, you might at least have the grace not to come into the parlor in that plight.”

Mrs. Leighton looked up anxiously. “My dear, where *have* you been?” she asked, for Marian’s sally had won only a smile in reply.

“I don’t know, mother,” he answered, briefly.

“Don’t know! Why Arthur, what is the matter with you?”

“I don’t know that either—at least I am not prepared to give a diagnosis of my complaint at present,” he said, gayly, and stooped down to kiss her good-night; adding, as he did so, “When I find out what the matter is I will tell you, be sure. Good-night, Miss Hartley; good-night, Marian. I will not shock your sensibilities any longer with such an exhibition.”

And so he went up stairs, leaving Marian really provoked by his cavalier treatment, and Miss Hartley in a fever of mingled vexation and curiosity. What could he mean? she asked herself most anxiously. Was any thing really the matter? and if so, what was it? He could not be in love with any body—there was no one here but herself, and alas! his manner proved any thing but love for her! Poor Miss Hartley! she was obliged to feel that truth in all its keenness, as every day developed it more fully. For Arthur, having but one purpose in his mind at this time—and that to obtain a private interview with Rose—gave no more of his time or attention to Ella than his duties as a host and a gentleman obliged him to. She arrayed herself in her most coquettish morning-robcs, her most irresistible “baby-waists,” her most voluminous flounces; she smiled and pouted by turns; she sang dashing, careless melodies one evening, and drooped pensively in a corner of the sofa another; then she quoted sentimental poetry about the heartlessness of men, and talked of going into a nunnery, with a most bewitchingly significant air—but it was all to no purpose whatever. Arthur Leighton took more notice of Rose’s plain black dress, worn all day and every day, than of Ella’s whole elaborate wardrobe, and paid more attention to one simple word from her lips than to all Miss Hartley’s varied allurements.

How he longed for an opportunity to see her alone, growing daily more impatient and eager as every attempt was frustrated! He could never get a minute with her, even to *ask* for the interview, and he would not ask assistance from any of the family, because that would excite surprise, and involve explanations which he did not wish to make until he had first met Rose. He began to think, after a few days of vain attempts

to accomplish his object, that she avoided him purposely, for his appearance in the nursery seemed to be the signal for her departure. If he took a seat, or showed any intention of making a stay, she was sure to find an excuse for going out of the room, and let him wait as long as he chose she did not come back. Even at night, when she was generally alone with the children, if he managed to escape from the drawing-room and slip up stairs, some evil spirit seemed to be in league against him, for her place was always empty. *Just* emptied, it would appear, from the book or work thrown down carelessly, and perhaps the rustle of retreating garments in the back hall!

At first he thought it all accidental, and only fretted at his "bad luck," but by-and-by he could not help feeling that she acted with a purpose. Which was the truth indeed, for poor Rose had come to this determination at last in her distress and perplexity. She was convinced that he neither recognized her as Rose nor cared for her as Margaret, and that for the sake of her own peace she must avoid him as much as lay in her power. Once having made up her mind to this, not with pique or vexation, but with a calm recognition of her own weakness, and a conviction of the necessity for overcoming it, she carried out her plan steadily, notwithstanding many a heartache, and many a secret longing after the pleasure that she so sternly denied herself. Under these circumstances there seemed to be small prospect of any right understanding between them, for, with the proverbial blindness of love, they appeared bent upon a mutual misapprehension. Rose was convinced that she was forgotten and disregarded; and Arthur, perceiving her avoidance of him, set it down to personal dislike, and was not a little piqued and provoked thereat. It did but add intensity, however, to his curiosity and desire, and the more that he was baffled in his schemes the more pertinaciously he persisted in them.

An accident favored him at last, and the opportunity that he had waited and watched and manoeuvred for came to him unexpectedly. He had strolled out for a walk one afternoon, and passing through the court-house yard—a green and shaded inclosure, the only thing like a park that Edgehill could boast of—he suddenly came upon Rose sitting on a bench beneath a willow-tree whose slender, swaying stems still retained some faithful leaflets. It was a soft Indian summer afternoon, the sun veiled in mists that added a dreamy beauty to its brightness. Most of the trees in the yard were stripped of their foliage, but the bare interlaced branches made a graceful net-work, through which the blue sky shone serenely, and the sunlight glanced in broken, wavering lines upon the close green turf below. Rose was quite alone; no one else was in the inclosure, and no one to be seen in the quiet streets around. Her head was turned away from the gate by which Arthur had entered, and neither one was aware of the neighborhood of the other until he came directly

before her. Both started with surprise, and Rose's cheek grew scarlet with mingled confusion and pleasure. But Arthur was too overjoyed at his unexpected good fortune even to notice that she blushed, and her heart beat faster still with a tremulous delight at his eager greeting, and his evident satisfaction in meeting her there.

"Who would have thought of finding *you* here?" he said, gayly, after the first exclamation of surprise and pleasure. "I don't believe I ever saw you out of nursery bounds before!"

"And I have been too long out of them now," she answered, rising up from the bench. "Mrs. Rivers insisted that I should take a walk this afternoon, but it is time now that I went back."

"No indeed, it is not," he retorted; "and you shall not go for half an hour at least. Sit down again—do—and let me stay a while to enjoy this beauty with you."

"As long as you please, Mr. Leighton," she answered, somewhat proudly, for she would not yield without a struggle to the weakness that she felt stealing upon her. "You have time enough to enjoy the beauty, but I have already given it as much as I can spare. I must go back."

"I don't believe in that '*must*,' Margaret," he said, detaining her as she would have moved away. "You were in no hurry until I came up; and if it is I who am driving you home, I will take myself off directly. Say so, and I will go at once—though I can't deny that I want to stay."

For one moment he had been piqued at her refusal, and tempted to let her go, but he quickly remembered that this opportunity was too precious to be given up lightly, and determined to make at least one more effort. Which was well for him, for his last words won Rose to stay. They fell upon her heart like sunshine, and she could not resist the genial influence, dangerous as she knew it to be. In spite of inward reproaches and misgivings she suffered herself to be seated again.

"That's right," said Arthur, approvingly. "May I sit down, too?" and taking the permission for granted, he established himself at the other end of the bench, leaving a respectful little distance between them, which would not, however, prevent the most confidential conversation.

"Do you know, Margaret," he began, "that this is just the opportunity I have been wishing for these two weeks? longer than that, too; ever since the first night I came home. But you keep yourself so close in that nursery, and those children are such exacting little angels, that one never can get a chance to say six words to you."

"If one has no occasion to say six words, what matter?" asked Rose.

"But there *was* occasion in this case. I wanted to know you."

"I am not in a position to be honored with your acquaintance, Mr. Leighton," said she, gravely.

"Nonsense! what do I care for your position? It is not *that* I want to know any thing about, but yourself. You have been a wonder to me, Margaret, ever since—"

"You found me making a baby of myself that night," Rose interposed, hastily. "You wondered how any woman, not a fool entirely, could behave so foolishly. But you need not speak of that, Mr. Leighton; it is not pleasant to remember that I exposed such weakness to a stranger."

She spoke impatiently, and her cheeks glowed with vexation and shame, for she remembered too well what cause had moved her tears that night. Arthur was surprised at her excitement, but he took no apparent notice of it, and answered, quietly:

"I did not wonder any such thing, if you will excuse me for contradicting you, Margaret—and, moreover, I was not going to speak of that incident at all. Since you have alluded to it, I will confess that my unexpected interview with you under those circumstances added a great deal to the interest which I felt at my first sight of you. Ask my mother if I did not—even in the excitement and bustle of my first hour at home—inquire about you, and listen eagerly to all of your history that she could tell me, especially to the enthusiastic praises that she lavished upon you. You need not smile so scornfully, as if my words or thoughts about you were matter of no consequence whatever. I am aware that such is your feeling, but in spite of it I have persisted in forcing myself upon your attention. Shall I go on now, and say what I wish? or is it really disagreeable to you to have to listen?"

"What does he mean?" thought Rose, for he spoke proudly as one who had a right to be offended, and yet put restraint upon himself. "I do not understand you, Mr. Leighton," she said, aloud. "I was not conscious of 'smiling scornfully,' and I do not see how you can interpret my feelings toward you. If it pleases you to speak, it will please me to listen," she added, gently.

"Truly?" and a bright look shone upon Rose, which more than repaid her for her admission. "Then I can speak freely, and I will tell you at once why it is that I have so earnestly desired this interview. You do not know how many attempts I have made to obtain it, and how constantly I have been disappointed. If you did, you would not wonder that I began to think you were really avoiding me from personal dislike. Tell me now, before I go any farther, was I wrong? did I do you injustice in thinking this?"

He waited for an answer, but Rose trembled and was silent. I do not know by what sudden inspiration the truth was made manifest to her at this moment, but it stood clear before her at last. She no longer wondered at his strange language to one so far below him in the social scale. He knew her—yes, and *loved* her; the whole blissful truth flashed like lightning into her soul, and made her speechless with unutterable joy. And Arthur did not wonder, either, at the sudden paleness which overspread Rose's face, at the

downcast eyes and mute, trembling lips, nor yet at the quick-returning blood, which rushed in waves of crimson over neck and cheek and brow; for the same electric flash had revealed all her heart to him, and he knew that no words were needed between them.

Yet one little word he must ask to make love's assurance more sure, more blissfully perfect: "Margaret—*Rose!* you know that I know you—you know that I love you! give me one word!" he pleaded.

But she was slow to answer, though he waited with passion and eagerness glowing all over his face, with impatience trembling upon his lips, with hope and fear alternating in his eyes. Her head was bent low, and her hands clasped over her face. Tears fell through the linked fingers, and she had no power of utterance in her sudden, unlooked-for, overwhelming happiness. She lifted her head at last, but turned it away from him, with trembling fingers unfastened a ribbon upon her neck, and then shyly, without speaking, and with still averted face, held out something for him to take. He seized it eagerly, unclasped it (for it was a little worn gold locket) with tremulous haste, and then, with a cry of gladness, snatched Rose to his heart, utterly regardless of place or circumstance, and indifferent, in his first rapture, whether all the world looked on or not.

"Is it so? Is it really true, Rose, darling?" he cried, when he could find voice for his delight. "You have kept that little locket all these years—you have never forgotten me—you have loved me always! Oh, Rose, my own little Rose! how can I tell you how happy you have made me?" and as if words could not tell, he strained her more closely to his heart and covered her face and hair with passionate kisses.

It was a thousand wonders that no prying eyes from street or house-top peered through the light screen of willow-boughs to discover the strange, imprudent scene; that no passer-by witnessed what was done with such thoughtless openness, and what would have furnished such precious scandal to the gossips of Edgehill. But no one saw—more thanks to the lateness of the hour, and the quiet, unfrequented street upon which that side of the square fronted, than to Arthur Leighton's prudence or self-control.

Rose was the first to awake from the wild, delicious dream, and to remember outward proprieties. She drew herself away from Arthur, glowing and beautiful with her happy blushes, and declared that she must go home directly; she could not stay another moment. And she was hurrying off, but Arthur held her. "Not so fast," he said; "you do not go alone now, Rose," and he drew her arm within his and clasped the hand so fondly and so proudly, with such a happy triumph beaming in his eyes, such a tender love radiant in his smile, that Rose had not power to resist him, but just resigned herself to his protection, and suffered her heart to rest content in its deep and full delight.

A slight misgiving came over her as they drew

near Oak Lawn: "What will Mrs. Leighton think?" she asked, anxiously; "it will seem so strange to see me walking up to the door with you."

"It is a sight she will see very often after this, my darling. The sooner she gets accustomed to it the better," he returned, coolly.

"And Marian—and Miss Hartley," Rose continued, "whatever will they say of me? I know they will both be so much disappointed. Marian has set her heart upon having Ella for a sister."

"And so she will, unless she and Charlton fall out between this and Christmas. I have no intention of forbidding the bans."

"You know that is not what I mean," said she, with a blush. "It was not as Mr. Hartley's sister, but as your wife, that Marian wished for the relationship; and Miss Hartley herself—"

"Well, what?"—for Rose had stopped suddenly.

"Nothing at all; I have no right to speak of her; don't think of it," she exclaimed, hurriedly, ashamed of herself for having given expression to what seemed now an ungenerous and unkind suspicion.

But Arthur only laughed.

"My dear little Rose, I know all about it; you need not look as if you had said such a mean thing. I know if I asked Miss Hartley to-night to marry me she would say *yes* very prettily; but it doesn't follow that she will feel so badly if I don't. No, indeed! She cares no more for me than she would for any body else who might happen to stand just in my place. So her disappointment, if she feels any, will soon be forgotten in some more brilliant conquest. Do you doubt it?" he asked, mischievously, as the little troubled look lingered still on Rose's face. "If you feel so remorseful for the wrong you have done her, suppose you make restitution—eh? Take back the locket, and all it was meant to signify, and make over your prize to Miss Hartley?"

"So I will, as far as the locket is concerned," she retorted, reaching out her hand for the trinket. "Give it back to me; I want it."

"And for the rest?"

"For the rest, I have no restitution to make, for I had the prior claim." And with a bright, mirthful smile, which left a sunbeam in Arthur's heart, she ran hastily through the open gate, and up the avenue to the house, before he could overtake and join her again.

That evening she kept watch in the nursery as usual. The children slept, and she sat beneath the light with her work-basket beside her, but she was not sewing. Her fingers were idling with the little old locket; her face was radiant with the wavering play of smiles and blushes, and a tumult of delights, and fears, and anticipations swelled and stirred her happy heart. It had been hard to repress all these outward signs of her inward gladness until she could be alone and give them vent. Now there was no one to wonder at her, and she could smile or cry, ac-

cording to the varying mood of her joy, without having to give a reason why.

The house was very quiet; even from the drawing-room there seemed to come no sound of music or of voices. She noticed it at last, and wondered why they were so silent down stairs, and began to listen to see if she could hear any one speaking. She thought she distinguished Arthur's tones by-and-by, and soon there sprung up a murmur of voices, growing louder and more eager, as if from some sudden excitement. Rose listened tremulously to this little commotion, and she drew her breath more quickly as she heard the parlor-door open hastily and some one come flying up the stairs. She knew the sound of Marian's light feet, but she had hardly time for wonder or apprehension before Marian had burst into the room and thrown her arms around Rose's neck, crying out, in excited, incoherent explanation,

"Oh, Margaret! oh, Rose! how could you? To think you should have been here so long and we never knew you! To think that you would not tell *me*!" quite heedless of the children or the disturbance she was making in their quiet domains.

Rose was saved from the necessity of answering, otherwise than by kisses and close embraces, by Arthur's appearance the next minute.

"Marian, you are to come out of the nursery at once, Clara says, or you will have both the children awake. Rose, come down stairs—they all want you—they know every thing. Come, my darling!"

And Rose went with him, hardly knowing where she was or what she was doing, feeling as if she were in some strange dream, and yet sure of one glad reality—that she was clasped and supported by *his* dear arms, comforted and encouraged by his loving words. And this certainty gave her strength to meet whatever else she might have to encounter. Not that any thing terrible awaited her, for Mrs. Leighton and Clara were as ready as Marian had been to receive her with open arms. Just as she had seemed to be—neither more nor less than poor Margaret Murphy, seamstress and nurse—they loved her so already that they could hardly have refused to welcome her as Arthur's wife; and when it was discovered that she was little Rose—the dear little Rose of old—in addition, there was nothing more to ask or desire.

There is no need to picture the scene that followed Rose's entrance—to repeat the explanations on one side, and the tender reproaches on the other—or to dwell upon the perfect happiness which at last crowned the young girl's life of sorrow. It will all be easily imagined, especially when I tell you that from this time till Christmas-day, when the two fair girls bore their bridal honors and wore their bridal blushes together, not a shadow of a cloud came to darken the light of joy which shone so gloriously upon her. Ella Hartley was bridemaid for both, radiant as ever, and, to Rose's great comfort, showing no sign of a broken heart.

She took her little disappointment charmingly, saying to Rose,

"If it had been any one *but you*, you dear, stately, romantic Margaret, I should have been dreadfully jealous; that I will confess. But as it is, the story is perfect. I would not have had it altered for the world!"

And Rose was fain to confess that she would not either.

"A SHORT DISTANCE IN THE COUNTRY."

DOES it ever occur to the casual reader of newspaper advertisements, prospecting perhaps in the columns of the *Herald* in search of a cook, whereabouts may be situated that mysterious place to which many of them refer, in stating that they have "no objection to go a short distance in the country?"

You may notice that this clause, explanatory of the intentions of Bridget and Nora, becomes more and more frequent every season. More Bridgets and more Noras wave any hesitancy they may once have felt, and coyly wait to be invited to take up their abode in rural districts. But how does it chance that they may reasonably expect such advances, and give the signal of acceptance at the outset? Who wants the services of the army of cooks, nurses, and waiters that are marshaled daily in the aforementioned advertising mediums, or sit airing their accomplishments and their finery at the *matinées* of the Intelligence men and women, from week to week? The able-bodied maid of all work, willing to milk and churn, to "rise with the lark and lie down with the lamb"—according to that ancient maxim of physical wealth which of late has fallen so completely into disuse—doubtless finds her appropriate sphere afar from the luxurious life of cities; but are the times so greatly "out of joint," that the wide kitchen, heretofore sacred to the domestic hospitality of Farmer Hickory, is now habitually invaded by the foreign crowd that inhabits the basement of brown stone mansions?

There are country seats, to be sure, scattered through the vicinity of the metropolis—the homes of old county families, who were noted in social and political circles long before the present generation arose, and who maintained, even then, something of the state brought by their ancestors from abroad, including the several departments of domestic service. But are they numerous enough to absorb the supply now apparently in market?

Clearly, then, there must be a new class of country residents increasing from year to year—a class of whom our friend Mr. Sparrowgrass is the representative man—inhabiting the white villas and brown Gothic cottages one whizzes past on any railway within forty miles of the metropolis, and demanding the services of this corps of domestic sappers and miners. The suburban population of our large cities is beginning to form a separate polity, and, from the very

nature of things, must go on rapidly increasing, absorbing more and more of intelligence and wealth, and giving out in return new social influences. How, then, has the exodus arisen, and which way does it incline?

Drawing an illustration from the rural scenes among which we write—and looking back upon the march of improvement in the "contiguous counties"—we are forcibly reminded of the procedure of a flock of sheep, one of whom has found egress from a well-worn nibbling ground through a gap in the stone inclosure which surrounds it, and hastens "to fresh fields and pastures new." A second mounts the uncertain block of granite, cautiously surveys the landscape with an affection of cool and sagacious inquiry, and suddenly proceeds upon so good an example; which is speedily followed with less and less caution by the crowd in the rear.

In other words, Mr. Jones, finding that he has become attached to the village of Highland-dale, where he has passed two summers at the boarding-house of Mrs. Saveall, begins to look round, and wonder if it would not be quite as economical to rent a little place in the neighborhood to which he may remove his own comfortable mattress and mosquito net, and transplant his thriving nursery of olive plants, saving at once the discomforts of a flock bed and huge board bill, not to mention the uncomfortable misunderstandings between his wife and the landlady, of which he is the perpetual arbiter, growing out of the systematic oppressions which are exercised upon the juveniles and their appointed Milesian guardian.

Mrs. Jones—"worn to a shadow," as she informs her neighbor and confidante in Mrs. Saveall's east front room, by these intestine wars, and thinking with longing of the time when she could call her chamber her own and possess her soul in patience—is driven by the desperation of the moment to consent, though in calmer hours, amidst the comforts and conveniences of her own house in Thirty-first Street, with its gas and closets, its bath-room, hot and cold water, its proximity to the Kossuth Market, and the Church of St. Christopher, with dear Doctor Mendelsshon's poetical sermons, she might have hesitated.

Mr. Jones is a man of prompt business habits, or he never would have established the comfortable little business of Jones and Johnson, which gives him a net income of four thousand a year, with rapidly increasing prospects. He has secured a three-years' lease of the pretty little property he has discovered belonged to the widow of the former physician of Highland-dale; has put the out-buildings into excellent repair; disturbed the mossy deposits of the neglected "front yard;" trimming the old-fashioned May roses into modest proportions; uprooted the snow-balls and lilacs; ordering an invoice of the most high sounding standards to put in their places; and christening the spot thus remodeled "Rose Lawn," begins to talk to his friends Smith and Robinson of his "place in the country."

Of course the physician's widow, though receiving a rent beyond all expectations in the

early days of Highland-dale, and which is absolutely necessary to the support of her five boys, laments over the hard necessity which has rebuilt her barns, changed a tumble-down wood-shed into a model chickery, thoroughly repaired her fences, papered and repainted her house; in short, nearly redoubled its marketable value. She bewails the uprooted lilacs, and puts no faith in *Spiræas* or *Rosea Weigelias*; "the doctor" never believed in these new-fangled things, and "the doctor's" opinion is still, and ever will be, law, with his adoring relict. Over the expenditure which Mr. Jones has lavished upon land and habitation—for he could not be otherwise than generous should he try—the widow shakes her head. "Money that comes easy goes easy," was also one of the lamented Galen's maxims, and with every load of guano or coat of paint her prospects of a punctual payment on quarter-day grew less encouraging.

But Mr. Jones meets his engagements to the moment, and Rose Lawn begins to attract the attention of passers-by, while the widow's soul is afflicted afresh by the comments of friends and neighbors on its improvement.

Mr. Evergreen "never would have known it." "Oh! no, indeed, she should think not." "Such an improvement," quoth Mr. Evergreen; "all these old roots taken out of the way, and such a beautiful screen of altheas between the house and potato patch!"

"Oh!"—and the tarleton cap of the late incumbent rises, crest-wise, at the open insult to her harassed feelings. "It was good enough for her and doctor; and had she known how things were going to go, no tenant should have entered those doors." Untruthful woman, when she knows that Jack's school bill and Ned's trowsers depend on the five hundred a year which no one else but Mr. Jones would have given her.

Meanwhile the invader grows in public estimation. He has taken one of the most commodious and expensive pews in the parish church; he has electrified the vestry by stating privately to one of the wardens that he should consider the decaying edifice improved by a course of treatment similar to that bestowed on the doctor's homestead, and proposing to meet one-fifth of the expense. He is known to put out of countenance the copper and small silver coin in the plate every Sunday by a ringing quarter or half-dollar, with a bank-bill on every special occasion. He pays the rector the delicate little attention of a new study chair, for the bracing Windsor in which his sermons have hitherto been concocted, and supplies his parlor with bouquets from the shrubs, vines, and bulbs that have been so offensive in their introduction.

Mrs. Jones sweeps the aisle with three flounces, and adds lustre to the east chancel pew with her bonnet from Madame Jervis, while her children are arrayed like the lilies of the field. Her mantilla is imitated by the two Miss Evergreens, who keep house for their bachelor brother, the lawyer. Mrs. Fairbairn, the mother of "seven under eleven," sends to borrow the aprons of the

little girls, and Master Joe's fly jacket, for patterns. Mrs. Periwinkle, who is given to horticulture, in the absence of nursery duties, petitions for a slip of the *Salvia splendens*, or a root of *Diehlytra spectabilis*; and one and all, charmed by the affability and liberality of the "new neighbors," retract their original comments on their dress, equipage, and furniture.

Mrs. Jones begins to understand the self-gratulation wrapped up in the well-known proverb, "Better be first in a village than second in Rome;" and is thus gradually consoled for household inconveniences, the loss of Broadway, the Kossuth Market, the grocer's cart, her favorite physician, dress-maker, and her pew at St. Christopher's.

Mrs. Johnson, the wife of her husband's partner, is invited out to pass the day, and comes fully prepared to sympathize with Mrs. Jones in her banishment. She has accompanied her in more than one omnibus ride down town, and passed up the mutual sixpences in payment. To return these attentions, she is met by the exile on the platform of the station-house, and conducted to the commodious vehicle Mr. Jones has recently driven up from the city and presented to his wife. Mrs. Johnson's countenance evinces admiring astonishment. She had no idea that "they kept a carriage." Mrs. Jones endeavors to suppress the internal satisfaction which arises from this source, and stepping in, as if it had been a part of her birth-right, issues the command for Patrick to drive home with a studied *sang froid* which, however, does not deceive Mrs. Johnson. The visitor is driven up the sweep, which has replaced the straight wagon road, by which the doctor's one-horse chaise found its way to the house or barn, and alights on a veranda, luxuriously supplied with lounging chairs and rustic sofas. The hall hat-rack is loaded with picturesque *capalines*, a *burnous* or so, and crowned by a broad-leaved garden hat. The low ceilings of the doctor's late residence are so charmingly old-fashioned, and relieved by the extreme delicacy of the wall paper, with its fresh border; a work-table is drawn up to a recently casemented window, shaded by honeysuckle and clematis outside, and muslin draperies within; new books and magazines are scattered about on chairs and tables; vases of fresh flowers ornament the narrow mantles, now reduced from their original altitude to a reasonable and reachable distance; the chairs and tables have a style amidst these surroundings which they never possessed in the prosaic and stereotyped parlors of Thirty-first Street. Out of doors the sun lights up the foliage of the fine old elms and maples, and lies athwart the new-mown lawn in golden bands. The robins sing in the cherry-trees; the soft rustle of the ancient poplars that flank the gates accords to their full-throated song; and subtle odors steal up from the chalice of rose and lily with insensible, and therefore the more welcome perfume.

Mrs. Johnson, not being ill-natured or churlish, is lavish of her praises. "Picturesque!"

"charming!" and "delightful!" are epithets poured out in profusion as Mrs. Jones marshals her guest from point to point of her household arrangements. The store-room, which has supplied the lack of Corwin and Co., and is fast becoming the pride of Mrs. Jones's heart; the dining-room, restored from the odors and dreariness of the doctor's office, with a large window cut to the west, and a Venetian door to the lawn in front. The broad chamber, in which the juvenile members of the family find ample accommodations; the guest-room, brightened by its blue and gilt cottage furniture, are all commended in turn. And Mrs. Johnson meets her husband in raptures, when he appears with her host in the afternoon, and declares that "it makes her sick to think of her narrow little shut-up house in town."

Mr. Johnson is appealed to, not less strongly, by the fine leg of lamb which the village butcher has supplied; the mint sauce, from the clump of that fragrant herb growing at the very door; the immense size of the Champion peas, and the early peach-blow potatoes; the rich yellow cream, which deluges the red and white Antwerps that supply the dessert, and makes his after-dinner coffee quite another affair from the beverage he is accustomed to in daily life.

Mr. Johnson is ready to accompany his host to the great kitchen garden which supplies these dainties, to pat the well-marked Devon, reposing under the shade of the apple-tree, in an adjoining meadow-lot, though wondering "why the mischief his friend Jones continues to reiterate that her back is as straight as a table." Mr. Johnson has an eye to a graceful figure, and no objection to a momentary glimpse of a neat ankle; but he is at fault, evidently, in the points of this style of beauty, so he is not unwilling to tear himself away from Lady Gay, and follow his host to the minor loveliness concealed in the somewhat careless appearance of her neighbors, Messrs. Bacon and Squeak, whose cottage residence does not display fastidious housekeeping.

Mr. Johnson falls into a reverie, with his boots on the top rail of the piazza, slowly puffing a mild Havana, handed him by his partner, the subject of which declares itself presently in the inquiry, if there are any more places to be had in the neighborhood.

"The fact of the business is"—puff, puff—"my wife"—puff—"hasn't got enough to occupy her, not being blessed with your style of checks on the future"—puff, puff, puff.

"Strikes me"—and here Mr. Johnson tapped the tip of his cigar against a convenient post of the veranda—"her health would be better in the country, and she might take to gardening, or riding horseback, or something to occupy her mind."

But there are no more jointure-houses to be found, and Mr. Jones, who has progressed in his education from gardening to rural architecture—a very natural transition—is burning to carry out some of his own private theories, and dabble in bricks and mortar, especially if some

one else pays the bills, as he rather has tightened himself in his horticultural experiments. There is a most desirable building site a little out of the village, which Mr. Jones has had his eye on for some time, and, being naturally enthusiastic, its capabilities are set forth with all the zeal of a real estate-broker acting under the spur of a heavy commission.

Mrs. Johnson always must have her summer trip, which amounts to something in the course of the season, when the dresses indispensable for Saratoga and the Falls are taken into consideration, and the course of wine-suppers and billiards into which her husband is enticed, while she converses affably in the hop-room or on the colonnade. We will not be so harsh as to construe her polkas and moonlight promenades with strange young gentlemen as flirtations. Mr. Johnson draws out a memorandum-book from his pocket and sets down \$500 opposite to "Summer Jaunt."

"There's your carriage and horses, you see," suggests Mr. Jones, looking over his shoulder.

Mrs. Johnson is musical, and therefore fond of the Opera; charitable, and so can not allow the balls for the benefit of the "Industrial Widows' Relief" and the "M'Donough Foundation" to pass without the light of her countenance. Her husband adds "Opera and incidentals" to his list, and \$300 to the account.

"Keep up a green-house and grapery, my boy, on that;" and Mr. Jones bestows an affectionate slap on the knee supporting these economical calculations; understanding that there is a private little building fund to Mrs. Johnson's credit deposited with the Illinois Life and Trust Company.

The carriage and conservatory win the day, and the lady's consent to the withdrawal of her paternal legacy. Mr. Jones is the happy negotiator for five acres of land belonging to Miss Clementina Evergreen, and "rise of property in the neighborhood" begins to replace the ordinary topics of conversation at the store and the post-office. Mrs. Jones has had her highest ambition gratified meantime by a recognition from the two or three old families within calling distance, who are *ennuied* in the midst of their ancestral grandeur, and though in town would not so much as cast a glance toward the circle in which our friends revolved, step down from the moss-grown pedestal of their reserve, for the sake of a new interest in their unvaried lives. Thus when the many-pinnacled and turreted mansion of the Johnsons rises on the slope of the adjoining hill—christened "The Evergreens" in compliment to its original owner—and with a passing glance at the hedges of spruce and fir, which Mr. Jones has had the satisfaction of superintending, his wife has the pleasure of chaperoning the new-comers among her recent acquaintances, who find Mrs. Johnson conversant (with the names and family histories at least) of the best watering-place people, and in the dearth of visiting places, make no further search into her pedigree.

The Johnsons are people of many friends: they entertain charmingly, and fill their house with visitors. Fresh inquiries for building sites arise, and presently we find "eligible lots at Highland-dale" advertised among the desirable locations countenanced by Homer Morgan and Anthony J. Bleecker, Esq. More brown turrets and cream-colored cottages dot the Evergreen estate. Miss Clementina has been wooed and won, on the strength of her heiress-ship, by a second cousin of the Johnsons, and returns from her wedding trip to plan an Italian villa that shall cast them all into the shade. Mr. Jones at this can no longer restrain his genius and his desires, but closets himself with an architect, and appears daily in the cars armed with a portentous roll of "drawings," which he studies in concert with his neighbors Messrs. Robinson and Brown, who are the last additions to Highland-dale society, and consequently look upon his attainments in all branches of rural æsthetics with wonder and admiration.

Thus it is that more and more parcels, addressed to the "package-office of the Harlem Railroad," find their way from Stewart's and Berrian's. This accounts for the influx to the cars of the gentlemanly-looking men you will recollect to have taken at first for the agents of a baggage-express on your last trip to your grandmother's residence in Westchester County. You noticed the social spirit that seemed to pervade this portion of the passengers, how they addressed each other by their Christian names, or abbreviations of their highly respectable patronymics—it was in May, if you recollect, and bandboxes were ranged with agricultural implements on the rack overhead, while baskets of petunias, verbenas, and budding plants in general brightened the cocoa-matting into a parterre of loveliness. Tired-looking women also—parcel-laden—joined the group from time to time, and deposited themselves in the "reserved seats," held by the earliest arrivals for their benefit with a sigh of relief, before they proceeded to count the packages and parry the original witticisms, called out by their number from the little crowd around. How familiar they appeared to be with each other's occupations and engagements! how interested in the probable yield of mutual strawberry-beds, and the flourishing of standard roses! Then the gradual subsiding into domestic colloquies, so low that only a suggestive sentence reached your ear at first—on the disposal of certain funds intrusted to Madame in the morning, which had evidently proved insufficient for the demand upon them. You learned that the odd-shaped parcel contained three sauce-pans, an upright gridiron, a dust-brush, and mouse-trap, from Smith and Windles; the long one a hooped skirt, a piece of cotton sheeting, ten yards of flannel, a dozen bath towels, half a dozen cotton socks, a counterpane, and a pair of summer blankets from Stewart's. Bandbox No. 1. Shaker bonnets for the girls and Canada straw hats for Ben and Peter. No. 2. A crape dress hat. No. 3 (square and flat). A mantle from Brodie's.

No. 4 (oblong and shallow). A set of embroideries from Richmond's.

By the return catechism you found that the Indian war-hatchet, which threatened to descend on your devoted head with every jolt of the car, was a tree-scraper—the brass surgical instrument under the gentleman's arm a newly-invented shrub-syringe—the carefully-balanced basket contained two settings of black Spanish eggs—the fowl unfamiliar to you—which he had exchanged with a friend living on Staten Island for two dozen Muscovies.

You grew interested in the family news of the day, in Doctor Parker's report on the probable result of the boil on Ben's leg, in the *oddest* encounter between madame and a former metropolitan acquaintance at Thompson's, in which they discovered that both of them had added three children to their respective families since their last meeting. You were glad to hear that the Smiths were seen at Mix's, buying a new carriage, and that the Browns were getting up in the world, and had taken a cottage at Newport for the summer. And finally, you discovered that the family name of your new acquaintance was Jones.

Detachments of gentlemen—shoppers—agricultural implements and bandboxes, left the cars from time to time at the various stations. At Highland-dale the seat before you was vacated. You had been warned of the approaching separation at the last cross-road signal, by seeing Mr. Jones commence an ingenious bestowal of his recent acquisition about the persons of himself and wife, gallantly shouldering all but the round and oblong boxes, which you were pleased to hear "were light," as their size was considerable. With arms thus filled to their utmost capacity, and still supporting the arch enemy of slugs beneath one, Mr. Jones remained standing, braced to support the shock of the cessation of speed—which passed in safety, he waved bandbox No. 3, supported by a little finger thrust beneath the cord, and gave the signal for advance with characteristic terseness and brevity, "Come on!"

In the excitement of the moment you surely have not forgotten how you took off your hat and stretched your head out of the window, forgetful of the warning regulations posted on the opposite door, to assure yourself that the party were landed safely. Incredible as it seemed—secure in long practice, and a certain dexterity thus acquired—every parcel remained poised in perfect equilibrium, and Mrs. Jones was assisted, by means of a disengaged elbow, to alight. An unostentatious family carriage, with two fine black horses, was drawn up amidst the crowd of vehicles, all neat and commodious, and flanking the driver were two fine half-grown boys disputing for the honor of holding the reins; while Patrick assisted with the tall package in matting, just issued by the freight car—labeled Henderson, Nursery-man, and suspicious of raspberry canes; that is to say, plants. A pretty child on the back seat held up a rosy mouth for kisses, rapturously given by both parents, especially the fond papa, who, depositing his parcels with beautiful

unconsciousness of having performed to your unaccustomed eyes a feat worthy of Blitz and his dancing plates, took the little one on his knee and became oblivious of all besides.

You drew in your head with a sigh of relief as the train was put in motion, involuntarily remarking to the stranger on your left that "it was wonderful!" and were evidently taken for an inexperienced traveler remarking on the powers of the locomotive.

There was a social gathering at the Evergreens that night—you were not there, of course, but seated in the low, broad family room of the comfortable farm-house, where your paternal relative first saw the light, listening to stories of the time when the Boston stage passed in the rear of Grandfather Hickory's orchard every day, and your respective ancestors visited the metropolis once in four or five years by sloop. "Times have changed since then!" ejaculated your good grandmother with a nod and sigh. Reflecting on Highland-dale and its vicinity, where the inhabitants ride fifty miles a day for dinner and a bed, you agree with her.

But the parlors at the Evergreens presented a brilliant scene, though you were not there to add the lustre of your countenance. Finely proportioned, elegantly finished rooms in themselves—with carved furniture, good pictures, and wrought window draperies—they were decorated with the choicest exotics, and enshrined among them stood a simple vase filled with delicate wild flowers, and attracting far more attention than their aristocratic neighbors.

More than one group gathered 'round, passing a valuable microscope from hand to hand, or comparing them with the exquisite plates in the large folio volumes on the sofa-tables. There was a grave discussion carried on in an unknown tongue—unknown to the city guests in whose honor the little company had assembled; and who endeavored to look interested, and at home, at the mention of stipules, cotyledons, axillary buds—and charmed to hear that "the lilac was distinguished by the thyrsus or compact panicle of pyramidal shape, arising from the axis of inflorescence!"

The Joneses were there of course—Mrs. Jones freshened by bath and toilet, braced by a cup of strong coffee, and a well-fitting French corset—as well dressed and stylish as if still residing in Thirty-first Street, inasmuch as she continued to shop at the accustomed dépôts of feminine artillery, and did not think it necessary to neglect her personal appearance because she had lost sight of the steeple of St. Christopher. No, on the contrary, Mrs. Jones followed the good example of her own shrubberies, and flowered in the freshness of a spring array, in harmony with good taste and her ten years of maternity. As Mr. Jones had justly remarked, a bud was a very good thing in its way, but one could never gather the exact value of a choice rose until it expanded into full bloom.

Mr. Jones was the life of the company as usual, though attended by a certain impalpable redo-

lence of whale-oil soap—a species of perfume not in favor at Phalon's, but in these days the basis of fragrance, as certain still less agreeable oils are used in the manufacture of *bouquet de Caroline*, or even *millefleurs*. His ardor of interest in his new acquisition would not suffer him to pass a night without a trial of its powers, hence this result; and Mrs. Jones, though sustaining her part respectably in an animated conversation with the strangers, listened with one ear toward her husband, and an inward foreboding, as she hears a neighbor detailing to him a process for manufacturing an antidote for the depredations of squash and melon bugs, based upon a half barrel of ancient mariners, known as "tautogs," to three gallons of rain-water, and allowed to stand in the sun until thoroughly distilled!

She is ready to burn the last number of the "Country Gentleman," in which this delectable compound is highly recommended, when she thinks of the bespattered piazzas, and plate-glass windows she has left for Nora's attention, and the general diffusion of this new odor, from the kitchen where it was concocted, to the dressing-room in which Mr. Jones had made a hasty change of garments.

Mr. White was not in his usual spirits, having discovered that four rows of the early peas, which he had taken especial pride in having higher than his neighbors by three-quarters of an inch, had been eaten close to the ground by a flock of pet geese, who had been suffered to stray about the lawn, and from thence had found their way to the vegetable garden. Young Broadstreet listens attentively to the conversation between Mr. White and Mr. Green, the well-known horticulturist, who is consoling his friend by relating a little accident that had just occurred to his large and elegant flower-garden, from the gambols of a favorite heifer, who had mistaken the inclosure for a clover field. Mr. Broadstreet is perfectly at home on the question of "our imports and exports," listens with his prominent eyes projected to their full extent, as the conversation turns upon the market value of small fruits, and is seized with a desire to sell out his interest in the silk business and invest in whole acres of Wilson's seedlings and New Marseilles blackberries; though he wavers, as grapes are advanced, and the famous cold grapery of Colonel Baker in the neighborhood is alluded to. He thinks the culture of Muscatel and Black Hamburg may be more to his taste, "more elevating in fact," as he remarks privately to Mr. Green as he solicits his opinion of the operation.

A friend has advised him to settle at New Marseilles, on account of superior social advantages; another has proposed the opposite extreme, the wonderfully thriving town of Busters, situated directly on the river. But some of the present company, entirely unprejudiced of course, remark with much spirit, that there is too much snobbishness on the North River side, and inevitable chills connected with the bathing privileges and gay society of New Marseilles. Highland-dale is, of course, the happy medium.

"Are you sure it is quite healthy?" inquires young Mrs. Broadstreet, anxiously; for being the inexperienced mother of a baby three months old, she is naturally anxious on the subject of "building up constitutions."

"You must take Mrs. Jones and her family as proofs," replies Mrs. Johnson, gayly, conscious that the least degree of intermittent is hanging about her this spring. But then, as every one knows, there is more or less of it every where, within forty miles of the city, and bad enough there of late in the new and fashionable locations—a calamity from which our country friends seem to derive great consolation.

Later in the evening, Mrs. Jones, who has taken a great interest in Mrs. Broadstreet, and thinks she would like to have her for a neighbor, tells her, in a low and tremulous voice—they have been talking of the younger lady's little one—of the loss of her little girl, two years before, and how kind all their friends were during her long and wearisome illness.

"I am not always as gay as you see me now," says Mrs. Jones, with tears starting unconsciously; "but for the sake of others, and for Mr. Jones especially, who is naturally social, I try not to give way to sadness. I know my little Mary has a far more blessed lot than her sister, who is left to the cares and weariness of life; but it is very hard to miss her. Every one was so kind; Mrs. Johnson was with me night and day. Mrs. White sat up with us several times, though her house was full of company; and when Mr. Jones was taken seriously ill afterward, Mr. White nursed him like a brother. I wish you could have seen my little Mary's funeral. It was so different from the cold, gloomy ceremony I went through with in town when my first baby died, years ago. Every one sent such beautiful flowers—all white—the house was filled with them, looking as pure and lovely as she did; such clusters of white buds, and the loveliest wreath of lily of the valley; the dear little creature looked like an angel ready for heaven, as she was; and all our friends sat around us; the parlors and piazzas were full; they really felt it too, for she had been a great pet in the neighborhood. They sang such a sweet hymn, and our rector, who is more like a father to us than a cold, wrapped-up clergyman, made such a beautiful address. I never understood before why we are told that 'their angels do always behold the face of Our Father in heaven;' but living here, one is made to realize the special Providence over birds and flowers and little children!"

Both ladies are very quiet when they emerge from the bay-window, in which they have been conversing, and Mrs. Broadstreet feels that she should like to come to Highland-dale, if only to live near Mrs. Jones.

For our friend has changed greatly in the last five years—from a trifling, anxious, unsatisfied life, she has emerged into a broader sphere of thought and feeling. She has had time for the real culture which found no place in the boarding-school education of her girlhood; for reading

that is not light literature; for deep and quiet thought, not only on what she has read, but the past experiences of herself and others.

She has discovered, above all, that the poetical, emotional reverence with which the dim aisles and beautiful music of St. Christopher's inspired her, is not the true spiritual life that is to sustain her through the trials that come to the most fortunate lot, and be her passport through the pearly gates that have hidden her children from her. The ever-brightening pathway has been found—thanks to the personal friendship and guidance of the village pastor, who knows the hearts he ministers to, and how to reach the hidden depths of each! He does not hold himself aloof from the homes and pursuits of his people; nay, rather going before, he unfolds to them the deeper significance of Nature's secrets, the infinite wisdom and bounty of the Creator, and leads them from the dews and sunshine, which unfold some favorite and cherished blossom, to the development of character in its noble beauty, and from its fading and renewal, the immortal blossoming of a re-created nature.

Thus the phase of social life which we have drawn, not with careless though with light and rapid touch, has its own peculiar significance. Induced by the extravagant and crowded life of cities, it carries with it the culture and refinement there gained to be retained and heightened by constant intercourse with the centres of taste and intelligence, and combined with the purity and freshness of rural pursuits and surroundings. True hospitality—a virtue "that hath lain by till it is almost rusty"—from the ceremonious dinners and receptions of modern days, warm, social interests that recognize "my friend in my neighbor," and go with us on our way, welcoming our little ones into life, standing beside us with heartfelt congratulations at our bridals, and a sincere and sorrowful sympathy when we lay away our treasures from our sight, are some of the outgrowths of a rapidly increasing suburban population.

From this source, also, we may look in the future for the best intellectual, moral, and physical developments, apart from the false and effete refinement of the metropolis, and the dull sufficient-unto-the-day spirit of purely rural districts. Wealth will be brought to bear, with research and science, in all the problems of the agricultural age upon which we are entering, and which is destined to fulfill the promise that "the waste places shall be glad, and the desert blossom as the rose." Nor only so: the purity of the family and the state are here to be preserved; and those who are reared under such genial influences shall go forth into the world strong and vigorous in body and mind, to further the great interests of social and political life; true aristocrats in culture and attainment; truly democratic in the acknowledgment of a common brotherhood, and the higher law of the All-Father—truths taught by the Great Classic, whose authority is disputed and ignored in the whirl of business and pleasure.

MAUD ELBERT'S LOVE MATCH.

JAMES GRANT landed in New York, in the summer of 1793, with two suits of clothes, a chest of carpenter's tools, a pair of strong arms, and a stout heart. He left Aberdeen because he thought to better his condition in America; and being a shrewd, common-sensible Scotchman, he found no difficulty in doing so. Discovering himself able to earn bread and butter for two, he presently sent out for "the girl he'd left behind him," and when she arrived, duly married her, and installed her mistress of a little house he had meantime built. As years passed along quietly, James Grant invested the good woman's savings and his own in a quantity of favorably-situated country lots, which are now rather below the business centre of the big city, which I am not going to call the metropolis—no, not to please any body! In their little house, next to the carpenter's shop, I shame to say, the old folks lived and died, to the great disgust of the present head of the family, then a rising young merchant, who got out of it long ago, and into a Fifth Avenue palace nineteen and three-quarters' feet wide, and *very* high stooped.

This is quite enough of James Grant, whose life, being only a poor devil of a ship carpenter's, I do not propose to take. He was too unremarkable a man for me to trouble myself or the reader with; I don't believe the poor fellow ever had even a political aspiration in his life, which, however, when you properly consider it, is so strange a fact in the history of an adopted American that it almost entitles him to a three-volume critical biography, in the popular style of the Honorable and Reverend Hi. Falutin.

J. Augustus Grant is the grandson of old James Grant. I have been told (by one of those disagreeable persons who "recollect" every thing) that in his youth, some three-and-twenty years ago—when the Fifth Avenue palace was yet safely hidden in the brain of the architect, and three generations of Grants hived together in the little house—J. Augustus was popularly known on the street as "Little Jimmy Grant," as mischievous an urchin as ever knuckled down to taw. I must own to admiring the taste which dictated the addition and proper prominence of "Augustus." I confess that, had he remained only plain Jimmy Grant, I should perhaps never have told this little story of him.

Before James Augustus got fairly into trowsers and boots a great change was made in his life. The country lots having got sufficiently down town to become exceedingly valuable, Peter Grant (son of James and father of J. A.) induced the old carpenter to sell out, and with the proceeds establish him in business. Peter was a good business man, and ere very long time the Fifth Avenue palace was built, and J. Augustus became at once a respectable juvenile, with an aristocratic weakness for trotters—not sheep's trotters, but livery-stable trotters.

Young America has a very surprising knack at suiting itself to its place in the world. There is

scarce a tallow-chandler's son in all Fifth Avenue but bears himself as though his ancestors had lived in palaces since before the flood; and I am sure no one who has seen these "young scions of our aristocracy"—as the *Jeames* of the *Home Journal* prettily calls them—but will perceive at once the justice and sagacity of Mr. Buchanan's remark to the Queen—that the Americans are a nation of *sovereigns*. J. Augustus, who no sooner got into his papa's palace than he seemed to every one to have been born there, was of course in due time sent to college; where he acquired the proper proficiency in Greek, Latin, and Mathematics, slang, billiards, and brandy smashes. He astonished his "Governor" with regularly recurring bills for "horse-hire," which persuaded that speculative old gentleman that the keeping of livery stables must be the most lucrative business in the world; and mystified his mother, on his vacation visits home, by insisting on a night-key, and requesting to have his breakfast in bed. She thought at first that Gussy was in feeble health—good soul! and proposed to send up also the family physician. I must own that the young man graduated with credit to himself. At a consequent supper he developed political aspirations, and made an astonishing speech on manifest destiny; in which he abused the old fogies, threatened the British Lion, and declared his conviction that the first duty of every true-born American is to feather the nest of our national bird. His father told him next day that he had made an ass of himself, which made J. A. laugh. The old folks don't understand these things, you see.

To a wealthy American there seem but two paths open; business and—nothing. Of the two, in the present wholesome state of our civilization, the former seems preferable, as being least unendurable. J. Augustus, of course, was not going to waste his life in a profession. Peter was a first-class business man—a China merchant—Grant and Elbert, you might have seen their sign—ay, and their fine stanch old tea-ships too—any day you chose to stroll down along South Street. So there was an opening made for young Grant, pending which opening he proposed to spend a couple of years in Europe—which to young men of J. A.'s kidney seems to signify chiefly, Paris. I wonder if Abraham's young men made Gomorrah their head-quarters when they went abroad?

On J. A.'s return, which was brought about by his father's refusal to honor his drafts after a certain date, he found the opening ready for him. That it did not exactly suit him was evinced by the fact that he filled it only about once a week, when he drew his pay; spending the balance of his valuable time* on the road, and at his club—the last a delightful place, where, I am told, young men eat, drink, and talk intelligently about horses and "giurls."

Why should he do differently? Did not all the young men, his social peers, do the same? Why should he make a guy of himself down in South

* "Time is money."—POOR RICHARD.

Street, while there was still a bit of life not worn thread-bare for him? Was he not his father's sole heir? Was not the Governor worth a cool three hundred thousand? And was not this promising youth by-and-by to marry pretty Maud Elbert with \$100,000 more?

Which puts me in mind that I have as yet said nothing about Miss Maud, who, as a young person worth the snug sum aforementioned, and intended by kind Fate to be the heroine of this story, should have been treated with more courtesy. Maud Elbert, may it please you, then, is our heroine—a tall, straight, brown-haired girl, whose acquaintance would tell you she was proud; whose friends thought her only reserved; whose few intimates loved her as the humblest, the cheeriest, the kindest; a girl with a smile like a June morning, but with a power of cool stare in her clear blue eyes, equal, so I have heard J. A. say, to forty brown stone fronts—a Fifth Avenue figure of speech which I commend to the young men of the clubs.

I think there are people who somehow feel it a misfortune to be "cradled in the lap of luxury," as the lady novelists nicely style it. There is a description of mind which wilts in the fierce glare of too great prosperity, and blooms brightest and fullest in cloudy weather or in shady nooks. I don't say this of myself, or of you, dear reader, or of J. A. I fear Augustus was little troubled with this weariness of being served, of being "done for" instead of doing, which often brought into Maud's blue eyes that far-gazing, nothing-distinguishing look, that deepest, quietest trouble in an honest eye, which, to the observing, portends a soul rusting in fetters. This was what you might see in Maud. Not unhappiness. Why should she be unhappy whose every possible want was ministered to almost before it was felt? But to a true soul thus circumstanced, and especially to a true woman's soul, there are bright possibilities each day perishing in the dim budding which cast about her whole life this soft tinge of unavailing sorrow. To such

"Chambers of the great are jails,
And head-winds right for royal sails."

How far what a woman *does* often falls short of what she is! And then steps in some stupid satirist, and, applying to her life the remorseless logic of achievement, cries "Lo! here is one found wanting!" Is there any sight more sadly touching than this of a fair young girl's soul, gold-fettered and condemned by unpropitious Fate to be mastered by servants, by society, by finery, by any and all of the cumbrous, servile trifles which hinder and belittle the development of any true God-given life? What sublime pity must He, who judges as men do not judge, give these, His helpless ones, blindly and wearily struggling against the devouring tide of worldliness!

This Maud Elbert, whom I wish it were given me to place more clearly before your inward eye, had been betrothed to James Augustus Grant these many years; since early childhood indeed,

when their fond fathers, having gained in some speculation of unusual hazard and percentage, and feeling the cockles of their hearts warmed toward each other, as do men who have, arm to arm, mastered some great danger—when these fond old shipping merchants, I say, pledged their two smiling innocents to each other, and vowed to secure the present good understanding of the firm with that sacramental cement known as the marriage ceremony. They grew up in the full knowledge of their destined union; were accustomed to walk and ride together as little children; quarreled and made up as boy and girl; and by the time they were full blown into young society-hood, had grown so familiar that they didn't know each other at all, and didn't care for each other a straw. When J. A. went to Europe Maud went also on her travels, not, of course, in the same steamer—nor even in the same general direction; though they did meet in Paris, where J. A. dutifully divided himself between Maud and a pretty French girl, whose acquaintance he had made in the Jardin Mabille. When J. A. returned Maud was the beauty of her set, which, of course, pleased him. Why shouldn't it? Was not she to be his wife by-and-by? And don't a man like to see his wife, or fiancée, admired, within bounds? Pleased him the more, that it was evident, even to his dull and careless vision, that, if she cared no great deal for him, she loved no one better. Why should she? In her set J. A. was not more useless or worse than any of the others; and he certainly danced more elegantly than some. And out of her set? Did you ever know a young girl with \$100,000 marry out of her set?

And marrying, you know, is the chief business of life. Prudent mammas fondly hope to rescue the morals of imprudent sons by an early marriage. Prudent papas speculatively think to make the fortunes of imprudent sons by a wealthy marriage. Prudent sons regard the transaction with a business eye, and hope to gain out of it larger means and greater liberty. And the bride? God help her! Except, as sometimes happens, she is able to help herself.

The match which had been so conveniently arranged for these young people seemed in every respect felicitous, except, perhaps, in the matter of love. But then it is to be considered that love had not been in the minds of the projectors; though in such matters love is oftener the cause than the effect. So far, however, as appeared to the world, or indeed to the thoughts of the two most interested, the affair was settled. Maud Elbert did not give her mind to a future so mapped out for her. Your fatalist is never a reasoning being; and indolent people scarce care to waste a thought upon those affairs which God, or fate, or fortune, seemed to have placed out of their control. And J. A.? J. A. drew his weekly allowance out of the opening so conveniently provided for him in South Street, and having now pretty much run through his limited range of life, took to reading (and misunderstanding) Thackeray, and tried to do the cynical. A

kind of Diogenes the Magnificent, snarling at society out of his gilded tub on the edge of Fifth Avenue, and making sarcastic comments on the way of life of those who spend more than \$20,000 a year.

It is the fashion to rail at the money-getting spirit of us Americans. But money-getting is better than nothing-getting. To speculate in Wall Street is at least exercise for the mind, and though the male intellect might be applied to better purposes, happy he whose necessities lead him to achieve with his life some tangible result, however mean. But look at the unfortunates among us, who are weighed down by the load of inherited gold below the necessity of exercising any intellectual power. Every young millionaire is not a genius, thank Heaven; and a commonplace rich man, how infinitely less are his chances than a commonplace poor man's!

Old Peter Grant worked hard and constantly in his South Street counting-room. That man must know little of him who should accuse the stanch old merchant of covetousness. He sought money, not for money's sake, but for occupation's sake. He put his whole soul into his work. If only the work were worth a soul! Only fools depreciate wealth. In our hearts "we honor the rich, because they have externally the freedom, power, and grace which we feel to be proper to man—proper to us." But our wants overlay our lives and outgrow any possible wealth; and so the man who once sought wealth as a means comes to strive for it as an end, and, O vain goose! lays his diurnal golden egg, and cackles in dismal contentment over the wretched performance. Is it wonder that J. Augustus sinks the shop—which, by-the-way, he has not raised—and takes not kindly to the paternal ways? The better instinct of youth refuses to give up to this life, whose routine must crush out all true enjoyment of existence. Show him an object to gain with his money, and he will coin his brain and muscle into dollars unreluctant. But to begin where his father will leave off, and dutifully go on accumulating? The bee is a very moral and prudent insect, praised of Benjamin Franklin, and held in esteem by all lovers of honey. But a young man is not a bee. Neither, O man and father, is your son a duplicate Benjamin Franklin (bound in calf!). Why try to make him swallow the scandalous selfishness of Poor Richard? Can you not see how infinitely more glorious is old Ben Franklin's life than his wretched, wretched maxims?

In the eyes of future generations—say of Lord Macaulay's philosophic New Zealander—that nation will be counted greatest and wisest which has made the best use of its rich young men. At present England is like to carry off this prize; where, to an honest commonplace rich man there is opened at least the door of Parliament House. I hold that the man who is neither a fool nor a genius, and who has a good competence, is he who is most likely to serve the State with honor and profit. But for such young fellows our system provides nothing, and

they must go the ways of their fathers in South Street, or—do worse! "Content to be merely the thriving merchants of a State, where they might be its guides, counselors, and rulers." Our theory calls for only men of genius in the councils of the nation. And our practice so fills them with the genius of blackguardism, that honest mediocrity naturally fears to soil its fingers on the balustrades of the Capitol.

So James Augustus tilted his chair against the club window, and did neither soil his hands in the Capitol nor in South Street. The good fruit of utter indolence is that it awakens thought. A bright flicker precedes the final extinction of the lamp; and in the throes which, to the idler, shadow impending mental dissolution, the man sometimes finds out things. Generally a right thing—not always *the* right thing. To J. A., yawning and desperately musing amidst the ruins of his Carthage, it was revealed that he did not love Maud Elbert. Had never loved her. Should never love her. That she did not love him. That he was not worthy of her. Why should they marry? Pondering which new view our young man finally came to the resolution that, though the thing was hardly the thing in him, and though probably Grant and Elbert would be displeased, yet he must tell Maud this. You see it is possible that a young man shall be very idle without being hopelessly bad.

How to tell her? Your true epicure, who has tickled his palate with the best dishes of the most famous cooks, comes at last gladly back to plain bread and butter and tea; and J. A., having exhausted his imagination in devising schemes for conveying to Maud this new light of his, came at last to the sensible determination that a few honest words, spoken with at least the *affectation* of manliness, would best achieve the desired result. And thus it was done:

"You do not love me. I do not love you. Why should we two consider ourselves bound by the fond promises of our fathers? I love no one else, nor do you." If she had, perhaps the excellent Augustus would not have given her up so cheerfully; but let that pass. "Why live in this strait jacket? Let us ery quits, and at least feel honestly toward each other."

Maud opened her great blue eyes in silent surprise, and, as she took the young man's proffered hand, cast upon him a more kindly look than he had ever received from her before. Evidently she had not thought it was in him; and he was too well pleased to have it all over to find fault with the dubious compliment. So these two ceased to be lovers, but became from that moment friends. A friendship which helped them to a better perception of life; for this light, which had so illuminated their once mutual relation, also shed its faint gleam upon all other parts of their lives, and gave them a clearer insight into the power and use of those mysteries which we call circumstances. They stood upon new ground; and, insensibly, their attitude to the world was changed. Not that the change was very perceptible, even to themselves. J. A.

still tilted his chair back and smoked his cigar, and, for all I know, this one honest deed done, was fast returning to his spew, when— Have you ever observed how fatal it is to a prosperous fool to do one sensible deed—to a successful rogue to be in one instance honest? This marks a point in his career; Fate pursues him remorselessly; will not let him stand still on this middle ground; says to him “Backward or forward: here is no rest for you.” Providence acknowledges no good deed which stands alone; and, as in the boy’s game of prisoner’s base, the unlucky venturer on new ground finds himself chased on both sides, and has no peace till he elects his future.

When the panic of 1857 came on, no house stood firmer than Grant and Elbert. Their paper was gilt-edged in the banks; their credit was without a shadow; their business was, though widely extended, really prosperous. But two India clippers that should have come safely home were lost by the way; others lay rotting, freightless, in foreign ports; houses, in whose stability they were vitally interested, one after another, went to the ground; and one morning it was announced that Grant and Elbert were down—hopelessly down. Old Grant sat silent, like a stern old Roman, in the deserted counting-room, and wound up affairs, which, alas! should never go again; wound up as fast as things could be wound up in those crazy times when Wall Street was financially insane as well as insolvent, and all the world was mad with fright. Sacrificed every dollar, every cent, to give each creditor his due—needlessly, some said, for scarce any one would do the like for him; but *not* needlessly, said stanch old Peter, when his honest fame and fair mercantile character were at stake. And every man *was* paid one hundred cents in the dollar, and Grant and Elbert were beggared. When all the clerks and retainers of the house had received their salaries in full, and a moderate douceur to help them through the hard times; when all claims were adjusted, all goods sacrificed; when the great old sign was taken down, and Grant and Elbert was a firm no longer—then old Peter, looking prouder than in his best days—if these indeed were not his best days—began to turn about for a shelter from the remainder of the great storm. His house and Elbert’s had been put in to the general settlement, and the families were now but tenants by courtesy in Fifth Avenue. Now it was conveniently remembered that, in a quiet village a few miles out of town, Maud Elbert owned, in her own right, a humble cottage with some ground attached—so humble, indeed, that it had scarce ever had a moment’s thought from her, except when she remembered that here her father was born. Hither George Elbert and Peter Grant removed; here to await in quiet, and what peace they might, the clearing up of the financial atmosphere. Here Maud received them, having gone up some days in advance, with a faithful old servant and what little resources had been saved from the great wreck, to

prepare their new home for the old men. Here, she—worthy, thrice worthy the high fate which had now befallen her—served them, as who could do so well, with cheery smile and brightening eye—like a very queen in her palace; remembering all their old accustomed ways, and hours, and whims; catering frugally to all their simple old tastes; putting her fair hands to all work from bread-making to bed-making; and accomplishing all with the air of one born to just this. As was she not? Here dawned her happiest hours; and here, too, the old merchants basked in her sunshine till they forgot their toils and troubles, their weary struggles and sore disappointments, and were fain to acknowledge—though faintly, and by no means too assuredly—that, in all their magnificence, they had known no such happiness and comfort as here.

And J. A.? Truly in the general upsetting and remodeling of things, poor, useless, cigar-smoking J. A. had been totally forgotten. When the sea is calm, and the wind fair, the idlers of a ship make more noise and show than the oldest salt on board, and old Sheet-anchor Jack, who in such times seems rather a fifth wheel to this fast-rolling coach, and a useless piece of lumber, must be content to chew his cud of sweet and bitter fancies in silent waiting, under lee of the long-boat. But when the gale, which no one thought could by any possibility overtake so fast and stanch a clipper, does break its fury over her, then Sheet-anchor Jack comes out of his hole, and quietly makes all snug, while your boasting braggart idler is not even of sufficient value to pull and haul. So J. A., who had hitherto enacted the part of chief butterfly so much to his own admiration, now slunk wretchedly into his hole, and was content to be forgotten. Content?

Of course he was included in the general ruin; was shorn of his gay colors, divested of his trotting pony, his tailor, his fine society, his club. Last, unkindest cut of all—to give up his club! To hear him groan, you would have thought him a very Hercules, disarmed with not half his labors accomplished. The dear club! which got along quite as well without him as with him. Though, to be sure, when you consider what a potent weapon it had been in his hands against his arch-fiend and enemy—Ennui, it is not so surprising that he cherished its memory.

He had not lived at home for some time before the final catastrophe. Our young men, knowing the discomfort their inanities and idlings must cause their simple parents, take care to leave home as soon as they are half fledged, and in the enjoyment of a preposterous allowance, or an opening in South Street. When J. A.’s salary ceased to be paid, he found it prudent to come home to dinner, where he sat with solemn and helpless visage, bolting his hasty food, and retiring to his den up stairs immediately after. I don’t know whether he or his father most keenly appreciated his abject helplessness; but I think J. A., who was, after all, merely useless, and not altogether graceless, was touched by the old man’s silent grieved glance, and reticence of just scorn;

remembering that now, when he might gladly be a support to the "Governor," he was only a clog. As for old Peter, I dare say that now, when he could no longer indulge his boy, he saw that he should sooner have trained him.

It was Maud who first mentioned the illustrious name of James Augustus in their new home. Old Peter looked up sternly at this mention, and bade her give herself no thought about so useless a lout; and for a time, apparently, she obeyed. Meanwhile J. A., feeling that he must somehow look out for himself, embarked in this new enterprise with, it must be said, some little misgivings as to the result. Things, financially speaking, were yet in such a state of general upsetness, that old friends of Grant and Elbert, who might otherwise have given the young man a trial, were obliged to say "Wait till times clear up." Pending which clearing up, Master J. A., I suspect, found some difficulties attending the management of the commissariat department, and was forced to make occasional little calls upon an accommodating uncle, trading at the sign of the three gilt balls, whose business, happily, had not suffered in the general depression, and who was able, therefore, to make the youth small cash advances upon certain superfluous articles of jewelry, and a chronometer, which was no longer needed to time fast horses on the Bloomingdale Road.

If idleness, as we have seen, is a partial illuminator of the dull mind, I am sure the breadless condition is the source of much greater light. There is such intimate connection between the stomach and the brain, that, as a full dinner temporarily disables your most acute thinker, so given a certain vacuum in the region of the digestive organs, and you have almost invariably a singularly lucid brain. So in J. A.'s needy condition he was as one blind from whose eyes the scales had suddenly fallen. Not one thing, but many, did he find out; and though at first "he saw men as trees walking," presently these new lights took order in his brain, and he discerned his course more clearly before him. But the question of bread was the most potent and imminent. He had caused it to be generally known that a book-keeper's place, even at a very moderate salary, would be temporarily acceptable to him; but he discovered that many other and abler applicants were before him here; that even a poor entry-clerk's situation might be a dozen times filled in as many minutes; and finally, pressed by circumstances, and slowly gathering courage to look fortune in the face (which is the only way successfully to advance upon that fickle jade), he was content to accept of a porter's situation in the store of an honest but not over-courteous Quaker, who advised him to "sink Fifth Avenue, and turn to his work like a man." Five dollars per week made him happy for the time—a happiness which was dimmed by the jeers of his fellow-porters at his lack of muscle and his awkwardness. In his prosperity he had foolishly looked down upon these rough, strong men; now, how he envied them their brawn and their

knack. Truly, it is a risky thing to despise the wisdom of even the least babe among us.

It was no small step gained for J. A. when he found pride in his work, in his increasing skill and muscle, and ceased to take thought of horny hands. One day it was revealed to him that a man might be porter and gentleman too—if only he have the heart in the right place. "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." It is not Poor Richard who said that. And now to J. A. came a singular and novel doubt of his own capacities and true value—a promising sign, truly; for this doubt was to him the beginning of all wisdom. He who had so valiantly applied for a book-keeper's place found it expedient to study somewhat of that intricate mercantile science. So to this he devoted his evenings, now relieved of that stress of invitations which formerly gave him his knowledge of books chiefly from their outsides and titles. By the flickering gas-light he patiently explored the abstruse and cabalistic Dr. and Cr., Ledger, Day-book, Journal, Cash-book; and having mastered this one thing, found he had conquered himself. It is not a bad thing to have been richly born and daintily nurtured. Let no man despise it. No soul that has ever come from heaven but longs to get back, and in this longing conceives and treasures the very idea of immortality and God. To poor J. A., dimly seeing his to be, the past was now a land-mark enabling him more definitely to lay out that future which should be the goal of his regenerate ambition and his honest toils. With what secret joy did he indite a letter to old Peter, telling him modestly his present deeds, and hinting to him what he dared of his hopes! With what pride the old man read the letter aloud; his eyes filling, and his stern old voice trembling as he felt the new spirit of his boy! Maud's dear eyes flashed out a bright comprehension of the whole change; and old Elbert proposed at once to have J. A. up to the house. To which Peter wisely demurred, preferring that his boy should not be interrupted by untimely temptation of praise.

There are so few honest and punctual men in the world that one who has these qualities needs to be very stupid indeed not to gain his step on the ladder, if only he has also the gift of patience. So it happened that J. A.'s employer presently discovered him of too great value for a mere porter—one needing chiefly muscle and a moderate degree of temperance—and ere the summer was over, which followed the great panic, Peter's boy was assistant book-keeper. And now, at last, he could look his father in the face; so one Saturday afternoon, gaining an early leave for the purpose, he sailed up to the village where Maud's house gave the old man shelter. A sad breaking down, indeed, his old associates would have thought could they have seen him as he stood for one hesitating moment at the gate. Poor fellow! no longer mincing in his gait; no longer nattily gloved in daintiest kid; no longer adorned in coat and hat of latest style, and finest make; but truly a *man*—standing firmly upon his feet,

as one who possesses his soul in wholesome content; and looking you clearly in the eye, with a consciousness of honorable toil-won bread; not haughty or supercilious; but humbly proud, as one who has learned the great lesson of obedience, and knows that to obey is truly to command.

So they met—the old man and his son. I am not so base as to attempt for you a sketch of this sacred scene. If you can not feel it in your heart, I am not fit to tell it. Peter felt the blood of twenty years ago coursing through his veins, and George Elbert almost swore for extreme joy to see the boy come home. And Maud?

Sweet Maud! her life had blossomed here, indeed, and borne such fruit of joy to these old men, of peace and uttermost content, that their every breath asked blessings upon her dear head—their every thought was a prayer for her happiness. A very queen, indeed—as is every true woman in the home where she reigns supreme in love and good works; counting no labor drudgery which gives her loved ones comfort. What is drudgery indeed? Only that work which masters the worker. To the true heart no toil which is necessary to give peace and good cheer to any loved soul is mean or commonplace. Such a one no labor can master. To *such*—no toil is drudgery.

Why should I not tell it? There was still one thing to be found out; and this revelation was to be made to both Maud and J. A. They are to be married in September. J. A. has but an assistant book-keeper's modest salary: I am sorry I stand in his way to speedy promotion. But his wife will bring him good health, and a brave kind heart as ever beat. When J. A., the other day, under pretense of finding something in my ledger, asked me to stand up with him, he said he "thought they should be happy."

I shouldn't wonder! For my wife says theirs is really a *Love Match*.

THE MEETING BY THE HEMLOCKS.

SAD and silent are the hemlocks;
Sad the glassy pool below;
Sad the ghastly water-lilies,
White and still as fallen snow;
Sad the red September sunset
That surrounds me with its glow!

Oh! when one returns to places
That were lightened once by words—
Words of love, that sounded sweeter
Than the singing of the birds!
Sweeter than the voice of waters
Or the lowing of the herds—

And the silver tongue is silent,
And the lips that prattled, cold;
And the arms with yours that mingled
Mingle with the dreary mould—
That's a silence, deeper, sadder
Than can any one unfold.

Then the hemlocks seem funereal,
And the lilies look like tombs,
Chronicling the vanished presence:
Shapes flit through the distant glooms,
And the wild flowers bear strange odors
Mingled with their own perfumes.

Sitting now beneath the hemlocks,
On the very mossy seat
That she pressed but last September
With her timid fairy feet,
Never yet seemed sadder silence,
Never silence more complete!

How I miss the whispered "Arthur;"
And the small hand, ne'er at rest,
Into mine forever creeping
Like a white bird to its nest!
How I miss that gentle presence
Ye, who've loved and lost, know best.

Oh, my Laura! no one's Laura
But my own! I can not bear
Thus to sit where we so often
Sat, and *feel* you in the air;
And though calling and conjuring,
Not to see you any where!

Give me, give me but one token
That, though earthly shape has fled,
The dear love that once it thrilled to
Is not altogether dead.
Stir those lilies—whisper "Arthur!"
Lay your touch upon my head!

Was it you were living, Laura,
And 'twas I who was no more,
Not in vain would you have called me
From the undetermined shore.
Oh! I would have come, and kissed you
On the lips, as oft of yore!

What is there so thick between us
That you can not pierce the screen?
My soul leaps half-way forth to meet you—
What then, darling, lies between?
Rend it—pierce it—let our spirits
Mingling, be as they have been!

Ah! I know it! *I'm* the prisoner,
While you sadly wail outside!
Once the walls to earth are tumbled
Then we may be side by side!
Fleshly fortress ope your portals
'Till I join my sainted bride!

Sad and silent are the hemlocks;
Sad the dark pool's turbid flow;
Sad the pallid water-lilies
Shivering where the ripples go;
Sad the shape that lies distorted,
Tangled in the roots below!

OUR HOUSES.

WE are such a roving generation, and we put up and pull down our buildings with such speed and nonchalance, that we can hardly understand the solemn importance that was of old ascribed to the family mansion, and which coupled the altar with the hearth-stone as one of the two institutions to be most tenderly cherished in peace and most sturdily defended in war. Of old it was no small matter, in the rudeness of tools, to erect the most modest little edifice, and weary months were required to saw and smooth the planks and boards that now are made ready by the steam giant at the master's word. A great house or castle was a fact for centuries to celebrate; and many a lowly cottage gave its romance to the fortunes of more than one generation. How marvelous the contrast! Any man who came to this city twenty-five years ago will find it not easy to remember many dwellings standing then that are standing now, and the few that may be remembered have, for the most part, ceased to be residences, and have been made into offices or stores. Some of the stateliest old mansions have been abandoned to traffic, and famous drawing-rooms, from which wit and beauty dispensed their chary gems and smiles, now keep open counter to all that hunger and thirst. A half hour's walk through the new sections of the city startles us with its miles of risen and rising edifices that welcome or await new occupants within their sometimes precarious walls. When we take our pencil and figure up the doings of the nation at large in house-building we stand aghast at the result. The census allows six persons to each house; and at this rate the twelve millions of population that we have gained in some twenty years require two millions of houses—a number which, at the most moderate estimate of size, would be more than enough to form a continuous block on both sides of a stately avenue reaching from New York to San Francisco. Most of the new houses, of course, must be very rude structures, such as a squatter's shanty or a backwoodsman's log-cabin; yet, as the old song hints, however homely, the house may be home, and wherever God's rational creatures live the structure has a dignity that belongs to no mere warehouse of merchandise or close for sheep or cattle.

It will be well for us if our frequent building makes us think more, instead of less, of the art, and if they who have superior taste and experience try to give wholesome counsel upon the subject to adventurers less favored, yet not unwilling to be taught. We claim no superior gifts, much less any architectural science, and write our rambling words all the more readily from our position among the great body of the people who feel the importance of the subject, and have just enough light to see where the difficulties lie and where more light is needed. We confess to having built a house, and we have many friends who, with various fortunes, have done the same. In some respects our very ig-

norance may be of some use, for it will enable us to write with a certain straightforward simplicity, without the oracular omniscience so common among professional experts.

The first remark that we make is at once so obvious, and yet so contrary to the too common practice, that we make it with some diffidence. It is simply this: when you build a house, remember that it is not mainly to be looked at, but to be lived in, and so build it that it may be convenient and pleasant to live in. It is astonishing what mistakes are constantly made by neglect of this obvious idea—a neglect far more conspicuous with the rise of social ambition than in the days of primitive rudeness and limitation. The first houses that are built in a new country are built to secure the needed shelter, in the cheapest and easiest way, and often the pioneer, without knowing it, gives a wild grace to his cabin in his simple wish to house his family. He builds of logs a rectangular structure, and gives the roof just pitch enough to shed the rain, and lets the timbers project over the front to afford a friendly screen against the burning summer heat, and leaves the wild vines and roses to adorn the whole with their ready wreaths and arabesques. Many a time such a cabin surprises the traveler by its rustic and unstudied beauty, in strange contrast with the tawdry palace of gingerbread work which the lucky grocer of the adjoining village has reared with the help of some enterprising carpenter, aided by the hints brought by the ambitious wife and daughters from the tinsel villas of some mushroom city, with a few touches of fancy misappropriated from some manual of model house architecture. The log cabin is, in its way, a gem, while the huge candle-box, with flat roof to save room, and numberless windows, adorned with sawed pine and piazzas loaded with unmeaning ornaments, is a monstrosity of brainless pretense.

Sometimes architectural knowledge is outrageously misapplied and builders make fools of themselves upon scientific principles, foolishly planning private dwellings as if they were temples or churches. Take, for example, the mania for Greek architecture which prevailed when perhaps the most costly of our elder mansions, especially in the country, were built. A Greek temple is a magnificent structure, in its way perfect. What can exceed the Parthenon in splendor or the Erechtheum in beauty? Yet these buildings were not made to be lived in; nay, they were not made to be used inside so much as outside; and the whole idea of the Greek temple shows that it was erected as a kind of outdoor altar, to be the central shrine of public sacrifices in presence of great multitudes gathered before and under its colonnades. What folly, then, to borrow the plan of the temple, with its scenic outdoor aim, and apply it to a house that is intended for inside occupation! What an enormous waste of time and material in those enormous columns that load the fronts and darken the windows of so many costly houses! What utter nonsense in putting up such huge

supports under a roof of joists and shingles, and holding up a pile of light pine boards as if it had the weight of a mountain of marble! Sometimes the colonnade goes round the whole building, and the interior room is impoverished to make way for this gigantic palisade.

The Greek mania has pretty much run out, and the Gothic mania has taken its place. Now, if a worthy citizen is bent upon rearing a cottage, or a hen-roost, his fancy soars away upon steep gables and spiring pinnacles. His very barn seems meditating an approach to Westminster Abbey, and his house shows mournful souvenirs of Strasbourg Cathedral; for there is no limit to the daring of American ambition and the plastic capacities of stucco and pine boards. We have no quarrel, of course, with pointed architecture, and when judiciously applied it may produce beautiful effects without sacrifice of utility. But one leading error runs through most of our Gothic houses—the error of overlooking the dominant idea of this whole order. The Gothic, wholly unlike the Greek, was originally intended for interior effects, and while its pointed gables had a spiritual elevation to the outside beholder, they were intended to secure the lofty interior so essential in climates requiring protection from the cold, and for a religion demanding shelter and quiet for its rites and mysteries. The Gothic gable has no meaning the moment you board it up within, and instead of lifting the eye to the lofty ridge-pole, with its timbered surroundings, you run floors across its span so as at once to spoil the view below and waste the room above. Hence the folly of the ten thousand villas and cottages that have of late sprung up throughout the land, that challenge, with their unmeaning gables and pinnacles, an admiration which is less deserved than pity. The plain question, What is the use of these things? is the decisive one; for if they are of no use they have no beauty, since beauty is but the efflorescence of usefulness; and as in the human form, the truly beautiful is the harmonious play of worthy powers and sensibilities, or the glow of physical and mental life. Let the house be just as much pointed as interior convenience or external fitness require. If we need the interior effect of a high hall or chapel, then have a pointed gable; but if we want a common house with the most room in the best shape, the simple rule of so adjusting the roof as best to resist the pressure of the materials and the rain and snow, will secure the best convenience and proportion.

Are we turning Vandals, does some one ask? Are we sacrificing beauty to utility, and quarreling with all the charming finery that is adorning the acres and persons of our rising America? Surely we are not quarreling with beauty, but trying to study it in the school of God and Nature—of the rainbow and the rose, the waterfall and the star, the bounding deer and the human face and form divine. In nature the beautiful is the lovely play of truthful life; and the very flower, whose bloom is the frequent text of the

sentimentalists who scorn all thoughts of utility, shows, in every petal and leaf, the divine harmony between the laws of truth and beauty, since every petal and leaf has a use as fixed as its own loveliness. God abounds in ornament, but it always means something; and this bountiful nature, which is His blessed work, is not a heap of senseless finery thrown over mechanism of as heartless utility. The two elements combine together, and the very potato that feeds us does not swell its esculent root for our teeth without first hanging out the banner of its blessed Creator in the fair blossom that is lovely sister of the rose and the lily. In all that we do, remember the lesson, and especially in a matter so grave as a dwelling-place, do not slight the first principles of the divine economy.

The ornaments upon the house ought to mean something, or to beautify some truthful feature of the structure, or to give it better expression; and nothing is so fatal to true beauty as unmeaning ornament, which, instead of being the graceful curve of a free style, is but the senseless flourish of an idle pen. The temptation to deal in meretricious decoration, of course, rises in proportion to the cheapness of the material; and our America, with its knack for sawing pine by hand and by steam, distances the Old World in the profusion of its florid devices. Many a mere shanty, that rose from the ground in a week or two, and cost about as few dollars as days' work, bears carvings daring (though not as significant) as the stones of Venice; and the village saw-mill seems to shriek out a Satanic glee as it turns off the monstrous gingerbread devices that go to adorn some ambitious villa of pine-boards. Not only ugly in themselves, the ornaments are too often preposterous in their origin; for the man who can not afford to build a house substantial enough to keep out the wind and rain, ought not to waste a dollar in patching it over with poor decorations. Cheap ornaments, at best, are poor resorts, and the builder had far better improve the structure substantially than garnish it superficially. We can not blame a man for building a cheap house; but let him not make it ridiculous by passing it off for what it is not. We honor the sturdy workman who plies the hammer or the axe, and find no fault with his flannel jacket and cowhide shoes; although, if he will persist in sewing yellow flannel upon the green jacket to imitate gold lace, and fastening tin buckles to his shoes to look like silver, we may join in the general laugh at his expense. Not a few ambitious city mansions, in some of their details, fall into a similar mistake; and some really handsome houses, that could safely be left to their own substantial beauty of form and excellence of material, are made flashy and mean by the profusion of cheap and senseless ornament that is plastered upon the ceilings and daubed upon the walls.

Sometimes, indeed, good sense is sacrificed in the opposite way, and a mean economy starts with the idea that nothing useful can be beautiful, and ugliness is the first principle of economy

—a mistake most atrocious, and a foul libel upon man and nature. We once went through the interior of a country house whose outside was quite pretty, and the proprietor pointed with pride to the large number of rooms crowded into the moderate space. Sure enough, there were as many apartments as belong to a stately mansion, but the little building was ruined by the false economy, as there was hardly a room beneath the roof that was good for any thing; and, as in many other matters, the quantity was secured by the sacrifice of the quality. He surely who sacrifices proportion to false frugality strays quite as far from true utility as he who sacrifices convenience to mere ostentation. Both errors are shunned by remembering that a house should be built to be lived in alike with comfort and pleasantness.

Our second remark may seem quite as commonplace as the first; and we go on to say that a sensible and independent man will build in such a way as to gratify his own personal taste and convenience, with a certain modest regard to public opinion, or so as to suit himself without running into any eccentric individuality, that must equally damage the current value and prevailing impression of the edifice. In the simple matter of cost it is well for him to consult his own means, and also to remember the scale of other men's ability, so as not to spend money upon wild schemes that, in any change of fortune or residence, must bring certain loss, and show that not only a fool and his money are soon parted, but a person not wholly foolish may be in the same predicament. The country is full of huge follies that sometimes, in name, are baptized with the builder's own foolishness; and which, while of doubtful worth to the owner, are sure never to bring half their cost. The same fault may appear in an opposite way; and he who builds so meanly as to give his house no value in a substantial purchaser's judgment, may be as wasteful as he who lavishes money upon eccentricities that offend the general taste.

Not only should the cost of the edifice be calculated, but also the cost of living in it; and here many a man makes a sad mistake. After spending every spare dollar upon a showy edifice, it is a fearful revelation to find that the first cost is but the beginning of sorrows, and that, instead of being bettered by his outlay, the adventurer could not really afford to accept the stately mansion as a gift upon condition of supporting it upon the full scale of expenditure. Perhaps most of the more costly country houses at some time oppress their owners in this way, and the ambitious man wishes that his ostentatious villa might sink into the ground, and leave him in a snug cottage without the burden of debt and the mortification of retrenchment. We, of course, are not advocating parsimony, and are quite sure that very cheap houses are likely to cost their owners very dear in the end. We lived once in a hired house which the owner had enlarged upon the cheap system, by giving the job to the lowest bidder; and never was a cheap thing on so small

a scale so dear. The miserable work kept us in trouble for years, and with all the patching of the roof, and stopping of cracks, and piecing out of floors, we were never comfortable. A cold winter's day made the new rooms uninhabitable; and our own discomfort found some little relief in sharing the grievance with the owner, by turning something of the nipping chills into his pocket when we felt them beating against our backs. Most houses are probably built too poorly for love of economy; and men of wealth, who ought to know better, often rear blocks of dwellings for rent that hardly stand till they are finished. They who build such shams merely to sell, may save themselves from loss of money at the cost of fidelity; yet in the end they are pretty sure to win the reward of their unfaithfulness, and in the end honesty is seen to be the best policy. The fairest mode of building is that which secures fair pay for fair work and material; and he who hopes to sell a half-built house for a finished one, or to get a finished house for half-price, may find that after all he has overreached himself as well as his neighbor.

But cost is only a single aspect of fitness, and he who builds a dwelling must use his best judgment to adapt it to his own taste and wants. It is the poorest practical pedantry to ape another man's habits—whether to affect his speech or style, his dress or his enjoyments. Every man should build as he dresses and speaks and walks; determined to be himself, instead of tormenting himself to be somebody else. This principle will give every new house some characteristic features alike of taste and convenience; for every family has its own ways and likings to be suited in the number and shape, and in the comforts and embellishments of the apartments. Let them be very honest, and have what they want, instead of sacrificing their independence to some prevailing caprice. In matters of pure taste it may be too presuming in a man of little culture to venture upon any characteristic innovations, upon the strength of his own originality; but he is not obliged to be original. He can judge, if he can not invent; and after looking over a variety of plans in books and port-folios, he may, by a reasonable amount of good sense, fix upon the structure that he needs and will permanently like. It is one thing to create, and another thing to criticise; and with the present affluence of manuals of architecture, and of architects competent to adopt and combine familiar features, if not to originate new models, no person of good judgment need be content to add one to the host of tame edifices that are built by wholesale with about as little characteristic spirit as a train of baggage-cars or a row of bathing-houses. The whole nation owes a grateful tribute to the architects who have been giving us so many handsome and judicious plans. Downing's name has monuments in numberless houses from Maine to California; and the recent book of Calvert Vaux surpasses all competitors and predecessors in popular usefulness, in its rare combination of economy and convenience with beauty and variety.

The elementary laws of beauty require a certain unity in variety, alike in the building itself and in its relation to other buildings and surroundings. There is no beauty, but merely a mechanical prettiness, in a row of cottages or blocks of city houses all of precisely the same structure, as if they were cast in one set mould. Nor is there beauty in utter irregularity, as when buildings are thrown together as if by chance—as if they met most reluctantly, and wished to fight with each other. The same remark holds good of the details of a single edifice; and it loses its claims to beauty the moment that its features are so monotonous as to have no variety, or so various as to have no unity. The human body, which is the highest visible type of Divine art, illustrates the true principle, in its combination of unity of purpose with variety of detail. The lesson need not be lost upon the most modest builder; and any man who is to spend a thousand dollars upon a house ought to make his own mark upon it, by giving it some characteristic features beyond the repetition of a mechanical pattern. In cities, where land is so dear, and houses are huddled together like sardines packed with oil in tin boxes, it is difficult, if not impossible, to give much variety to them by diversified grounds; but the too frequent patch-work uniformity of our city blocks may be varied by giving each front some features of its own, and by securing to the whole block some sort of unity by a conspicuous central colonnade or pediment that serves to combine the whole pile, very much as nose, mouth, and eyes give unity of meaning to the limbs of the body. The principle may be, however, fully carried out within the house, and it is utter folly for so many people to make their interiors such tame copies of the stereotype patterns, and, in the shape and adorning of the rooms, yield to the carpenter and mason's easy precedents, as if one family were precisely like another, and houses must needs be as monotonous as honey-combs. Any bright child at once adopts, though without knowing it, the great rule of art, and rejects the monotony of mere mechanism. The child soon looks away from the carpet which, on being unrolled, merely repeats the same mechanical pattern, yet follows with eager eye the landscape that reveals fresh varieties at every turn, while at the same time it preserves a certain unity in its spirit and prospect. Any man who has an acre of ground can apply this law of art; and however modest his scale of operations, his cottage and grounds may have an originality quite as characteristic as his own mind and temperament, his handwriting, or his gait.

What a pity it is that our beautiful country towns, that are so rich in building-sites and pleasure-grounds, are so poorly appreciated by their inhabitants; and in most cases the costliest edifices are the least effective. A great change for the better has, indeed, of late shown itself; but thus far, except in the vicinity of our great cities, the best places are not built upon, and the most costly dwellings are crowded into streets that

forbid breadth of ground, and are, both in location and structure, spoiled by the absurd ambition of imitating city finery, instead of rejoicing in rural freedom and variety. In many of our sweetest villages the lowland is exclusively occupied by houses, which are huddled together on some great street, without range of prospect or sweep of landscape, while the charming hill-sides are left to the crows and the cattle, estimated at the ruling price of cow pastures. If half a dozen enterprising men would ride over the beautiful villages and towns within fifty miles of the city, on the look-out not only for picturesque views, but for healthy and available building sites, they would find themselves pioneers in an almost untouched wilderness of richness and beauty, and might spend their money in investments that would give fair pecuniary profit, and an inestimable return in the coin of health and cheerfulness.

Near by the summer quarters where we have spent many happy years we lately saw a proof of this saying upon a small scale. In the village, a quarter of a mile distant, the price of good land ranges as high as a thousand dollars an acre, yet upon the hill-side above our host's farm-house, that commanded superb views, the price was at the usual mark of common pasture lands. Beyond the wall in front of our lawn there was a wild and picturesque wood, of some eight or ten acres, that often tempted our vacation rambles, and gave ample reward in the warble of birds, the coolness of rich groves and fresh waters, and the verdure and bloom of wild flowers and shrubs. The thought one day came to a loiterer there that this tangled wilderness was just the place for a simple and picturesque house; and a landscape gardener, who went through the grounds with a practiced eye, said that there was no place of such natural advantages for building in all the town. The loiterer bought the acres of the owner, who happened to be in the wood cutting down sumach bushes; and for the price of a poor cow pasture the sweet little nook—with its springs, and rocks, and vines, and trees, and prospect—was no longer to be called a waste place. Some of the neighbors pitied the greenhorn who had made the purchase, and congratulated him on his pluck in going out of the borders of civilization, and building literally upon the rock. But the landscape gardener soon drew some winding curves along the natural levels of the ground which deepened into sightly roads and paths; the muck from the central dell was made to enrich the soil, and leave a sweet grove girding a spring of living water; a modest house and snug stable ere long arose, and the laughers changed the tune of their fun, and said that the greenhorn and his advisers were wiser than they. The good man who formerly owned the ground half cried and half laughed as he saw the transformation of his cow pasture into a rustic landscape garden, glad, on the whole—now that the property was no longer his—to see it so well improved. It was ere long discovered, however, that the young romance of the village had

always had some sense of the beauty of the spot; and more than one buxom matron said, with a pleasant light in her eyes, that it was a famous ramble for young people in old times, and went by the name of the "Lovers' Walk." One excellent result of the improvement was that it so fascinated the builder—an open-hearted, skillful, and energetic man—that he fell in love with his work, and gave not only honest time and service, but more than he bargained for. He is sometimes, and always gladly, seen contemplating the effects of his labor, and seems to enjoy the transformation as much as the owner. We give this incident as a passing illustration, to show that not only "many a flower is born to blush unseen," but many a lovely grove and hillside are left to "waste their sweetness" chiefly "upon the desert air." There is nothing to prevent our enterprising young men, who are seeking pleasant and frugal houses for summer, from opening new riches in every village and township, and doing something for the public taste, while they further their own health and comfort.

We are not ashamed to present this whole subject of house-building upon the highest principles, and to maintain that we are not only to combine utility with beauty, originality with good common sense, but that we are to embody in our household arrangements as much as we can of elevated thought and broad affections. In other words, our domesticity, instead of cramping us up in a belittling clannishness, should open into a large humanity. As the house keeps near God and Nature it will be nearer true humanity, and its very furniture, ornaments, and manners will assert a creed far beyond any self-indulgent, self-worshiping familism. The books on the shelves, the prints and pictures on the walls, the music from voice or harp or piano, the looks and words and costume of the family circle, like the roses and vines that cluster about the doors, will affirm a gentle and lofty faith that connects refinement with purity, and makes the spirit of beauty minister at the altar of goodness and truth. It would be well if our republican householders would look more to this moral and spiritual element in their houses, and so build and furnish them as to embody in the edifice and its management the true idea of living within God's kingdom, and make the home less an eating-house and lodging than a school of the mind and affections, nay, a temple of the Spirit. We do not slight the physical uses of the house, and are clear in the conviction that a larger provision for bodily recreation might be profitably purchased by the sacrifice of a large portion of the superfine decorations that abound in so many mansions, where the upholsterers' and cabinet-makers' bills are supposed to measure by their magnitude the taste and affluence of the occupants. One parlor, or even one set of curtains and mirrors less, might yield means for securing an excellent play-ground in the attic or out-buildings, where bright girls and boys would win a fairer bloom than comes with evening parties, rich viands, and blazing chandeliers. It may be

that, among the freaks of fashion, "Soirées or Matinées Hygiènes" may find a place, and gentle maidens, in fit costume of the Graces, like Diana and her nymphs, will run, and climb, and bowl more merrily and profitably than they now waltz. We saw, a few weeks ago, a most encouraging experiment of this kind upon the ruder sex. One of our princely merchants opened his house to a large party of gentlemen, in honor of the presence of his aged father, who was on a visit from the country. The evening passed pleasantly, with its feast of beautiful arts, kind faces, and good words, to say nothing of choice creature-comforts of more material significance. But the close of the party capped the climax of the glee. The host hinted to two or three of the guests that the attic was a play-room, with swings and poles and bowling-alley. The desertion gradually increased until the guests, a large sprinkling of whom were clergymen, vacated the parlors for the attic, and straightway were to be seen in all manner of strange attitudes. A gray-headed doctor of divinity from Jersey took off his coat and began the onset against the pins as if it were not his first experience of such knock-down arguments, not unwilling to be joined by half a dozen competitors, some of whom could not quite say the whole of his catechism. The whole apparatus of recreation was at once put into requisition; and nothing pleased us more than to see two learned and acute professors of theology, who were in the habit of soaring very high in theosophic speculations, shinning up two smooth poles with marvelous agility, and lifting their hands to the ceiling with an ease not always shown by their cloth when in silk robes instead of shirt-sleeves. It was good to see the merry company, and that catholicity of blood and limb seemed to us promise of a better day of catholicity of doctrine. Who knows what good would come to the church and world if, by less gluttony and indolence and more activity, the body were purged of its ill humors, and the stomach, freed from the demons of dyspepsia, were made the cheerful servant of the Spirit of God? The experiment is worth trying; and quite sure we are that a considerable portion of the language of the Church militant, and especially of the Church termagant, would have been mercifully lost to the world if men had been as careful about air, exercise, diet, and digestion, as they have been careful about their neighbor's creed and conscience. The true care of the body would help, instead of harming, the soul; and the sanity that begins in the members would not fail to mount to the brain.

A bolder stand for physical health in the economy of the household might fitly attend a bolder assertion of its moral and spiritual uses; and although we are not sticklers for signs and ceremonies, we do think that a house is poorly constructed and furnished that does not, in some decided way, bear witness to the faith and humanity of the family. There need be no cross on the gable to declare the Christian creed, nor any statues or pictures of saints and Madonnas

to prove the Christian affections of the family. But surely there should be something in the house—alike in its artistic ornaments, its books, and, if possible, in its little chapel—to show that the family mean to live not for themselves alone, but as children of God, and true to the humanity that is made in His likeness. It is well to mark the chief experience of the family by characteristic memorials; and a fair share of thoughtfulness, without great intellect or outlay, will enrich the house with impressive tokens of what God's providence has done for the inmates, in

consecrating their joys and sorrows, hopes and fears, successes and disappointments, births and deaths, through the changing years. The pure faith that expelled the old Lares and Penates did not discourage sacred affection for the names dearest to home affection, or reverence for the benefactors nearest to home virtue and wisdom. The hearth-stone, in parting with its pagan altar, is called to be itself the altar of the one living and true God; and thus was to be consecrated, not desecrated, by the change from the Roman eagle to the Christian dove.

A HOMELY SONG OF TOIL.

I PASSED by the door of the work-shop—
The workmen they were three;
And they blithely sang, while the anvils' clang
Made music to their glee:

“Ho! for the strength to do!
Ho! for the will to dare!
Ho! for the patience, long and true,
That baffles want and care!

“We view not with hatred or envy
The lords of sloth and ease;
But may Heaven forefend that our sons should end
In aping things like these!

What are they but the tares
That fall before the plow?
And what the diamonds beauty wears,
To the sweat on labor's brow?

“The sluggard may sicken of pleasure,
'Mid feasts of gay delight;
But we find our wealth in the pulse of health,
And our sauce in appetite.

Ah! wife and child are dear,
And home is doubly sweet,
To men who seek but humble cheer,
And earn the bread they eat!

“We would not abide in a palace,
To sleep 'twixt doubt and fear;
We would never sup from a prince's cup,
To taste the widow's tear;

We would not stoop to strike
A neighbor for his spoil;
We think, and feel, and share alike,
In the brotherhood of toil.

“The Earth hath enough for her children;
But she loves the sturdy heart;
And she says that all may be free from thrall,
If each will bear his part.

Then let us live content,
To learn in Nature's school,
That riches are the accident,
And labor is the rule!”

I pass by the door of the work-shop;
And I lift my cap in air,
To the Strength, and Will, and the Patient Skill
That have their dwelling there.

Ho! for the strength to do!
Ho! for the will to dare!
Ho! for the patience, long and true,
That baffles want and care!

THE DIVIDING LINE BETWEEN FEDERAL AND LOCAL AUTHORITY.

POPULAR SOVEREIGNTY IN THE TERRITORIES.

BY STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS.

UNDER our complex system of government it is the first duty of American statesmen to mark distinctly the dividing line between Federal and Local Authority. To do this with accuracy involves an inquiry, not only into the powers and duties of the Federal Government under the Constitution, but also into the rights, privileges, and immunities of the people of the Territories, as well as of the States composing the Union. The relative powers and functions of the Federal and State governments have become well understood and clearly defined by their practical operation and harmonious action for a long series of years; while the disputed question—involving the right of the people of the Territories to govern themselves in respect to their local affairs and internal polity—remains a fruitful source of partisan strife and sectional controversy. The political organization which was formed in 1854, and has assumed the name of the Republican Party, is based on the theory that African slavery, as it exists in this country, is an evil of such magnitude—social, moral, and political—as to justify and require the exertion of the entire power and influence of the Federal Government to the full extent that the Constitution, according to their interpretation, will permit for its ultimate extinction. In the platform of principles adopted at Philadelphia by the Republican National Convention in 1856, it is affirmed:

“That the Constitution confers upon Congress sovereign power over the Territories of the United States for their government, and that in the exercise of this power it is both the right and the duty of Congress to prohibit in the Territories those twin relics of barbarism, polygamy and slavery.”

According to the theory of the Republican party there is an irrepressible conflict between freedom and slavery, free labor and slave labor, free States and slave States, which is irreconcilable, and must continue to rage with increasing fury until the one shall become universal by the annihilation of the other. In the language of the most eminent and authoritative expounder of their political faith,

“It is an irrepressible conflict between opposing and enduring forces; and it means that the United States must and will, sooner or later, become either entirely a slaveholding nation or entirely a free labor nation. Either the cotton and rice fields of South Carolina, and the sugar plantations of Louisiana, will ultimately be tilled by free labor, and Charleston and New Orleans become marts for legitimate merchandise alone, or else the rye fields and wheat fields of Massachusetts and New York must again be surrendered by their farmers to slave culture and to the production of slaves, and Boston and New York become once more markets for trade in the bodies and souls of men.”

In the Illinois canvass of 1858 the same propo-

sition was advocated and defended by the distinguished Republican standard-bearer in these words:

“In my opinion it [the slavery agitation] will not cease until a crisis shall have been reached and passed. ‘A house divided against itself can not stand.’ I believe this government can not endure permanently half slave and half free. I do not expect the house to fall, but I do expect it will cease to be divided. It will become all one thing or all the other. Either the opponents of slavery will arrest the further spread of it, and place it where the public mind shall rest in the belief that it is in the course of ultimate extinction, or its advocates will push forward till it shall become alike lawful in all the States—old as well as new, North as well as South.”

Thus it will be seen, that under the auspices of a political party, which claims sovereignty in Congress over the subject of slavery, there can be no peace on the slavery question—no truce in the sectional strife—no fraternity between the North and South, so long as this Union remains as our fathers made it—divided into free and slave States, with the right on the part of each to retain slavery so long as it chooses, and to abolish it whenever it pleases.

On the other hand, it would be uncandid to deny that, while the Democratic party is a unit in its irreconcilable opposition to the doctrines and principles of the Republican party, there are radical differences of opinion in respect to the powers and duties of Congress, and the rights and immunities of the people of the Territories under the Federal Constitution, which seriously disturb its harmony and threaten its integrity. These differences of opinion arise from the different interpretations placed on the Constitution by persons who belong to one of the following classes:

First.—Those who believe that the Constitution of the United States neither establishes nor prohibits slavery in the States or Territories beyond the power of the people legally to control it, but “leaves the people thereof perfectly free to form and regulate their domestic institutions in their own way, subject only to the Constitution of the United States.”

Second.—Those who believe that the Constitution establishes slavery in the Territories, and withholds from Congress and the Territorial Legislature the power to control it; and who insist that, in the event the Territorial Legislature fails to enact the requisite laws for its protection, it becomes the imperative duty of Congress to interpose its authority and furnish such protection.

Third.—Those who, while professing to believe that the Constitution establishes slavery in the Territories beyond the power of Congress or the Territorial Legislature to control it, at the

same time protest against the duty of Congress to interfere for its protection; but insist that it is the duty of the Judiciary to protect and maintain slavery in the Territories without any law upon the subject.

By a careful examination of the second and third propositions, it will be seen that the advocates of each agree on the theoretical question, that the Constitution establishes slavery in the Territories, and compels them to have it whether they want it or not; and differ on the practical point, whether a right secured by the Constitution shall be protected by an act of Congress when all other remedies fail. The reason assigned for not protecting by law a right secured by the Constitution is, that it is the duty of the Courts to protect slavery in the Territories without any legislation upon the subject. How the Courts are to afford protection to slaves or any other property, where there is no law providing remedies and imposing penalties and conferring jurisdiction upon the Courts to hear and determine the cases as they arise, remains to be explained.

The acts of Congress, establishing the several Territories of the United States, provide that: "The jurisdiction of the several Courts herein provided for, both appellate and original, and that of the Probate Courts and Justices of the Peace, shall be as limited by law"—meaning such laws as the Territorial Legislatures shall from time to time enact. It will be seen that the judicial tribunals of the Territories have just such jurisdiction, and only such, in respect to the rights of persons and property pertaining to the citizens of the Territory as the Territorial Legislature shall see fit to confer; and consequently, that the Courts can afford protection to persons and property no further than the Legislature shall, by law, confer the jurisdiction, and prescribe the remedies, penalties, and modes of proceeding.

It is difficult to conceive how any person who believes that the Constitution confers the right of protection in the enjoyment of slave property in the Territories, regardless of the wishes of the people and of the action of the Territorial Legislature, can satisfy his conscience and his oath of fidelity to the Constitution in withholding such Congressional legislation as may be essential to the enjoyment of such right under the Constitution. Under this view of the subject it is impossible to resist the conclusion that, if the Constitution does establish slavery in the Territories, beyond the power of the people to control it by law, it is the imperative duty of Congress to supply all the legislation necessary to its protection; and if this proposition is not true, it necessarily results that the Constitution neither establishes nor prohibits slavery any where, but leaves the people of each State and Territory entirely free to form and regulate their domestic affairs to suit themselves, without the intervention of Congress or of any other power whatsoever.

But it is urged with great plausibility by those

who have entire faith in the soundness of the proposition, that "a Territory is the mere creature of Congress; that the creature can not be clothed with any powers not possessed by the creator; and that Congress, not possessing the power to legislate in respect to African slavery in the Territories, can not delegate to a Territorial Legislature any power which it does not itself possess."

This proposition is as plausible as it is fallacious. But the reverse of it is true as a general rule. Congress can not delegate to a Territorial Legislature, or to any other body of men whatsoever, any power which the Constitution has vested in Congress. In other words: *Every power conferred on Congress by the Constitution must be exercised by Congress in the mode prescribed in the Constitution.*

Let us test the correctness of this proposition by reference to the powers of Congress as defined in the Constitution:

"The Congress shall have power—

"To lay and collect taxes, duties, imposts, and excises," etc.;

"To borrow money on the credit of the United States;"

"To regulate commerce with foreign nations," etc.;

"To establish a uniform rule of naturalization," etc.;

"To coin money, and regulate the value thereof;"

"To establish post-offices and post-roads;"

"To constitute tribunals inferior to the Supreme Court;"

"To declare war," etc.

"To provide and maintain a navy."

This list might be extended so as to embrace all the powers conferred on Congress by the Constitution; but enough has been cited to test the principle. Will it be contended that Congress can delegate any one of these powers to a Territorial Legislature or to any tribunal whatever? Can Congress delegate to Kansas the power to "regulate commerce," or to Nebraska the power "to establish uniform rules of naturalization," or to Illinois the power "to coin money and regulate the value thereof," or to Virginia the power "to establish post-offices and post-roads?"

The mere statement of the question carries with it the emphatic answer, that Congress can not delegate any power which it does possess; but that every power conferred on Congress by the Constitution must be exercised by Congress in the manner prescribed in that instrument.

On the other hand, there are cases in which Congress may establish tribunals and local governments, and invest them with powers which Congress does not possess and can not exercise under the Constitution. For instance, Congress may establish courts inferior to the Supreme Court, and confer upon them the power to hear and determine cases, and render judgments affecting the life, liberty, and property of the citizen, without itself having the power to hear and determine such causes, render judgments, or revise or annul the same. In like manner Con-

gress may institute governments for the Territories, composed of an executive, judicial, and legislative department; and may confer upon the Governor all the executive powers and functions of the Territory, without having the right to exercise any one of those powers or functions itself.

Congress may confer upon the judicial department all the judicial powers and functions of the Territory, without having the right to hear and determine a cause, or render a judgment, or to revise or annul any decision made by the courts so established by Congress. Congress may also confer upon the legislative department of the Territory certain legislative powers which it can not itself exercise, and only such as Congress can not exercise under the Constitution. The powers which Congress may thus *confer* but can not *exercise*, are such as relate to the domestic affairs and internal polity of the Territory, and do not affect the general welfare of the Republic.

This dividing line between Federal and Local authority was familiar to the framers of the Constitution. It is clearly defined and distinctly marked on every page of history which records the great events of that immortal struggle between the American Colonies and the British Government, which resulted in the establishment of our national independence. In the beginning of that struggle the Colonies neither contemplated nor desired independence. In all their addresses to the Crown, and to the Parliament, and to the people of Great Britain, as well as to the people of America, they averred that as loyal British subjects they deplored the causes which impelled their separation from the parent country. They were strongly and affectionately attached to the Constitution, civil and political institutions and jurisprudence of Great Britain, which they proudly claimed as the birth-right of all Englishmen, and desired to transmit them unimpaired as a precious legacy to their posterity. For a long series of years they remonstrated against the violation of their inalienable rights of self-government under the British Constitution, and humbly petitioned for the redress of their grievances.

They acknowledged and affirmed their allegiance to the Crown, their affection for the people, and their devotion to the Constitution of Great Britain; and their only complaint was that they were not permitted to enjoy the rights and privileges of self-government, in the management of their internal affairs and domestic concerns, in accordance with the guaranties of that Constitution and of the colonial charters granted by the Crown in pursuance of it. They conceded the right of the Imperial government to make all laws and perform all acts concerning the colonies, which were in their nature *Imperial* and not *Colonial*—which affected the general welfare of the Empire, and did not interfere with the "internal polity" of the Colonies. They recognized the right of the Imperial government to declare war and make peace; to coin money and

determine its value; to make treaties and conduct intercourse with foreign nations; to regulate commerce between the several colonies, and between each colony and the parent country, and with foreign countries; and in general they recognized the right of the Imperial government of Great Britain to exercise all the powers and authority which, under our Federal Constitution, are delegated by the people of the several States to the Government of the United States.

Recognizing and conceding to the Imperial government all these powers—including the right to institute governments for the colonies, by granting charters under which the inhabitants residing within the limits of any specified Territory might be organized into a political community, with a government consisting of its appropriate departments, executive, legislative, and judicial; conceding all these powers, the colonies emphatically denied that the Imperial government had any rightful authority to impose taxes upon them without their consent, or to interfere with their internal polity; claiming that it was the birth-right of all Englishmen—inalienable when formed into a political community—to exercise and enjoy all the rights, privileges, and immunities of self-government in respect to all matters and things, which were Local and not General—Internal and not External—Colonial and not Imperial—as fully as if they were inhabitants of England, with a fair representation in Parliament.

Thus it appears that our fathers of the Revolution were contending, not for Independence in the first instance, but for the inestimable right of Local Self-Government under the British Constitution; the right of every distinct political community—dependent Colonies, Territories, and Provinces, as well as sovereign States—to make their own local laws, form their own domestic institutions, and manage their own internal affairs in their own way, subject only to the Constitution of Great Britain as the paramount law of the Empire.

The government of Great Britain had violated this inalienable right of local self-government by a long series of acts on a great variety of subjects. The first serious point of controversy arose on the slavery question as early as 1699, which continued a fruitful source of irritation until the Revolution, and formed one of the causes for the separation of the colonies from the British Crown.

For more than forty years the Provincial Legislature of Virginia had passed laws for the protection and encouragement of African slavery within her limits. This policy was steadily pursued until the white inhabitants of Virginia became alarmed for their own safety, in view of the numerous and formidable tribes of Indian savages which surrounded and threatened the feeble white settlements, while ship-loads of African savages were being daily landed in their midst. In order to check and restrain a policy which seemed to threaten the very existence of the colony, the Provincial Legislature enacted a

law imposing a tax upon every slave who should be brought into Virginia. The British merchants, who were engaged in the African slave-trade, regarding this legislation as injurious to their interests and in violation of their rights, petitioned the King of England and his Majesty's ministers to annul the obnoxious law and protect them in their right to carry their slaves into Virginia and all other British colonies which were the common property of the Empire—acquired by the common blood and common treasure—and from which a few adventurers who had settled on the Imperial domain by his Majesty's sufferance, had no right to exclude them or discriminate against their property by a mere Provincial enactment. Upon a full consideration of the subject the King graciously granted the prayer of the petitioners; and accordingly issued peremptory orders to the Royal Governor of Virginia, and to the Governors of all the other British colonies in America, forbidding them to sign or approve any Colonial or Provincial enactment injurious to the African Slave-Trade, unless such enactment should contain a clause suspending its operation until his Majesty's pleasure should be made known in the premises.

Judge Tucker, in his Appendix to Blackstone, refers to thirty-one acts of the Provincial Legislature of Virginia, passed at various periods from 1662 to 1772, upon the subject of African slavery, showing conclusively that Virginia always considered this as one of the questions affecting her "internal polity," over which she, in common with the other colonies, claimed "the right of exclusive legislation in their Provincial Legislatures" within their respective limits. Some of these acts, particularly those which were enacted prior to the year 1699, were evidently intended to foster and encourage, as well as to regulate and control African slavery, as one of the domestic institutions of the colony. The act of 1699, and most of the enactments subsequent to that date, were as obviously designed to restrain and check the growth of the institution with the view of confining it within the limit of the actual necessities of the community, or its ultimate extinction, as might be deemed most conducive to the public interests, by a system of unfriendly legislation, such as imposing a tax on all slaves introduced into the colony, which was increased and renewed from time to time, as occasion required, until the period of the Revolution. Many of these acts never took effect, in consequence of the King withholding his assent, even after the Governor had approved the enactment, in cases where it contained a clause suspending its operation until his Majesty's pleasure should be made known in the premises.

In 1772 the Provincial Legislature of Virginia, after imposing another tax of five per cent. on all slaves imported into the colony, petitioned the King to remove all those restraints which inhibited his Majesty's Governors assenting to such laws as might check so very pernicious a commerce as slavery. Of this petition Judge Tucker says:

"The following extract from a petition to the Throne, presented from the House of Burgesses of Virginia, April 1st, 1772, will show the sense of the people of Virginia on the subject of slavery at that period:

"The importation of slaves into the colony from the coast of Africa hath long been considered as a trade of great inhumanity; and under its present encouragement we have too much reason to fear will endanger the very existence of your Majesty's American dominions."

Mark the ominous words! Virginia tells the King of England in 1772, four years prior to the Declaration of Independence, that his Majesty's American dominions are in danger: Not because of the Stamp duties—not because of the tax on Tea—not because of his attempts to collect revenue in America! These have since been deemed sufficient to justify rebellion and revolution. But none of these are referred to by Virginia in her address to the Throne—there being another wrong which, in magnitude and enormity, so far exceeded these and all other causes of complaint that the very existence of his Majesty's American dominions depended upon it! That wrong consisted in forcing African slavery upon a dependent colony without her consent, and in opposition to the wishes of her own people!

The people of Virginia at that day did not appreciate the force of the argument used by the British merchants, who were engaged in the African slave-trade, and which was afterward indorsed, at least by implication, by the King and his Ministers; that the colonies were the common property of the Empire—acquired by the common blood and treasure—and therefore all British subjects had the right to carry their slaves into the colonies and hold them in defiance of the local law and in contempt of the wishes and safety of the colonies.

The people of Virginia not being convinced by this process of reasoning, still adhered to the doctrine which they held in common with their sister colonies, that it was the birth-right of all freemen—inalienable when formed into political communities—to exercise exclusive legislation in respect to all matters pertaining to their internal polity—slavery not excepted; and rather than surrender this great right they were prepared to withdraw their allegiance from the Crown.

Again referring to this petition to the King, the same learned Judge adds:

"This petition produced no effect, as appears from the first clause of our [Virginia] Constitution, where, among other acts of misrule, the inhuman use of the Royal negative in refusing us [the people of Virginia] permission to exclude slavery from us by law, is enumerated among the reasons for separating from Great Britain."

This clause in the Constitution of Virginia, referring to the inhuman use of the Royal negative, in refusing the Colony of Virginia permission to exclude slavery from her limits by law as one of the reasons for separating from Great Britain, was adopted on the 12th day of June,

1776, three weeks and one day previous to the Declaration of Independence by the Continental Congress; and after remaining in force as a part of the Constitution for a period of fifty-four years, was re-adopted, without alteration, by the Convention which framed the new Constitution in 1830, and then ratified by the people as a part of the new Constitution; and was again re-adopted by the Convention which amended the Constitution in 1850, and again ratified by the people as a part of the amended Constitution, and at this day remains a portion of the fundamental law of Virginia—proclaiming to the world and to posterity that one of the reasons for separating from Great Britain was “the inhuman use of the Royal negative in refusing us [the Colony of Virginia] permission to exclude slavery from us by law!”

The legislation of Virginia on this subject may be taken as a fair sample of the legislative enactments of each of the thirteen Colonies, showing conclusively that slavery was regarded by them all as a domestic question to be regulated and determined by each Colony to suit itself, without the intervention of the British Parliament or “the inhuman use of the Royal negative.” Each Colony passed a series of enactments, beginning at an early period of its history and running down to the commencement of the Revolution, either protecting, regulating, or restraining African Slavery within its respective limits and in accordance with their wishes and supposed interests. North and South Carolina, following the example of Virginia, at first encouraged the introduction of slaves, until the number increased beyond their wants and necessities, when they attempted to check and restrain the further growth of the institution, by imposing a high rate of taxation upon all slaves which should be brought into those Colonies; and finally, in 1764, South Carolina passed a law imposing a penalty of one hundred pounds (or five hundred dollars) for every negro slave subsequently introduced into that Colony.

The Colony of Georgia was originally founded on strict anti-slavery principles, and rigidly maintained this policy for a series of years, until the inhabitants became convinced by experience, that, with their climate and productions, slave labor, if not essential to their existence, would prove beneficial and useful to their material interests. Maryland and Delaware protected and regulated African Slavery as one of their domestic institutions. Pennsylvania, under the advice of William Penn, substituted fourteen years’ service and perpetual adscript to the soil for hereditary slavery, and attempted to legislate, not for the total abolition of slavery, but for the sanctity of marriage among slaves, and for their personal security. New Jersey, New York, and Connecticut, recognized African Slavery as a domestic institution lawfully existing within their respective limits, and passed the requisite laws for its control and regulation.

Rhode Island provided by law that no slave should serve more than ten years, at the end of

which time he was to be set free; and if the master should refuse to let him go free, or sold him elsewhere for a longer period of service, he was subject to a penalty of forty pounds, which was supposed at that period to be nearly double the value of the slave.

Massachusetts imposed heavy taxes upon all slaves brought into the Colony, and provided in some instances for sending the slaves back to their native land; and finally prohibited the introduction of any more slaves into the Colony under any circumstances.

When New Hampshire passed laws which were designed to prevent the introduction of any more slaves, the British Cabinet issued the following order to Governor Wentworth: “You are not to give your assent to, or pass any law imposing duties upon Negroes imported into New Hampshire.”

While the legislation of the several Colonies exhibits dissimilarity of views, founded on a diversity of interests, on the merits and policy of slavery, it shows conclusively that they all regarded it as a domestic question affecting their internal polity in respect to which they were entitled to a full and exclusive power of legislation in the several provincial Legislatures. For a few years immediately preceding the American Revolution the African Slave-Trade was encouraged and stimulated by the British Government and carried on with more vigor by the English merchants than at any other period in the history of the Colonies; and this fact, taken in connection with the extraordinary claim asserted in the Memorable Preamble to the act repealing the Stamp duties, that “Parliament possessed the right to bind the Colonies in all cases whatsoever,” not only in respect to all matters affecting the general welfare of the empire, but also in regard to the domestic relations and internal polity of the Colonies—produced a powerful impression upon the minds of the colonists, and imparted peculiar prominence to the principle involved in the controversy.

Hence the enactments by the several colonial Legislatures calculated and designed to restrain and prevent the increase of slaves; and, on the other hand, the orders issued by the Crown instructing the Colonial Governors not to sign or permit any legislative enactment prejudicial or injurious to the African Slave-Trade, unless such enactment should contain a clause suspending its operation until the royal pleasure should be made known in the premises; or, in other words, until the King should have an opportunity of annulling the acts of the colonial Legislatures by the “inhuman use of the Royal negative.”

Thus the policy of the Colonies on the slavery question had assumed a direct antagonism to that of the British Government; and this antagonism not only added to the importance of the principle of local self-government in the Colonies, but produced a general concurrence of opinion and action in respect to the question of slavery in the proceedings of the Continental Congress, which assembled at Philadelphia for the first time on the 5th of September, 1774.

On the 14th of October the Congress adopted a Bill of Rights for the Colonies, in the form of a series of resolutions, in which, after conceding to the British Government the power to regulate commerce and do such other things as affected the general welfare of the empire without interfering with the internal polity of the Colonies, they declared "That they are entitled to a free and exclusive power in their several provincial Legislatures, where their right of representation can alone be preserved, in all cases of taxation and internal polity." Having thus defined the principle for which they were contending, the Congress proceeded to adopt the following "Peaceful Measures," which they still hoped would be sufficient to induce compliance with their just and reasonable demands. These "Peaceful Measures" consisted of addresses to the King, to the Parliament, and to the people of Great Britain, together with an Association of Non-Intercourse to be observed and maintained so long as their grievances should remain unredressed.

The second article of this Association, which was adopted without opposition and signed by the Delegates from all the Colonies, was in these words:

"That we will neither import nor purchase any slave imported after the first day of December next; after which time we will wholly discontinue the Slave-Trade, and will neither be concerned in it ourselves, nor will we hire our vessels, nor sell our commodities or manufactures to those who are engaged in it."

This Bill of Rights, together with these articles of association, were subsequently submitted to and adopted by each of the thirteen Colonies in their respective Provincial Legislatures.

Thus was distinctly formed between the Colonies and the parent country that issue upon which the Declaration of Independence was founded and the battles of the Revolution were fought. It involved the specific claim on the part of the Colonies—denied by the King and Parliament—to the exclusive right of legislation touching all local and internal concerns, *slavery included*. This being the principle involved in the contest, a majority of the Colonies refused to permit their Delegates to sign the Declaration of Independence except upon the distinct condition and express reservation to each Colony of the exclusive right to manage and control its local concerns and police regulations without the intervention of any general Congress which might be established for the United Colonies.

Let us cite one of these reservations as a specimen of all, showing conclusively that they were fighting for the inalienable right of local self-government, with the clear understanding that when they had succeeded in throwing off the despotism of the British Parliament, no Congressional despotism was to be substituted for it:

"We, the Delegates of Maryland, in convention assembled, do declare that the King of Great Britain has violated his compact with this people, and that they owe no allegiance to him. We have therefore thought it just and necessary to empower our Deput-

ties in Congress to join with a majority of the United Colonies in declaring them free and independent States, in framing such further confederation between them, in making foreign alliances, and in adopting such other measures as shall be judged necessary for the preservation of their liberties:

"*Provided*, the sole and exclusive right of regulating the internal polity and government of this Colony be reserved to the people thereof.

"We have also thought proper to call a new convention for the purpose of establishing a government in this Colony.

"No ambitious views, no desire of independence, induced the people of Maryland to form an union with the other Colonies. To procure an exemption from Parliamentary taxation, and to continue to the Legislatures of these Colonies the sole and exclusive right of regulating their Internal Polity, was our original and only motive. To maintain inviolate our liberties, and to transmit them unimpaired to posterity, was our duty and first wish; our next, to continue connected with and dependent on Great Britain. For the truth of these assertions we appeal to that Almighty Being who is emphatically styled the Searcher of hearts, and from whose omniscience none is concealed. Relying on his Divine protection and assistance, and trusting to the justice of our cause, we exhort and conjure every virtuous citizen to join cordially in defense of our common rights, and in maintenance of the freedom of this and her sister Colonies."

The first Plan of Federal Government adopted for the United States was formed during the Revolution, and is usually known as "The Articles of Confederation." By these Articles it was provided that "Each State retains its Sovereignty, Freedom, and Independence, and every power, jurisdiction, and right which is not by this Confederation expressly delegated to the United States in Congress assembled."

At the time the Articles of Confederation were adopted—July 9, 1778—the United States held no lands or territory in common. The entire country—including all the waste and unappropriated lands—embraced within or pertaining to the Confederacy, belonged to and was the property of the several States within whose limits the same was situated.

On the 6th day of September, 1780, Congress "recommended to the several States in the Union having claims to waste and unappropriated lands in the Western country, a liberal cession to the United States of a portion of their respective claims for the common benefit of the Union."

On the 20th day of October, 1783, the Legislature of Virginia passed an act authorizing the Delegates in Congress from that State to convey to the United States "the territory or tract of country within the limits of the Virginia Charter, lying and bearing to the Northwest of the River Ohio"—which grant was to be made upon the "condition that the territory so ceded shall be laid out and formed into States;" and that "the States so formed shall be distinct republican States, and admitted members of the Federal Union, having the same rights of Sovereignty, Freedom, and Independence as the other States."

On the 1st day of March, 1784, Thomas Jefferson and his colleagues in Congress executed the deed of cession in pursuance of the act of the Virginia Legislature, which was accepted and ordered to "be recorded and enrolled among the acts of the United States in Congress assembled." This was the first territory ever acquired, held, or owned by the United States. On the same day of the deed of cession Mr. Jefferson, as chairman of a committee which had been appointed, consisting of Mr. Jefferson of Virginia, Mr. Chase of Maryland, and Mr. Howell of Rhode Island, submitted to Congress "a plan for the temporary government of the territory ceded or to be ceded by the individual States to the United States."

It is important that this Jeffersonian Plan of government for the Territories should be carefully considered for many obvious reasons. It was the first plan of government for the Territories ever adopted in the United States. It was drawn by the author of the Declaration of Independence, and revised and adopted by those who shaped the issues which produced the Revolution, and formed the foundations upon which our whole American system of governments rests. It was not intended to be either local or temporary in its character, but was designed to apply to all "territory ceded or to be ceded," and to be universal in its application and eternal in its duration, wherever and whenever we might have territory requiring a government. It ignored the right of Congress to legislate for the people of the Territories without their consent, and recognized the inalienable right of the people of the Territories, when organized into political communities, to govern themselves in respect to their local concerns and internal polity. It was adopted by the Congress of the Confederation on the 23d day of April, 1784, and stood upon the Statute Book as a general and permanent plan for the government of all territory which we then owned or should subsequently acquire, with a provision declaring it to be a "Charter of Compact," and that its provisions should "stand as fundamental conditions between the thirteen original States and those newly described, unalterable but by the joint consent of the United States in Congress assembled, and of the particular State within which such alteration is proposed to be made." Thus this Jeffersonian Plan for the government of the Territories—this "Charter of Compact"—"these fundamental conditions," which were declared to be "unalterable" without the consent of the people of "the particular State [territory] within which such alteration is proposed to be made," stood on the Statute Book when the Convention assembled at Philadelphia in 1787 and proceeded to form the Constitution of the United States.

Now let us examine the main provisions of the Jeffersonian Plan:

First.—"That the territory ceded or to be ceded by the individual States to the United States, whenever the same shall have been purchased of the Indian inhabitants and offered for sale by the United

States, shall be formed into *additional States*," etc., etc.

The Plan proceeds to designate the boundaries and territorial extent of the proposed "additional States," and then provides:

Second.—"That the settlers within the territory so to be purchased and offered for sale shall, either on their own petition or on the order of Congress, receive authority from them, with appointments of time and place, for their free males of full age to meet together for the purpose of establishing a temporary government to adopt the Constitution and laws of any one of these States [the original States], so that such laws nevertheless shall be subject to alteration by their ordinary legislature; and to erect, subject to like alteration, counties or townships for the election of members for their Legislature."

Having thus provided a mode by which the first inhabitants or settlers of the territory may assemble together and choose for themselves the Constitution and laws of some one of the original thirteen States, and declare the same in force for the government of their territory temporarily, with the right on the part of the people to change the same, through their local Legislature, as they may see proper, the Plan then proceeds to point out the mode in which they may establish for themselves "a permanent Constitution and government," whenever they shall have twenty thousand inhabitants, as follows:

Third.—"That such temporary government only shall continue in force in any *State* until it shall have acquired twenty thousand free inhabitants, when, giving due proof thereof to Congress, they shall receive from them authority, with appointments of time and place, to call a Convention of Representatives to establish a permanent Constitution and government for themselves."

Having thus provided for the first settlers "a temporary government" in these "additional States," and for "a permanent Constitution and government" when they shall have acquired twenty thousand inhabitants, the Plan contemplates that they shall continue to govern themselves *as States*, having, as provided in the Virginia deed of cession, "the same rights of sovereignty, freedom, and independence," in respect to their domestic affairs and internal polity, "as the other States," until they shall have a population equal to the least numerous of the original thirteen States; and in the mean time shall keep a sitting member in Congress, with a right of debating but not of voting, when they shall be admitted into the Union on an equal footing with the other States, as follows:

Fourth.—"That whenever any of the said States shall have of free inhabitants as many as shall then be in any one of the least numerous of the thirteen original States, such *State* shall be admitted by its delegates into the Congress of the United States on an equal footing with the said original States." . . .

And—

"Until such admission by their delegates into Congress any of the said *States*, after the establishment of their temporary government, shall have au-

thority to keep a sitting member in Congress, with the right of debating, but not of voting."

Attached to the provision which appears in this paper under the "third" head is a proviso, containing five propositions, which, when agreed to and accepted by the people of said additional States, were to "be formed into a charter of compact," and to remain forever "unalterable," except by the consent of such States as well as of the United States—to wit:

"Provided that both the temporary and permanent governments be established on these principles as their basis:"

1st.—"That they shall forever remain a part of the United States of America."

2d.—"That in their persons, property, and territory they shall be subject to the government of the United States in Congress assembled, and to the Articles of Confederation in all those cases in which the original States shall be so subject."

3d.—"That they shall be subject to pay a part of the federal debts contracted, or to be contracted—to be apportioned on them by Congress according to the same common rule and measure by which apportionments thereof shall be made on the other States."

4th.—"That their respective governments shall be in republican form, and shall admit no person to be a citizen who holds any hereditary title."

The fifth article, which relates to the prohibition of slavery after the year 1800, having been rejected by Congress, never became a part of the Jeffersonian Plan of Government for the Territories, as adopted April 23, 1784.

The concluding paragraph of this Plan of Government, which emphatically ignores the right of Congress to bind the people of the Territories without their consent, and recognizes the people therein as the true source of all legitimate power in respect to their internal polity, is in these words:

"That all the preceding articles shall be formed into a *charter of compact*, shall be duly executed by the President of the United States, in Congress assembled, under his hand and the seal of the United States, shall be promulgated, and shall stand as fundamental conditions between the thirteen original States and those newly described, unalterable but by the joint consent of the United States in Congress assembled, and of the particular State within which such alteration is proposed to be made."

This Jeffersonian Plan of Government embodies and carries out the ideas and principles of the fathers of the Revolution—that the people of every separate political community (dependent colonies, Provinces, and Territories as well as sovereign States) have an inalienable right to govern themselves in respect to their internal polity, and repudiates the dogma of the British Ministry and the Tories of that day that all colonies, Provinces, and Territories were the property of the Empire, acquired with the common blood and common treasure, and that the inhabitants thereof have no rights, privileges, or immunities except such as the Imperial government should graciously condescend to bestow upon them. This Plan recognizes by law and irrevocable "compact" the existence of two dis-

tinct classes of States under our American system of government—the one being members of the Union, and consisting of the original thirteen and such other States, having the requisite population, as Congress should admit into the Federal Union, with an equal vote in the management of Federal affairs as well as the exclusive power in regard to their internal polity respectively—the other, not having the requisite population for admission into the Union, could have no vote or agency in the control of the Federal relations, but possessed the same exclusive power over their domestic affairs and internal policy respectively as the original States, with the right, while they have less than twenty thousand inhabitants, to choose for their government the Constitution and laws of any one of the original States; and when they should have more than twenty thousand, but less than the number required to entitle them to admission into the Union, they were authorized to form for themselves "a permanent Constitution and government;" and in either case they were entitled to keep a delegate in Congress with the right of debating, but not of voting. This "Charter of Compact," with its "fundamental conditions," which were declared to be "unalterable" without "the joint consent" of the people interested in them, as well as of the United States, thus stood on the statute book unrepealed and irrevocable—furnishing a complete system of government for all "the territory ceded or to be ceded" to the United States, without any other legislation upon the subject, when, on the 14th day of May, 1787, the Federal Convention assembled at Philadelphia and proceeded to form the Constitution under which we now live. Thus it will be seen that the dividing line between Federal and Local authority, in respect to the rights of those political communities which, for the sake of convenience and in contradistinction to the States represented in Congress, we now call Territories, but which were then known as "*States*," or "*new States*," was so distinctly marked at that day that no intelligent man could fail to perceive it.

It is true that the government of the Confederation had proved totally inadequate to the fulfillment of the ends for which it was devised; not because of the relations between the Territories, or new States, and the United States, but in consequence of having no power to enforce its decrees on the Federal questions which were clearly within the scope of its expressly delegated powers. The radical defects in the Articles of Confederation were found to consist in the fact that it was a mere league between sovereign States, and not a Federal Government with its appropriate departments—Executive, Legislative, and Judicial—each clothed with authority to perform and carry into effect its own peculiar functions. The Confederation having no power to enforce compliance with its resolves, "the consequence was, that though in theory the Resolutions of Congress were equivalent to laws, yet in practice they were found to be mere rec-

ommendations, which the States, like other sovereignties, observed or disregarded according to their own good-will and gracious pleasure." Congress could not impose duties, collect taxes, raise armies, or do any other act essential to the existence of government, without the voluntary consent and co-operation of each of the States. Congress could resolve, but could not carry its resolutions into effect—could recommend to the States to provide a revenue for the necessities of the Federal government, but could not use the means necessary to the collection of the revenue when the States failed to comply—could recommend to the States to provide an army for the general defense, and apportion among the States their respective quotas, but could not enlist the men and order them into the Federal service. For these reasons a Federal Government, with its appropriate departments, acting directly upon the individual citizens, with authority to enforce its decrees to the extent of its delegated powers, and not dependent upon the voluntary action of the several States in their corporate capacity, became indispensable as a substitute for the government of the Confederation.

In the formation of the Constitution of the United States the Federal Convention took the British Constitution, as interpreted and expounded by the colonies during their controversy with Great Britain, for their model—making such modifications in its structure and principles as the change in our condition had rendered necessary. They intrusted the Executive functions to a President in the place of a King; the Legislative functions to a Congress composed of a Senate and House of Representatives, in lieu of the Parliament consisting of the Houses of Lords and Commons; and the Judicial functions to a Supreme Court and such inferior Courts as Congress should from time to time ordain and establish.

Having thus divided the powers of government into the three appropriate departments, with which they had always been familiar, they proceeded to confer upon the Federal Government substantially the same powers which they as colonies had been willing to concede to the British Government, and to reserve to the States and to the people the same rights and privileges which they as colonies had denied to the British Government during the entire struggle which terminated in our Independence, and which they had claimed for themselves and their posterity as the birth-right of all freemen, inalienable when organized into political communities, and to be enjoyed and exercised by Colonies, Territories, and Provinces as fully and completely as by sovereign States. Thus it will be seen that there is no organic feature or fundamental principle embodied in the Constitution of the United States which had not been familiar to the people of the Colonies from the period of their earliest settlement, and which had not been repeatedly asserted by them when denied by Great Britain during the whole period of their Colonial history.

Let us pause at this point for a moment, and

inquire whether it be just to those illustrious patriots and sages who formed the Constitution of the United States, to assume that they intended to confer upon Congress that unlimited and arbitrary power over the people of the American Territories, which they had resisted with their blood when claimed by the British Parliament over British Colonies in America? Did they confer upon Congress the right to bind the people of the American Territories in all cases whatsoever, after having fought the battles of the Revolution against a "Preamble" declaring the right of Parliament "to bind the Colonies in all cases whatsoever?"

If, as they contended before the Revolution, it was the birth-right of all Englishmen, inalienable when formed into political communities, to exercise exclusive power of legislation in their local legislatures in respect to all things affecting their internal polity—slavery not excepted—did not the same right, after the Revolution, and by virtue of it, become the birth-right of all Americans, in like manner inalienable when organized into political communities—no matter by what name, whether Colonies, Territories, Provinces, or new States?

Names often deceive persons in respect to the nature and substance of things. A signal instance of this kind is to be found in that clause of the Constitution which says:

"Congress shall have power to dispose of, and make all needful rules and regulations respecting the territory or other property belonging to the United States."

This being the only clause of the Constitution in which the word "territory" appears, that fact alone has doubtless led many persons to suppose that the right of Congress to establish temporary governments for the Territories, in the sense in which the word is now used, must be derived from it, overlooking the important and controlling facts that at the time the Constitution was formed the word "territory" had never been used or understood to designate a political community or government of any kind in any law, compact, deed of cession, or public document; but had invariably been used either in its geographical sense to describe the superficial area of a State or district of country, as in the Virginia deed of cession of the "territory or tract of country" northwest of the River Ohio; or as meaning land in its character as property, in which latter sense it appears in the clause of the Constitution referred to, when providing for the disposition of the "territory or other property belonging to the United States." These facts, taken in connection with the kindred one that during the whole period of the Confederation and the formation of the Constitution the temporary governments which we now call "Territories," were invariably referred to in the deeds of cession, laws, compacts, plans of government, resolutions of congress, public records, and authentic documents as "States," or "new States," conclusively show that the words "territory and other property" in the Constitution were used to des-

ignate the unappropriated lands and other property which the United States owned, and not the people who might become residents on those lands, and be organized into political communities after the United States had parted with their title.

It is from this clause of the Constitution alone that Congress derives the power to provide for the surveys and sale of the public lands and all other property belonging to the United States, not only in the Territories, but also in the several States of the Union. But for this provision Congress would have no power to authorize the sale of the public lands, military sites, old ships, cannon, muskets, or other property, real or personal, which belong to the United States and are no longer needed for any public purpose. It refers exclusively to property in contradistinction to persons and communities. It confers the same power "to make all needful rules and regulations" in the States as in the Territories, and extends wherever there may be any land or other property belonging to the United States to be regulated or disposed of; but does not authorize Congress to control or interfere with the domestic institutions and internal polity of the people (either in the States or the Territories) who may reside upon lands which the United States once owned. Such a power, had it been vested in Congress, would annihilate the sovereignty and freedom of the States as well as the great principle of self-government in the Territories, wherever the United States happen to own a portion of the public lands within their respective limits, as, at present, in the States of Alabama, Florida, Mississippi, Louisiana, Arkansas, Missouri, Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, Michigan, Wisconsin, Iowa, Minnesota, California, and Oregon, and in the Territories of Washington, Nebraska, Kansas, Utah, and New Mexico. The idea is repugnant to the spirit and genius of our complex system of government; because it effectually blots out the dividing line between Federal and Local authority which forms an essential barrier for the defense of the independence of the States and the liberties of the people against Federal invasion. With one anomalous exception, all the powers conferred on Congress are *Federal*, and not *Municipal*, in their character—affecting the general welfare of the whole country without interfering with the internal polity of the people—and can be carried into effect by laws which apply alike to States and Territories. The exception, being in derogation of one of the fundamental principles of our political system (because it authorizes the Federal government to control the municipal affairs and internal polity of the people in certain specified, limited localities), was not left to vague inference or loose construction, nor expressed in dubious or equivocal language; but is found plainly written in that Section of the Constitution which says:

"Congress shall have power to exercise exclusive legislation in all cases whatsoever, over such district (not exceeding ten miles square) as may, by cession of particular States, and the acceptance of

Congress, become the seat of the government of the United States, and to exercise like authority over all places purchased by the consent of the Legislature of the State in which the same shall be, for the erection of forts, magazines, arsenals, dock-yards, and other needful buildings."

No such power "to exercise exclusive legislation in all cases whatsoever," nor indeed any legislation in any case whatsoever, is conferred on Congress in respect to the municipal affairs and internal polity, either of the States or of the Territories. On the contrary, after the Constitution had been finally adopted, with its Federal powers delegated, enumerated, and defined, in order to guard in all future time against any possible infringement of the reserved rights of the States, or of the people, an amendment was incorporated into the Constitution which marks the dividing line between Federal and Local authority so directly and indelibly that no lapse of time, no partisan prejudice, no sectional aggrandizement, no frenzied fanaticism can efface it. The amendment is in these words:

"The powers not delegated to the United States by the Constitution, nor prohibited by it to the States, are reserved to the States respectively, or to the people."

This view of the subject is confirmed, if indeed any corroborative evidence is required, by reference to the proceedings and debates of the Federal Convention, as reported by Mr. Madison. On the 18th of August, after a series of resolutions had been adopted as the basis of the proposed Constitution and referred to the Committee of Detail for the purpose of being put in proper form, the record says:

"Mr. Madison submitted, in order to be referred to the Committee of Detail, the following powers, as proper to be added to those of the General Legislature (Congress):

"To dispose of the unappropriated lands of the United States.

"To institute temporary governments for the new States arising therein.

"To regulate affairs with the Indians, as well within as without the limits of the United States.

"To exercise exclusively legislative authority at the seat of the general government, and over a district around the same not exceeding — square miles, the consent of the Legislature of the State or States comprising the same being first obtained."

Here we find the original and rough draft of these several powers as they now exist, in their revised form, in the Constitution. The provision empowering Congress "to dispose of the unappropriated lands of the United States" was modified and enlarged so as to include "other property belonging to the United States," and to authorize Congress to "make all needful rules and regulations" for the preservation, management, and sale of the same.

The provision empowering Congress "to institute temporary governments for the new States arising in the unappropriated lands of the United States," taken in connection with the one empowering Congress "to exercise exclusively Legislative authority at the seat of the general

government, and over a district of country around the same," clearly shows the difference in the extent and nature of the powers intended to be conferred in the new States or Territories on the one hand, and in the District of Columbia on the other. In the one case it was proposed to authorize Congress "to institute temporary governments for the new States," or Territories, as they are now called, just as our Revolutionary fathers recognized the right of the British crown to institute local governments for the colonies, by issuing charters, under which the people of the colonies were "entitled (according to the Bill of Rights adopted by the Continental Congress) to a free and exclusive power of legislation, in their several Provincial Legislatures, where their right of representation can alone be preserved, in all cases of taxation and internal polity;" while, in the other case, it was proposed to authorize Congress to exercise, exclusively, legislative authority over the municipal and internal polity of the people residing within the district which should be ceded for that purpose as the seat of the general government.

Each of these provisions was modified and perfected by the Committees of Detail and Revision, as will appear by comparing them with the corresponding clauses as finally incorporated into the Constitution. The provision to authorize Congress to institute temporary governments for the new States or Territories, and to provide for their admission into the Union, appears in the Constitution in this form:

"New States may be admitted by the Congress into this Union."

The power to admit "*new States*," and "to make all laws which shall be necessary and proper" to that end, may fairly be construed to include the right to institute temporary governments for such new States or Territories, the same as Great Britain could rightfully institute similar governments for the colonies; but certainly not to authorize Congress to legislate in respect to their municipal affairs and internal concerns, without violating that great fundamental principle in defense of which the battles of the Revolution were fought.

If judicial authority were deemed necessary to give force to principles so eminently just in themselves, and which form the basis of our entire political system, such authority may be found in the opinion of the Supreme Court of the United States in the *Dred Scott* case. In that case the Court say:

"This brings us to examine by what provision of the Constitution the present Federal Government, under its delegated and restricted powers, is authorized to acquire territory outside of the original limits of the United States, and what powers it may exercise therein over the person or property of a citizen of the United States, while it remains a Territory, and until it shall be admitted as one of the States of the Union.

"There is certainly no power given by the Constitution to the Federal Government to establish or maintain Colonies, bordering on the United States

or at a distance, to be ruled and governed at its own pleasure; nor to enlarge its territorial limits in any way except by the admission of new States. . . .

"The power to expand the territory of the United States by the admission of new States is plainly given; and in the construction of this power by all the departments of the Government, it has been held to authorize the acquisition of territory, not fit for admission at the time, but to be admitted as soon as its population and situation would entitle it to admission. It is acquired to become a State, and not to be held as a Colony and governed by Congress with absolute authority; and as the propriety of admitting a new State is committed to the sound discretion of Congress, the power to acquire territory for that purpose, to be held by the United States until it is in a suitable condition to become a State upon an equal footing with the other States, must rest upon the same discretion."

Having determined the question that the power to acquire territory for the purpose of enlarging our territorial limits and increasing the number of States is included within the power to admit new States and conferred by the same clause of the Constitution, the Court proceed to say that "the power to acquire necessarily carries with it the power to preserve and apply to the purposes for which it was acquired." And again, referring to a former decision of the same Court in respect to the power of Congress to institute governments for the Territories, the Court say:

"The power stands firmly on the latter alternative put by the Court—that is, as 'the inevitable consequence of the right to acquire territory.'"

The power to acquire territory, as well as the right, in the language of Mr. Madison, "to institute temporary governments for the new States arising therein" (or Territorial governments, as they are now called), having been traced to that provision of the Constitution which provides for the admission of "new States," the Court proceed to consider the nature and extent of the power of Congress over the people of the Territories:

"All we mean to say on this point is, that, as there is no express regulation in the Constitution defining the power which the general Government may exercise over the person or property of a citizen in a Territory thus acquired, the Court must necessarily look to the provisions and principles of the Constitution, and its distribution of powers, for the rules and principles by which its decision must be governed.

"Taking this rule to guide us, it may be safely assumed that citizens of the United States, who emigrate to a Territory belonging to the people of the United States, can not be ruled as mere colonists, dependent upon the will of the general Government, and to be governed by any laws it may think proper to impose. . . . The Territory being a part of the United States, the Government and the citizen both enter it under the authority of the Constitution, with their respective rights defined and marked out; and the Federal Government can exercise no power over his person or property beyond what that instrument confers, nor lawfully deny any right which it has reserved."

Hence, inasmuch as the Constitution has con-

ferred on the Federal Government no right to interfere with the property, domestic relations, police regulations, or internal polity of the people of the Territories, it necessarily follows, under the authority of the Court, that Congress can rightfully exercise no such power over the people of the Territories. For this reason alone, the Supreme Court were authorized and compelled to pronounce the eighth section of the Act approved March 6, 1820 (commonly called the Missouri Compromise), inoperative and void—there being no power delegated to Congress in the Constitution authorizing Congress to prohibit slavery in the Territories.

In the course of the discussion of this question the Court gave an elaborate exposition of the structure, principles, and powers of the Federal Government; showing that it possesses no powers except those which are delegated, enumerated, and defined in the Constitution; and that all other powers are either *prohibited* altogether or are *reserved* to the States, or to the people. In order to show that the prohibited, as well as the delegated powers are enumerated and defined in the Constitution, the Court enumerated certain powers which can not be exercised either by Congress or by the Territorial Legislatures, or by any other authority whatever, for the simple reason that they are forbidden by the Constitution.

Some persons who have not examined critically the opinion of the Court in this respect have been induced to believe that the *slavery question* was included in this class of prohibited powers, and that the Court had decided in the Dred Scott case that the Territorial Legislature could not legislate in respect to slave property the same as all other property in the Territories. A few extracts from the opinion of the Court will correct this error, and show clearly the class of powers to which the Court referred, as being forbidden alike to the Federal Government, to the States, and to the Territories. The Court say:

"A reference to a few of the provisions of the Constitution will illustrate this proposition. For example, no one, we presume, will contend that Congress can make any law in a Territory respecting the establishment of religion, or the free exercise thereof, or abridging the freedom of speech or of the press, or the right of the people of the Territory peaceably to assemble, and to petition the Government for the redress of grievances.

"Nor can Congress deny to the people the right to keep and bear arms, nor the right to trial by jury, nor compel any one to be a witness against himself in a criminal proceeding. . . . So too, it will hardly be contended that Congress could by law quarter a soldier in a house in a Territory without the consent of the owner in a time of peace; nor in time of war but in a manner prescribed by law. Nor could they by law forfeit the property of a citizen in a Territory who was convicted of treason, for a longer period than the life of the person convicted, nor take private property for public use without just compensation.

"The powers over persons and property, of which we speak, are not only not granted to Congress, but are in express terms denied, and they are forbidden to exercise them. And this prohibition is not con-

fined to the States, but the words are general, and extend to the whole territory over which the Constitution gives it power to legislate, including those portions of it remaining under Territorial Governments, as well as that covered by States.

"It is a total absence of power, every where within the dominion of the United States, and places the citizens of a Territory, so far as these rights are concerned, on the same footing with citizens of the States, and guards them as firmly and plainly against any inroads which the general Government might attempt, under the plea of implied or incidental powers. And if Congress itself can not do this—if it is beyond the powers conferred on the Federal Government—it will be admitted, we presume, that it could not authorize a Territorial government to exercise them. It could confer no power on any local government, established by its authority, to violate the provisions of the Constitution."

Nothing can be more certain than that the Court were here speaking only of *forbidden powers*, which were denied alike to Congress, to the State Legislatures, and to the Territorial Legislatures, and that the prohibition extends "every where within the dominion of the United States," applicable equally to States and Territories, as well as to the United States.

If this sweeping prohibition—this just but inexorable restriction upon the powers of government—Federal, State, and Territorial—shall ever be held to include the slavery question, thus negating the right of the people of the States and Territories, as well as the Federal Government, to control it by law (and it will be observed that in the opinion of the Court "the citizens of a Territory, so far as these rights are concerned, are on the same footing with the citizens of the States"), then, indeed, will the doctrine become firmly established that the principles of law applicable to African slavery are *uniform throughout the dominion of the United States*, and that there "is an irrepressible conflict between opposing and enduring forces, which means that the United States must and will, sooner or later, become either entirely a slaveholding nation or entirely a free labor nation."

Notwithstanding the disastrous consequences which would inevitably result from the authoritative recognition and practical operation of such a doctrine, there are those who maintain that the Court referred to and included the slavery question within that class of forbidden powers which (although the same in the Territories as in the States) could not be exercised by the people of the Territories.

If this proposition were true, which fortunately for the peace and welfare of the whole country it is not, the conclusion would inevitably result, which they logically deduce from the premises—that the Constitution by the recognition of slavery establishes it in the Territories beyond the power of the people to control it by law, and guarantees to every citizen the right to go there and be protected in the enjoyment of his slave property; and when all other remedies fail for the protection of such rights of property, it becomes the imperative duty of Congress (to the perform-

ance of which every member is bound by his conscience and his oath, and from which no consideration of political policy or expediency can release him) to provide by law such adequate and complete protection as is essential to the full enjoyment of an important right secured by the Constitution. If the proposition be true, that the Constitution establishes slavery in the Territories beyond the power of the people legally to control it, another result, no less startling, and from which there is no escape, must inevitably follow. The Constitution is uniform "every where within the dominions of the United States"—is the same in Pennsylvania as in Kansas—and if it be true, as stated by the President in a special Message to Congress, "that slavery exists in Kansas by virtue of the Constitution of the United States," and that "Kansas is therefore at this moment as much a slave State as Georgia or South Carolina," why does it not exist in Pennsylvania by virtue of the same Constitution?

If it be said that Pennsylvania is a Sovereign State, and therefore has a right to regulate the slavery question within her own limits to suit herself, it must be borne in mind that the sovereignty of Pennsylvania, like that of every other State, is limited by the Constitution, which provides that:

"This Constitution, and all laws of the United States which shall be made in pursuance thereof, and all treaties made, or which shall be made, under the authority of the United States, shall be the *supreme law of the land*, and the judges in every State shall be bound thereby, *any thing in the Constitution or laws of any State to the contrary notwithstanding*."

Hence, the State of Pennsylvania, with her Constitution and laws, and domestic institutions, and internal policy, is subordinate to the Constitution of the United States, in the same manner, and to the same extent, as the Territory of Kansas. The Kansas-Nebraska Act says that the Territory of Kansas shall exercise legislative power over "all rightful subjects of legislation consistent with the Constitution," and that the people of said Territory shall be left "perfectly free to form and regulate their domestic institutions in their own way, subject only to the Constitution of the United States." The provisions of this Act are believed to be in entire harmony with the Constitution, and under them the people of Kansas possess every right, privilege, and immunity, in respect to their internal polity and domestic relations which the people of Pennsylvania can exercise under their Constitution and laws. Each is invested with full, complete, and exclusive powers in this respect, "subject only to the Constitution of the United States."

The question recurs then, if the Constitution does establish slavery in Kansas or any other Territory beyond the power of the people to control it by law, how can the conclusion be resisted that slavery is established in like manner and by the same authority in all the States of the Union? And if it be the imperative duty of Congress to provide by law for the protection of slave prop-

erty in the Territories upon the ground that "slavery exists in Kansas" (and consequently in every other Territory), "by virtue of the Constitution of the United States," why is it not also the duty of Congress, for the same reason, to provide similar protection to slave property in all the States of the Union, when the Legislatures fail to furnish such protection?

Without confessing or attempting to avoid the inevitable consequences of their own doctrine, its advocates endeavor to fortify their position by citing the Dred Scott decision to prove that the Constitution recognizes property in slaves—that there is no legal distinction between this and every other description of property—that slave property and every other kind of property stand on an equal footing—that Congress has no more power over the one than over the other—and, consequently, can not discriminate between them.

Upon this point the Court say:

"Now as we have already said in an earlier part of this opinion, upon a different point, the right of property in a slave is distinctly and expressly affirmed in the Constitution. . . . And if the Constitution recognizes the right of property of the master in a slave, and makes no distinction between that description of property and other property owned by a citizen, no tribunal acting under the authority of the United States, whether it be legislative, executive, or judicial, has a right to draw such a distinction, or deny to it the benefit of the provisions and guarantees which have been provided for the protection of private property against the encroachments of the government. . . . And the government in express terms is pledged to protect it in all future time, *if the slave escapes from his owner*. This is done in plain words—too plain to be misunderstood. And no word can be found in the Constitution which gives Congress a *greater* power over slave property, or which entitles property of that kind to *less* protection than property of any other description. The only power conferred is the power coupled with the duty of guarding and protecting the owner in his rights."

The rights of the owner which it is thus made the duty of the Federal Government to guard and protect are those expressly provided for in the Constitution, and defined in clear and explicit language by the Court—that "the government, in express terms, is pledged to protect it (slave property) in all future time, *if the slave escapes from his owner*." This is the only contingency, according to the plain reading of the Constitution as authoritatively interpreted by the Supreme Court, in which the Federal Government is authorized, required, or permitted to interfere with slavery in the States or Territories; and in that case only for the purpose "of guarding and protecting the owner in his rights" to reclaim his slave property. In all other respects slaves stand on the same footing with all other property—"the Constitution makes no distinction between that description of property and other property owned by a citizen;" and "no word can be found in the Constitution which gives Congress a greater power over slave property, or which entitles property of that kind to less pro-

tection than property of any other description." This is the basis upon which all rights pertaining to slave property, either in the States or the Territories, stand under the Constitution as expounded by the Supreme Court in the Dred Scott case.

Inasmuch as the Constitution has delegated no power to the Federal Government in respect to any other kind of property belonging to the citizen—neither introducing, establishing, prohibiting, nor excluding it any where within the dominion of the United States, but leaves the owner thereof perfectly free to remove into any State or Territory and carry his property with him, and hold the same subject to the local law, and relying upon the local authorities for protection, it follows, according to the decision of the Court, that slave property stands on the same footing, is entitled to the same rights and immunities, and in like manner is dependent upon the local authorities and laws for protection.

The Court refer to that clause of the Constitution which provides for the rendition of fugitive slaves as their authority for saying that "the right of property in slaves is distinctly and expressly affirmed in the Constitution." By reference to that provision it will be seen that, while the word "slaves" is not used, still the Constitution not only recognizes the right of property in slaves, as stated by the Court, but explicitly states what class of persons shall be deemed slaves, and under what laws or authority they may be held to servitude, and under what circumstances fugitive slaves shall be restored to their owners, all in the same section, as follows:

"No person held to service or labor in one State, *under the laws thereof*, escaping into another, shall, in consequence of any law or regulation therein, be discharged from such service or labor, but shall be delivered up on claim of the party to whom such service or labor may be due."

Thus it will be seen that a slave, within the meaning of the Constitution, is a "person held to service or labor in one State, *under the laws thereof*"—not under the Constitution of the United States, nor by the laws thereof, nor by virtue of any Federal authority whatsoever, but under the laws of the particular State where such service or labor may be due.

It was necessary to give this exact definition of slavery in the Constitution in order to satisfy the people of the South as well as of the North. The slaveholding States would never consent for a moment that their domestic relations—and especially their right of property in their slaves—should be dependent upon Federal authority, or that Congress should have any power over the subject—either to extend, confine, or restrain it; much less to protect or regulate it—lest, under the pretense of protection and regulation, the Federal Government, under the influence of the strong and increasing anti-slavery sentiment which prevailed at that period, might destroy the institution, and divest those rights of property in slaves which were sacred under the laws and constitutions of their respective States so

long as the Federal Government had no power to interfere with the subject.

In like manner the non-slaveholding States, while they were entirely willing to provide for the surrender of all fugitive slaves—as is conclusively shown by the unanimous vote of all the States in the Convention for the provision now under consideration—and to leave each State perfectly free to hold slaves under its own laws, and by virtue of its own separate and exclusive authority, so long as it pleased, and to abolish it when it chose, were unwilling to become responsible for its existence by incorporating it into the Constitution as a national institution, to be protected and regulated, extended and controlled by Federal authority, regardless of the wishes of the people, and in defiance of the local laws of the several States and Territories. For these opposite reasons the Southern and Northern States united in giving a unanimous vote in the Convention for that provision of the Constitution which recognizes slavery as a local institution in the several States where it exists, "under the laws thereof," and provides for the surrender of fugitive slaves.

It will be observed that the term "State" is used in this provision, as well as in various other parts of the Constitution, in the same sense in which it was used by Mr. Jefferson in his plan for establishing governments for the new States in the territory ceded and to be ceded to the United States, and by Mr. Madison in his proposition to confer on Congress power "to institute temporary governments for the *new States* arising in the unappropriated lands of the United States," to designate the political communities, Territories as well as States, within the dominion of the United States. The word "States" is used in the same sense in the ordinance of the 13th July, 1787, for the government of the territory northwest of the River Ohio, which was passed by the remnant of the Congress of the Confederation, sitting in New York while its most eminent members were at Philadelphia, as delegates to the Federal Convention, aiding in the formation of the Constitution of the United States.

In this sense the word "States" is used in the clause providing for the rendition of fugitive slaves, applicable to all political communities under the authority of the United States, including the Territories as well as the several States of the Union. Under any other construction the right of the owner to recover his slave would be restricted to the *States* of the Union, leaving the Territories a secure place of refuge for all fugitives. The same remark is applicable to the clause of the Constitution which provides that "a person charged in any *State* with treason, felony, or other crime, who shall flee from justice, and be found in *another State*, shall, on the demand of the executive authority of the *State* from which he fled, be delivered up to be removed to the State having jurisdiction of the crime." Unless the term *State*, as used in these provisions of the Constitution, shall be construed to include

every distinct political community under the jurisdiction of the United States, and to apply to Territories as well as to the States of the Union, the Territories must become a sanctuary for all the fugitives from service and justice, for all the felons and criminals who shall escape from the several *States* and seek refuge and immunity in the *Territories*.

If any other illustration were necessary to show that the political communities, which we now call Territories (but which, during the whole period of the Confederation and the formation of the Constitution, were always referred to as "States" or "New States"), are recognized as "States" in *some* of the provisions of the Constitution, they may be found in those clauses which declare that "no *State*" shall enter into any "treaty, alliance, or confederation; grant letters of marque and reprisal; coin money; emit bills of credit; make any thing but gold and silver coin a tender in payment of debts; pass any bill of attainder, *ex post facto* law, or law impairing the obligation of contracts, or grant any title of nobility."

It must be borne in mind that in each of these cases where the power is not expressly delegated to Congress the prohibition is not imposed upon the Federal Government, but upon the *States*. There was no necessity for any such prohibition upon Congress or the Federal Government, for the reason that the omission to delegate any such powers in the Constitution was of itself a prohibition, and so declared in express terms by the 10th amendment, which declares that "the powers not delegated to the United States by the Constitution, nor prohibited by it to the States, are reserved to the States respectively, or to the people."

Hence it would certainly be competent for the States and Territories to exercise these powers but for the prohibition contained in those provisions of the Constitution; and inasmuch as the prohibition only extends to the "States," the people of the "Territories" are still at liberty to exercise them, unless the Territories are included within the term *States*, within the meaning of these provisions of the Constitution of the United States.

It only remains to be shown that the Compromise Measures of 1850 and the Kansas-Nebraska Act of 1854 are in perfect harmony with, and a faithful embodiment of the principles herein enforced. A brief history of these measures will disclose the principles upon which they are founded.

On the 29th of January, 1850, Mr. Clay introduced into the Senate a series of resolutions upon the slavery question which were intended to form the basis of the subsequent legislation upon that subject. Pending the discussion of these resolutions the chairman of the Committee on Territories prepared and reported to the Senate, on the 25th of March, two bills—one for the admission of California into the Union of States, and the other for the organization of the Territories of Utah and New Mexico, and for the

adjustment of the disputed boundary with the State of Texas, which were read twice and printed for the use of the Senate. On the 19th of April a select committee of thirteen was appointed, on motion of Mr. Foote, of Mississippi, of which Mr. Clay was made chairman, and to which were referred all pending propositions relating to the slavery question. On the 8th of May, Mr. Clay, from the select committee of thirteen, submitted to the Senate an elaborate report covering all the points in controversy, accompanied by a bill, which is usually known as the "Omnibus Bill." By reference to the provisions of this bill, as it appears on the files of the Senate, it will be seen that it is composed of the two printed bills which had been reported by the Committee on Territories on the 25th of March previous; and that the only material change in its provisions, involving an important and essential principle, is to be found in the tenth section, which prescribes and defines the powers of the Territorial Legislature. In the bill, as reported by the Committee on Territories, the legislative power of the Territories extended to "all rightful subjects of legislation consistent with the Constitution of the United States," *without excepting African slavery*; while the bill, as reported by the committee of thirteen, conferred the same power on the Territorial Legislature, *with the exception of African slavery*. This portion of the section in its original form read thus:

"*And be it further enacted* that the legislative power of the Territory shall extend to all rightful subjects of legislation consistent with the Constitution of the United States and the provisions of this act; but no law shall be passed interfering with the primary disposition of the soil."

To which the committee of thirteen added these words: "*Nor in respect to African slavery*." When the bill came up for action on the 15th of May, Mr. Davis, of Mississippi, said:

"I offer the following amendment. To strike out, in the sixth line of the tenth section, the words '*in respect to African slavery*,' and insert the words '*with those rights of property growing out of the institution of African slavery as it exists in any of the States of the Union*.' The object of the amendment is to prevent the Territorial Legislature from legislating against the rights of property growing out of the institution of slavery. . . . It will leave to the Territorial Legislatures those rights and powers which are essentially necessary, not only to the preservation of property, but to the peace of the Territory. It will leave the right to make such police regulations as are necessary to prevent disorder, and which will be absolutely necessary with such property as that to secure its beneficial use to its owner. With this brief explanation I submit the amendment."

Mr. Clay, in reply to Mr. Davis, said:

"I am not perfectly sure that I comprehend the full meaning of the amendment offered by the Senator from Mississippi. If I do, I think he accomplishes nothing by striking out the clause now in the bill and inserting that which he proposes to insert. The clause now in the bill is, that the Territorial legislation shall not extend to any thing respecting African slavery within the Territory. The

effect of retaining the clause as reported by the Committee will be this: That if in any of the Territories slavery now exists, it shall not be abolished by the Territorial Legislature; and if in any of the Territories slavery does not now exist, it can not be introduced by the Territorial Legislature. The clause itself was introduced into the bill by the Committee for the purpose of tying up the hands of the Territorial Legislature in respect to legislating at all, one way or the other, upon the subject of African Slavery. It was intended to leave the legislation and the law of the respective Territories in the condition in which the Act will find them. I stated on a former occasion that I did not, in Committee, vote for the amendment to insert the clause, though it was proposed to be introduced by a majority of the Committee. I attached very little consequence to it at the time, and I attach very little to it at present. It is perhaps of no particular importance whatever. Now, Sir, if I understand the measure proposed by the Senator from Mississippi, it aims at the same thing. I do not understand him as proposing that if any one shall carry slaves into the Territory—although by the laws of the Territory he can not take them there—the legislative hands of the Territorial government should be so tied as to prevent it saying he shall not enjoy the fruits of their labor. If the Senator from Mississippi means to say that—

Mr. Davis:

"I do mean to say it."

Mr. Clay:

"If the object of the Senator is to provide that slaves may be introduced into the Territory contrary to the *lex loci*, and, being introduced, nothing shall be done by the Legislature to impair the rights of owners to hold the slaves thus brought contrary to the local laws, *I certainly can not vote for it*. In doing so I shall repeat again the expression of opinion which I announced at an early period of the session."

Here we find the line distinctly drawn between those who contended for the right to carry slaves into the Territories and hold them in defiance of the local law, and those who contended that such right was subject to the local law of the Territory. During the progress of the discussion on the same day Mr. Davis, of Mississippi, said:

"We are giving, or proposing to give, a government to a Territory, which act rests upon the basis of our right to make such provision. We suppose we have a right to confer power. If so, we may mark out the limit to which they may legislate, and are bound not to confer power beyond that which exists in Congress. If we give them power to legislate beyond that we commit a fraud or usurpation, as it may be done openly, covertly, or indirectly."

To which Mr. Clay replied:

"Now, Sir, I only repeat what I have had occasion to say before, that while I am willing to stand aside and make no legislative enactment one way or the other—to lay off the Territories without the Wilmot Proviso, on the one hand, with which I understand we are threatened, or without an attempt to introduce a clause for the introduction of slavery into the Territories. While I am for rejecting both

the one and the other, I am content that the law as it exists shall prevail; and if there be any diversity of opinion as to what it means, I am willing that it shall be settled by the highest judicial authority of the country. While I am content thus to abide the result, I must say that I can not vote for any express provision recognizing the right to carry slaves there."

To which Mr. Davis rejoined, that—

"It is said our Revolution grew out of a Preamble; and I hope we have something of the same character of the hardy men of the Revolution who first commenced the war with the mother country—something of the spirit of that bold Yankee who said he had a right to go to Concord, and that go he would; and who, in the maintenance of that right, met his death at the hands of a British sentinel. Now, Sir, if our right to carry slaves into these Territories be a constitutional right, it is our first duty to maintain it."

Pending the discussion which ensued Mr. Davis, at the suggestion of friends, modified his amendment from time to time, until it assumed the following shape:

"Nor to introduce or exclude African slavery. Provided that nothing herein contained shall be construed so as to prevent said Territorial Legislature from passing such laws as may be necessary for the protection of the rights of property of every kind which may have been, or may be hereafter, conformably to the Constitution of the United States, held in or introduced into said Territory."

To which, on the same day, Mr. Chase, of Ohio, offered the following amendment:

"Provided further, That nothing herein contained shall be construed as authorizing or permitting the introduction of slavery or the holding of persons as property within said Territory."

Upon these amendments—the one affirming the pro-slavery and the other the anti-slavery position, in opposition to the right of the people of the Territories to decide the slavery question for themselves—Mr. Douglas said:

"The position that I have ever taken has been, that this, and all other questions relating to the domestic affairs and domestic policy of the Territories, ought to be left to the decision of the people themselves; and that we ought to be content with whatever way they may decide the question, because they have a much deeper interest in these matters than we have, and know much better what institutions suit them than we, who have never been there, can decide for them. I would therefore have much preferred that that portion of the bill should have remained as it was reported from the committee on Territories, with no provision on the subject of slavery, the one way or the other. And I do hope yet that that clause will be stricken out. I am satisfied, Sir, that it gives no strength to the bill. I am satisfied, even if it did give strength to it, that it ought not to be there, *because it is a violation of principle*—a violation of that principle upon which we have all rested our defense of the course we have taken on this question. I do not see how those of us who have taken the position we have taken—that of *non-intervention*—and have argued in favor of the right of the people to legislate for themselves on this question, can support such a provision without abandon-

ing all the arguments which we used in the Presidential campaign in the year 1848, and the principles set forth by the honorable Senator from Michigan (Mr. Cass) in that letter which is known as the 'Nicholson Letter.' We are required to abandon that platform; we are required to abandon those principles, and to stultify ourselves, and to adopt the opposite doctrine—and for what? In order to say, that *the people of the Territories shall not have such institutions as they shall deem adapted to their condition and their wants.* I do not see, Sir, how such a provision can be acceptable either to the people of the North or the South."

Upon the question, how many inhabitants a Territory should contain before it should be formed into a political community with the rights of self-government, Mr. Douglas said:

"The Senator from Mississippi puts the question to me as to what number of people there must be in a Territory before this right to govern themselves accrues. Without determining the precise number, I will assume that the right ought to accrue to the people at the moment they have enough to constitute a government; and, Sir, the bill assumes that there are people enough there to require a government, and enough to authorize the people to govern themselves. . . . Your bill concedes that a representative government is necessary—a government founded upon the principles of popular sovereignty and the right of a people to enact their own laws; and for this reason you give them a Legislature composed of two branches, like the Legislatures of the different States and Territories of the Union. You confer upon them the right to legislate on 'all rightful subjects of legislation,' except negroes. Why except negroes? Why except African slavery? If the inhabitants are competent to govern themselves upon all other subjects, and in reference to all other descriptions of property—if they are competent to make laws and determine the relations between husband and wife, and parent and child, and municipal laws affecting the rights and property of citizens generally, they are competent also to make laws to govern themselves in relation to slavery and negroes."

With reference to the protection of property in slaves, Mr. Douglas said:

"I have a word to say to the honorable Senator from Mississippi (Mr. Davis). He insists that I am not in favor of protecting property, and that his amendment is offered for the purpose of protecting property under the Constitution. Now, Sir, I ask you what authority he has for assuming that? Do I not desire to protect property because I wish to allow the people to pass such laws as they deem proper respecting their rights to property without any exception? He might just as well say that I am opposed to protecting property in merchandise, in steamboats, in cattle, in real estate, as to say that I am opposed to protecting property of any other description; for I desire to put them all on an equality, and allow the people to make their own laws in respect to the whole of them."

Mr. Cass said (referring to the amendments offered by Mr. Davis and Mr. Chase):

"Now with respect to the amendments. I shall vote against them both; and then I shall vote in favor of striking out the restriction in the Bill upon the power of the Territorial governments. I shall do so upon this ground. I was opposed, as the hon-

orable Senator from Kentucky has declared he was, to the insertion of this prohibition by the committee. I consider it inexpedient and unconstitutional. I have already stated my belief that the rightful power of internal legislation in the Territories belongs to the people."

After further discussion the vote was taken by yeas and nays on the amendment of Mr. Chase, and decided in the negative: Yeas, 25; Nays, 30. The question recurring on the amendment of Mr. Davis, of Mississippi, it was also rejected: Yeas, 25; Nays, 30. Whereupon Mr. Seward offered the following amendment:

"Neither slavery nor involuntary servitude, otherwise than by conviction for crime, shall ever be allowed in either of said Territories of Utah and New Mexico."

Which was rejected—Yeas, 23; Nays, 33.

After various other amendments had been offered and voted upon—all relating to the power of the Territorial Legislature over slavery—Mr. Douglas moved to strike out all relating to African slavery, so that the Territorial Legislature should have the same power over that question as over all other rightful subjects of legislation consistent with the Constitution—which amendment was rejected. After the rejection of this amendment, the discussion was renewed with great ability and depth of feeling in respect to the powers which the Territorial Legislature should exercise upon the subject of slavery. Various propositions were made, and amendments offered and rejected—all relating to this one controverted point—when Mr. Norris, of New Hampshire, renewed the motion of Mr. Douglas, to strike out the restriction on the Territorial Legislature in respect to African slavery. On the 31st of July this amendment was adopted by a vote of 32 to 19—restoring this section of the bill to the form in which it was reported from the Committee on Territories on the 25th of March, and conferring on the Territorial Legislature power over "all rightful subjects of legislation consistent with the Constitution of the United States," *without excepting African slavery.*

Thus terminated this great struggle in the affirmation of the principle, as the basis of the compromise measures of 1850, so far as they related to the organization of the Territories, *that the people of the Territories should decide the slavery question for themselves through the action of their Territorial Legislatures.*

This controverted question having been definitely settled, the Senate proceeded on the same day to consider the other portions of the bill, and after striking out all except those provisions which provided for the organization of the Territory of Utah, ordered the bill to be engrossed for a third reading, and on the next day—August 1, 1850—the bill was read a third time, and passed.

On the 14th of August the bill for the organization of the Territory of New Mexico was taken up, and amended so as to conform fully to the provisions of the Utah Act in respect to the power of the Territorial Legislature over "all

rightful subjects of legislation consistent with the Constitution," without excepting African slavery, and was ordered to be engrossed for a third reading without a division; and on the next day the bill was passed—Yeas, 27; Nays, 10.

These two bills were sent to the House of Representatives, and passed that body without any alteration in respect to the power of the Territorial Legislatures over the subject of slavery, and were approved by President Fillmore September 9, 1850.

In 1852, when the two great political parties—Whig and Democratic—into which the country was then divided, assembled in National Convention at Baltimore for the purpose of nominating candidates for the Presidency and Vice-Presidency, each Convention adopted and affirmed the principles embodied in the compromise measures of 1850 as rules of action by which they would be governed in all future cases in the organization of Territorial governments and the admission of new States.

On the 4th of January, 1854, the Committee on Territories of the Senate, to which had been referred a bill for the organization of the Territory of Nebraska, reported the bill back, with an amendment, in the form of a substitute for the entire bill, which, with some modifications, is now known on the statute book as the "Kansas-Nebraska Act," accompanied by a Report explaining the principles upon which it was proposed to organize those Territories, as follows:

"The principal amendments which your Committee deem it their duty to commend to the favorable action of the Senate, in a special report, are those in which the principles established by the Compromise Measures of 1850, so far as they are applicable to territorial organizations, are proposed to be affirmed and carried into practical operation within the limits of the new Territory. The wisdom of those measures is attested, not less by their salutary and beneficial effects in allaying sectional agitation and restoring peace and harmony to an irritated and distracted people, than by the cordial and almost universal approbation with which they have been received and sanctioned by the whole country.

"In the judgment of your Committee, those measures were intended to have a far more comprehensive and enduring effect than the mere adjustment of the difficulties arising out of the recent acquisition of Mexican territory. They were designed to establish certain great principles, which would not only furnish adequate remedies for existing evils, but, in all time to come, avoid the perils of a similar agitation, by withdrawing the question of slavery from the Halls of Congress and the political arena, and committing it to the arbitrament of those who were immediately interested in and alone responsible for its consequences. With a view of conforming their action to the settled policy of the Government, sanctioned by the approving voice of the American people, your Committee have deemed it their duty to incorporate and perpetuate, in their territorial bill, the principles and spirit of those measures."

After presenting and reviewing certain provisions of the bill, the Committee conclude as follows:

"From these provisions it is apparent that the

Compromise Measures of 1850 affirm and rest upon the following propositions:

"First.—That all questions pertaining to slavery in the Territories, and in the new States to be formed therefrom, are to be left to the decision of the people residing therein, by their appropriate representatives to be chosen by them for that purpose.

"Second.—That all cases involving title to slaves and questions of personal freedom, are referred to the adjudication of the local tribunals, with the right of appeal to the Supreme Court of the United States.

"Third.—That the provisions of the Constitution of the United States in respect to fugitives from service, is to be carried into faithful execution in all the organized Territories, the same as in the States. The substitute for the bill which your Committee have prepared, and which is commended to the favorable action of the Senate, proposes to carry these propositions and principles into practical operation, in the precise language of the Compromise Measures of 1850."

By reference to that section of the "Kansas-Nebraska Act" as it now stands on the statute book, which prescribed and defined the power of the Territorial Legislature, it will be seen that it is, "in the precise language of the Compromise Measures of 1850," extending the legislative power of the Territory "to all rightful subjects of legislation consistent with the Constitution," without excepting African slavery.

It having been suggested, with some plausibility, during the discussion of the bill, that the act of Congress of March 6, 1820, prohibiting slavery north of the parallel of 36° 30' would deprive the people of the Territory of the power of regulating the slavery question to suit themselves while they should remain in a territorial condition, and before they should have the requisite population to entitle them to admission into the Union as a State, an amendment was prepared by the chairman of the Committee, and incorporated into the bill to remove this obstacle to the free exercise of the principle of popular sovereignty in the Territory, while it remained in a territorial condition, by repealing the said act of Congress, and declaring the true intent and meaning of all the friends of the bill in these words:

"That the Constitution and all laws of the United States which are not locally inapplicable, shall have the same force and effect within the said Territory as elsewhere within the United States, except the eighth section of the act preparatory to the admission of Missouri into the Union, approved March 6, 1820, which being inconsistent with the principle of non-intervention by Congress with slavery in the States and Territories, as recognized by the legislation of 1850, commonly called the 'Compromise Measures,' is hereby declared inoperative and void—it being the true intent and meaning of this act not to legislate slavery into any Territory or State, nor to exclude it therefrom, but to leave the people thereof perfectly free to form and regulate their domestic institutions their own way, subject only to the Constitution of the United States."

To which was added, on motion of Mr. Badger, the following:

"Provided, That nothing herein contained shall

be construed to revive or put in force any law or regulation which may have existed prior to the act of the sixth of March, 1820, either protecting, establishing, or abolishing slavery."

In this form, and with this distinct understanding of its "true intent and meaning," the bill passed the two houses of Congress, and became the law of the land by the approval of the President, May 30, 1854.

In 1856, the Democratic party, assembled in National Convention at Cincinnati, declared by a unanimous vote of the delegates from every State in the Union, that

"The American Democracy recognize and adopt the principles contained in the organic laws establishing the Territories of Kansas and Nebraska as embodying the only sound and safe solution of the 'slavery question,' upon which the great national idea of the people of this whole country can repose in its determined conservatism of the Union—non-intervention by Congress with slavery in State and Territory, or in the District of Columbia;"

"That this was the basis of the Compromises of 1850, confirmed by both the Democratic and Whig parties in National Conventions—ratified by the people in the election of 1852—and rightly applied to the organization of the Territories in 1854; That by the uniform application of this Democratic principle to the organization of Territories and to the admission of New States, with or without domestic slavery as they may elect, the equal rights of all will be preserved intact—the original compacts of the Constitution maintained inviolate—and the perpetuity and expansion of this Union insured to its utmost capacity of embracing in peace and harmony any future American State that may be constituted or annexed with a Republican form of government."

In accepting the nomination of this Convention, Mr. Buchanan, in a letter dated June 16, 1856, said:

"The agitation on the question of domestic slavery has too long distracted and divided the people of this Union, and alienated their affections from each other. This agitation has assumed many forms since its commencement, but it now seems to be directed chiefly to the Territories; and judging from its present character, I think we may safely anticipate that it is rapidly approaching a 'finality.' The recent legislation of Congress respecting domestic slavery, derived, as it has been, from the original and pure fountain of legitimate political power, the will of the majority, promises, ere long, to allay the dangerous excitement. This legislation is founded upon principles as ancient as free government itself, and in accordance with them has simply declared that the people of a Territory, like those of a State, shall decide for themselves whether slavery shall or shall not exist within their limits."

This exposition of the history of these measures shows conclusively that the authors of the Compromise Measures of 1850, and of the Kansas-Nebraska Act of 1854, as well as the members of the Continental Congress in 1774, and the founders of our system of government subsequent to the Revolution, regarded the people of the Territories and Colonies as political Communities which were entitled to a free and exclusive power of legislation in their Provincial legislatures, where their representation could alone be pre-

served, in all cases of taxation and internal polity. This right pertains to the people collectively as a law-abiding and peaceful community, and not to the isolated individuals who may wander upon the public domain in violation of law. It can only be exercised where there are inhabitants sufficient to constitute a government, and capable of performing its various functions and duties—a fact to be ascertained and determined by Congress. Whether the number shall be fixed at ten, fifteen, or twenty thousand inhabitants does not affect the principle.

The principle, under our political system, is that every distinct political Community, loyal to the Constitution and the Union, is entitled to all the rights, privileges, and immunities of self-government in respect to their local concerns and internal polity, subject only to the Constitution of the United States.

THE VIRGINIANS.

BY W. M. THACKERAY.

CHAPTER LXXXIV.

HARD times were now over with me, and I had to battle with poverty no more. My little kinsman's death made a vast difference in my worldly prospects. I became next heir to a good estate. My uncle and his wife were not likely to have more children. "The woman is capable of committing any crime to disappoint you," Sampson vowed; but, in truth, my Lady Warrington was guilty of no such treachery. Cruelly smitten by the stroke which fell upon them, Lady Warrington was taught by her religious advisers to consider it as a chastisement of Heaven, and submit to the Divine Will. "While your son lived your heart was turned away from the better world" (her clergyman told her), "and your ladyship thought too much of this. For your son's advantage you desired rank and title. You asked and might have obtained an earthly coronet. Of what avail is it now, to one who has but a few years to pass upon earth—of what importance compared to the heavenly crown, for which you are an assured candidate?" The accident caused no little sensation! In the chapels of that enthusiastic sect, toward which, after her son's death, she now more than ever inclined, many sermons were preached bearing reference to the event. Far be it from me to question the course which the bereaved mother pursued, or to regard with other than respect and sympathy any unhappy soul from seeking that refuge whither sin and grief and disappointment fly for consolation. Lady Warrington even tried a reconciliation with myself.

A year after her loss, being in London, she signified that she would see me, and I waited on her; and she gave me, in her usual didactic way, a homily upon my position and her own. She marvelled at the decree of Heaven, which had permitted, and how dreadfully punished! her poor child's disobedience to her—a disobedience

by which I was to profit. (It appeared my poor little man had disobeyed orders, and gone out with his gun unknown to his mother.) She hoped that, should I ever succeed to the property, though the Warringtons were, thank Heaven, a long-lived family—except in my own father's case, whose life had been curtailed by the excesses of a very ill-regulated youth—but should I ever succeed to the family estate and honors, she hoped, she prayed, that my present course of life might be altered; that I should part from my unworthy associates; that I should discontinue all connection with the horrid theatre and its licentious frequenters; that I should turn to that quarter where only peace was to be had; and to those sacred duties which she feared—she very much feared—that I had neglected. She filled her exhortation with Scripture language, which I do not care to imitate. When I took my leave she gave me a packet of sermons for Mrs. Warrington, and a little book of hymns by Miss Dora, who has been eminent in that society of which she and her mother became avowed professors subsequently, and who, after the dowager's death, at Bath, three years since, married young Mr. Juffles, a celebrated preacher. The poor lady forgave me then, but she could not bear the sight of our boy. We lost our second child, and then my aunt and her daughter came eagerly enough to the poor suffering mother, and even invited us hither. But my uncle was now almost every day in our house. He would sit for hours looking at our boy. He brought him endless toys and sweetmeats. He begged that the child might call him Godpapa. When we felt our own grief (which at times still, and after the lapse of five-and-twenty years, strikes me as keenly as on the day when we first lost our little one)—when I felt my own grief I knew how to commiserate his. But my wife could pity him before she knew what it was to lose a child of her own. The mother's anxious heart had already divined the pang which was felt by the sorrow-stricken father; mine, more selfish, has only learned pity from experience, and I was reconciled to my uncle by my little baby's coffin.

The poor man sent his coach to follow the humble funeral, and afterward took out little Miles, who prattled to him unceasingly, and forgot any grief he might have felt in the delights of his new black clothes and the pleasures of the airing. How the innocent talk of the child stabbed the mother's heart! Would we ever wish that it should heal of that wound? I know her face so well that, to this day, I can tell when, sometimes, she is thinking of the loss of that little one. It is not a grief for a parting so long ago: it is a communion with a soul we love in heaven.

We came back to our bright lodgings in Bloomsbury soon afterward, and my young bear, whom I could no longer lead, and who had taken a prodigious friendship for Charley, went to the Chartreux school, where his friend took care that he had no more beating than was good for

him, and where (in consequence of the excellence of his private tutor, no doubt) he took and kept a good place. And he liked the school so much, that he says, if ever he has a son, he shall be sent to that seminary.

Now, I could no longer lead my bear, for this reason, that I had other business to follow. Being fully reconciled to us, I do believe, for Mr. Miles's sake, my uncle (who was such an obsequious supporter of government that I wonder the minister ever gave him any thing, being perfectly sure of his vote) used his influence in behalf of his nephew and heir; and I had the honor to be gazetted as one of his Majesty's Commissioners for licensing hackney-coaches, a post I filled, I trust, with credit, until a quarrel with the minister (to be mentioned in its proper place) deprived me of *that* one. I took my degree also at the Temple, and appeared in Westminster Hall in my gown and wig. And this year, my good friend Mr. Foker having business at Paris, I had the pleasure of accompanying him thither, where I was received *à bras ouverts* by my dear American preserver, Monsieur de Florac, who introduced me to his noble family, and to even more of the polite society of the capital than I had leisure to frequent; for I had too much spirit to desert my kind patron Foker, whose acquaintance lay chiefly among the bourgeoisie, especially with Monsieur Santerre, a great brewer of Paris, a scoundrel who hath since distinguished himself in blood and not beer. Mr. F. had need of my services as interpreter, and I was too glad that he should command them, and to be able to pay back some of the kindness which he had rendered to me. Our ladies, meanwhile, were residing at Mr. Foker's new villa at Wimbledon, and were pleased to say that they were amused with the "Parisian letters" which I sent to them, through my distinguished friend Mr. Hume, then of the Embassy, and which subsequently have been published in a neat volume.

While I was tranquilly discharging my small official duties in London, those troubles were commencing which were to end in the great separation between our colonies and the mother country. When Mr. Grenville proposed his stamp duties I said to my wife that the bill would create a mighty discontent at home, for we were ever anxious to get as much as we could from England, and pay back as little; but assuredly I never anticipated the prodigious anger which the scheme created. It was with us as with families or individuals. A pretext is given for a quarrel; the real cause lies in long bickerings and previous animosities. Many foolish exactions and petty tyrannies, the habitual insolence of Englishmen toward all foreigners, all colonists, all folk who dare to think their rivers as good as our Abanah and Pharpar; the natural spirit of men outraged by our imperious domineering spirit, set Britain and her colonies to quarrel; and the astonishing blunders of the system adopted in England brought the quarrel to an issue, which I, for one, am not going to

deplore. Had I been in Virginia instead of London, 'tis very possible I should have taken the provincial side, if out of mere opposition to that resolute mistress of Castlewood, who might have driven me into revolt, as England did the colonies. Was the Stamp Act the cause of the revolution?—a tax no greater than that cheerfully paid in England. Ten years earlier, when the French were within our territory, and we were imploring succor from home, would the colonies have rebelled at the payment of this tax? Do not most people consider the tax-gatherer the natural enemy? Against the British in America there were arrayed thousands and thousands of the high-spirited and brave, but there were thousands more who found their profit in the quarrel, or had their private reasons for engaging in it. I protest I don't know now whether mine were selfish or patriotic, or which side was in the right, or whether both were not? I am sure we in England had nothing to do but to fight the battle out; and, having lost the game, I do vow and believe that after the first natural soreness the loser felt no rancor.

What made brother Hal write home from Virginia, which he seemed exceedingly loth to quit, such flaming patriotic letters? My kind, best brother was always led by somebody; by me when we were together (he had such an idea of my wit and wisdom that if I said the day was fine he would ponder over the observation as though it was one of the sayings of the Seven Sages), by some other wiseacre when I was away. Who inspired these flaming letters, this boisterous patriotism, which he sent to us in London? "He is rebelling against Madam Esmond," said I. "He is led by some colonial person—by that lady, perhaps," hinted my wife. Who "that lady" was Hal never had told us; and, indeed, besought me never to allude to the delicate subject in my letters to him; "for Madam wishes to see 'em all, and I wish to say nothing *about you know what* until the proper moment," he wrote. No affection could be greater than that which his letters showed. When he heard (from the informant whom I have mentioned) that in the midst of my own extreme straits I had retained no more than a hundred pounds out of his aunt's legacy, he was for mortgaging the estate which he had just bought; and had more than one quarrel with his mother in my behalf, and spoke his mind with a great deal more frankness than I should ever have ventured to show. Until her angry recriminations (when she charged him with ingratitude, after having toiled and saved so much and so long for him), the poor fellow did not know that our mother had cut off my supplies to advance his interests; and by the time this news came to him his bargains were made, and I was fortunately quite out of want.

Every scrap of paper which we ever wrote our thrifty parent at Castlewood taped and docketed and put away. We boys were more careless about our letters to one another; I especially, who perhaps chose rather to look down upon my younger brother's literary performances; but my

wife is not so supercilious, and hath kept no small number of Harry's letters, as well as those of the angelic being whom we were presently to call sister.

"To think whom he has chosen, and whom he might have had! Oh 'tis cruel!" cries my wife, when we got that notable letter in which Harry first made us acquainted with the name of his charmer.

"She was a very pretty little maid when I left home, she may be a perfect beauty now," I remarked, as I read over the longest letter Harry ever wrote on private affairs.

"But is she to compare to my Hetty?" says Mrs. Warrington.

"We agreed that Hetty and Harry were not to be happy together, my love," say I.

Theo gives her husband a kiss. "My dear, I wish they had tried," she says with a sigh. "I was afraid lest—lest Hetty should have led him, you see; and I think she hath the better head. But, from reading this, it appears that the new lady has taken command of poor Harry," and she hands me the letter.

"My dearest George hath been prepared by previous letters to understand how a certain lady has made a conquest of my heart, which I have given away in exchange for something infinitely more valuable, *namely, her own*. She is at my side as I write this letter, and if there is no bad spelling such as you often used to laugh at, 'tis because I have my pretty dictionary at hand, which makes no faults in the longest word, nor *in any thing* else I know of: being of opinion that she is *perfection*.

"As Madam Esmond saw all your letters, I write you not to give any hint of a certain delicate matter—but now 'tis *no secret*, and is known to all the country. Mr. George is not the only one of our family who has made a secret marriage, and been scolded by his mother. As a dutiful younger brother I have *followed his example*; and now I may tell you how this mighty event came about.

"I had not been at home long before I saw *my fate was accomplished*. I will not tell you how beautiful Miss Fanny Mountain had grown since I had been away in Europe. She saith, '*You never will think so*,' and I am glad, as she is the only thing in life I would grudge to my dearest brother.

"That neither Madam Esmond nor my *other* mother (as Mountain is now) should have seen our mutual attachment, is a wonder—only to be accounted for by supposing that love makes other folks blind. Mine for my Fanny was increased by seeing what the treatment was she had from Madam Esmond, who indeed was very rough and haughty with her, which my love bore with a sweetness perfectly angelic (this I will say, though she will order me not to write any such nonsense). She was scarce better treated than a servant of the house—indeed our negroes can talk much more free before Madam Esmond than ever my Fanny could.

"And yet my Fanny says she doth not regret

Madam's unkindness, as without it I possibly never should have been what I am to her. Oh, dear brother! when I remember how great your goodness hath been; how, in my own want, you paid my debts, and rescued me out of prison; how you have been living in poverty which never need have occurred but for my fault; how you might have paid yourself back my just debt to you and would not, preferring my advantage to your own comfort, indeed I am lost at the thought of such goodness; and ought I not to be thankful to Heaven that hath given me such a wife and such a brother!

"When I writ to you requesting you to send me my aunt's legacy money, for which indeed I had the most profitable and urgent occasion, I had no idea that you were yourself suffering poverty. That you, the head of our family, should condescend to be governor to a brewer's son!—that you should have to write for booksellers (except in so far as your own genius might prompt you) never once entered my mind, until Mr. Foker's letter came to us, and this would never have been shown—for Madam kept it secret—had it not been for the difference which sprang up between us.

"Poor Tom Diggle's estate and negroes being for sale, owing to Tom's losses and extravagance at play, and his father's debts before him—Madam Esmond saw here was a great opportunity of making a provision for me, and that with six thousand pounds for the farm and stock, I should be put in possession of as pretty a property as falls to most younger sons in this country. It lies handy enough to Richmond, between Kent and Hanover Court House—the mansion nothing for elegance compared to ours at Castlewood, but the land excellent and the people extraordinary healthy.

"Here was a second opportunity, Madam Esmond said, such as never might again befall. By the sale of my commissions and her own savings I might pay more than half of the price of the property, and get the rest of the money on mortgage; though here, where money is scarce to procure, it would have been difficult and dear. At this juncture, with our new relative, Mr. Van den Bosch, bidding against us (his agent is wild that we should have bought the property over him), my aunt's legacy most opportunely fell in. And now I am owner of a good house and negroes in my native country, shall be called, no doubt, to our House of Burgesses, and hope to see my dearest brother and family under my own roof-tree. To sit at my own fireside, to ride my own horses to my own hounds, is better than going a-soldering, now war is over, and there are no French to fight. Indeed, Madam Esmond made a condition that I should leave the army, and live at home, when she brought me her £1750 of savings. She had lost one son, she said, who chose to write play-books, and live in England—let the other stay with her at home.

"But after the purchase of the estate was made, and my papers for selling out were sent

home, my mother would have had me marry a person of *her* choosing, but by no means of mine. You remember Miss Betsy Pitts at Williamsburgh? She is in no wise improved by having had her face dreadfully scarred with small-pock; and though Madam Esmond saith the young lady hath every virtue, I own her virtues did not suit me. Her eyes do not look straight; she hath one leg shorter than another; and oh, brother! didst thou never remark Fanny's ankles when we were boys? *Neater I never saw at the Opera.*

"Now, when 'twas agreed that I should leave the army, a certain dear girl (canst thou guess her name?) one day, when we were private, burst into tears of such happiness that I could not but feel immensely touched by her sympathy.

"Ah!" says she, "do you think, Sir, that the idea of the son of my revered benefactress going to battle doth not inspire me with terror? Ah, Mr. Henry! do you imagine I have no heart? When Mr. George was with Braddock, do you fancy we did not pray for him? And when you were with Mr. Wolfe—oh!"

"Here the dear creature hid her eyes in her handkerchief, and had hard work to prevent her mamma, who came in, from seeing that she was crying. But my dear Mountain declares that, though she might have fancied, might have prayed in secret for such a thing (she owns to that now), she never imagined it for one moment. Nor, indeed, did my good mother, who supposed that Sam Lintot, the apothecary's lad at Richmond, was Fanny's flame—an absurd fellow that I near kicked into James River.

"But when the commission was sold, and the estate bought, what does Fanny do but fall into a deep melancholy? I found her crying, one day, in her mother's room, where the two ladies had been at work trimming hats for my negroes.

"What! crying, miss?" says I. "Has my mother been scolding you?"

"No," says the dear creature. "Madam Esmond has been kind to-day."

"And her tears drop down on a cockade which she is sewing on to a hat for Sady, who is to be head-groom.

"Then why, miss, are those dear eyes so red?" says I.

"Because I have the toothache," she says; "or because—because I am a fool." Here she fairly bursts out. "Oh, Mr. Harry! oh, Mr. Warrington! You are going to leave us; and 'tis as well. You will take your place in your country, as becomes you. You will leave us poor women in our solitude and dependence. You will come to visit us from time to time. And when you are happy, and honored, and among your gay companions, you will remember your . . ."

"Here she could say no more, and hid her face with one hand as I, I confess, seized the other.

"Dearest, sweetest Miss Mountain!" says I. "Oh! could I think that the parting from me

has brought tears to those lovely eyes! Indeed, I fear, I should be almost happy! Let them look upon your . . .

“‘Oh, Sir!’ cries my charmer; ‘oh, Mr. Warrington! consider who I am, Sir, and who you are! Remember the difference between us! Release my hand, Sir! What would Madam Esmond say if—if . . .’

“‘If what, I don’t know, for here our mother was in the room.

“‘What would Madam Esmond say?’ she cries out. ‘She would say that you are an ungrateful, artful, false, little . . .’

“‘Madam!’ says I.

“‘Yes, an ungrateful, artful, false, little wretch!’ cries out my mother. ‘For shame, miss! What would Mr. Lintot say if he saw you making eyes at the Captain? And for you, Harry, I will have you bring none of your garrison manners hither. This is a Christian family, Sir, and you will please to know that my house is not intended for captains and their misses!’

“‘Misses! mother,’ says I. ‘Gracious powers, do you ever venture for to call Miss Mountain by such a name? Miss Mountain, the purest of her sex!’

“‘The purest of her sex! Can I trust my own ears?’ asks Madam, turning very pale.

“‘I mean that if a man would question her honor I would fling him out of window,’ says I.

“‘You mean that you—your mother’s son—are actually paying honorable attentions to this young person?’

“‘He would never dare to offer any other!’ cries my Fanny; ‘nor any woman but you, madam, to think so!’

“‘Oh! I didn’t know, miss!’ says mother, dropping her a fine courtesy; ‘I didn’t know the honor you were doing our family! You propose to marry with us, do you? Do I understand Captain Warrington aright, that he intends to offer me Miss Mountain as a daughter-in-law?’

“‘‘Tis to be seen, madam, that I have no protector, or you would not insult me so!’ cries my poor victim.

“‘I should think the apothecary protection sufficient!’ says our mother.

“‘I don’t, mother!’ I bawl out, for I was very angry; ‘and if Lintot offers her any liberty I’ll brain him with his own pestle!’

“‘Oh! if Lintot has withdrawn, Sir, I suppose I must be silent. But I did not know of the circumstance. He came hither, as I supposed, to pay court to Miss —, and we all thought the match equal, and I encouraged it.’

“‘He came because I had the toothache!’ cries my darling (and indeed she had a *dreadful bad tooth*. ‘And he took it out for her, and there is no end to the suspicions and calumnies of women’).

“‘What more natural than that he should marry my housekeeper’s daughter—’twas a very suitable match!’ continues madam, taking snuff. ‘But I confess,’ she adds, going on, ‘I was not

aware that you intended to jilt the apothecary for my son!’

“‘Peace, for Heaven’s sake, peace, Mr. Warrington!’ cries my angel.

“‘Pray, Sir, before you fully make up your mind, had you not better look round the rest of my family?’ says madam. ‘Dinah is a fine tall girl, and not very black; Cleopatra is promised to Ajax the Blacksmith, to be sure; but then we could break the marriage, you know. If with an apothecary, why not with a blacksmith? Martha’s husband has run away, and—’

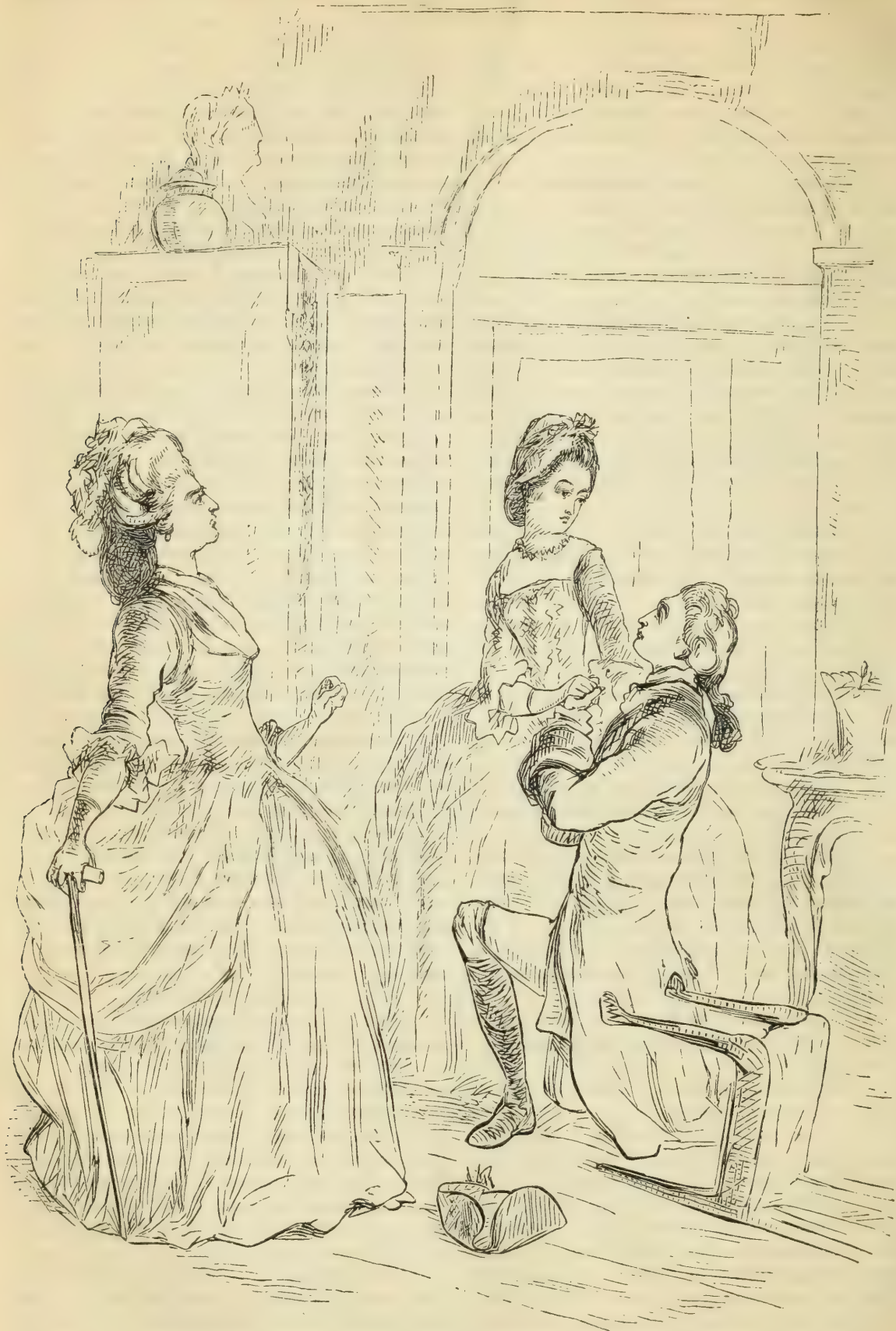
“‘Here, dear brother, I own I broke out aswearing. I can’t help it; but at times, when a man is angry, it *do* relieve him immensely. I’m blest but I should have gone wild, if it hadn’t been for them oaths.

“‘Curses, blasphemy, ingratitude, disobedience!’ says mother, leaning now on her tortoiseshell stick, and then waving it—something like a queen in a play. ‘These are my rewards!’ says she. ‘Oh, Heaven, what have I done, that I should merit this awful punishment? and does it please you to visit the sins of my fathers upon me? Where do my children inherit their pride? When I was young, had I any? When my papa bade me marry, did I refuse? Did I ever think of disobeying? No, Sir. My fault hath been, and I own it, that my love was centred upon you, perhaps to the neglect of your elder brother.’ (Indeed, brother, there was some truth in what madam said.) ‘I turned from Esau, and I clung to Jacob. And now I have my reward, I have my reward! I fixed my vain thoughts on this world and its distinctions. To see my son advanced in worldly rank was my ambition. I toiled and spared that I might bring him worldly wealth. I took unjustly from my eldest son’s portion that my younger might profit. And oh that I should live to see him seducing the daughter of my own housekeeper under my own roof, and replying to my just anger with oaths and blasphemies!’

“‘I try to seduce no one, Madam!’ I cried out. ‘If I utter oaths and blasphemies, I beg your pardon; but you are enough to provoke a Saint to speak ’em. I won’t have this young lady’s character assailed—no, not by my own mother nor any mortal alive. No, dear Miss Mountain! If Madam Esmond chooses to say that my designs on you are dishonorable—let this undeceive her!’ And as I spoke I went down on my knees, seizing my adorable Fanny’s hand. ‘And if you will accept this heart and hand, Miss,’ says I, ‘they are yours forever.’

“‘You, at least, I knew, Sir,’ says Fanny with a noble courtesy, ‘never said a word that was disrespectful to me, or entertained any doubt of my honor. And I trust it is only Madam Esmond, in the world, who can have such an opinion of me. After what your ladyship hath said of me, of course I can stay no longer in your house.’

“‘Of course, Madam, I never intended you should; and the sooner you leave it the better,’ cries our mother.



FLAT REBELLION.

“‘If you are driven from my mother’s house, mine, Miss, is at your service,’ says I, making her a low bow. ‘It is nearly ready now. If you will take it and stay in it forever, it is yours! And as Madam Esmond insulted your honor, at least let me do all in my power to make a repara-

tion!’ I don’t know what more I exactly said, for you may fancy I was not a little flustered and excited by the scene. But here Mountain came in, and my dearest Fanny, flinging herself into her mother’s arms, wept upon her shoulder; while Madam Esmond, sitting down in her chair,

looked at us as pale as a stone. While I was telling my story to Mountain (who, poor thing, had not the least idea, not she, that Miss Fanny and I had the slightest inclination for one another), I could hear our mother once or twice still saying, 'I am punished for my crime!'

"Now what our mother meant by her crime I did not know at first, or indeed take much heed of what she said; for you know her way, and how, when she is angry, she always talks sermons. But Mountain told me afterward, when we had some talk together, as we did at the Raleigh Tavern, whither the ladies presently removed with their bag and baggage—for not only would they not stay at Madam's house after the language she used, but my mother determined to go away likewise. She called her servants together, and announced her intention of going home instantly to Castlewood; and I own to you 'twas with a horrible pain I saw the family-coach roll by, with six horses, and ever so many of the servants on mules and on horseback, as I and Fanny looked through the blinds of the Raleigh.

"After the words Madam used to my spotless Fanny 'twas impossible that the poor child or her mother should remain in our house: and indeed M. said that she would go back to her relations in England: and a ship bound homeward lying in James River, she went and bargained with the captain about a passage, so bent was she upon quitting the country, and so little did *she* think of making a match between me and my angel. But the cabin was mercifully engaged by a North Carolina gentleman and his family, and before the next ship sailed (which bears this letter to my dearest George) they have agreed to stop with me. Almost all the ladies in this neighborhood have waited on them. When the marriage takes place, I hope Madam Esmond will be reconciled. My Fanny's father was a British officer; and, sure, ours was no more. Some day, please Heaven, we shall visit Europe, and the places where *my wild oats* were sown, and where I committed so many extravagances from which my dear brother rescued me.

"The ladies send you their affection and duty, and to my sister. We hear his Excellency General Lambert is much beloved in Jamaica: and I shall write to our dear friends there *announcing my happiness*. My dearest brother will participate in it, and I am ever his grateful and affectionate,

H. E. W.

"P.S.—Till Mountain told me, I had no more notion than the *ded* that Madam E. had actually stopt your allowances; besides making you pay for ever so much—near upon £1000, Mountain says—for goods, &c., provided for the Virginian property. Then there was all the charges of me *out of prison*, which *I. O. U. with all my hart*. Draw upon me, please, dearest brother—to *any amount*—addressing me to care of Messrs. Horn & Sandon, Williamsburg, *privit*; who remitt by present occasion a bill for £225, payable by their London agents on demand. *Please don't ac-*

knolledge this in answering: as there's no good in *botharing women with accounts*: and with the extra £5 by a capp or what she likes for my dear sister, and a toy for my nephew from *Uncle Hal*."

The conclusion to which we came on the perusal of this document was, that the ladies had superintended the style and spelling of my poor Hal's letter, but that the postscript was added without their knowledge. And I am afraid we argued that the Virginian Squire was under female domination—as Hercules, Samson, and *fortes multi* had been before him.



CHAPTER LXXXV.

INVENI PORTUM.

WHEN my mother heard of my acceptance of a place at home I think she was scarcely well pleased. She may have withdrawn her supplies in order to starve me into a surrender, and force me to return with my family to Virginia, and to dependence under her. We never, up to her dying day, had any explanation on the pecuniary dispute between us. She cut off my allowances: I uttered not a word; but managed to live without her aid. I never heard that she repented of her injustice, or acknowledged it, except from Harry's private communication to me. In after-days, when we met, by a great gentleness in her behavior, and an uncommon respect and affection shown to my wife, Madam Esmond may have intended I should understand her tacit admission that she had been wrong; but she made no apology, nor did I ask one. Harry being provided for (whose welfare I could not grudge), all my mother's savings and economical schemes went to my advantage, who was her heir. Time was when a few guineas would have been more useful to me than hundreds which might come to me when I had no need; but

when Madam Esmond and I met the period of necessity was long passed away: I had no need to scheme ignoble savings, or to grudge the doctor his fee: I had plenty, and she could but bring me more. No doubt she suffered in her own mind to think that my children had been hungry, and she had offered them no food; and that strangers had relieved the necessity from which her proud heart had caused her to turn aside. Proud? Was she prouder than I? A soft word of explanation between us might have brought about a reconciliation years before it came; but I would never speak, nor did she. When I commit a wrong, and know it subsequently, I love to ask pardon; but 'tis as a satisfaction to my own pride, and to myself I am apologizing for having been wanting to myself. And hence, I think (out of regard to that personage of ego), I scarce ever could degrade myself to do a meanness. How do men feel whose whole lives (and many men's lives are) are lies, schemes, and subterfuges? What sort of company do they keep when they are alone? Daily in life I watch men whose every smile is an artifice, and every wink is an hypocrisy. Doth such a fellow wear a mask in his own privacy, and to his own conscience? If I choose to pass over an injury, I fear 'tis not from a Christian and forgiving spirit: 'tis because I can afford to remit the debt, and disdain to ask a settlement of it. One or two sweet souls I have known in my life (and perhaps tried) to whom forgiveness is no trouble—a plant that grows naturally, as it were, in the soil. I know how to remit, I say, not forgive. I wonder are we proud men proud of being proud?

So I showed not the least sign of submission toward my parent in Virginia yonder, and we continued for years to live in estrangement, with occasionally a brief word or two (such as the announcement of the birth of a child, or what not), passing between my wife and her. After our first troubles in America about the Stamp Act, troubles fell on me in London likewise. Though I have been on the Tory side in our quarrel (as indeed upon the losing side in most controversies), having no doubt that the Imperial government had a full right to levy taxes in the colonies, yet at the time of the dispute I must publish a pert letter to a member of the House of Burgesses in Virginia, in which the question of the habitual insolence of the mother country to the colonies was so freely handled, and sentiments were uttered so disagreeable to persons in power, that I was deprived of my place as hackney-coach licenser, to the terror and horror of my uncle, who never could be brought to love people in disgrace. He had grown to have an extreme affection for my wife as well as my little boy; but toward myself, personally, entertained a kind of pitying contempt which always infinitely amused me. He had a natural scorn and dislike for poverty, and a corresponding love for success and good fortune. Any opinion departing at all from the regular track shocked and frightened him, and all truth-telling made him

turn pale. He must have had originally some warmth of heart and genuine love of kindred: for, spite of the dreadful shocks I gave him, he continued to see Theo and the child (and me too, giving me a mournful recognition when we met); and, though broken-hearted by my free-spokenness, he did not refuse to speak to me as he had done at the time of our first differences, but looked upon me as a melancholy, lost creature, who was past all worldly help or hope. Never mind, I must cast about for some new scheme of life; and the repayment of Harry's debt to me at this juncture enabled me to live at least for some months even, or years to come. Oh strange fatuity of youth! I often say. How was it that we dared to be so poor and so little cast down?

At this time his Majesty's royal uncle of Cumberland fell down and perished in a fit; and, strange to say, his death occasioned a remarkable change in my fortune. My poor Sir Miles Warrington never missed any court ceremony to which he could introduce himself. He was at all the drawing-rooms, christenings, balls, funerals of the court. If ever a prince or princess was ailing, his coach was at their door: Leicester Fields, Carlton House, Gunnersbury, were all the same to him, and nothing must satisfy him now but going to the stout duke's funeral. He caught a great cold and an inflammation of the throat from standing bare-headed at this funeral in the rain: and one morning, before almost I had heard of his illness, a lawyer waits upon me at my lodgings in Bloomsbury, and salutes me by the name of Sir George Warrington.

Party and fear of the future were over now. We laid the poor gentleman by the side of his little son, in the family church-yard where so many of his race repose. Little Miles and I were the chief mourners. An obsequious tenantry bowed and courtesied before us, and did their utmost to conciliate my honor and my worship. The dowager and her daughter withdrew to Bath presently; and I and my family took possession of the house, of which I have been master for thirty years. Be not too eager, O my son! Have but a little patience, and I too shall sleep under yonder yew-trees, and the people will be tossing up their caps for Sir Miles.

The records of a prosperous country life are easily and briefly told. The steward's books show what rents were paid and forgiven, what crops were raised, and in what rotation. What visitors came to us, and how long they staid: what pensioners my wife had, and how they were doctored and relieved, and how they died: what year I was sheriff, and how often the hounds met near us: all these are narrated in our household journals, which any of my heirs may read who choose to take the trouble. We could not afford the fine mansion in Hill Street which my predecessor had occupied; but we took a smaller house, in which, however, we spent more money. We made not half the show (with liveries, equipages, and plate) for which my uncle had been famous;

but our beer was stronger, and my wife's charities were perhaps more costly than those of the Dowager Lady Warrington. No doubt she thought there was no harm in spoiling the Philistines; for she made us pay unconscionably for the goods she left behind her in our country-house, and I submitted to most of her extortions with unutterable good-humor. What a value she imagined the potted plants in her green-houses bore! What a price she set upon that horrible old spinet she left in her drawing-room, and the framed pieces of worsted-work, performed by the accomplished Dora and the lovely Flora. Had they been master-pieces of Titian or Vandyck, to be sure my lady dowager could hardly have valued them at a higher price. But though we paid so generously, though we were, I may say without boast, far kinder to our poor than ever she had been, for a while we had the very worst reputation in the county, where all sorts of stories had been told to my discredit. I thought I might perhaps succeed to my uncle's seat in Parliament, as well as to his landed property; but I found, I knew not how, that I was voted to be a person of very dangerous opinions. I would not bribe. I would not coerce my own tenants to vote for me in the election of '68. A gentleman came down from Whitehall with a pocket-book full of bank-notes; and I found that I had no chance against my competitor.

Bon Dieu! Now that we were at ease in respect of worldly means—now that obedient tenants bowed and courtesied as we went to church, that we drove to visit our friends or to the neighboring towns in the great family coach with the four fat horses—did we not often regret poverty, and the dear little cottage at Lambeth, where Want was ever prowling at the door? Did I not long to be bear-leading again, and vow that translating for booksellers was not such very hard drudgery? When we went to London we made sentimental pilgrimages to all our old haunts. I dare say my wife embraced all her landladies. You may be sure we asked all the friends of those old times to share the comforts of our new home with us. The Reverend Mr. Hagan and his lady visited us more than once. His appearance in the pulpit at B— (where he preached very finely, as we thought) caused an awful scandal there. Sampson came too, another unlucky Levite, and was welcome as long as he would stay among us. Mr. Johnson talked of coming, but he put us off once or twice. I suppose our house was dull. I know that I myself would be silent for days, and fear that my moodiness must often have tried the sweetest tempered woman in the world who lived with me. I did not care for field sports. The killing one partridge was so like killing another that I wondered how men could pass days after days in the pursuit of that kind of slaughter. Their fox-hunting stories would begin at four o'clock, when the table-cloth was removed, and last till supper time. I sate silent, and listened: day after day I fell asleep: no wonder I was not popular with my company.

What admission is this I am making? Here was the storm over, the rocks avoided, the ship in port, and the sailor not over-contented? Was Susan I had been sighing for during the voyage not the beauty I expected to find her? In the first place, Susan and all the family can look in her William's log-book, and so, Madam, I am not going to put my secrets down there. No, Susan, I never had secrets from thee. I never cared for another woman. I have seen more beautiful, but none that suited me as well as your ladyship. I have met Mrs. Carter and Miss Mulso, and Mrs. Thrall and Madam Kaufmann, and the angelical Gunnings, and her Grace of Devonshire, and a host of beauties who were not angelic by any means, and I was not dazzled by them. Nay, young folks, I may have led your mother a weary life, and been a very Bluebeard over her, but then I had no other heads in the closet. Only, the first pleasure of taking possession of our kingdom over, I own I began to be quickly tired of the crown. When the captain wears it his Majesty will be a very different Prince. He can ride a hunting five days in the week, and find the sport amusing. I believe he would hear the same sermon at church fifty times, and not yawn more than I do at the first delivery. But sweet Joan, beloved Baucis! being thy faithful husband and true lover always, thy Darby is rather ashamed of having been testy so often, and, being arrived at the consummation of happiness, Philemon asks pardon for falling asleep so frequently after dinner. There came a period of my life, when, having reached the summit of felicity, I was quite tired of the prospect I had there: I yawned in Eden, and said, "Is this all? What, no lions to bite? no rain to fall? no thorns to prick you in the rose-bush when you sit down?—only Eve, forever sweet and tender, and figs for breakfast, dinner, supper, from week's end to week's end!" Shall I make my confessions? Harken! Well, then, if I must make a clean breast of it.

* * * * *

Here three pages are torn out of Sir George Warrington's MS. book, for which the editor is sincerely sorry.

I know the theory and practice of the Roman Church; but, being bred of another persuasion (and skeptical and heterodox regarding that), I can't help doubting the other too, and wondering whether Catholics, in their confessions, confess all? Do we Protestants ever do so; and has education rendered those other fellow-men so different from us? At least, among us, we are not accustomed to suppose Catholic priests or laymen more frank and open than ourselves. Which brings me back to my question—does any man confess all? Does yonder dear creature know all my life, who has been the partner of it for thirty years; who, whenever I have told her a sorrow, has been ready with the best of her gentle power to soothe it; who has watched when I did not speak, and when I was silent has

been silent herself, or with the charming hypocrisy of woman has worn smiles and an easy appearance so as to make me imagine she felt no care, or would not even ask to disturb her lord's secret when he seemed to indicate a desire to keep it private? Oh, the dear hypocrite! Have I not watched her hiding the boys' peccadilloes from papa's anger? Have I not known her cheat out of her housekeeping to pay off their little extravagances; and talk to me with an artless face, as if she did not know that our revered captain had had dealings with the gentlemen of Duke's Place, and our learned collegian, at the end of his terms, had very pressing reasons for sporting his oak (as the phrase is) against some of the University tradesmen? Why, from the very earliest days, thou wise woman, thou wert forever concealing something from me—this one stealing jam from the cupboard; that one getting into disgrace at school; that naughty rebel (put on the caps, young folks, according to the fit) flinging an inkstand at mamma in a rage, while I was told the gown and the carpet were spoiled by accident. We all hide from one another. We have all secrets. We are all alone. We sin by ourselves, and, let us trust, repent too. Yonder dear woman would give her foot to spare mine a twinge of the gout; but when I have the fit, the pain is in my slipper. At the end of the novel or the play the hero and heroine marry or die, and so there is an end of them as far as the poet is concerned, who huzzas for his young couple till the post-chaise turns the corner, or fetches the hearse and plumes and shovels them underground. But when Mr. Random and Mr. Thomas Jones are married is all over? Are there no quarrels at home? Are there no Lady Bellastons abroad? are there no constables to be outrun? no temptations to conquer us, or be conquered by us? The Sirens sang after Ulysses long after his marriage, and the suitors whispered in Penelope's ear, and he and she had many a weary day of doubt and care, and so have we all. As regards money, I was put out of trouble by the inheritance I made: but does not *Atra Cura* sit behind baronets as well as *equites*? My friends in London used to congratulate me on my happiness. Who would not like to be master of a good house and a good estate? But can Gumbo shut the hall-door upon blue devils, or lay them always in a red sea of claret? Does a man sleep the better who has four-and-twenty hours to doze in? Do his intellects brighten after a sermon from the dull old vicar; a ten minutes' cackle and flattery from the village apothecary; or the conversation of Sir John and Sir Thomas with their ladies, who come ten moonlight muddy miles to eat a haunch and play a rubber? 'Tis all very well to have tradesmen bowing to your carriage-door, room made for you at quarter-sessions, and my lady wife taken down the second or the third to dinner; but these pleasures fade—nay, have their inconveniences. In our part of the country, for seven years after we came to Warrington manor, our two what they called best neigh-

bors were my Lord Tutbury and Sir John Mudbrook. We are of an older date than the Mudbrooks, consequently my Lady Tutbury always fell to my lot when we dined together, who was deaf, and fell asleep after dinner; or if I had Lady Mudbrook, she chattered with a folly so incessant and intense that even my wife could hardly keep her complacency (consummate hypocrite as her ladyship is), knowing the rage with which I was fuming at the other's clatter. I come to London. I show my tongue to Dr. Heberden. I pour out my catalogue of complaints. "Pshaw, my dear Sir George!" says the unfeeling physician. "Headaches, languor, bad sleep, bad temper—" ("Not bad temper; Sir George has the sweetest temper in the world, only he is sometimes a little melancholy!" says my wife.) "Bad sleep, bad temper!" continues the implacable doctor. "My dear lady, his inheritance has been his ruin; and a little poverty and a great deal of occupation would do him all the good in life."

No, my brother Harry ought to have been the squire, with remainder to my son Miles, of course. Harry's letters were full of gayety and good spirits. His estate prospered; his negroes multiplied; his crops were large; he was a member of our House of Burgesses; he adored his wife: could he but have a child his happiness would be complete. Had Hal been master of Warrington Manor-house, in my place, he would have been beloved through the whole country; he would have been steward at all the races, the gayest of all the jolly huntsmen, the *bien venu* at all the mansions round about, where people scarce cared to perform the ceremony of welcome at sight of my glum face. As for my wife, all the world liked her, and agreed in pitying her. I don't know how the report got abroad, but 'twas generally agreed that I treated her with awful cruelty, and that for jealousy I was a perfect Bluebeard. Ah me! And so it is true that I have had many dark hours; that I pass days in long silence; that the conversation of fools and whipper-snappers makes me rebellious and peevish; and that, when I feel contempt, I sometimes don't know how to conceal it, or I should say, did not. I hope as I grow older I grow more charitable. Because I do not love bawling and galloping after a fox, like the captain yonder, I am not his superior; but, in this respect, humbly own that he is mine. He has perceptions which are denied me; enjoyments which I can not understand. Because I am blind the world is not dark. I try now and listen with respect when Squire Codgers talks of the day's run. I do my best to laugh when Captain Rattleton tells his garrison stories. I step up to the harpsichord with old Miss Humby (our neighbor from Beccles), and try and listen as she warbles her ancient ditties. I play whist laboriously. Am I not trying to do the duties of life? and I have a right to be garrulous and egotistical, because I have been reading Montaigne all the morning.

I was not surprised, knowing by what influ-

ences my brother was led, to find his name in the list of Virginia burgesses who declared that the sole right of imposing taxes on the inhabitants of this colony is now, and ever hath been, legally and constitutionally vested in the House of Burgesses, and called upon the other colonies to pray for the Royal interposition in favor of the violated rights of America. And it was now, after we had been some three years settled in our English home, that a correspondence between us and Madam Esmond began to take place. It was my wife who (upon some pretext such as women always know how to find) re-established the relations between us. Mr. Miles must need have the small-pox, from which he miraculously recovered without losing any portion of his beauty; and on this recovery the mother writes her prettiest little wheedling letter to the grandmother of the fortunate babe. She coaxes her with all sorts of modest phrases and humble offerings of respect and good-will. She narrates anecdotes of the precocious genius of the lad (what hath subsequently happened, I wonder, to stop the growth of that gallant young officer's brains?), and she must have sent over to his grandmother a lock of the darling boy's hair, for the old lady, in her reply, acknowledged the receipt of some such present. I wonder, as it came from England, they allowed it to pass our custom-house at Williamsburg. In return for these peace-offerings and smuggled tokens of submission comes a tolerably gracious letter from my Lady of Castlewood. She inveighs against the dangerous spirit pervading the colony: she laments to think that her unhappy son is consorting with people who, she fears, will be no better than rebels and traitors. She does not wonder, considering *who his friends and advisers are*. How can a wife taken from an *almost menial situation* be expected to sympathize with persons of rank and dignity who have the honor of the Crown at heart? If evil times were coming for the monarchy (for the folks in America appeared to be disinclined to pay taxes, and required that every thing should be done for them without cost), she remembered how to monarchs in misfortune the Esmonds—her father, the marquis, especially—had ever been faithful. She knew not what opinions (though she might judge from my new-fangled Lord Chatham) were in fashion in England. She prayed, at least, she might hear that one of her sons was not on the side of *rebellion*. When we came, in after-days, to look over old family papers in Virginia, we found "Letters from my daughter Lady Warrington," neatly tied up with a ribbon. My lady Theo insisted I should not open them; and the truth, I believe, is, that they were so full of praises of her husband that she thought my vanity would suffer from reading them.

When Madam began to write, she gave us brief notices of Harry and his wife. "The two women," she wrote, "still govern every thing with my poor boy at Fannystown (as he chooses to call his house). They must save money there,

for I hear but a *shabby account* of their manner of entertaining. The *Mount Vernon gentleman* continues to be his great friend, and he votes in the House of Burgesses very much as *his guide* advises him. Why he should be so sparing of his money I can not understand: I heard of five negroes who went with his equipages to my Lord Bottetourt's only two had shoes to their feet. I had reasons to save, having sons for whom I wished to provide; but he hath no children, wherein he certainly is spared from much grief, though, no doubt, Heaven in its wisdom means our good by the trials which, through our children, it causes us to endure. His mother-in-law," she added in one of her letters, "has been ailing. Ever since his marriage, my poor Henry has been the creature of these two artful women, and they rule him entirely. Nothing, my dear daughter, is more contrary to common sense and to Holy Scripture than this. Are we not told, *Wives, be obedient to your husbands?* Had Mr. Warrington lived, I should have endeavored to follow up that sacred precept, holding that nothing so becomes a woman as *humility and obedience*."

Presently we had a letter sealed with black, and announcing the death of our dear good Mountain, for whom I had a hearty regret and affection, remembering her sincere love for us as children. Harry deplored the event in his honest way, and with tears which actually blotted his paper. And Madam Esmond, alluding to the circumstance, said: "My late housekeeper, Mrs. Mountain, as soon as she found her illness was fatal, sent to me requesting a last interview on her death-bed, intending, doubtless, to pray my forgiveness for her treachery toward me. I sent her word that I could forgive her *as a Christian*, and heartily hope (though I confess I doubt it) that she had a due sense of her crime toward me. But our meeting, I considered, was of no use, and could only occasion unpleasantness between us. If she repented, *though at the eleventh hour*, it was not too late, and I sincerely trusted that she was now doing so. And, would you believe her lamentable and hardened condition, she sent me word through Dinah, my woman, whom I dispatched to her with medicines for *her soul's and her body's health*, that she had nothing to repent of as far as regarded her conduct to me, and she wanted to be left alone! Poor Dinah distributed the medicine to my negroes, and our people took it *eagerly*—while Mrs. Mountain, left to herself, succumbed to the fever. Oh, the perversity of human kind! This poor creature was *too proud* to take my remedies, and is now beyond the reach of cure and physicians. You tell me your little Miles is subject to fits of colic. *My remedy*, and I will beg you to let me know if effectual, is, etc., etc."—and here followed the prescription, which thou didst not take, O my son, my heir, and my pride! because thy fond mother had *her mother's favorite powder*, on which in his infantine troubles our first-born was dutifully nurtured. Did words not exactly consonant with truth pass between the ladies in their

correspondence? I fear my Lady Theo was not altogether candid: else how to account for a phrase in one of Madam Esmond's letters, who said: "I am glad to hear the powders have done the dear child good. They are, if not on a first, on a second or third application, *almost infallible*, and have been the blessed means of relieving many persons round me, both infants and adults, white and colored. I send my grandson an Indian bow and arrows. Shall these old eyes never behold him at Castlewood, I wonder, and is Sir George so busy with his books and his politics that he can't afford a few months to his mother in Virginia? I am much alone now. My son's chamber is just as he left it: the same books are in the presses: his little hanger and fowling-piece over the bed, and my father's picture over the mantle-piece. I never allow any thing to be altered in his room or his brother's. I fancy the children playing near me sometimes, and that I can see my dear father's head as he dozes in his chair. Mine is growing almost as white as my father's. Am I never to behold my children ere I go hence? The Lord's will be done."



CHAPTER LXXXVI.

AT HOME.

SUCH an appeal as this of our mother would have softened hearts much more obdurate than ours; and we talked of a speedy visit to Virginia, and of hiring all the *Young Rachel's* cabin accommodation. But our child must fall ill, for whom the voyage would be dangerous, and from whom the mother of course could not part; and the *Young Rachel* made her voyage without us that year. Another year there was another difficulty, in my worship's first attack of the gout (which occupied me a good deal, and afterward certainly cleared my wits and enlivened

my spirits); and now came another much sadder cause for delay in the sad news we received from Jamaica. Some two years after our establishment at the Manor our dear General returned from his government, a little richer in the world's goods than when he went away, but having undergone a loss for which no wealth could console him, and after which, indeed, he did not care to remain in the West Indies. My Theo's poor mother—the most tender and affectionate friend (save one) I have ever had—died abroad of the fever. Her last regret was that she should not be allowed to live to see our children and ourselves in prosperity.

"She sees us, though we do not see her; and she thanks you, George, for having been good to her children," her husband said.

He, we thought, would not be long ere he joined her. His love for her had been the happiness and business of his whole life. To be away from her seemed living no more. It was pitiable to watch the good man as he sate with us. My wife, in her air and in many tones and gestures, constantly recalled her mother to the bereaved widower's heart. What cheer we could give him in his calamity we offered; but, especially, little Hetty was now, under Heaven, his chief support and consolation. She had refused more than one advantageous match in the Island, the General told us; and on her return to England, my Lord Wrotham's heir laid himself at her feet. But she loved best to stay with her father, Hetty said. As long as he was not tired of her she cared for no husband.

"Nay," said we, when this last great match was proposed, "let the General stay six months with us at the Manor here, and you can have him at Oakhurst for the other six."

But Hetty declared her father never could bear Oakhurst again now that her mother was gone; and she would marry no man for his coronet and money—not she! The General, when we talked this matter over, said, gravely, that the child had no desire for marrying, owing possibly to some disappointment in early life, of which she never spoke; and we, respecting her feelings, were for our parts equally silent. My brother Lambert had by this time a college living near to Winchester, and a wife of course to adorn his parsonage. We professed but a moderate degree of liking for this lady, though we made her welcome when she came to us. *Her* idea regarding our poor Hetty's determined celibacy was different to that which I had. This Mrs. Jack was a chatter-box of a woman, in the habit of speaking her mind very freely, and of priding herself excessively on her skill in giving pain to her friends.

"My dear Sir George," she was pleased to say, "I have often and often told our dear Theo that I wouldn't have a pretty sister in my house to make tea for Jack when I was up stairs, and always to be at hand when I was wanted in the kitchen or nursery, and always to be dressed neat and in her best when I was very likely making pies or puddings or looking to the chil-

dren. I have every confidence in Tom, of course. I should like to see him look at another woman, indeed! And so I have in Jemima: but they don't come together in *my* house when *I'm* up stairs—that I promise you! And so I told my sister Warrington."

"Am I to understand," says the General, "that you have done my Lady Warrington the favor to warn her against her sister, my daughter Miss Hester?"

"Yes, pa, of course I have. A duty is a duty, and a woman is a woman, and a man's a man, *as* I know very well. Don't tell me! He *is* a man. Every man is a man, with all his sanctified airs!"

"You yourself have a married sister, with whom you were staying when my son Jack first had the happiness of making your acquaintance?" remarks the General.

"Yes, of course I have a married sister; every one knows that; and I have been as good as a mother to her children, that I have!"

"And am I to gather from your conversation that your attractions proved a powerful temptation for your sister's husband?"

"Law, General! I don't know how you can go for to say I ever said any such a thing!" cries Mrs. Jack, red and voluble.

"Don't you perceive, my dear madam, that it is you who have insinuated as much, not only regarding yourself, but regarding my own two daughters?"

"Never, never, never, as I'm a Christian woman! And it's most cruel of you to say so, Sir. And I *do* say a sister is best out of the house, that I do! And as Theo's time is coming, I warn her, that's all."

"Have you discovered, my good madam, whether my poor Hetty has stolen any of the spoons? When I came to breakfast this morning my daughter was alone, and there must have been a score of pieces of silver on the table."

"Law, Sir! who ever said a word about spoons? Did I ever accuse the poor dear? If I did, may I drop down dead at this moment on this hearth-rug! And I ain't used to be spoke to in this way. And me and Tom have both remarked it; and I've done my duty, that I have." And here Mrs. Jack flounces out of the room, in tears.

"And has the woman had the impudence to tell you this, my child?" asks the General, when Theo (who is a little delicate) comes to the tea-table.

"She has told me every day since she has been here. She comes into my dressing-room to tell me. She comes to my nursery, and says, 'Ah, I wouldn't have a sister prowling about my nursery, that I wouldn't!' Ah, how pleasant it is to have amiable and well-bred relatives, say I."

"Thy poor mother has been spared this woman," groans the General.

"Our mother would have made her better, Papa," says Theo, kissing him.

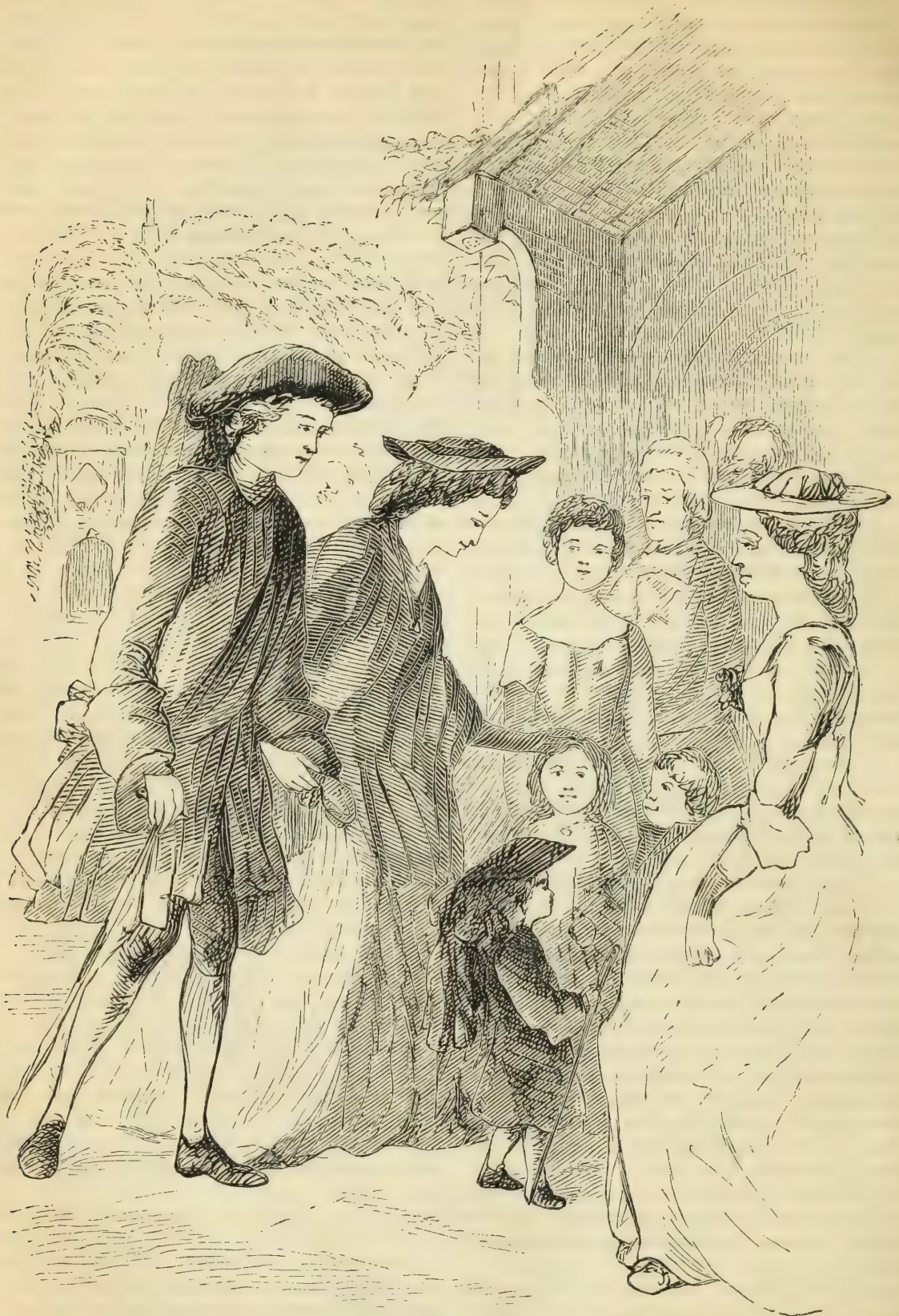
"Yes, dear. And I see that both of them are at their prayers."

But this must be owned, that to love one's relatives is not always an easy task; to live with one's neighbors is sometimes not amusing. From Jack Lambert's demeanor next day I could see that his wife had given him her version of the conversation. Jack was sulky, but not dignified. He was angry, but his anger did not prevent his appetite. He preached a sermon for us which was entirely stupid. And little Miles, once more in sables, sate at his grandfather's side, his little hand placed in that of the kind old man.

Would he stay and keep house for us during our Virginian trip? The housekeeper should be put under the full domination of Hetty. The butler's keys should be handed over to him; for Gumbo, not, I thought, with an over-good grace, was to come with us to Virginia: having, it must be premised, united himself with Mrs. Molly in the bonds of matrimony, and peopled a cottage in my park with sundry tawny Gumbos. Under the care of our good General and his daughter we left our house then; we traveled to London, and thence to Bristol, and our obsequious agent there had the opportunity of declaring that he should offer up prayers for our prosperity, and of vowing that children so beautiful as ours (we had an infant by this time to accompany Miles) were never seen on any ship before. We made a voyage without accident. How strange the feeling was as we landed from our boat at Richmond! A coach and a host of negroes were there in waiting to receive us; and hard by a gentleman on horseback, with negroes in our livery, too, who sprang from his horse and rushed up to embrace us. Not a little charmed were both of us to see our dearest Hal. He rode with us to our mother's door. Yonder she stood on the steps to welcome us; and Theo knelt down to ask her blessing.

Harry rode in the coach with us as far as our mother's house; but would not, as he said, spoil sport by entering with us. "She sees me," he owned, "and we are pretty good friends; but Fanny and she are best apart; and there is no love lost between 'em, I can promise you. Come over to me at the Tavern, George, when thou art free. And to-morrow I shall have the honor to present her sister to Theo. 'Twas only from happening to be in town yesterday that I heard the ship was signaled, and waited to see you. I have sent a negro boy home to my wife, and she'll be here to pay her respects to my Lady Warrington." And Harry, after this brief greeting, jumped out of the carriage and left us to meet our mother alone.

Since I parted from her I had seen a great deal of fine company, and Theo and I had paid our respects to the King and Queen at St. James's; but we had seen no more stately person than this who welcomed us, and raising my wife from her knee, embraced her and led her into the house. 'Twas a plain, wood-built place, with a gallery round, as our Virginian houses are; but if it had been a palace, with a little empress inside, our reception could not have been more courte-



WARRINGTON MANOE.

ous. There was old Nathan, still the major-domo, a score of kind black faces of blacks, grinning welcome. Some whose names I remembered as children were grown out of remembrance, to be sure, to be buxom lads and lasses; and some I had left with black pates were grizzling now with snowy polls: and some who were born since my time were peering at door-ways with

their great eyes and little naked feet. It was, "I'm little Sip, Master George!" and "I'm Dinah, Sir George!" and "I'm Master Miles's boy!" says a little chap in a new livery and boots of nature's blacking. Ere the day was over the whole household had found a pretext for passing before us, and grinning and bowing and making us welcome. I don't know how many repasts

were served to us. In the evening my Lady Warrington had to receive all the gentry of the little town, which she did with perfect grace and good-humor, and I had to shake hands with a few old acquaintances—old enemies I was going to say; but I had come into a fortune and was no longer a naughty prodigal. Why, a drove of fatted calves was killed in my honor! My poor Hal was of the entertainment, but gloomy and crest-fallen. His mother spoke to him, but it was as a queen to a rebellious prince, her son, who was not yet forgiven. We two slipped away from the company and went up to the rooms assigned to me; but there, as we began a free conversation, our mother, taper in hand, appeared with her pale face. Did I want any thing? Was every thing quite as I wished it? She had peeped in at the dearest children, who were sleeping like cherubs. How she did caress them, and delight over them! How she was charmed with Miles's dominating airs, and the little Theo's smiles and dimples! "Supper is just coming on the table, Sir George. If you like our cookery better than the tavern, Henry, I beg you to stay." What a different welcome there was in the words and tone addressed to each of us! Hal hung down his head, and followed to the lower room. A clergyman begged a blessing on the meal. He touched with not a little art and eloquence upon our arrival at home, upon our safe passage across the stormy waters, upon the love and forgiveness which awaited us in the mansions of the Heavenly Parent when the storms of life were over.

Here was a new clergyman, quite unlike some whom I remembered about us in earlier days, and I praised him, but Madam Esmond shook her head. She was afraid his principles were very dangerous; she was afraid others had adopted those dangerous principles. Had I not seen the paper signed by the burgesses and merchants at Williamsburg the year before—the Lees, Randolphs, Bassets, Washingtons, and the like; and oh, my dear, that I should have to say it, our name—that is, your brother's (by what influence I do not like to say), and this unhappy Mr. Belman's who begged a blessing last night.

If there had been quarrels in our little colonial society when I left home, what were these to the feuds I found raging on my return? We had sent the Stamp Act to America, and been forced to repeal it. Then we must try a new set of duties on glass, paper, and what not, and repeal that Act too, with the exception of a duty on tea. From Boston to Charleston the tea was confiscated. Even my mother, loyal as she was, gave up her favorite drink; and my poor wife would have had to forego hers, but we had brought a quantity for our private drinking on board ship, which had paid four times as much duty at home. Not that I, for my part, would have hesitated about paying duty. The home government must have some means of revenue, or its pretensions to authority were idle. They say the colonies were tried and tyrannized over; I say the home gov-

ernment was tried and tyrannized over. ('Tis but an affair of argument and history now; we tried the question, and were beat; and the matter is settled as completely as the conquest of Britain by the Normans.) And all along, from conviction I trust, I own to have taken the British side of the quarrel. In that brief and unfortunate experience of war which I had had in my early life, the universal cry of the army and well-affected persons was, that Mr. Braddock's expedition had failed, and defeat and disaster had fallen upon us, in consequence of the remissness, the selfishness, and the rapacity of many of the very people for whose defense against the French arms had been taken up. The colonists were for having all done for them, and for doing nothing. They made extortionate bargains with the champions who came to defend them; they failed in contracts; they furnished niggardly supplies; they multiplied delays until the hour for beneficial action was past, and until the catastrophe came which never need have occurred but for their ill-will. What shouts of joy were there, and what ovations for the great British minister who had devised and effected the conquest of Canada! Monsieur de Vaudreuil said justly that that conquest was the signal for the defection of the North American colonies from their allegiance to Great Britain; and my Lord Chatham, having done his best to achieve the first part of the scheme, contributed more than any man in England toward the completion of it. The colonies were insurgent, and he applauded their rebellion. What scores of thousands of waverers must he have encouraged into resistance! It was a general who says to an army in revolt, "God save the king! My men, you have a right to mutiny!" No wonder they set up his statue in this town, and his picture in t'other; while here and there they hanged ministers and governors in effigy. To our Virginian town of Williamsburg some wiseacres must subscribe to bring over a portrait of my lord, in the habit of a Roman orator speaking in the Forum, to be sure, and pointing to the palace of Whitehall, and the special window out of which Charles I. was beheaded! Here was a neat allegory, and a pretty compliment to a British statesman! I hear, however, that my lord's head was painted from a bust, and so was taken off without his knowledge.

Now my country is England, not America or Virginia; and I take, or rather took, the English side of the dispute. My sympathies had always been with home, where I was now a squire and a citizen; but had my lot been to plant tobacco, and live on the banks of James River or Potomac, no doubt my opinions had been altered. When, for instance, I visited my brother at his new house and plantation, I found him and his wife as stanch Americans as we were British. We had some words upon the matter in dispute—who had not in those troublesome times?—but our argument was carried on without rancor; even my new sister could not bring us to that, though she did her best when we were

together, and in the curtain lectures which I have no doubt she inflicted on her spouse, like a notable housewife as she was. But we trusted in each other so entirely that even Harry's duty toward his wife would not make him quarrel with his brother. He loved me from old times, when my word was law with him; he still protested that he and every Virginian gentleman of his side was loyal to the Crown. War was not declared as yet, and gentlemen of different opinions were courteous enough to one another. Nay, at our public dinners and festivals, the health of the King was still ostentatiously drunk; and the assembly of every colony, though preparing for Congress, though resisting all attempts at taxation on the part of the home authorities, was loud in its expressions of regard for the King our Father, and pathetic in its appeals to that paternal sovereign to put away evil counselors from him, and listen to the voice of moderation and reason. Up to the last our Virginian gentry were a grave, orderly, aristocratic folk, with the strongest sense of their own dignity and station. In later days, and nearer home, we have heard of fraternization and equality. Among the great folks of our Old World I have never seen a gentleman standing more on his dignity and maintaining it better than Mr. Washington: no, not the King against whom he took arms. In the eyes of all the gentry of the French Court, who gayly joined in the crusade against us, and so took their revenge for Canada, the great American chief always appeared as *anax andrôn*, and they allowed that his better could not be seen in Versailles itself. Though they were quarreling with the Governor, the gentlemen of the House of Burgesses still maintained amicable relations with him, and exchanged dignified courtesies. When my Lord Bottetourt arrived, and held his court at Williamsburg in no small splendor and state, all the gentry waited upon him, Madam Esmond included. And at his death, Lord Dunmore, who succeeded him, and brought a fine family with him, was treated with the utmost respect by our gentry privately, though publicly the House of Assembly and the Governor were at war.

Their quarrels are a matter of history, and concern me personally only so far as this, that our burgesses being convened for the 1st of March in the year after my arrival in Virginia, it was agreed that we should all pay a visit to our capital, and our duty to the Governor. Since Harry's unfortunate marriage Madam Esmond had not performed this duty, though always previously accustomed to pay it; but now that her eldest son was arrived in the colony my mother opined that we must certainly wait upon his Excellency the Governor; nor were we sorry, perhaps, to get away from our little Richmond to enjoy the gayeties of the provincial capital. Madam engaged, and at a great price, the best house to be had at Richmond for herself and her family. Now I was rich her generosity was curious. I had more than once to interpose (her old servants likewise wondering at her new

way of life), and beg her not to be so lavish. But she gently said, in former days she had occasion to save, which now existed no more. Harry had enough, sure, with such a wife as he had taken out of the housekeeper's room. If she chose to be a little extravagant now, why should she hesitate? She had not her dearest daughter and grandchildren with her every day (she fell in love with all three of them, and spoiled them as much as they were capable of being spoiled). Besides, in former days I certainly could not accuse her of too much *extravagance*, and this, I think, was almost the only allusion she made to the pecuniary differences between us. So she had her people dressed in their best, and her best wines, plate, and furniture from Castlewood by sea at no small charge, and her dress in which she had been married in George II.'s reign; and we all flattered ourselves that our coach made the greatest figure of any except his Excellency's, and we engaged Signor Formicalo, his Excellency's major-domo, to superintend the series of feasts that were given in my honor; and more flesh-pots were set a-stewing in our kitchens in one month, our servants said, than had been known in the family since the young gentleman went away. So great was Theo's influence over my mother that she actually persuaded her, that year, to receive our sister Fanny, Hal's wife, who would have staid upon the plantation rather than face Madam Esmond. But trusting to Theo's promise of amnesty, Fanny (to whose house we had paid more than one visit) came up to town, and made her courtesy to Madam Esmond, and was forgiven. And rather than be forgiven in that way, I own, for my part, that I would prefer perdition or utter persecution.

"You know these, my dear?" says Madam Esmond, pointing to her fine silver sconces. "Fanny hath often cleaned them when she was with me at Castlewood. And this dress, too, Fanny knows, I dare say? Her poor mother had the care of it. I always had the greatest confidence in her."

Here there is wrath flashing from Fanny's eyes, which our mother, who has forgiven her, does not perceive—not she!

"Oh, she was a treasure to me!" Madam resumes. "I never should have nursed my boys through their illnesses but for your mother's admirable care of them. Colonel Lee, permit me to present you to my daughter, my Lady Warrington. Her ladyship is a neighbor of your relatives the Bunburys at home. Here comes his Excellency. Welcome, my lord!"

And our princess performs before his lordship one of those courtesies of which she was not a little proud; and I fancy I see some of the company venturing to smile.

"By George! madam," says Mr. Lee, "since Count Borulawski, I have not seen a bow so elegant as your ladyship's."

"And pray, Sir, who was Count Borulawski?" asks madam.

"He was a nobleman high in favor with his

Polish Majesty," replies Mr. Lee. "May I ask you, madam, to present me to your distinguished son?"

"This is Sir George Warrington," says my mother, pointing to me.

"Pardon me, madam. I meant Captain Warrington, who was by Mr. Wolfe's side when he died. I had been contented to share his fate, so I had been near him."

And the ardent Lee swaggers up to Harry, and takes his hand with respect, and pays him a compliment or two, which makes me, at least, pardon him for his late impertinence: for my dearest Hal walks gloomily through his mother's rooms, in his old uniform of the famous corps which he has quitted.

We had had many meetings, which the stern mother could not interrupt, and in which that instinctive love which bound us to one another, and which nothing could destroy, had opportunity to speak. Entirely unlike each other in our pursuits, our tastes, our opinions—his life being one of eager exercise, active sport, and all the amusements of the field, while mine is to dawdle over books and spend my time in languid self-contemplation—we have, nevertheless, had such a sympathy as almost passes the love of women. My poor Hal confessed as much to me, for his part, in his artless manner, when we went away without wives or womankind, except a few negroes left in the place, and passed a week at Castlewood together.

The Ladies did not love each other. I know enough of my lady Theo to see, after a very few glances, whether or not she takes a liking to another of her amiable sex. All my powers of persuasion or command fail to change the stubborn creature's opinion. Had she ever said a word against Mrs. This or Miss That? Not she! Has she been otherwise than civil? No, assuredly! My lady Theo is polite to a beggar-woman, treats her kitchen-maids like duchesses, and murmurs a compliment to the dentist for his elegant manner of pulling her tooth out. She would black my boots, or clean the grate, if I ordained it (always looking like a duchess the while); but as soon as I say to her, "My dear creature, be fond of this lady, or t'other!" all obedience ceases; she executes the most refined courtesies; smiles and kisses even to order; but performs that mysterious undefinable freemasonic signal, which passes between women, by which each knows that the other hates her. So, with regard to Fanny, we had met at her house, and at others. I remembered her affectionately from old days, I fully credited poor Hal's violent protests and tearful oaths, that, by George, it was our mother's persecution which made him marry her. He couldn't stand by and see a poor thing tortured as she was without coming to her rescue; no, by Heavens, he couldn't! I say I believed all this, and had for my sister-in-law a genuine compassion as well as an early regard; and yet I had no love to give her; and, in reply to Hal's passionate outbreaks in praise of her beauty and worth, and eager queries to me

whether I did not think her a perfect paragon? I could only answer with faint compliments or vague approval, feeling all the while that I was disappointing my poor ardent fellow, and cursing inwardly that revolt against flattery and falsehood into which I sometimes frantically rush. Why should I not say, "Yes, dear Hal, thy wife is a paragon; her singing is delightful, her hair and shape are beautiful;" as I might have said by a little common stretch of politeness? Why could I not cajole this or that stupid neighbor or relative, as I have heard Theo do a thousand times, finding all sorts of lively prattle to amuse them, while I sit before them dumb and gloomy? I say it was a sin not to have more words to say in praise of Fanny. We ought to have praised her; we ought to have liked her. My Lady Warrington certainly ought to have liked her, for she can play the hypocrite, and I can not. And there was this young creature—pretty, graceful, shaped like a nymph, with beautiful black eyes—and we cared for them no more than for two gooseberries! At Warrington my wife and I, when we pretended to compare notes, elaborately complimented each other on our new sister's beauty. What lovely eyes!—Oh yes! What a sweet little dimple on her chin!—*Ah, oui!* What wonderful little feet!—Perfectly Chinese! where should we in London get slippers small enough for her? And these compliments exhausted, we knew that we did not like Fanny the value of one penny-piece; we knew that we disliked her; we knew that we ha . . . Well, what hypocrites women are! We heard from many quarters how eagerly my brother had taken up the new anti-English opinion, and what a champion he was of so-called American rights and freedom. "It is her doing, my dear," says I to my wife. "If I had said so much I am sure you would have scolded me," says my Lady Warrington, laughing: and I did straightway begin to scold her, and say it was most cruel of her to suspect our new sister; and what earthly right had we to do so? But I say again, I know Madam Theo so well, that when once she has got a prejudice against a person in her little head, not all the king's horses nor all the king's men will get it out again. I vow nothing would induce her to believe that Harry was not hen-pecked—nothing.

Well, we went to Castlewood together without the women, and staid at the dreary, dear old place, where we had been so happy, and I, at least, so gloomy. It was winter, and duck time, and Harry went away to the river, and shot dozens and scores and bushels of canvas-backs, while I remained in my grandfather's library among the old mouldering books which I loved in my childhood—which I see in a dim vision still resting on a little boy's lap, as he sits by an old white-headed gentleman's knee. I read my books; I slept in my own bed and room—religiously kept, as my mother told me, and left as on the day when I went to Europe. Hal's cheery voice would wake me as of old. Like all

men who love to go a-field, he was an early riser: he would come and wake me, and sit on the foot of the bed and perfume the air with his morning pipe, as the house negroes laid great logs on the fire. It was a happy time! Old Nathan had told me of cunning crypts where ancestral rum and claret were deposited. We had had cares, struggles, battles, bitter griefs, and disappointments; we were boys again as we sat there together. I am a boy now even, as I think of the time.

That unlucky tea-tax, which alone of the taxes lately imposed upon the colonies the home government was determined to retain, was met with defiance throughout America. 'Tis true we paid a shilling in the pound at home, and asked only threepence from Boston or Charleston: but as a question of principle, the impost was refused by the provinces, which indeed ever showed a most spirited determination to pay as little as they could help. In Charleston, the tea-ships were unloaded and the cargoes stowed in cellars. From New York and Philadelphia, the vessels were turned back to London. In Boston (where there was an armed force, whom the inhabitants were perpetually mobbing), certain patriots, painted and disguised as Indians, boarded the ships, and flung the obnoxious cargoes into the water. The wrath of our white Father was kindled against this city of Mohocks in masquerade. The notable Boston Port Bill was brought forward in the British House of Commons; the port was closed and the Custom-house removed to Salem. The Massachusetts Charter was annulled; and—in just apprehension that riots might ensue, in dealing with the perpetrators of which the colonial courts might be led to act partially—Parliament decreed that persons indicted for acts of violence and armed resistance might be sent home, or to another colony, for trial. If such acts set all America in a flame, they certainly drove all well-wishers of our country into a fury. I might have sentenced Master Miles Warrington, at five years old, to a whipping, and he would have cried, taken down his little small-clothes and submitted; but suppose I offered (and he richly deserving it) to chastise Captain Miles of the Prince's Dragoons? He would whirl my paternal cane out of my hand, box my hair-powder out of my ears. Lord a-mercy! I tremble at the very idea of the controversy! He would *assert his independence* in a word; and if, I say, I think the home Parliament had a right to levy taxes in the colonies, I own that we took means most captious, most insolent, most irritating, and, above all, most impotent, to assert our claim.

My Lord Dunmore, our Governor of Virginia, upon Lord Bottetourt's death, received me into some intimacy soon after my arrival in the colony, being willing to live on good terms with all our gentry. My mother's severe loyalty was no secret to him; indeed, she waved the king's

banner in all companies, and talked so loudly and resolutely that Randolph and Patrick Henry himself were struck dumb before her. It was Madam Esmond's celebrated reputation for loyalty (his Excellency laughingly told me) which induced him to receive her eldest son to grace.

"I have had the worst character of you from home," his lordship said. "Little birds whisper to me, Sir George, that you are a man of the most dangerous principles. You are a friend of Mr. Wilkes and Alderman Beckford. I am not sure you have not been at Medmenham Abbey. You have lived with players, poets, and all sorts of wild people. I have been warned against you, Sir, and I find you—"

"Not so black as I have been painted," I interrupted his lordship with a smile.

"Faith," says my lord, "if I tell Sir George Warrington that he seems to me a very harmless, quiet gentleman, and that 'tis a great relief to me to talk to him amidst these loud politicians; these lawyers with their perpetual noise about Greece and Rome; these Virginian squires who are forever professing their loyalty and respect, while they are shaking their fists in my face—I hope nobody overhears us," says my lord, with an arch smile, "and nobody will carry my opinions home."

His lordship's ill opinion having been removed by a better knowledge of me, our acquaintance daily grew more intimate; and especially between the ladies of his family and my own, a close friendship arose—between them and my wife at least. Hal's wife, received kindly at the little provincial court, as all ladies were, made herself by no means popular there by the hot and eager political tone which she adopted. She assailed all the Government measures with indiscriminating acrimony. Were they lenient? She said the perfidious British Government was only preparing a snare, and biding its time until it could forge heavier chains for unhappy America. Were they angry? Why did not every American citizen rise, assert his rights as a freeman, and serve every British governor, officer, soldier, as they had treated the East India Company's tea? My mother, on the other hand, was pleased to express her opinions with equal frankness, and, indeed, to press her advice upon his Excellency with a volubility which may have fatigued that representative of the Sovereign. Call out the militia; send for fresh troops from New York, from home, from any where; lock up the Capitol (this advice was followed it must be owned); and send every one of the ringleaders among those wicked burgesses to prison! was Madam Esmond's daily counsel to the Governor by word and letter. And if not only the burgesses but the burgesses' wives could have been led off to punishment and captivity, I think this Brutus of a woman would scarce have appealed against the sentence.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

UNITED STATES.

PUBLIC attention has been turned toward the position of our Government in respect to the protection to be afforded to naturalized citizens who visit their native countries. In a letter to Mr. Leclerc, the Secretary of State said that "the French Government claims military service from all natives of France who may be found within its jurisdiction. Your naturalization in this country will not exempt you from that claim should you voluntarily repair thither." In the case of Mr. Hofer, the Secretary writes that "the position of the United States, as communicated to our Minister at Berlin, for the information of the Prussian Government, is that native-born Prussians naturalized in the United States, and returning to the country of their birth, are not liable to any duties or penalties except such as were existing at the period of their emigration." The dispatch argues that, "if an American citizen goes to a foreign country he is subject to the laws of that country, and if he violates them is liable to be tried and punished. If this has not been done before his departure, and he returns to that country, he is still liable to the punishment. This principle is applicable to a naturalized citizen who returns to his native country. He returns as an American citizen. In order to entitle his original government to punish him for an offense, it must have been committed while he was a subject and owed allegiance to that government. The offense must have been complete before his expatriation. It must have been of such a nature that he might have been tried and punished for it at the moment of his departure." Thus, it is maintained, the right of the original government to demand military service of emigrants "is confined to those who were actually in the army, or had been called into it at the time of leaving their native land; that is, to cases of desertion or refusal to enter the army after having been regularly drafted and called into it by the government to which, at the time, they owed their allegiance." A future liability to serve in the army is not sufficient; because, before the time could arrive for such service, he had changed his allegiance and become a citizen of the United States. A number of our prominent statesmen, among whom are Messrs. Wise, Douglas, and Botts, have published letters controverting the view of the Government, and maintaining that it is its duty to protect naturalized citizens abroad from any claim for service on the part of their original governments.

Hon. Henry A. Wise has published a letter setting forth his views on some of the questions of the day. He is in favor of full protection to naturalized citizens abroad; is opposed to the reopening of the African slave-trade; and advocates the duty of Congress passing laws for the protection of slave property in the Territories.—Hon. Sam. Houston has published a letter, in which he says of the opening of the African slave-trade, that "no greater evil is to be apprehended to the South. If this were once done the South would be overrun by African barbarians, and our lives, and, what is worse, our homes and families, would be subject to their barbarities; and it would in no possible way advance our general or national prosperity."—President Buchanan, in a published letter, says: "My determination not, under any circumstances, to become a candidate for re-election, is final and conclusive. My best judgment and strong inclination unite in favor of this course. To cast doubts upon my predetermined purpose is calculated to impair my influence in carrying out important

measures, and affords a pretext for saying that these measures have been dictated by a desire to be re-nominated."

The August elections have been held in some of the Southern States. In *Kentucky* and *Tennessee* the Democrats carried their State tickets by large majorities; but the Opposition have gained two members of Congress in the former State, and four in the latter; they also gain two members in *North Carolina*.—In *Kansas* a Convention has been held to frame a State Constitution. Slavery and involuntary servitude, except for the punishment of convicted criminals, is prohibited; the rights of trial by jury, of bail, of freedom of speech and the press, are guaranteed. No religious test is required for eligibility to hold office or to testify in a court of justice. No distinction is to be made between citizens and aliens in reference to the purchase, enjoyment, or descent of property. Judges are to be chosen by the people. Foreigners who have declared their intention of becoming citizens of the United States have the right to vote on the same terms as citizens. Lotteries and the sale of lottery tickets are prohibited. The Legislature is to provide for the protection of women, married as well as single, in acquiring and possessing property separate and apart from their husbands. A homestead to the extent of 160 acres of farming land, or one acre in any town or city, is secured from forced sale, except for taxes and for payment of obligations for the purchase or improvement of it, and for liens given by consent of both husband and wife. The Constitution is to be submitted to the popular vote on the 4th of October.

EUROPE.

The war in Europe has come to a sudden and unexpected termination. The battle of Solferino (June 24) was the last action fought. In this, according to official accounts, which are generally supposed to be far below the truth, the total loss of the Allies, in killed and wounded, was 18,245; that of the Austrians being 13,001 killed and wounded, besides 9228 missing, from which are to be deducted nine corps, the numbers of which are not stated, who subsequently rejoined their colors. The Allies crossed the Mincio without opposition, and the Sardinians commenced the siege of the fortress of Peschiera. Military operations were suspended on the 8th of July by an armistice for five weeks. Three days after an interview took place at Villafranca, the French head-quarters, between the Emperors of France and Austria. At this meeting the preliminaries of peace were arranged as follow:

"Between his Majesty the Emperor of Austria and his Majesty the Emperor of the French, it has been agreed as follows: The two Sovereigns will favor the creation of an Italian Confederation. That Confederation shall be under the honorary presidency of the Holy Father. The Emperor of Austria cedes to the Emperor of the French his rights in Lombardy, with the exception of the fortresses of *Mantua* and *Peschiera*; so that the frontier of the Austrian possessions should start from the extreme range of the fortress of Peschiera, and should extend in a direct line along the Mincio as far as Grazio; from thence to Szarzarola and Luzana to the Po, thence the actual frontiers shall continue to form the limits of Austria. The Emperor of the French will hand over (*remettra*) the ceded territory to the King of Sardinia. Venetia shall form part of the Italian Confederation, though remaining under the crown of the Emperor of Austria. The Grand Duke of Tuscany and the Duke of Modena (shall) return to their States, granting a general amnesty. The two Emperors will ask the Holy Father to introduce indispensable reforms into his States. A full and complete amnesty is granted on

both sides to persons compromised in the late events in the territories of the belligerent parties."

A Congress is to be held forthwith at Zurich, in Switzerland, to arrange the details of the peace. Each of the belligerent sovereigns has given some explanation of his views of this sudden movement. The Emperor of France, on his return to Paris, in reply to an address of the Legislative bodies, said that he found the war was about to assume a new aspect. Europe was ready to dispute his successes or aggravate his reverses. He would be obliged to accept a conflict on the Rhine as well as on the Adige, and must fortify himself by the aid of Revolution, risking what a sovereign should only for the independence of his country. Still, Piedmont had been delivered from invasion, and her frontiers had been

extended; and all the sovereigns of the Peninsula had learned the necessity of reforms.—The Emperor of Austria says that he had been deceived in his hope that he should not stand alone in a war which was not undertaken for the rights of Austria only. Her oldest and most natural allies having obstinately refused to take cognizance of the great question of the day, Austria was obliged alone to meet events the importance of which might increase from day to day. The honor of the Empire having been sustained, he resolved, for political considerations, to make a sacrifice, after having been convinced that less unfavorable conditions were to be obtained by a direct understanding with the Emperor of the French than by a negotiation in which the other great Powers would take part.

Literary Notices.

Life and Liberty in America, by CHARLES MACKAY, LL.D. (Published by Harper and Brothers.) Mr. Charles Mackay is an intelligent, well-educated, fair-minded Scotchman, who combines a certain poetical reputation with the knowledge of affairs and shrewdness of observation acquired by a long connection with London journalism. He is evidently a man of fine moral instincts, of a singularly amiable disposition, and of no common temperance and candor of judgment; but he has nowhere exhibited a remarkable vigor of intellect, nor the habit of profound reflection, which would attach to his opinions the weight of authority. In the present volume he has given a lucid, and often a lively and agreeable, account of the impressions he received during a pretty extensive tour in the United States; interspersing a variety of comments and speculations, which are sometimes suggestive, and often not a little commonplace and superficial.

He arrived in New York, after the usual experience of an Atlantic voyage, in October, 1857, and remained in the country only until the middle of the following May. Making the regular circuit of foreign tourists, he visited New England, Niagara Falls, Philadelphia, and the West; proceeded from St. Louis to New Orleans, and returned through the States of Alabama, South Carolina, and Maryland to New York; completing his excursion by a rapid run in the Canadas.

The first sight of Broadway by no means confirmed the assertion of Sydney Smith, who, smarting from the burned fingers which he brought away from his unlucky dabbling in Pennsylvania stocks, mildly remarks that "the new and vain people of America could never forgive England because Broadway was inferior to Bond Street." According to Mr. Mackay, on the other hand, "Bond Street is no more to be compared to Broadway for beauty, extent, life, bustle, and wealth than a dingy old farthing of the reign of George III. to a bright new sovereign of the days of Queen Victoria." There is no street in London, he maintains, that can be declared superior, or even equal, to Broadway. It combines the characteristics of the Boulevards des Italiens at Paris, and of Cheapside or Fleet Street in London, with an occasional dash of Whitechapel and the Minories, and of Liverpool and Dublin. It is longer, more crowded, and fuller of fine buildings than the Boulevards des Italiens, as bustling as Cheapside, and has a sky above it as bright as the sky of Venice. Thoroughly Parisian in its aspect, it seems to have taken its tone from France and

Continental Europe. The frequent flag-staffs on the roofs of public buildings, the array of banners from the windows, and the splendid military parades, would make an Englishman feel that he is not among his own people were not his ears constantly regaled by the familiar vernaculars of the cities of St. Paul's and of St. Patrick's.

Mr. Mackay's fancy appears to revel in the remembrance of the oysters of New York. On taking leave of his host of the Waterloo Hotel, at Liverpool, that urbane functionary envied him his trip to America, because he would get such delicious oysters, kindly assuring him that "New York beats all creation for oysters." The reality proved fully equal to the prediction. Such oysters never before enchanted the palate of the epicure. Broadway swarms with fascinating saloons where oysters as large as a lady's hand are to be had at all hours. The preparation of these bivalves is one of the fine arts of New York. They are not only eaten from the shell, as in England, but cooked in no less than twenty, or perhaps a hundred different ways. Mr. Mackay's imagination actually runs wild at the reminiscence of the hours devoted to these exquisite dainties. "Oysters pickled, stewed, baked, roasted, fried, and scoloped; oysters made into soups, patties, and puddings; oysters with condiments and without condiments; oysters for breakfast, dinner, and supper; oysters without stint or limit, fresh as the fresh air, and almost as abundant," are among the delights which a bountiful Nature has provided for the palates of the Manhattanese. Nor was Mr. Mackay alone the subject of the soft illusion. He relates an anecdote of a distinguished English earl, who, on a recent visit to the United States, found nothing more attractive than to wander up and down Broadway at night, and visit the principal oyster-saloons in succession, regaling himself upon fried oysters at one place, upon stewed oysters at another, upon roasted oysters at a third, and winding up the evening with a dish of oysters "on the half shell." On leaving New York to return to England, he miscalculated the time of sailing of the steamer, and found that he had an hour and a half upon his hands. "What shall we do?" said the American friend who had come to see him off. "Return to Broadway," said his lordship, "and have some more oysters."

The hotel life in America appeared to Mr. Mackay, as it does to most intelligent foreign travelers, a strange social anomaly. The British isles possess no such caravansaries as the hotels of the principal cities in the United States. The monster Hotel du

Louvre in Paris is scarcely to be compared with such establishments as the St. Nicholas, the Metropolitan, the Astor House, and many others in New York. Some of them make up from five hundred to a thousand beds. The cookery is in general excellent. Mr. Mackay was especially astonished at the bountiful breakfasts, with their miscellaneous distribution of "fish, flesh, and fowl, fresh meat and salt meat, eggs, omelets, wheaten bread, rye bread, corn bread, corn cakes, rice cakes, and buckwheat cakes—the last mentioned a greater delicacy than England can show." For the traveling community he considers the hotels as very comfortable, very luxurious, very cheap, and very lively. But for permanent residents, husbands, wives, and children, who perhaps compose one half of the occupants of these establishments, the saving of trouble and expense is at a fearful sacrifice of the domestic amenities. No Englishman can regard the publicity and exposure to which his family are thus subjected as conducive to the true happiness and charm of wedded life.

On arriving at Boston Mr. Mackay was struck with the quiet and sedate appearance of that city as compared with the French and foreign aspect of New York. It is very picturesque, very clean, and very English. Although the New Yorkers, the Philadelphians, and many others, hold the high pretensions of the Bostonians in scorn, and speak of them contemptuously as utter Yankees, there can be no doubt, in the opinion of Mr. Mackay, that, in point of cultivation and refinement, Boston, if it do not excel, is not excelled by any city in the Union. One of its chief attractions to the poet-traveler was the book-store of Messrs. Ticknor and Fields, "two associates who have published more poetry, and if report speak truly, made more money by it than any other publishers in America." This place is the favorite lounge of the literary celebrities of Boston and Cambridge. Here Longfellow looks in on a sunny day to have a chat. Here Agassiz, leaving his beloved turtles and fishes for a while, shows his genial and benevolent face. Here Holmes, the "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," Whipple, the keenest of American critics, Felton, who combines Grecian learning with Homeric hospitality, Emerson, the wizard-sage of Concord, come to give or receive the news of the day. "Here poets, poetesses, lecturers, preachers, professors, and newspaper editors have combined, without premeditation, to establish a sort of literary exchange, where they may learn what books are forthcoming, and talk together upon literature and criticism."

One feature distinguishes Boston from every other American city. It is the great metropolis of lecturers, Unitarian preachers, and poets. "In walking along Washington Street, and meeting a gentlemanly-looking person with a decent coat and a clean shirt, the traveler may safely put him down as either a lecturer, a Unitarian minister, or a poet; possibly the man may be, Cerberus-like, all three at once. In Boston, the onus lies upon every respectable person to prove that he has not written a sonnet, preached a sermon, or delivered a lecture; and few there are above the station of the lowest kind of handicraftsmen who could lay their hands upon their hearts and plead not guilty to one or the other of these charges."

Mr. Mackay visited New Orleans in the month of February, at which season the Crescent City was in all its glory. The beauty of a Southern spring presented a delightful contrast to the bleak and snowy fields which he had so recently left. The sky was

of bright, unclouded blue; the grass beautifully green; the plum, peach, and apple trees were in full and luxuriant bloom of white and purple; and the breeze on the river came laden with the balm of roses and jessamines. On approaching the city, the sugar plantations on either bank of the river, with the picturesque white houses, each in the midst of gardens, adorned with the orange-tree, the evergreen oak, the magnolia, and the cypress, presented a brilliant spectacle. Nor did the city itself fall behind the attractions of the vicinity. The celebrated St. Charles Hotel was swarming with near a thousand guests. Weary with the seclusion and dullness of the winter, the planters, with their wives and daughters, had escaped from the monotony of their plantations, to enjoy the gayety of New Orleans. The ladies, at least a hundred in number, enlivened the breakfast table with the full splendor both of their charms and of their jewelry. Dinner exhibited a still more brilliant scene, with a dazzling profusion of pearls and diamonds and gorgeous dresses. The drawing-rooms after dinner outshine the glories of the Queen of Sheba, combined with the most remarkable features of the court of Queen Mob. The most beautiful of the daughters of the South are seen side by side with the chance wayfarers, well dressed or ill-dressed, clean or travel-stained, who can pay for a night's lodging or a day's board at this mighty caravansery. The out-door life of New Orleans made a no less vivid impression on the mind of the traveler. The far-famed levee, with the steamboats unloading their rich freights of cotton, sugar, and molasses, from Mississippi, Arkansas, and Tennessee, and of pork, flour, corn, and whisky from the upper and inland regions of Missouri, Illinois, Ohio, and Kentucky, presented a lively and picturesque panorama, that could hardly find its parallel in Europe. The docks of Liverpool, with all their bustle and animation, can not be compared, in this respect, with the levee of the Crescent City. "The fine open space, the clear atmosphere, the joyousness and alacrity of the negroes, the countless throngs of people, the forests of funnels and masts, the plethora of cotton and corn, the roar of arriving and departing steamboats, and the deeper and more constant roar of the multitude, all combine to impress the imagination with visions of wealth, power, and dominion, and to make the levee as attractive to the philosopher as it must be to the merchant and man of business."

After employing his limited time to excellent advantage in his varied tour, Mr. Mackay takes leave of this country in Boston, where he was complimented with a farewell dinner by some of the eminent literary men of that city. On the whole, he appears to have received not unfavorable impressions of American life, and although he frankly comments on some features which he could not approve, his criticisms are usually made in a kindly spirit, and with a degree of modesty and reticence for which his countrymen who visit the United States are not always remarkable. He gives the American people ample credit for the restless enterprise and indomitable energy which are every where met with; he recognizes their pride in the literature and language which they inherit by their English descent; and if he has occasion to point out spots on the sun of our national prosperity, it is not with the temper of a growling caviler, or an atrabilious cynic.

Tent and Harem: Notes of an Oriental Trip, by CAROLINE PAINE. (Published by D. Appleton and Co.) In this lively volume the intelligent author-

ess presents the record of a residence in the East, including several excursions over the usual track of American and British travelers; an expedition to the upper waters of the Nile; a visit to the Pyramids; and a pilgrimage, by way of the Arabian desert, to the Holy City. Although many of the scenes which form the subject of her narrative have been described by previous travelers, her sketches have so much freshness and beauty that they challenge the attention even of those to whom their subjects are the most familiar. Her statements show remarkable considerateness, are free from exaggeration, and never aim at effect. In these features we have as good a pledge of their accuracy as could be obtained short of personal observation. The volume is pervaded by a tone of perfect sincerity which does not always grace the reminiscences of travelers. The writer betrays no anxiety to fall in with popular opinion; never regards admiration as a duty, because admiration is expected; never rushes into ecstasies because others have done so before her; and never hesitates to express her disappointment when she is unable to attain the height of traditional enthusiasm. Thus she frankly tells us that the Pyramids did not realize the dream of her childhood. The spectacle did not call forth the emotion of sublimity; there was no beauty of form or construction to gratify the sight; the ascent was a bore; the Queen's chamber a place of inexpressible horror; and the infernal Arabs, chattering for bucksheesh, made the whole expedition detestable. She was, however, fully sensible to the impression of fairer scenes, and many of her descriptions evince a keen appreciation of natural loveliness, as well as a quick eye for the strange or comic features of Oriental society.

Life of Jonathan Trumbull, Sen., by J. W. STUART. (Published by Crocker and Brewster.) The subject of this biography was one of the most distinguished sons of Connecticut, was identified with the progress of the Revolution in that State, was a personal friend of Washington, by whom he was pronounced one of "the first of patriots." He was born in the year 1710, in the old agricultural town of Lebanon. His father was Joseph Trumbull, a substantial, strong-minded Yankee, who, as was not unusual at that time, united the cultivation of a farm with keeping a country-store. At the age of thirteen Jonathan became a member of Harvard College, where he was honorably graduated in 1727. Soon after leaving college he commenced the study of theology; but the death of an elder brother, who had been engaged in business with his father, summoned him to fill the vacant place, and he was thus led to renounce the profession of his choice from a sense of filial duty, and adopt the occupation of a merchant. He soon became prominent in public affairs, was appointed to important offices, and found himself at home in the political sphere which he did not cease to fill until nearly the close of his life. At the age of twenty-three he was elected to the Colonial Legislature, and subsequently received no less than five successive appointments to the same office. After filling various subordinate posts of honor, both civil and military, in 1769 he was chosen Governor of the colony of Connecticut—the highest office in the gift of the people. In this capacity, during the whole of the Revolutionary war, his services to the American cause were of the highest moment—inferior to those of few in value, and of none in fidelity, zeal, and self-sacrifice. He retired from this office in the spring of 1784, after a service of fourteen years, and having completed the seventy-third

year of his age. His death took place in August, 1785, after a short interval of release from his public labors. Few statesmen, certainly, have passed through such a long and uninterrupted career of official service. Few have left the remembrance of such untiring activity, such unimpeachable honor, such unselfish devotion to the welfare of the country. With such admirable materials for a biography the record of Governor Trumbull's life could not fail to be highly instructive and interesting. We do not think, however, that Mr. Stuart has been particularly successful in his treatment of the subject. He is entitled to credit for his patient investigation of facts, his rich accumulation of matter, and the earnestness with which he has engaged in the composition of his work; but his narrative is too ambitious in its tone to be in keeping with the theme; it is encumbered with frequent superfluous digressions; is often diffuse and verbose in expression, and pedantic in illustration. The life of Jonathan Trumbull should be marked by the simplicity and freedom from pretense which were such prominent characteristics of its subject.

The Life of Jabez Bunting, D.D., by his son, THOMAS PERCIVAL BUNTING. Vol. I. (Published by Harper and Brothers.) The biography of the eminent Methodist preacher in this volume reaches to the commencement of his ministry in Liverpool, in 1809. It has been prepared from a large mass of letters and other manuscript documents in possession of the family of the deceased, which appear to have been used by the compiler with impartiality and good judgment. The main outlines of the protracted career of Jabez Bunting are well known to persons conversant with the religious movements of the age; but the details presented in this volume and the succeeding one will serve as the completion of the portraiture.

Among the books recently issued by Harper and Brothers we note a new volume by LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON, entitled *My Third Book*, a collection of tales, written in the graceful and earnest style which has given such a well-deserved popularity to the previous productions of the authoress, and including several stories which have already become public favorites on their anonymous issue; *Gerald Fitzgerald*, a racy historical novel of French and Irish life; and a volume of *American Wit and Humor*, with illustrations to match, by J. MCLENAN. The last-named work is partly made up from the multifarious contributions to the Editor's Drawer in this *Magazine*, which, as our readers well know, concentrates the offerings of myriads of facetious spirits who were born under the star of Momus.

Henry St. John, Gentleman, by JOHN ESTEN COOKE. (Published by Harper and Brothers.) In this brilliant picture-gallery of Virginia life Mr. Cooke has not only fully sustained his enviable reputation as an American novelist, but has added a new laurel to the crown which has been so cheerfully awarded to him by the verdict of his countrymen. The scene is laid in the Old Dominion, during the early period of the Revolution, and presents an admirable panoramic view, not only of the domestic life and manners of that day, but of the opinions, tone of thought, and intellectual culture of the representative men who were then the leaders of society. The plot possesses a deep and well-sustained interest, but the peculiar charm of the volume is in its delicate humor, its nice delineations of character, its fine dramatic power, and its constant elevation and purity of sentiment.

Editor's Easy Chair.

WE have not yet gone home. We are all sitting by the sea or in the valleys among the hills, riding, boating, fishing, walking; looking on while the younger people dance and play, and speculating and chatting as we read of our own or of foreign affairs.

In an Easy Chair every thing is discussed; but, happily for all parties, in an easy way. The wars of Napoleon and the Cabinet presidency of his Empress; the last new enterprise, book, or political movement. We sit here and watch the President in the White House and his Secretary of State in the Department, as well as the golden youth who whilom flaunted in Broadway, and are now flirting with the Misses Gunnybags wherever their venerated parent has chosen to carry them for their summering.

And as we sit with half-closed eyes we are pondering a letter which that worthy and venerable Secretary has written, and which seems to concern us all. It has been sharply attacked and warmly defended by men and papers of all parties. Fortunately indeed for the ease of the Easy Chair, here is a public question which is not a party question, and upon which even it may have an opinion and express it.

Not that an Easy Chair has not opinions upon all the matters which it surveys—all the questions that are debated around it; but it does not discuss them here. It makes a morning call or an evening visit upon you, not to wax warm with energetic and eloquent difference, but to talk peaceably of pleasant things. Fight and differ as we may, let us have a moment of rest sometimes, and of human intercourse. The Easy Chair may differ from thousands of its readers in opinion, but it does not therefore believe them to be rascals and fools. It might even differ so deeply in actual life that the time should come when those readers and it might be drawn up in hostile array to determine the difference. What then? Does honor not love an honorable antagonist?

General Cass has written a letter in which he says virtually that a man can not alienate his allegiance, but that any government which claims the military service of a native of its soil may enforce that claim, even if such a native shall have been adopted by the United States as one of her children.

The scope of the argument is very serious. Every man naturally asks himself two questions: First, Why should that claim stop with military service? and, second, What kind of citizenship do they enjoy in the United States?

If a government have, by the fact of a man's birth subject to its jurisdiction, a perpetual claim upon the service of that man, it is clear enough that the government must be competent to decide what kind of service it may require. For the foundation of the claim is the protection which the government affords the subject, of which the service is simply the acknowledgment. If, then, this holds good upon the military service of a man who has renounced that protection and placed himself under that of the laws of another country, in which transfer is included all his interests, it is valid no less upon his financial service. That is to say, it is just as competent for the government to tax the purses of its native subjects, wherever it can lay hands upon them, as it is to tax their time, limb, or life. In fact, it does so practically tax them, by taking him from his family and professional pursuits.

And what is the substance of this claim? Simply that a certain protection is afforded to every citizen while he remains under the laws within which he was born. Yes; but during all that time his property was taxed he was liable to a military summons which he would not have denied; he was, in fact, part of the force and semblance of that government, and his account with it was quits at every moment. If it were not, the contract is unfair. The government can disallow the subject for what it conceives sufficient reason, but the subject can not escape the government. Now, unless it can be proved that he was a willing party to the contract, and elected to be born under such conditions, the natural rights of man, upon which the American system is founded, allow him the absolute choice he claims.

Moreover, it is but a claim made by certain governments upon principles which they assume. It may, therefore, be properly combated by other governments upon other assumed principles. Austria may, for instance, assert that no man born in Austria has any political rights at all, but must unquestioningly obey the government he finds in force. America may assert the original right of every man, under certain conditions, to a share in the government which rules him. Now, while the Austrian remains in Austria he can not help himself. America does not make laws for Austria. But when, without violating any penal law of Austria, he of his own will seeks to become a citizen of the United States, and after due ordeal becomes so, then the United States—which, at his request, has assumed the office of protector—has a rightful claim to his service upon its own principle. For Austria can not make laws for America.

This will not allow criminals to escape by simply transferring their allegiance. International comity always and necessarily recognizes the difference between political and other offenses. England, which has always strongly insisted upon the indefeasibility of allegiance, is the happy asylum of political criminals, and harbors equally Poerio, Ledru-Rollin, Kossuth, and Mazzini, with Louis Philippe, Charles Tenth, and Don Miguel. An honest subject transferring his allegiance, upon a deliberate choice and removal of his family and business, and complying with the necessary conditions of a new citizenship, is in no manner to be compared with a criminal against laws recognized in all civilized countries flying across a border for protection.

But the United States have themselves expressed their view of the matter in their Constitution, which concedes an entirely equal citizenship between natives and aliens who have complied with the conditions, with only one exception—that the alien citizen can not hold certain offices. This is the sole exception, and the careful specification of that one sufficiently shows the perfect equality in all other respects. If there are other disabilities why are they not specified? Did the Constitution intend to allow other governments to decide who should, and who should not, be American citizens?

And in a case of conflict of claims who is to decide? If an alien citizen, after living for scores of years in this country, with full enjoyment of all rights of citizenship, finds himself caught in his native country upon the breaking out of a war between that and his adopted land, what is he to do? Is he to be shot by an American rifle, or hung by a foreign halter? He is bound to one government by his clear

choice, by taste, preference, interest, and constitutional guarantees; he is bound to the other by its arbitrary claim. Justice, humanity, reason, and common sense indicate that his loyalty goes with his love; and the government which, having invited him, has then adopted him, and upon its own fundamental principle has acknowledged his right to choose, and has allotted him the probation necessary to secure the advantages of that adoption, and then says—if your native country claims your service she has a right to shoot you as a refractory subject if you don't submit, but we will hang you as a treasonable citizen if you do—that government has conspicuously falsified itself, and displays itself to the scorn and ridicule of mankind.

That is to say, dear Mr. Gunnybags—for it was with no less a personage that the Easy Chair held this argument on the loveliest of August mornings, while that worthy and substantial citizen stood upon the rocks at Bateman's, Newport, waiting for a bite, and very warm and perspiring in the still, unclouded sun—that is to say, dear Sir, that a man who is of age, who obeys the laws, who has taken out his papers according to rule, and has done nothing wrong but being born of foreign parents upon foreign soil, is either an American citizen or he is not. He is as entirely an American citizen as Solomon Gunnybags, with the sole exception expressly mentioned in the Constitution, that he can not be elected President, etc., as, by a kind fate, Solomon Gunnybags may be—or he is no more an American citizen than the Cham of Tartary or a Calcutta porter. For the last test of citizenship, dear Mr. G., is the absolute protection of the citizen. Every cannon in the American navy, even gun in the army, is to be detailed, if need be, to protect you and me and each one of our fellow-citizens who are peaceably pursuing our careers any where upon earth.

And the converse is true. There is no reason in the nature of the claim made by despotic governments upon the service of every native-born subject that it should not be enforced every where. When Great Britain said that she would have her subjects wherever she found them she was logical. If United States citizenship doesn't protect the alien citizen in his native land, it can not properly do it in his adopted country. How can the mere fact of my chancing to be in Austria, dear Gunnybags (excuse the liberty), possibly affect the integrity of my citizenship? If I am not safe there I am safe nowhere. If I am justly seized in Vienna as an Austrian subject owing service, I am justly seized in New York.

Mr. Solomon Gunnybags begged the Easy Chair to stop at this point while he wiped his forehead. The Easy Chair took the opportunity to glance at the excellent General Cass's letter of June 14, 1859, to the excellent A. V. Hofer, Esquire, of Cincinnati, in explanation of his letter of May 17 to the excellent Mr. Felix Leclerc.

When the Gunnybags' head was wiped the Easy Chair returned to the charge:

Here, dear Sir, is the Secretary of State explicitly stating that the doctrine of perpetual allegiance is absurd—that it is not allowed by the United States—that the American Minister in Prussia was instructed to say so to the Court—and that the Prussian Court, having made a low bow, declared that nothing was further from its intention than to recede from its claim—that it would enforce it against every native-born Prussian who owed duties at the time he emigrated; and the excellent Secretary placidly informs Mr. Hofer that the local laws of

Prussia can not be enforced against a naturalized citizen of the United States who stays at home!

This complacent conclusion by no means logically follows, as has been already shown; and if it did, what comfort is it to some unfortunate Hofer or Leclerc who is caught abroad and can not leave without infinite detriment to his affairs, before he is, in slang parlance, Mr. Gunnybags, juggled?

So, while the inextinguishable laughter of the sea commented upon the celebrated letter, did Solomon Gunnybags and the Easy Chair converse. Mr. Gunnybags is well known as moderate and conservative in all his views. Of course flippant and ribald orators have called his moderation and conservatism simply a putting up his face and holding the hair back with both his own hands, that the hands of other people might more conveniently slap it. Of course a debauched and demoralized press has represented him as a mere cat's-paw for pulling the chest-nuts of shrewd monkeys out of the fire.

But Solomon Gunnybags laughs such aspersions to scorn. He is sagacious enough to see that the American doctrine is necessarily the right of alienation of allegiance—that every man may justly choose his own domicile and the laws to which he will be subject. In fact, General Cass must be careful or he may find his reputation for consistent conservatism in danger, says Solomon Gunnybags.

THE Easy Chair knows that ladies eschew politics, but he can not help thinking that they will have a certain interest in the conversation he has just recorded held by the sea at Newport. Because who knows what is in store?

There was Miss Bel. Jodd—not a gayer girl on all the American sea-coast in the month of July. What on earth, said she, can men find to talk about politics? Always politics and wine! Who shall be next President, and how old the bottle is! Men, said Miss Bel. Jodd, are the most trifling and light-tongued of human beings! It is now not two weeks since it came out that Miss Bel. Jodd is engaged to young Gruyere Lager. Sly fellow! he was always slipping out from those political and vinous debates and agreeing with Miss Bel. Jodd; driving her in the dust; riding with her in the dust; walking with her in the dust; doing every thing, in fact, as every thing is done at Newport, in the dust. Scarce was she engaged, the wedding-day appointed, the bridal tour in golden September to the banks of the Rhine, to the Hartz, to the Danube, to all delightful spots in dear Vaterland, arranged, than young Lager comes to her with a dismal face.

"Schatz," he says.

"What do you mean?" says she.

"My sweetest Liebchen!" he exclaims, with clasped hands and a look of agony.

"What is your leebshen?" she asks in consternation, thinking it was some precious thing he had lost.

"My dearest Bel."

"Ah! now I understand. Well."

"Oh dear me! 'ist so schwer!" he said again, with such an air that Miss Jodd entreated him to compose himself.

"Oh my Gruyere, restrain yourself! Are your horses lame?"

He shook his head negatively.

"Is the wagon broken?"

He shook No again.

"Have you got to go into mourning for any body?"

No.

"Have you spent all your money?"

No, shook the wretched young man.

"You haven't lost my diamond engagement ring?"

No.

"Oh! well then," said Miss Jodd, with a relieved aspect, "it can't be any thing very serious;" and she grew calm again, for she had been really distressed for a moment, thinking that the horses had fallen lame, or that some other catastrophe had happened.

"We can't go!" said Gruyere Lager, bitterly.

"What!" shrieked Miss Bel.

"We can't take that European trip!" shouted Mr. Lager.

"Then I won't be married!" said she, sullenly.

"O weh!" said he, sadly.

At last it occurred to Miss Bel. Jodd, who is a lady of great intelligence, to ask why. Then Mr. Lager replied:

"Because I am a Prussian."

"Fiddle, diddle; you are naturalized."

"It makes no difference. Here is General Cass's letter."

And so saying, Gruyere Lager put a copy of that document into her hands.

"Pooh!" said Miss Jodd, who is a lady of great energy, "if General Cass says that, General Cass is an —."

She added something which sounded as the General's name might if you didn't C it.

But it was all in vain. There was, there is, the letter. Gruyere Lager pleads in vain for matrimony. He proposes going to Nova Scotia, and quotes Mr. Cozzens's charming "Acadia"—he proposes the Havana, and quotes Mr. Dana—he proposes many places, and quotes Bayard Taylor. The obdurate Miss Jodd shakes her head at all. The obdurate Miss Jodd, who has grown immensely political within a few days, and no longer laughs at gentlemen who talk politics, but, on the contrary, has teased Mr. Gunnybags to tell her what the Easy Chair was saying to him upon the rocks, has, as she says, communicated her ultimatum to Mr. Gruyere Lager. It was, in fact, only last evening that she said:

"My dear Gruyere, I agreed to marry you under certain implied conditions. *Item*, a pair of horses. *Item*, diamond solitaires. *Item*, a new ring at least every two months. *Item*, two months at Newport every summer. *Item*, two thousand a year for my wardrobe, exclusive of jewelry and other gifts from you. *Item*, and to begin with, a trip to Europe, and to go while there where I please. If you will conform to these conditions, I will marry you even before Dr. Taylor returns to town. I don't care if we have a morning wedding at old Trinity here in Newport, and a breakfast afterward at Selina Gunnybags's. Bring me, my dear Gruyere, the certificate of passage; swear that you are dealing honestly; and your fond Bel. is yours forever."

That is the celebrated Jodd ultimatum, which is now the gossip of the selecter circles of the nobility and fashion. Miss Jodd's action is of course painful—very painful; but what can she do? General Cass has deliberately thwarted her intention of conferring nuptial happiness upon Gruyere Lager. Until the Secretary withdraws his letter the young gentleman's happiness must remain thwarted.

And what a situation his is! It is now well understood why he has suddenly become so indifferent to the set of his trowsers, and why he has even been

seen in the evening in a frock coat! Such reckless despair excites the liveliest sympathy, and it was mentioned, as an added instance of the extremity of his condition, that he had thrown a 2½ bit upon the table at W—tson's, and saw it swept away without a shudder. It was even said—but it was evidently a wild rumor, serving only to show the excitement in regard to the matter—that he had worn the same morning tie twice. The thing is clearly impossible, but his situation is sad enough without that.

This is the way, ladies, in which you, who sneer at politics and wish men wouldn't be always gossiping about them, may be directly affected by them—in this way even the Secretary of State may become of interest to you, and his letters be read by you. Innocent Secretary! How little he dreamed, when tossing off that easy-going epistle to Mr. Hofer, that he was keeping young Gruyere Lager a bachelor!

We are all interested, ladies. Down with the Hofer letter! Who's for a direct appeal to the President—a man with a heart for the ladies? Henceforth do not plead that it is none of your affairs. Think how many American wives might be widowed, American children orphaned, and American homes desolated, if General Cass's naughty doctrine should prevail.

THE great balloon experiment was tried in July, and can not be called a failure, even if it were not strictly successful. Professor Wise, a famous aeronaut, who has ascended more than two hundred and fifty times, holds that, at a certain altitude, a steady current prevails from west to east—a kind of aerial Gulf stream—which, if you once reach it and remain in it, will bear you constantly in the easterly direction.

Under the direction of Mr. La Mountain, Mr. Gager, Mr. Wise, and Mr. Hyde ascended with him from St. Louis on the evening of July 1, 1859, at about seven o'clock, and descended near Sackett's Harbor, on the shore of Lake Ontario, in New York, the next day at about two o'clock, having traveled nearly a thousand miles in about nineteen hours.

The immediate cause of their descent at that time and place was the endeavor to land two of the company, which brought the balloon within the range of a terrible storm that was raging, and in which it became ungovernable.

The object was to reach the sea-coast as near the city of New York as possible. The aeronauts did not succeed in that, but they made the longest and most rapid aerial journey upon record. The last enterprise of the kind was that of Mr. Green, the English aeronaut, in his famous Nassau balloon, in which he made the trip from London to Weilburg between 1½ of one day and 6 and 7 o'clock of the following morning. Mr. Green's balloon was about fifty feet in diameter, and he traveled about five hundred miles in eighteen hours. The Wise-La Mountain balloon was sixty feet in diameter, and traveled nearly a thousand miles in nineteen hours. Thus it is the longest and fastest aerial journey ever made. The point achieved was the easterly direction; and if the good reader will remember that a thousand miles is a third of the distance across the ocean, he may the better understand Mr. Wise's confidence that, if there only be a current of the kind he asserts, and which his voyage partially proves, crossing the ocean is not so utterly futile a project. If he can literally come over the plains from California, it will not be so impracticable to sail in summer

across the ocean. For these experiments, however, more money is required than he is like to get.

The common feeling is that aerostation is a science as unstable as the wind, and little has yet been accomplished to change that feeling. But it is a very modern science. It was only in 1766 that the extreme lightness of hydrogen gas was discovered by Cavendish. In 1782 Cavallo with small success tried it in a balloon. In 1783 the Montgolfier brothers sent up a heated-air balloon. In the same year a hydrogen balloon was sent up, held by a rope. In November of the same year, after two or three small successes of sending balloons adrift, Pilatre de Rozier ascended—first of men. During the close of the century ascensions were not uncommon. The famous chemist, Gay-Lussac, went up to experiment upon air and heat and electricity. In 1794 the French organized a balloon corps to ascend and observe the distribution of the enemy. The corps operated at Munberge and Charleroi. But the practice was soon abandoned.

The new French war in Italy has developed all the ingenious devices of the old military tactics. A day or two before the great battle of Solferino the brothers Godard brought their balloon apparatus in two or three artillery wagons to the camp, and after minutely studying the map of the country, received from General Fanti permission to experiment a mile beyond the great plain of Montechiaro. There M. Eugène Godard ascended more than half a mile, and satisfactorily reported that there were no Austrians within five or six miles of Montechiaro.

The recent attempt of Messrs. Wise and La Mountain has excited universal comment, and will form an illuminated chapter in the history of aerostation. Each of the gentlemen concerned has prepared an elaborate account of the trip. The party were perfectly provisioned in every respect, and the voyage appears to have been one of pure satisfaction, except that they were very cold. Mr. Wise was very nearly suffocated by the gas escaping while he was sleeping with his mouth near the aperture of escape, and the tornado nearly destroyed them. Yet they might have escaped the tornado by keeping up, and the mischance of Mr. Wise was strictly an accident. The only difficulty in the nature of the case was the cold, and that will perhaps destroy all the advantage of the perpetual aerial trade-wind, even should it be discovered. Aerostation may have the same end for practical purposes that arctic navigation has, and be utterly useless after all. Science, however, as usual, will have had the bite out of the sunny side of the peach, whatever befalls commerce and the Post-office Department.

Among the curious facts which the discussion of this effort has elicited is one which we find mentioned in the masterly, trenchant, and brilliant "Review of the Week" in the *Boston Traveler*, and which we gladly pluck from the fleeting files of a daily paper. The writer says that a friend has pointed out to him two lines translated from the French of Du Bartas by Sylvester, in 1592, "which are certainly curious, if there be no doubt as to their authenticity:"

"Against one shipe that skips from stars to ground,
From wave to wave, like windy ballones bound."

He says further, that the drawing of a balloon is reported to have been seen in a book published in 1701, as representing something that existed long before.

Of a science so entirely undeveloped no wise man will venture any rash assertions. To say that a bal-

loon must always be at the mercy of the wind, is, *prima facie*, as foolish as to say that a ship must always be at the will of the waters. Let us wait. Perhaps we can go to England between four sunsets! At least 'tis worth waiting for.

N.B.—And no sea-sickness.

AND Monsieur Blondin has walked across the Niagara River on a tight-rope. He has done it more than once. He has raised a bottle by a rope from a steamer below. He has put his head in a sack. As we write he has agreed to carry some adventurous gentleman in his arms. Let us hope that when we are read Monsieur Blondin may not have crossed once too often.

Such a feat shows great nerve. It is, perhaps, really no more dangerous than crossing from the stage of a theatre to the highest row of boxes. In case of a fall the chances of escape are very slight. But since it is a nerve which is entirely confined to the actor, and since the advantages of nerve are made evident enough in ways that do not involve a risk of life, it is to be hoped that, if M. Blondin is not lost during his promenades, he will relinquish them forever at the close of the summer.

The final cause of his performance is, of course, money. He is recompensed by the proprietors of pleasure-gardens, as we learn, upon both sides of the river. This seems highly probable, for one does not readily fancy his doing it for fame.

But if this be so, a Spanish bull-fight or a Havana cock-pit seem to be very amiable and lightsome amusements in the comparison. For the attraction, of course, in M. Blondin's affair, is not walking a tight-rope; that is common enough. But it is the chance of seeing a man whirled into the boiling abyss of the river. What a pleasant summer recreation! What an agreeable novelty! What an addition to the attractions of the cataract!

On the other hand, a young Mr. Winship, of Boston, has lectured upon physical training of another kind, and illustrated the operation of his principles by his own example, having exhibited an almost unprecedented muscular power in lifting and supporting great weights. His system is simple and practicable; the two cardinal points apparently being persistence and moderation. You are to keep doing, and are never to overdo. But by small beginnings, gradually increasing from day to day, a remarkable muscular condition may be produced by any man. Mr. Winship raised a heavier mass than any man has ever before lifted.

But there was no gratification of a taste for the horrible in what he did. There was no risk to himself or to others. M. Blondin showed what nerve a man may have, but he showed it at a needless exposure of his life. Mr. Winship showed what muscle a man may have, and in a perfectly agreeable and quiet way.

In the case of a performance like the former it is useless to try to conceal the fool-hardiness under the plea of nerve. The direct exposure of life is a serious offense. If the experiment of showing nerve can not be tried upon more decent terms, why try it? If he had tumbled into the river, what then? Would it have proved that nerve was not a good thing? No. Would it have proved that a man could not cross the Niagara River upon a tight-rope? No. Would it have shown that M. Blondin was not a man of nerve? No; for that he has sufficiently proved elsewhere. Nothing would have been proved

or disproved. A man would have met a violent death. The thousands of spectators would have shuddered for an instant, and then M. Blondin would have had the reward of Sam Patch—the fame of a fool.

WHEN a man shoots the seducer of his wife, and his subsequent acquittal upon a charge of murder is justified by the feeling of the community, the secret of that justification is that the husband's honor has been outraged by an offense which precludes his ever again fulfilling the marital relation with his wife. The offender is punished for destroying the home of a happy husband, et cetera. For robbing him of an untold future of conjugal bliss, and so forth.

This is the fact. This is the general practice and feeling. How foolish and futile that feeling is, the Easy Chair has heretofore stated.

But when the offender, who is certainly responsible for only half of the crime, is shot down in cold blood, and when the tumult of voices approving the deed—for the reasons above-mentioned—has hardly yet died away, and the husband resumes the future which was theoretically destroyed, and returns to the wife whose affections had been theoretically alienated from him, and rebuilds the home which had been theoretically laid waste—then, what?

It is not a business to debate at length; although no faithful Easy Chair, in a monthly summary of significant social events, could fail to mention it. But if it be possible, according to the rules which appear to govern these matters—and which seem to us both senseless and inhuman—if it be possible for conjugal relations to be resumed within five months, was the offense so sore that nothing but the sudden murder of the offender could atone for it? If it were only a difference to be compounded in a few weeks, was it not enough to warn the offender that his crime was known, and let him go? For what kind of *honor* is this which one month murders a man for seducing a wife, and the third or fourth month after “buries the past?”

Yes, and with the past a ghastly corpse is buried. With the past, not the happiness—as it turns out, after all—of the “injured” person, but the life-long peace of the innocent relations of the injurer, is buried.

These things may not be so. We may have supposed a case that never happened. Still the reflection is not lost. Still it is well worth while for us to review our theories upon these subjects; to emancipate ourselves from a dull and sanguinary tradition; to consider whether there is no new type of manhood and of gentlemanhood in the days that are bright with the preaching of a universal humanity; to see clearly, to believe as clearly, and to show as bravely, that the course for an honest, heroic, God-fearing and man-loving human being, when he is most sorely wounded, is not the abandonment of his whole soul to devilish revenges, described in pretty terms as “the instincts of a man;” but so to behave that the world may see that it is possible for an honorable man who is deeply injured to be neither a devil nor a brute, nor a prey to furious passions.

THE Easy Chair must frankly allow that during these peaceful summer months much of our social gossip is of Italy and the war. For most persons who are only now coming into middle age this war is the first really great war. The Crimea was too remote. The charge at Balaklava, the capture of the Malakoff, and Florence Nightingale were the three points of interest. But the places and the names and the

cause had no music of association—no appeal of sympathy.

This is all different in Italy. The Italians are as truly fighting for their independence as our fathers were. Do we think they can not get it, or can not use it if they do? O fainting heart and feeble faith, what chance was there for our fathers! and what if Bourbon France had doubted our ability to use our liberty? Who made us the judges of the possible posterior action of a people as earnestly fighting for liberty as ever we fought? What was the light touch of the finger of English assumption compared with the loin-heavy weight of Austrian despotism and tyranny?

Oh! if there be any man who deserves to live under Austrian rule forever, it is the American citizen who sniffs and sneers at the noble efforts of heroes who die by scores under this summer sun, unnamed and unknown forever, except by the loving eyes that weep for them, and can not be consoled; the fond hearts that bleed for them and break!

There was once a day—it is not so very many years removed—when the generous soul of this country was touched and melted by the spectacle of a nation raising its hand against the oppressor. Henry Clay, Daniel Webster—if we do not mistake—Edward Everett also, in the first flow of youthful feeling, spoke ardently for Greece. Who, school-boys within thirty years, has not shouted in ringing measure:

“Again to the battle, Achaians!

Our hearts bid the tyrants defiance!

Our land, the first garden of Liberty's tree,

Has been, and shall yet be the land of the free!”

Yes, and one of our honored poets sang his finest song in memory of Marco Bozzaris.

Have we changed so deeply? Has that which was so honorable and glorious in Greece become dull and cold in Italy? Or is it the name of Napoleon that frightens us?

But even in the worst view, who would for a moment seriously compare the advantages of French and Austrian domination in Italy?

And the worst view is not necessary, because Louis Napoleon evidently does understand, as he declares, the condition and necessity of the age.

Our Foreign Bureau.

LAST month, in a certain lazy way, we loitered with our readers over the fields of Northern Italy, where the war was placed; we lingered in view of the sunsets that reddened the Lago di Garda, and sauntered southward to where the walled Mantua sits on her islands in the Mincian lake.

We, like all the world, were in expectancy; and the eagerness of our outlook for some crowning battle forbade all dwelling upon the details of the battles that had gone by. Now expectancy is over.

Solferino came with its bloody holocaust.

Then, the armistice.

Next, and last, the peace of the Emperors.

We call it the peace of the Emperors, because we fear it is not the peace of the people.

We write in knowledge only of the leading provisions of the treaty: Venetia remaining Austrian; Lombardy handed over to Sardinia; other Italian States (as many as choose) forming with these a federated nation, with Pope for titular but powerless monarch.

And has the Italian liberty-dream come true then? Only so short a campaign, and so grand a resurrec-

tion of the Southern nationality? They must needs be very sanguine who think it.

Are there rejoicings at the peace, then? Ay, there are hearty rejoicings; but let us see with whom they are greatest.

All the commercial world of France rejoices; all the good bourgeois who have fretted at the falling off in trade; men who like stability and quietude; men who light up their hotels along the Boulevard and the *Chausée d'Antin* with more fiery zeal for a peace than for a victory. All the ecclesiastical population of France rejoices (and good Jesuits every where), because the Pope, for his little hour, is safe again, and because the Church, by both Emperors, is placed before the Nationalities. Mercantile England rejoices naturally enough; there is no lubricator for the machinery of Manchester like the oil of peace.

The great army of mothers (who have sons there upon the banks of the Mincio) rejoice; and men and women every where, of humane instincts, might well rejoice that the fearful murders, the fierce fighting is ended—if indeed the ending were final. But the angry murmurs which reach us from Tuscany, from Modena, from Turin, and from the corps of Garibaldi, assure us that there will be fighting again before Italy gives up forever.

In fact, the work is unfinished; the peace thoroughly unsatisfying. Nobody who felt a vital interest in the success of the Italian movement can possibly think otherwise. It is useless and needless to talk of Louis Napoleon, or Cavour, or Emanuel, in this connection; the men, and their disabilities, caprices, or ambition, sink into insignificance beside the grand fact of a nation struggling to free herself from old and tyrannous wrong. The struggle was good and brave while it lasted; but suddenly a great ally withdraws—the great ally being master of his own movements, and measurer of his own generosity. Unfortunately the great ally does something more than withdraw; he makes a treaty with the oppressor of Italy, in virtue of which the old oppression shall only be lifted from a portion of Italy; in fact, the great ally conducts matters altogether as if he were better able to judge of what may suit Italian wants than the Italians themselves.

Perhaps he may be; shrewd certainly he is, to a most extraordinary degree; but yet it is plain as day that these Italians are by no means satisfied with his disposition of them. Plain as day it is that the men of Venetia and the men of Tuscany have a soul as well as the men of Lombardy; plain as day it is that any diplomatic bargain which leaves the two-headed eagle of Austria over the door-way of the Doge's palace is a bargain that will not be submitted to except upon compulsion.

Poor Italy! And how strangely the cravings and the broken hopes of the people of the peninsula are forgotten now in discussion of the policy and action of the silent Emperor!

What plan is he ripening? What combination did he fear? How stands he with Francis-Joseph? Such questions are answered in a hundred ways in a hundred different companies; while Italy yonder suffers silently. Once again, how stands this matter as between the French Emperor and Italy? A strong freebooter has in some by-gone time forced his way into our little patrimonial estate by the sea. He assumes possession, and riots in the riches we had gathered; and makes us do his bidding, or else thrusts us into confinement. Once or twice we lay our plans secretly, and with a startling cry for help

to God's good men every where we try to drive out the freebooter and hold our own again; but we can not. He has guns, and we have none; soldiers, and we have none; friends among the kings, and we have none: only (to help us) sweet traditions of art and song, that kindle pity among the poets and brave words from the eloquent—traditions and hopes—only these.

A certain cousin of Savoy, who has inherited a share of these same traditions, is outspoken in his sympathy—so outspoken and so earnest that he provokes the Austrian freebooter into a foray upon his own Savoyard inheritance; and so strong is the freebooter that he may gorge himself with the patrimony of our cousin as well as our own. And so he would have done if an Imperial neighbor from over the mountains had not come to aid the Savoyard—come, too, with glowing promises for all of us.

We welcome the new-comer and his armies as hardly any man or men was ever welcomed before: we talk hopefully—daring to speak again; we thank Heaven for the dawning of a new day.

And the Austrian freebooter gives battle, and is worsted; and another battle, and retreats.

The homes and faces of all our neighbors are lighted up with hopes and joys that are contagious. Dear blood is shed freely, and hearts are made desolate; but sick hearts are cured of grief when we look toward that *gonfalon* of liberty which we see streaming in the west from every house-top. The sweet and the tender traditions of old seem no longer traditions, but hour by hour grow into vital and present possessions. Horrible is the crash and the din of battles; but we, so thirsting for the rain, smile at the heaviest thunder and the lightning.

Already half our patrimonial estate is delivered of the oppressor; we hear murmurs that the deliverer will be only another oppressor; we believe nothing of it: our hearts are open and trustful. Why, indeed, deceive us? They tell us he is ambitious; but can ambition find a prouder rôle than, in the face of the world, and in defiance of all old-time usages (diplomatic conventionalities), to restore to us our inheritance? They tell us he has sometime made promises which have been broken: shall we, therefore, who ask no promises, refuse gratitude and welcome?

There are those who tell us he can in no form be trusted, and that we should scorn his aid. But surely we may trust his ability, since it has been proven; why not also his good-will, so freely declared, and applauded by the world? Criminal though he may be, he is the representative of a higher and juster and more hopeful civilization than is known by the freebooter whose blighting rule is over us.

Besides all which, we who suffer are people of warm hearts and quick feelings; and he who declares his sympathy, and proves it by such grand blow as this imperial neighbor has given, shall have honor and grateful memorial.

Already half the old patrimony is ours; traditions are gliding into life, when suddenly there is pause.

War is fearful; but this silence after battle is to us more fearful. Half free, to be sure: why not wholly? The iron is cooling while the hammer is so long poised; never was such malleable fitness for a good stroke. Already we seem restored to dignity, as inheritors of our own. We have indulged in outspoken scorn of the oppressor, which, if he retain the power, he may resent fearfully.

And he will; for our imperial neighbor has stayed his hand. The half of your inheritance, he says, is

free of the oppressor; for the rest, he must retain it still.

Has this imperial neighbor done well for us, or ill! He was under no obligation to aid us, any farther than any Christian is under obligation to lighten the sufferings of the oppressed (and there were so many better Christians who did nothing!).

There was something, indeed, in his language that led us to hope that our whole inheritance, and not the half only, should be restored; but if the language amounted to a promise, it was a voluntary, and not an exacted promise (and there were so many neighbors who promised nothing, and performed no more!).

Of course no man is bound to help a suffering neighbor by any thing but the law of kindness; and as between nations the law of kindness is altogether a Quixotic law. Does any body suppose that philanthropic England is bound in any way to help suffering Italy, however bitter the suffering? Does any body suppose that well-mannered and well-bred England will ever use harsher language toward the august monarch of Hapsburg than the courtly language of diplomatic and tender expostulation? Does any body suppose that the far-away Anglican neighbor could ever find resolution to "gird up his loins like a man," and say to this Hapsburg oppressor, "Lift away your iron hand yonder from those suffering people of Italy, or my war-ships shall batter down Trieste?"

Of course not. A man of vulgar associations like Louis Napoleon might say as much, and carry out his threat half-way: whereat all the quidnuncs would be scenting a great plan of his for swallowing Europe in his gorge.

And so, upon the whole, we think Louis Napoleon a great philanthropist, then? Christian philanthropist, certainly not; but we believe him possessed of a very human philanthropy—which is half Christian and half devilish: having courage to proclaim his generous instincts in the face of musty diplomatic conventionalities, and working toward them in a way that is not fettered by any prescriptive law of courts, but only by his fears or doubts as a *man*. Those fears may be selfish, and those doubts may be unworthy; but we believe they are his own, and not Metternich's, or Lord Derby's, or Alexander's.

To this extent we admire the career of Louis Napoleon, believing it to be, from beginning to end, a protest against prescriptive and feudal rights. He is despot; but he is a people's despot, which is better than a hereditary despot. He recognizes influences which the old despots ignored; influences of commerce—of education—of an advanced civilization in every direction.

We threw our cap in the air when he went to Italy, not because we thought him a very Christian hero to impale himself for the mere love of sacrifice upon Austrian spears, but because we believed that he would bring more force and vigor to the punishment of that fearful tyranny of Metternich and Hapsburg than any monarch of his time. God's ministers of vengeance are rarely pure men. Punishers and punished often fall together. Samson killed—how many Philistines shall we say?—but the temple broke down before Samson could fly.

Well, Louis Napoleon went to Italy; all the civilized world felt that he carried victory with him—felt that the century was too old for Austria to win. The man who did not feel this must have slept or have been in his dotage. And he did carry victory—the *Journal de Francfort* to the contrary notwithstanding.

And what then?

A peace of which no friend of Italy can be proud.

Whereupon all those who delight themselves with recalling the Second of December, exclaim—we told you so! But they did not tell us so; they told us the very opposite; they told us he was bent on conquest; they told us he would claim Savoy; they told us that the Prince Napoleon was to have his kingdom, and Murat his.

All which has missed strangely, and the Quixotic Emperor is on a sudden good friend of Francis-Joseph!

And how are we to explain this?

Take your neighbor's heart and explain us that! If we were all always straightforwardly good, or straightforwardly bad, prophesying would be another matter.

A little consolation we find in the fact that a portion of Italy at least is more free than before; and in the more pregnant fact that the arrogant House of Hapsburg has suffered humiliation and defeat.

Enough now of this riddle of Napoleon and Italy until we have the new reading of Zurich.

MEANTIME Paris streets, barring the excessive heat, are very gay. The Hippodrome has its crowds of working men and the Pré-Catalan its cheerful groups of *bourgeoisie*.

What can we tell you that is new?

The armistice, the peace, the returning Emperor and army, and the coming fêtes of 15th August, of course all the world talks of these. And now that Austria is humbled by France, Parisians take kindly to such stray Austrians as appear; it is so pleasant to be generous to a defeated enemy! In certain adjoining towns Austrian prisoners of rank had chosen their place of limited exile, and have now become the cherished lions of the neighborhood.

Many of these were already familiar with Paris, and had contracted friendships here which hostilities have not abated. General Schlick, by-the-by, whose one-eyed portrait has latterly had the range of the papers, and who is perhaps the cleverest of Austrian military advisers, has been a frequent resident of Paris and counts hosts of friends in the city. And it is an odd fact that the French grenadier, who inflicted the fearful wound which deprived him of one eye, was saved from death by the General himself and afterward taken into his service as *valet de chambre*. For years he every day dressed the wound which his own sabre had inflicted, and now lives upon a little farm bestowed upon him by his victim and patron.

We have spoken of a reactionary good feeling toward Austrians; but toward Bavarians or Saxons, if they make themselves known, the feeling is quite different. Indeed their needless bluster is deserving of a little ridicule.

Of course the English invasion panic is one of the jokes of the season, and the French caricaturists make the most of it.

We are dealing with smaller Paris items, and we jot down among them this: a new scientific expedition is about setting out under the auspices of the Emperor for the discovery of the sources of the Nile. A certain Venetian gentleman, Signor Miani, is at its head, and he goes accompanied by sundry French savans and artists. A novel sort of armor they take in the shape of hideous masks, with which, in fault of other means of intimidation, they hope to fright the barbarians of the interior into harmlessness if not courtesy. Their head-quarters are to be at Kartown, and they hope to return by Zanzibar.

Another item we excerpt from the journals in reference to the Count Aguado (Spanish banker) and his studies in photography:

"He wagered that he would so imitate a French bank-note that the difference should not be perceptible. By the time appointed the note was ready, and laid side by side with the original upon his desk. Judge, jury, all were there ready to seize the smallest indication which should lead them into the right guess. The gentleman who laid the wager took both notes in his hand to examine them in the strong light from the window. By some accident he changed or shuffled them from one hand to the other, and when he returned them to the desk neither M. Aguado himself nor any one of the company could tell which was the false note and which the true! There they lie still—two thousand-franc notes—and all connoisseurs are invited to give an opinion. Needless to say that the Banque de France has sent its most expert judges, but without effect."

Yet another on widely different topic, we cut from the *Clinique Européenne* of Dr. Kraus. In an article on longevity in Europe, he states, that,

"Before 1789 Duvillard calculated that out of 100 individuals 50 only reached the age of 20. From 1823 to 1831, according to Biennymé's observations, the proportion was 60 per cent. According to Demomferrand, 7 individuals out of 100 reach the age of 80, 2 only the age of 85, and 1 that of 89; while out of a million only 640 die within 90 and 99. Mathieu reduces the 640 to 491, and finds that out of that number only 9 reach the age of 97, and only 4 that of 99. According to Duvillard and Demomferrand, only 2 out of 10,000 reach the age of 100; but in this respect there are some privileged places: thus at Carlisle, in Cumberland, 9 out of 10,000 attain that age, while at Paris scarcely a year passes without some person dying 100 years old, or upward. Benoiston de Chateauneuf, calculating upon 15 millions of individuals, finds that out of 100 only 44 reach the age of 30; 23 that of 60; 15 that of 70; 4½ that of 80, and eleven-eightieths that of 90. The average duration of life is now about 39 years and eight months; twenty years ago it was only 36; in 1817 it did not exceed 31½; before 1789 it was only 28½; and M. Villermé shows that at Paris, in the fourteenth century, it was not more than 17 years; in the seventeenth century 26, and in the eighteenth 32. In France there is only one septuagenarian for 33 individuals, one octogenarian in 160, and one nonagenarian in 1900. At Geneva, the average of human life in the sixteenth century was 18 years and five months; in the seventeenth, 23 and four months; and from 1815 to 1826, it was 38 years and ten months. In England, the average in 1840 was 38 years; in France, 36½; at Hanover, 35 and four months; in Schleswig-Holstein, 34 years and seven months; in Holland, 34 years; at Naples, 34 years and seven months; in Prussia, 30 years and ten months; in Wurtemberg, 30 years; in Saxony, 29. These facts show the average duration of life in Europe as constantly increasing."

From length of life to length of limb we pass naturally enough; here again it is a discussion of the savans with which we have to do. A certain Doctor Michan, of the Faculty of Louvain, has latterly published a little volume on amputation of the lower limbs, which has received the full discussion and the general approval of the famous Velpeau.

The distinguishing feature of the Louvain treatise is, its advocacy of amputation above the ankle, instead of below the knee. There was a fancy that

it was necessary to sacrifice all the lower portion of the leg, in order to secure good position of the mechanical appliances for locomotion. But modern mechanicians have succeeded in attaching an artificial foot to the ankle-joint so effectively that an observer would never detect the infirmity.

M. Velpeau, from whose talk we gather this, speaks of ladies within the circle of his acquaintance, who, with foot removed at the ankle, are so daintily supplied with the missing member by Paris artisans as to walk without any perceptible limp, and to dance as usual. "*Elles se livrent à tous les agréments de la société, même au plaisir de la danse.*"

Thus many of the wounds of the Italian war, which cost a limb, will leave no trace. But how many others, whose traces shall be grievous!

We heard a touching story just now of a poor fellow of Angoulême, who went to the war, bore himself nobly, was decorated for his brave deeds at Magenta, added new honors at Solferino, but at the very end of the conflict was cruelly wounded! He was borne tenderly from the field, gained strength, as it seemed, but presently died in a charming delirium wherein he seemed to be wandering in Angoulême streets again with the old friends he had loved, and who so loved him. Of course, the story of it, all came home, and when the population were making a festal day in honor of the victory, the procession turned aside from the street where the poor boy's parents were living—nor suffered a single echo of their bravuras to reach the ears of the stricken friends. And at evening they brought wreaths of such flowers as are hung by graves, and strewed them there by the door of the mourners.

How many homes where no flowers are laid! How many griefs in France which wreaths can not cover!

THE journals are under our eye, and we fall presently upon this charming bit of *naïveté*:

"Louis X—, a servant in the employ of M. Pontfort, a landed proprietor near Bethune, had to leave about six months ago for his regiment, which had been ordered to form part of the army of Italy. At the battle of Solferino the young conscript made himself remarkable for his intrepidity. He took a color from the enemy, and presented it himself to the Emperor, who gave him the cross of the Legion of Honor, and at the same time complimented him on his gallant conduct. The young soldier could find no other words to thank the Emperor than these: 'Well, *Monsieur*, if that gives you so much pleasure, I will bring you some more of them.'"

And next (still redolent of war) comes this descriptive paragraph of the famous steam ram of England:

"The contract for this tremendous engine of modern war has been taken by the Thames Iron Shipbuilding Company, and sufficient progress has been made with the ironwork to be used in her to make it certain that she will be afloat and fitting for sea by June next. Her dimensions will be: extreme length, 380 feet; breadth, 58 feet; depth, 41 feet 6 inches; and her tonnage no less than 6177 tons. The weight of the empty hull will be 5700 tons. The engines are to be by Penn and Sons, of 1250 horse-power. Their weight with boilers will be 950 tons; she will carry 950 tons of coal, and her armament, masts, stores, etc., will amount to 1100 tons more. Thus, at sea, her total weight will be about 9000 tons, which will be driven, when so wanted, through the water against an enemy's ship at the rate of sixteen miles an hour. The keel, or rather

the portion to which the ribs are bolted, is made of immense slabs of wrought scrap iron, an inch and a quarter thick, and three feet six inches deep. From this spring the ribs—massive wrought iron T-shaped beams, which are made in joints about five feet long by two deep, up to where the armor plates begin, five feet below the water-line. These beams are only three feet eight inches apart, while, for a distance of ten feet on each side of the keel, they are bolted in at only half this distance asunder. Five feet below the water-line the armor plates commence; and, to give room for these, the depth of the rib diminishes to about half, or nine inches. Over the ribs, and crossing transversely, are bolted beams of teak, a foot and a half thick, and outside these again come the armor plates. The armor plates are not intended to shield the whole vessel, only the fighting portion, about 220 feet of the broadside, being thus protected. This broadside, however, will mount fourteen of the Armstrong 100-pound guns, which, with two broadside guns on the upper deck, and two pivot guns of the same kind forward and two aft, will give her a total armament of thirty-six guns, each throwing a 100-pound shot over a range of nearly six miles. In the design sent into the Admiralty by the Thames Shipbuilding Company the shape of the bows was made exactly after the outline of the neck and breast of a swan when swimming. Thus the point which would strike an enemy's vessel was the 'breast,' which was placed under the water-line. In the Admiralty model, according to which the 'ram' is to be built, the bows form an obtuse angle, the point of which is just level with the water, receding back at a rather sharp slope both above and below it. This peculiar shape, however, will be concealed under the usual figure-head and forward gear with a light artificial cut-water of wood, so that, apparently, the vessel will be an ordinary frigate of the largest size. The mode in which she attacks will be to run straight at the enemy, taking him, if possible, in the stern or quarter. It is calculated that, striking a line-of-battle ship in the stern, the ram would sink her within three minutes."

Last, in this hot month, we shall call your attention to a play of the war which is drawing its thousands to the Theatre of the Porte St. Martin, the name being *La Voie Sacrée*.

"It purports to give the various stages of the campaign, from the enrollments of the Parisian populace to the triumphant entry of the Allies into the city of Milan; and, what is somewhat rare in these matters, the promise of the *affiche* is very respectably fulfilled. Of the literary merits of the affair it is as well to say as little as possible. Let it suffice to mention that it is the very reverse of a first-rate production as a drama—a fact, however, of little consequence, as the eye and not the ear of the spectator is intended to be propitiated. The piece opens with what the authors call a prologue, in which the audience are let into the secret of the kind of rule exercised by the Austrians at Milan, where we find a patriotic old marchioness who is guilty of encouraging a plot against them among the Italians, for which she is pulled up, tried, and condemned to be publicly flogged. She expires under the punishment, bequeathing the task of vengeance to her countrymen. We are next removed to Paris, where the population are all alive for the coming war, veterans of the old Guard and the *gamins* of the streets pressing forward enthusiastically to join the ranks; an illustrious personage drives

past at the time of departure amidst the acclamations of the crowd, which concludes the scenes in Paris. From hence the spectator is successively conveyed to Genoa; to the attack on Montebello; to the camp of the Zouaves at Palestro; the battle of Magenta; and, finally, to witness the triumphant entry of the French and their allies into Milan with a hymn of victory. Several of the *tableaux* are admirable; we may specially particularize the reception of the army at Genoa. The picturesque old port and city—the laughing gayety of the French troops, half-smothered with garlands and bouquets—the enthusiasm of the people, with the rapid movement and artistic grouping of the scene, really transports the spectator for a moment to the spot, so animated and lifelike is the whole picture. The field of Magenta, whither we are soon afterward taken, presents a picture wholly of another sort. 'Now comes the tug of war;' here we have hand-to-hand fighting, mixed, of course, with an ample proportion of 'drum, trumpet, and gun'—of the last perhaps a little too much, at least for the fairer portion of the spectators, who exhibited considerable alarm at the long-continued firing. The Austrians are of course defeated; but the testimony borne in the various accounts to their courage and obstinacy is perfectly supported by their representatives here. We suspect that a little individual vanity as to personal strength mixes itself up in the strife when it comes to a struggle between man and man; for some of the Zouaves evidently found it a desperate job to master their antagonists, so stoutly did they maintain their characters. The closing *tableau* of the action is almost painfully effective from the number of dead which are strewn over the field of battle—a good deal spoiled, however, by the glaring red fire which managers think it necessary to introduce in all scenes of this description, the only effect of which, however, is to call up ancient reminiscences of Franconi and the ancient Cirque. The humors of the Zouaves in their encampment, with a burlesque ballet, not without an eccentric dash of fun, come next; and after some further warlike vicissitudes, the piece terminates with the grand entry into the city of Milan, amidst the rejoicing of the people."

Editor's Drawer.

THE freshness of the Drawer this month is largely due to the kindness of its hosts of contributors, who have not failed us even in the heats of summer. Warm friends they are, and the more we have of them and from them the better. This month's supply is rich and refreshing; better to take than medicine.

THIS admirable story comes to the Drawer all the way from Honolulu, in the Sandwich Islands.

Every body has heard of Captain Percival, of the United States navy, familiarly known as "Mad Jack," a most consummate seaman, bold and fearless, and with a will as unalterable as the laws of the Medes and Persians; although noted throughout the navy for his eccentricity, yet he was seldom or never known to recede from any course of conduct that he had once resolved upon.

When Mad Jack commanded the sloop-of-war —, on a certain station, a number of midshipmen and petty officers incurred his displeasure by some riotous conduct ashore. Calling them before him, he administered a severe rebuke, and swore a mighty

oath that not one of them should put foot on shore again during the cruise. The lads were rather inclined to laugh in their sleeves at getting off so cheaply, for the cruise was nearly up, and they were daily expecting "orders for home." But the business became serious when, soon after, news arrived of a diplomatic row, or a case of oppression, somewhere (we won't be too particular in the details), and the vessel received orders to sail in that direction and prolong her cruise for several months. The — sailed for her destination, touching at several fine ports, and affording frequent opportunities to the senior officers and crew to indulge themselves ashore; but the midshipmen, with daily lengthened visages, were confined to the ship. Finally the — dropped anchor in a port famed for its lively society, its lovely women, the beauty of its natural position, its walks, its drives, and the brilliancy of its places of amusement—in fact, the Paradise of a naval officer. Here it was announced they were to remain some three months. All hands were rejoiced—except the midshipmen, who, as the days and weeks passed away and no permission reached them to go ashore, suffered all the horrors of Tantalus. The ship had been some two months in port when their sufferings reached the culminating point, and they held a meeting to discuss their condition. They argued that when their punishment was pronounced this prolongation of the voyage was not anticipated, and as they had already been sufficiently punished by confinement on board when in port for a long period, surely Mad Jack would, on a proper representation of the facts, relax his iron discipline in their behalf and annul the sentence against them. So it was resolved that they should proceed in a body to the Captain and ask permission to go ashore. A spokesman was chosen, and they advanced, caps in hand, a melancholy procession, to the Captain's cabin, and before that potentate they feelingly represented the hardship of their case, announced their deep contrition for past offenses, and wound up by a request to be allowed to go ashore.

"So, so! young gentlemen—want to go ashore, do you?"

"Why yes, Sir; we thought—"

"Humph! Yes! Well, I expected an application of this sort; but I'm afraid you'll misbehave yourselves."

"Oh no, indeed, Sir! we'll be very circumspect."

"And you won't get drunk?"

"Oh no, Sir! we won't drink a drop."

"And you won't go to any dance-houses, or low theatres, or any thing of that sort?"

"Certainly not, Sir; we'll seek the very best society we can find."

"Yes, yes! humph! It might improve your health too, you are looking rather thin; but I trust I shall hear no bad report of your conduct."

"You will not, indeed, Sir."

"And you will be off aboard the ship again at an early hour?"

"Oh yes, Sir! we will be very punctual to any hour that you may fix."

"Humph! Yes! Well, young gentlemen, you CAN'T GO!"

"AMONG the many celebrities of Washington Judge Bibb, lately deceased, was not the least notable. He was a gentleman of the Old School, and retained knee-breeches and ancient manners until the day of his death. He constantly devoted himself to angling; so much so, indeed, that he was

regarded by our juvenile fishermen as a perfect walking (or boating) edition of Izaak Walton.

"On a fine spring morning, about two years since, I started, in company with a party of friends, for the Little Falls of the Potomac. We were 'prospecting' the chances of rock-fish, better known in your latitude as 'striped bass.' It was quite early in the season, but not too early for Judge Bibb. He had arrived long before us, and sat upon a ledge of rock, rod in hand—the very picture of sentinel patience unrelieved. Hailing him from a distance, I asked, with the natural instinct of a fisherman:

"What luck, Judge?"

"Luck, Sir? worst luck in the world, Sir; been fishing here for four hours, and haven't had a nibble!"

"What bait are you using?"

"Capital bait; live frog, Sir."

"I ventured to suggest, mildly, that perhaps 'live frog' was not such very 'capital bait;' whereupon the Judge burst forth:

"Don't tell me, Sir! you can't teach me any thing, Sir! Don't I know? Best bait in the world, Sir; only the luck; awful luck! four hours without a nibble!"

"By this time we had reached the Judge's position; and while preparing our tackle Mr. D——, one of the party, observed a frog sitting on the bank, within a few feet of the Judge. Said he,

"Judge, let me catch a fresh bait for you. I see a frog on the bank close beside you."

"Thank you, Sir; I wish you would catch that frog, Sir. It's been staring me in the face all the morning. I believe it knows that I have one of its family on my hook. Ha! ha! ha! Catch it, Sir; by all means, catch it."

"Mr. D—— shortened his rod, and, cautiously striking with the sharp end, pinned the frog through one of its hinder legs. Just then, as Mr. D—— was lifting aloft his prize, the Judge began winding up his reel, and uttered a joyous cry:

"Hold still, Sir! keep quiet! I've got a bite!"

"Rapidly wound the reel, rapidly came in the slackening line, till the last few yards of it floated upon the surface of the stream; and then, with a face that boded thunder, the Judge turned to Mr. D——.

"Why, Sir, you've caught my frog!"

"And so it was. The frog, with the impulse of all amphibious animals when wounded, had made for the shore; and there it had crouched, for four hours, directly under the Judge's nose, and holding his hook out of water.

"DOCTOR MAGRUDER, our worthy ex-Mayor, is one of those physicians who act upon the rule of 'laugh and get well.' He is never without a joke for or against some of his patients. I shall endeavor to give one of his stories, as nearly as possible in his own words:

"I was once called out to attend a man in a little country village who had swallowed sulphuric acid. I prescribed magnesia; but there being no drug-store in the village, I was compelled to administer saleratus as the most convenient substitute. Imagine my horror when the patient began to swell visibly under my eyes! He complained of a burning heat in the stomach, and seemed to be in the very throes of dissolution. I was terribly frightened, but had some consolation in the remembrance that my first prescription had been for the true antidote. At last, fortunately, vomiting ensued; and,

of course, as the mingled acid and saleratus met the air a violent effervescence took place. The patient saw the bubbling mass, and turning to me with the queerest expression of pain and wonder, gasped out, "Doctor, I knew it was hot; but I didn't think it would *boil!*"

"BUT the laugh is not always on the side of the Doctor. Take the following, for instance:

[SCENE: *A sick-room; MASTER JOHNNY, a five-year-old, propped up on pillows; MAMMA and the DOCTOR in the foreground.*]

"MAMMA [*loquitur*]. 'Now, Johnny, darling, here's some castor oil for you, fixed up with nice wine and sugar.'

"DOCTOR [*beseechingly*]. 'Remember, mamma, don't let Johnny have it all; keep some for me.'

"JOHNNY [*knowingly*]. 'Mamma, Doctor's such a dear, good man, let him drink the whole of it, won't you?'"

"THE animosity between Foote, of Mississippi, and Benton, of Missouri, was well known. It is a matter of record, and there can be no want of delicacy in alluding to a historical fact.

"On the last night of that session which closed the Senatorial career of those gentlemen respectively, Mr. Foote obtained the floor, and occupied the final hour with a bitter and eloquent review of the life and acts of his old enemy. Mr. Benton sat unmoved; his massive features betrayed no sign of anger or anxiety; you would have thought him asleep, but for the regular motion of his eyelids. As the hands on the clock pointed to midnight, he quietly remarked to a by-stander,

"I leave the Senate of the United States, footed out of it; *footed* out of it, Sir; but not *kicked* out!"

"MR. FOOTE had said that he would write a little book in which Mr. Benton should figure very largely. Mr. B. heard of this, and replied, in his characteristic way, to the informant,

"Tell Foote that I will write a very *large* book in which he shall not figure at all."

"The 'Thirty Years' will show how faithfully this promise was kept.

"WHEN General Quitman—glorious old hero!—was a candidate for the Governorship of Mississippi, in opposition to Foote, the present writer happened to see something of the canvass. At one point, in the interior of the State, General Q. was addressing a vast meeting, and arousing all that wild enthusiasm which he was so well calculated to inspire in the hearts of the masses. He began by saying that he had come into that section a poor, friendless youth; that he had met the hand of good-fellowship, and been lifted by it through the various grades of public position; he was deeply sensible that he owed to that people all that he was, all that he hoped to be; a lifetime devoted to their service could never repay them. About this period a fellow directly in front of the stand, whose coon-skin cap and patchwork coat of many colors proclaimed him to be a mountaineer, burst forth, with a loud yell:

"Gin'ral! you're punkins!"

"Considerably enlivened, the General went on: 'Gentlemen, when the tocsin of war sounded over the land I endeavored to prove, to the extent of my humble capacity, not unworthy of your confidence. It is always an invidious task to speak of self, but I think I may safely say that the flag of Mississippi,

under my guidance, was ever among the foremost in danger and in victory!"

"The fellow in the coon-skin cap again led the crowd in a shout of tremendous excitement:

"Gin'ral! you're *some* punkins!"

"Quitman continued: 'The rush of war is over; I return to you in the garb of peace. I find you torn by political agitation; and my friends are kind enough to think that I can be of service in this crisis. If so, I am willing and anxious to serve. I have toiled for you unremittingly; I am ready to toil for you still. You know the present issue, and you know my views. Therefore it is that I come before you to-day, asking to be made Governor of this State!"

"Coon-skin could contain his emotions no longer. With tears streaming from his eyes he dashed his cap upon the ground, and exclaimed:

"Gin'ral! I'm goll darned ef you ain't *all* punkins! an' we've kept you workin' fur us all yer life, an' it's a durn shame, so it is! I go in fur lettin' you rest a little bit now; an' so *I'll jest vote fur the other man!*"

"The General's speech came to an abrupt termination; and several persons were heard to inquire how 'that same old coon' had forced himself into the meeting."

ONE of the early settlers of Morgan County was Judge Mandeville, who lost an arm at the sortie of Fort Erie, in the last war with Great Britain; and who, for that loss and services rendered, was in the receipt of the usual pension "in such cases made and provided."

Being a lawyer, he was often honored with the office of Justice of the Peace, and latterly a Judge of the County Court. A scamp of a fellow was brought before him, charged with theft. The counsel for the people and the prisoner and an array of witnesses appeared, and the trial proceeded, the Court showing evident signs of prejudice against the prisoner. At the conclusion of the trial the Court seemed to "halt between two opinions," although it was apparent to all present that the complaint was not proved, and spectators and counsel were expecting to hear the Court order his discharge. Finally, the counsel for the prisoner addressed the Court:

"May it please the Court, does the Court consider the testimony against my client sufficient in law to convict him of the offense now charged?"

The Judge here seized his cork arm with the hand of the other, and giving it a shake—a habit peculiar to him when a little excited.

"No," says the Court, "I th-i-n-k n-o-t. But I think he is the same scamp that stole wood from me a while ago; therefore he is, no doubt, guilty of *this* offense, testimony or no testimony." And turning to an officer, says, "Mr. Constable, lock the prisoner up thirty days on bread and water. I guess he deserves it. Court's adjourned!"

ON another occasion, while Judge M—— was officiating as justice of the peace, there was a case before him which was tried by a jury; and after the testimony was all in, and while the eloquent summing up of the two counsel and the learned charge of the court were still echoing through the "halls of justice," the Court ordered a constable forward to be sworn, so as to take charge of the jury while deliberating on a verdict.

The officer appeared with uplifted hand, and the Court began the usual oath:

"You do solemnly swear that you will take this jury to some convenient place, and there them safely keep without—" Here the Judge gave his cork arm a tremendous shake, as he had forgotten the balance of the oath. "And all the rest of the little fixings—you know what they are better than I do. Take the jury out."

"THERE was once a lawyer here by the name of Todd, a man of considerable talent, though somewhat of the *bluff* order, and withal a good heart.

"In early times in our State, and before the organization of the State Government, the justices of the peace were appointed by the Territorial Governor; and, as must be expected, men of the most brilliant talents were not always appointed to be dubbed with the title of squire.

"There was one of these 'squires' in this county who was not remarkable as a profound jurist, but doubtless honest; and in his first case after donning the *ermine*, Todd appeared as counsel for the defendant. In the progress of the trial the two attorneys had many disputes on 'law points,' which the Court generally decided against Todd, who seeing that the tide of law was setting against him, and assuming a very learned and grave countenance, exclaimed,

"May it please the Court, *I withdraw the suit on the part of the defense*, and move the Court that judgment for costs be entered up against the plaintiff."

"And in spite of the urgent remonstrances of the opposing counsel against such an unheard-of proceeding the Court made the entries on his docket accordingly; while Todd dignifiedly satcheled his law books, mounted his horse, and started for home, and didn't laugh until he got well out of hearing."

FROM the Crescent City we have the following:

"Not very long since, Mr. T——, a very respectable member of our bar, had a suit against a rather troublesome citizen named John Hoag. The suit involved the title to a house and lot in the possession of Hoag, and progressed satisfactorily to Mr. T—— and his clients until it came to its 'final process;' to wit: a writ commanding the sheriff to put Hoag out, and the true owners in possession of the tenement. To this Hoag refused to submit, and no persuasions of attorneys, sheriffs, or friends could induce him to leave his much loved home—which, however, it had been judicially determined, belonged to the plaintiffs.

"The necessary consequence followed—Hoag was seized and confined in the city jail, on process of 'contempt,' for disobeying the decree of the Court; and after one night's rest, or *unrest*, in 'durance vile,' Mr. T—— received from him a friendly letter, of which the following is a literal copy, spelling, capitals, and punctuation:

CalaBuse
feB 10

Mr tErniGe
My deere suR
ime in The CalarBuse And yu Kan take The ole Hous
John Hoag
tu Mr. tirnaGe

"On this letter being read in open court and duly filed with the record, Mr. Hoag was at once ordered to be discharged, and has ever since maintained the character of a quiet, law-abiding citizen, Mr. T——'s clients remaining from that day to this in undisturbed possession of 'the ole Hous.'"

"In strolling about one of the pleasantest of the

New England maritime villages a week since, I came across, in *one* of its neat cemeteries, a substantial marble obelisk bearing the following inscription, which I send you for the benefit of your million of readers in general, and of Rhode Island in particular. It is an instance of posthumous spite quite refreshing in these days—none the less from its showing there is occasionally a 'gritty' individual to be found in these degenerate times:

WHEN RHODE ISLAND, BY HER LEGISLATION,
FROM 1843 TO 1850,
REPUDIATED HER REVOLUTIONARY DEBT,
DR. RICHMOND
REMOVED FROM THAT STATE TO THIS BOROUGH, AND
SELECTED THIS AS HIS FAMILY BURIAL-PLACE;
UNWILLING THAT THE REMAINS OF HIM-
SELF AND FAMILY SHOULD BE DIS-
GRACED BY FORMING PART OF
THE COMMON EARTH OF A
REPUDIATING STATE.

STONINGTON, JUNE, 1850.

The obverse side contains the obituaries of the testy Doctor and his faithful spouse; and a further inscription states that a sum of money has been deposited with the Town Treasurer, the interest of which is to be expended in keeping the monument in good repair and preservation *forever!*"

POUGHKEEPSIE once boasted of a Justice of the Peace who, though he pretty generally received the suffrages of "our adopted fellow-citizens," was not an especial favorite with them on account of his morality. One of them having been convicted before him of an assault and battery was fined ten dollars by "his Honor." Pat having paid the fine demanded a "recate."

"We never give a receipt," said the Justice; "the fine is marked *paid*, and you are discharged."

"But I want a recate."

"And for what do you want a receipt?"

"Why, your Honor, I'll go to the other world some day, and when I come to the gate, St. Peter will say, 'And Patrick, have you paid your debts?' And I'll say, 'Your riverence, I have.' And he'll ask, 'Was ye niver fined for bating Jim M'Crae?' And I'll say, 'I was, your riverence.' 'And, Patrick, did ye pay it?' and I'll tell him, 'I did, your riverence.' And then St. Peter will say—and he will—'Patrick, where's your recate?' And then, your Honor, I'll have to be running all around to find your Honor and get a recate!"

A SEA-FARING friend writes to the Drawer:

"On the twenty-fifth day of December, 1858, while most of the readers of the Drawer were eating their Christmas dinner, we entered the beautiful harbor of H——. The signal for a pilot was answered by a black fellow who seemed to feel 'as large as life and twice as natural;' the Captain asked him if he was the *branch* pilot for the place, when he exclaimed, 'No, Sir-ee! I'se de real *root*, an' no mistake; an' I didn't come aboard to hab any words about it nuder; so lay for'ard and sheet home the fore tack.'"

REV. DR. NEALE, in a speech at the Boston City dinner on the 4th of July, related an anecdote concerning Mr. Webster, the facts of which occurred soon after the delivery of his 7th of March speech.

"Mr. Webster was on a short tour into the State of Virginia, and, in the course of a day's ramble, had occasion to call at a farm-house for a glass of milk and water. The farmer invited him in, while his wife

went to procure the beverage, and in conversation incidentally remarked that he had been reading the great speech of one Webster, and inquired of his guest if he knew the Senator and could tell how he looked. Mr. Webster replied that he had seen him, and that some thought he bore a strong resemblance to himself. The farmer's suspicions were aroused, and he asked, 'Are you Mr. Webster?'

"That is what I am usually called," replied the sage of Marshfield. Just then the wife arrived with the milk and water. Her husband, on her entrance, cried out, 'Old woman, carry that right back! Milk and water won't do for this man; bring him a glass of hailstones! *This is Daniel Webster!*'"

"DEAR SIR,—Inclosed I send you an advertisement which I found sticking on the door of the Post-office in this place, which I think is worthy of a place in your Drawer, and therefore send it to you. It is the original paper, as you can see by the corners where it was tacked:

"June 4 1859

"NOTICE

A Stray horse, he Strayed off May the 27 Description he is light Bay a little hip Shoten, the most of his Time holes his tale to one Sid; But he can hold it Strate, if he will if any Pirson will take him up so as I can git him I will pay them for Ther trouble
John B Wilson"

OLD NEW JERSEY turns up again with the following very entertaining incidents, which will be relished by the parties as well as the reader:

"They tell a capital story here about the present Governor of this State, Dr. Newell, and Colonel James W. Wall, who ran for Congress in 1856 in the Second District. In order to initiate your readers into the humor of the story, they must be reminded that Governor Newell, who was then before the people as the American and Republican candidate, was a very industrious operator in his own behalf, attending to all places where opportunities of meeting the people were afforded, and making himself agreeable to the sovereigns. On one occasion Colonel Wall addressed a field-meeting of the Democracy in the County of Monmouth, where he claimed exclusive domain, having there his stanchest supporters. After explaining his own position and his views upon the political questions of the day, and why he ought to be sent to Congress for the good of the country, the Colonel turned his attention to the Opposition, and especially pitched into Dr. Newell, 'the hermaphrodite candidate for Governor,' as he called him; spoke of his attempt to ride two horses, and that the time would not be long before he would come to the forks of the political road where public opinion branched off into two distinct paths, and then, he thought, if each horse took a separate road, the Doctor would find himself in trouble; and, in a word, gave the Doctor a most severe lashing. After he had taken his seat, one of the Colonel's friends approached him and inquired, 'Who do you think, Colonel, has been listening to the last part of your speech?'

"Really, Sir, I do not know of any one in particular, not being able to recognize faces in so vast a crowd."

"I thought you hadn't," said the friend. 'Allow me to say that the man sitting in a buggy yonder is Dr. Newell, the Opposition candidate for Governor.'

"The Colonel looked up quietly, and recognizing the Doctor, exclaimed, 'Why really! so it is. Well, he only illustrates the old adage, that "listeners never hear any good of themselves." Well, I am in for

it, and must face it out, so I will give the Doctor a call.' Accordingly the Colonel left the stand, and pushing his tall, athletic person through the crowd, approached the Doctor's carriage. The Doctor saw him coming, and smiled. When they met the most astonishing courtesy marked the interview.

"Why, Doctor," said the Colonel, 'it seems to me you are far beyond the line of your professional visiting this morning, or else your practice has enlarged greatly.'

"No," responded the Doctor; 'I heard there were many sick and afflicted here in this neighborhood, and I have come down to see what I can do for them; but, Colonel, I have been listening to your speech, and I was delighted to find that you handled me so gentlemanly—no attack upon private character, simply arraigning me for my political proclivities, which belong to the public.'

"The Doctor bowed as he said this; and the Colonel, not to be outdone in politeness, bowed in return, and said,

"Certainly, Doctor, I never indulge in personalities against the private reputation of any gentleman."

"Just at this moment one of the fishermen along shore, who had been listening to the interview, stepped up, and, to the great amusement of the crowd and the parties most interested, said, with great humor,

"Well, gentlemen, you both are so polite that it reminds me of a story I once heard of an Irishman, who was going along the road when an angry bull rushed down upon him, and with his horns tossed him over a fence. The Irishman recovering from his fall, upon looking up saw the bull pawing and tearing up the ground (as is the custom of the animal when irritated), whereupon Pat, smiling at him, said, "If it was not for your bowing and scraping, and your humble apologies, you brute, faix I should think that you had thrown me over this fence on purpose!"

"Thereupon there was a great roar, and the crowd quietly dispersed."

A CONNECTICUT correspondent says: "Some time ago I saw in the Drawer an anecdote of Ralph Isham, of Colchester, Connecticut. I can relate another. After Mr. Isham had become rich he set up in business at East Haddam, Connecticut, a clerk of his, named Goodspeed, who afterward became a very rich man too. A close intimacy always existed between them while they lived. Each was fond of a good joke.

"One morning, on meeting, Mr. Isham saluted Mr. Goodspeed:

"How d'ye do, Mr. Goodspeed, Bad-speed, and Every-body's-speed?"

"Very well, thank you, Mr. I-sham, You-sham, and Every-body's-sham."

A FEW years since a Mr. Bones, of Allegan County, Michigan, was solicited to run for sheriff. His wife was a quiet, unassuming lady, much respected for her domestic virtues. Mr. B. had been to Allegan, the county seat, and it was determined by his party friends that he should be the candidate for sheriff. Returning home, Mr. B. informed his wife of the fact, and, to have some fun with her, as he thought, observed, very seriously, that if she had ever done any thing wrong he wished her to let him know, as, if he run for sheriff, every thing *he* or *she* had ever done would come out and be published.

His wife, with some surprise, said she had done nothing wrong.

"Well," said Mr. B., with a very grave countenance, "if you have ever done any thing out of the way it will be sure to come out and disgrace us both, and I had rather not run."

Mrs. B. replied sharply, and threatened an application of broomstick if any further insinuations were made. Mr. B. very mildly and honestly said that he thought it was best to speak about it; "and now," said he, "if you are willing I will accept the nomination and run for sheriff. Do you really think I had better do it?"

"Well," said his wife, "I don't know. I rather guess, on the whole, you had better not run!"

Mr. Bones found he had got the joke upon himself, for he had the pleasant advice not to run for a very good reason, while the good woman knew there was no reason at all.

ALPHONSO, of Bangor, Maine, favors us with a dozen stanzas describing a "Spring Thunder-Storm," with the request that we will "pleas publish, if worthy." We comply, in part:

"The sun is shining pleasantly
And I am very nicely;
The birds make, by singing sweetly,
All things feel very lively."

This is quite too pleasant to last: a storm comes up: thus:

"But alas! what a mighty change,
From serene beauty to rage.
What means those clouds, so thick and dark,
Stop a minit, and hark!"

We do so; hear a "mighty thunder-clap," see a "distent flashing," and observe the dark clouds:

"Acrost the sun, they cast their pall;
And all below is gloom;
D'ye see the wivid lighting flash?
The devel is in the hash."

This last affirmation is hardly consistent with what follows:

"It is the voice of god, whose goal,
Hear the mighty thunder roll,
That flames shall circl this earth round
Is in the holey book found.

Then the rain falls "in drops as big as hail; the thunder rolles with mighty crashes, and the red lighting flashes;" then "the sparklin drops cease falling;" the sun "bursts from out the clouds, and it very brightly shines;" and—

"As though they wer in a twiter
It makes the drops glitter;
Like dimonds, whose sparks glitter
As the bug,* who fliters."

"OLD Squire B—— was a great hand for dealing out justice according to his own views. In his younger days of Squiredom he dealt out justice so forcibly that I send you a sample, that young Squires who read the contents of the Drawer may profit thereby:

"John Acker had a quarrelsome partner, and wanted to get a settlement; so he withdrew from the concern, and brought suit against him for about what he thought he ought to have from the business clear of all debts. The Squire issued a summons for said partner to appear before him on a certain day and defend himself. He came some time before the hour, and got arguing with the Squire, who being

very hot-headed, put him out of the office and locked the door. When the hour of grace was up he gave judgment in favor of plaintiff for non-appearance of defendant.

"A MAN lost a trunk on the railroad from R—— to this place. He went before Squire B—— and stated his case, when the attorney of the Company, Harry Cone, rose to make a defense. He had hardly got his hat off before the Squire said, 'I don't want to hear any of your law talk in this court. I know your Railroad Company too well. I lost a trunk myself between here and S——, and never got a cent for it. I'll give judgment against you, and you may appeal and be hanged, if you like!'"

"LOUISIANA has not yet contributed her full share to the Drawer. The materials, however, are ample, and I send you a few contributions. The bench supplies the following:

"One of the most upright and best of men was Judge L——. A good Judge and a devout Christian, he was utterly ignorant—not of the existence, but of the practical workings and slang vocabulary—of the professional gamblers, who sometimes got into trouble by the accidental *finding* of a grand jury and the desperate efforts of an ambitious State's attorney. One Jo Bowers was indicted for an assault and battery on the person of Mike Brady. The aforesaid battery had been consummated in a *doggerly* at Niggerville, now called Washington, near the town of Opelousas. A witness was called on the part of the State, who deposed that Jo Bowers, Mike Brady, another *gentleman* whose name witness had forgotten, and himself were playing poker; Jo he *riffled* the *kurds*, and Mike went blind. 'Hem!' said the Judge, 'did you say, witness, that one of the party went it blind?' 'Yes, Sir, I did that.' 'Go on,' said the Judge. 'I was first in say, and bet a *Simon*—' 'A what?' 'A *Simon*, your Honor.' 'A dollar, may it please your Honor,' blandly explained the District-Attorney. 'When it came to Mike's turn he was still blind, and being *considerable drinky* he sort o' felt his keeping, and concluded he could bluff; and, says he, I'll make my blind good and see your *Simon*, and go you ten better—' 'Stop! stop!' exclaimed the Judge; 'you have just stated that the man went blind, and now you say that he saw a dollar and ten more besides! I can't understand all this.' No, he could not; and it is doubtful if he ever understood it completely, although the District-Attorney, who was an adept at this sort of thing, sent for a pack of cards—or, according to some other accounts, took a pack out of his pocket—and explained to the Judge what *going it blind* meant."

"THE curtness of Gas Companies' officials to complaining or ignorant consumers is well understood. While paying my last quarter's bill the following colloquy met my ear:

"INDIGNANT CONSUMER. 'My bill is larger than ever before, and there *must* be some mistake. Please examine it again.'

"CLERK. 'The bill no doubt appears larger to you than you expected; but you do not understand the metre, and we insist upon full payment.'

"CONSUMER. 'How do you sell your gas—by long or by short metre?'

"BY-STANDER (also indignant at the size of *his* quarter's bill). 'Why, they charge you by *long metre*, and when you complain they answer you in *short metre*.'

* Lighting-bug.

UP in Hubbardston, Massachusetts, old Deacon Wilson added to his churchly office the secular one of Justice of the Peace. Once on a time there was brought before him a man charged with violent assault and battery on certain members of a household, and illegal carrying away of a little dog, ownership of which was claimed by the aforesaid assaulted and battered.

The numerous witnesses had been even more than ordinarily prolix and tedious, running out long stories about matters having nothing to do with the case. The Squire had become nervous, and it was near dinner-time when the last witness was called, a boy ten or eleven years old. After he had been sworn, the Squire addressed him:

"Now, my little fellow, we want you to tell us what you know about this affair in the fewest words you can, and we don't want to hear about any thing else; there has been too much talk already."

After a moment's hesitation, as if to stow his ideas into the compact form enjoined on him, he spoke out in a clear voice,

"He knocked down par, and kicked marm, and took 'Music.'"

It is hardly necessary to say that the Court and the audience were convinced, and the accused was "bound over."

THE source from which this incident comes, and the channel through which it reaches us, must be our apology for giving it publicity:

"Once upon a time," as we were riding into town from one of the suburban villages near the city of B——, an elderly gentleman took his seat in the omnibus. Glancing around at the four ladies, who, with himself, were its only occupants, he immediately commenced a desultory address.

"Evidently a Southerner, and unaccustomed to the inaccessibility of Northern dames and damsels, he did not dream that his remarks would be considered in the least superfluous.

"He might have been a gay and graceful gallant in years gone by, who plumed himself on the favor he found in the eyes of the fair; for he was certainly as much at his ease as if he had been personally acquainted with each lady present all his life, and seemed most complacently sure of amusing us—which he did!

"At length this garrulous gentleman favored us with a 'critique' on clergymen—clergymen in general, and one in particular—a celebrated divine of the adjoining city, 'whom all delighted to honor.'

"Quoth he: 'I have heard a great deal of Mr. Blank. He enjoys throughout our country a widespread name and fame. I've heard him preach, too; undoubtedly a man of talent. Very flowery speaker, but not so profound—h'm!—not so profound as he might be. His sermons please the ear, but do not altogether, I may say, satisfy the understanding. A great favorite with the ladies, however. There is an amusing story told of Mr. Blank, in his early ministerial life, which, if true, is one of the best things I ever remember to have heard.' Whereupon our loquacious friend related the anecdote (which is of quite too personal a nature to bear repetition here), and then added: 'But Mr. Blank is rather falling off now. He's growing old—growing old! I've noticed how he contrives to train those "winter locks" of his over his bald pate "in such a spring-like way!"'

"Upon this a dignified maiden lady, who had sat all the way, with a rigid and unrelenting up-

rightness, next to the speaker, turned a pair of what Mrs. Browning calls 'naked-bladed eyes' full upon him, and slowly ejaculated: 'Say no more, Sir, I beg. I am Miss Blank!'

"One instant of appalled silence—then an earth-open-and-cover-me expression impossible to paint in words—then a little St. Vitus dance of the eyes, followed by a quick slapping of both hands over the burning face, and the poor man sank down in a hopeless state of mental collapse. In a short time he rallied sufficiently to utter a few broken and incoherent words of apology: 'Really, ma'am, I beg—I beg ten thousand pardons. I—I did not know—how *could* I know?—did any body in the omnibus know?' And here he uncovered his face and looked up defiantly, with that natural wish to place part of the blame on some one—*any* one else. Looked up with a challenge in his countenance, as if, forgetting the sex of his *compagnons de voyage*, he would fain take revenge on the spot had any one, 'with malice aforethought,' dared to let him go down to his discomfiture unwarned!

"Three voices feminine chimed in chorus an assurance that nobody did know. And then he asked it as a favor that no one would mention the subject again; but catching a glimpse of a face in the corner brimming over with mirth, he exclaimed, passionately, 'You will! You'll go home and tell your friends!'

"Miss Merry Eyes made no rash promises, only tried to reassure him by saying that she thought he had said much in praise of the reverend gentleman. Her words, however, made little impression upon the whirling eddies of thought in his tossed and troubled brain. He only answered, 'So I did! So I did!' And then, seized by an ungovernable impulse, cried, 'But you don't know me, ma'am, and you never shall!' And thereupon turned his back upon Miss Blank with an emphasis which completely upset once more the gravity of the spectators.

"Bethinking him immediately of the uncourteousness of such an act to a lady, he turned again, and, with recovered volubility, assured her that he had the highest admiration for Mr. Blank, and hoped that nothing he had said would convey to her mind a contrary impression.

"Extracting some comfort from what he evidently considered a well-turned apology, his curiosity then gained the better of his discretion, and he asked:

"Would you be so good, ma'am, as to tell me if that little incident I related about your brother was really true?"

"Miss Blank, looking upon him with unsmiling severity, replied:

"It would oblige me, Sir, if you would change your discourse, and select another text."

"Up rose Mr. Loquacity then, silently pulled the check-string, paid his pence, and departed."

ANY one of our readers who visited Indianapolis during the Governorship of Hon. Jos. A. Wright, now the excellent United States Minister at Berlin, will have come away with a pretty good idea of open-hearted Western hospitality. During the Governor's two terms in that office he kept open house for all comers, and was never more delighted than when his house was full and his table crowded.

When, at the expiration of his first term, he was re-elected by a large majority, great numbers of farmers from the adjoining counties came into town

with their wives, and called upon him to congratulate him upon the favorable result of a most arduous political contest. The Governor has always been a great favorite with the ladies, and listened with peculiar gratification to their congratulations. Among others, one old farm wife from Morgan County—a noted fever-and-ague district—was peculiarly happy in her compliments:

"They needn't run any man agin you, Governor, down in our region of country; we believe in you—we do! You're the right man for sich folks as we!"

The Governor, slightly embarrassed by such high eulogy, modestly stated his "gratification that old Morgan should stick to the old Democratic party; and hoped he himself would always be found to act in accordance with its glorious principles," etc.

"That's all right about the Dimmocratic party, and all that, you know," was the response; "but we don't car so much for the Dimmocratic party down thar though. We're Whigs, a good many on us; but we likes sich a man as you, Governor; and whenever you run, you'll git our vote."

Still more embarrassed, the worthy Governor mustered words to thank his Morgan friends and their spokeswoman, and "trusted so to fulfill the duties of his office as to satisfy both his Whig and Democratic friends;" promising to let no party or mere political prejudices stand in the way. The Governor does such a thing neatly, and was listened to in silence. But,

"We don't care nothing about party or political matters, Governor," interrupted the Morgan County lady; "we hain't no dependence on parties and politics; but we believe in *you*. You're the man for us; *you* go ahead, and make your Indian vegetable ager pills, and we'll gin you a majority down our way, party or no party!"

Fancy the Governor's feelings when the secret of his strange popularity in Morgan County thus leaked out to be an impression that he was the manufacturer of a patent medicine—Wright's Vegetable Pills—which the Morgan people had found a sovereign specific for their great plague, fever and ague!

He did not think it worth while to enlighten Morgan County.

"A FRIEND of mine has a bright boy of three years and a half old, who spent the past summer with an uncle in Albion, in the State of New York. After his return, while riding out with me, he 'talked horse' a good deal, and said his uncle's horse in Albion goes down to Lake Erie to drink. I said to him, 'Willie, is Albion on Lake Erie?' He replied, 'No, it ain't on Lake Erie; it's fastened down to the ground!'"

"My niece, Ella, a little sprite of some five summers, whose parents are domiciled in the interior of the 'Hoosier State,' is not much familiarized with the sable sons and daughters of 'Afric's golden sands.' On a recent visit to Indiana my wife was accompanied by a colored nurse, an old and esteemed family servant. Little Ella's curiosity was greatly excited, and after a lengthened and rather critical examination of the aforesaid nurse, she exclaimed,

"Well, you *are* mightily sunburned any how; but your hands are worse than your face!"

At the encampment of the Second Division of the New York State Militia, held at Kingston, Ulster County, Colonel S——, a conspicuous actor on the field, took his wife and daughter, a little girl of five

years, to witness the grand review, at which the Commander-in-chief, with his Staff, and many distinguished persons were present. The child, though apparently much delighted with all she saw, and especially with the fine display of uniforms, made no allusion to it on her return home until about a week afterward, when one morning, at the breakfast table, she suddenly exclaimed, "Papa, when are you going to *play* soldier again?"

The Colonel soon after resigned his commission, and has not been seen in regimentals since.

"DAVY S—— was a famous lawyer in these parts in his day. Many a laugh did Davy raise in court, and many a guilty culprit went unwhipped of justice because of Davy's ready and sparkling wit. Davy's voice was peculiar, shrill, and piping, and he had the remarkable faculty of changing his expression of countenance to suit the time and the occasion.

"In an adjoining county G—— was indicted for an assault and battery. G—— employed Davy to defend his case for him. When the case was called, Davy arose, and with a long face, asked leave of the Court to file the following pleas:

"'Not guilty, son assault demense, manus molli-ter impossuit, the statute of limitations;' and the following *poetical* one:

"'Primus strokus,
Sine jocus,
Absolutus est provocus.'

"Such pleas, as a matter of course, had never been heard of in the court of H—— County before; and so astounded was the prosecuting-attorney that he arose, and raising both hands, exclaimed,

"'Is the man mad?"

"'May it please the Court,' replied Davy, in his peculiar voice, and with an air of well-counterfeited contempt, 'if the gentleman can't understand Latin it is not my fault.'

"The pleas were received, and, it is needless to add, the case was laughed out of court."

THE railroad train having stopped to feed, and being somewhat behind time, abbreviated the usually short period allowed in our country for this incidental check on our go-ahead-ativeness. A large crowd had gathered on the platform to see the sights—new faces, cars stop and start again, etc., etc. In the present instance the throng of passengers had hardly taken three bites when the shrill whistle warned them to hustle aboard, and in a jiffy the long train was whizzing from the station. At this moment a tall, slim stranger, with white hat, long light hair streaming out to the breeze, drab coat, and checkered continuations, was seen upon the track giving full chase in pursuit of the departing train, amidst the most delighted yells of the assembled spectators. Of course human nature, in this race, had to succumb; and in a few minutes our drab-coated friend was slowly wending his way back to the station, covered with dust, perspiration, and disappointment. This was nuts for the crowd. They had no pity for the poor left-behind Yankee, and, of course, laughed immoderately at his quaint predicament. He saw and felt it all—yea, looked as sheepish as the animal whose fleece produced his hat and coat. But suddenly turning and facing the multitude, as he came panting in front of the platform, and deliberately drawing out a plump and well-filled pocket-book, he exclaimed,

"I'll jist bet ten dollars thar ain't a man here can catch that train!"

Fashions for September.

*Furnished by Mr. G. BRODIE, 300 Canal Street, New York, and drawn by VOIGT
from actual articles of Costume.*



FIGURE 1.—EQUESTRIAN COSTUME.



FIGURE 2.—CLOAK.

THE EQUESTRIAN COSTUME (Figure 1) may be made of either light or heavy materials, being equally adapted for either. If composed of cloth the dress may have the vandyke of velvet, with the band at the shoulder of the same, with pipings and buttons to match.

The CLOAK (Figure 2) which we illustrate above, is especially designed for the later months of autumn and the earlier ones of winter. It is composed of taffeta of the heaviest fabric, and is ornamented with velvet *passamentarie*, and trimmed with fringes and tassels of chenille.

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FIRST SIGHT OF KENTUCKY.

DANIEL BOONE.

BY BENSON J. LOSSING.

DANIEL BOONE has ever been regarded more as a great hunter, than as a bold and enlightened pioneer in the grand Westward march of civilization in America. This is a grave error, deeply impressed upon the popular mind, and yet there is ample excuse for it. Some of his most daring achievements in conflicts with the Indians were connected with his ear-

lier hunting excursions beyond the lofty ridges of the Southern Alleghanies and the Cumberland Mountains; and when, in the "sere and yellow leaf" of his life, he felt the ingratitude of his countrymen, he penetrated the deep wildernesses beyond the Mississippi, and spent his old age there in trapping otters and beavers. The scenes of these widely separated periods of his wonderful life have been the themes of romance and of song, while those of the more quiet intervening years in which the usefulness of his pioneership as the path-finder for the march of empire was developed have been overlooked, or but briefly noticed by the grave historian and political philosopher. Therefore the name of Daniel Boone is always associated with wild adventures with bears and savages, and seldom with civilization and its beneficent achievements. Upon the latter, however, his fame will rest more solidly in the future ages than upon the more material features of his career. The hunter and backwoodsman will appear only as the dim shadows cast by the pioneer and the patriot.

George Boone, the grandfather of Daniel, was the first of that family who emigrated to America. He came from Bradnich, near Exeter, in that quiet, beautiful garden-region of England, the County of Devon. He became a large landholder in the rich but then wilderness region of Berks County, in Pennsylvania. He also purchased lands in Maryland, Virginia, and North Carolina, and, it is said, owned the soil and laid out the village of Georgetown, in the District of Columbia. He had need of many fertile acres, for he brought with him nine sons and ten daughters. Population was then sparse in all the colonies, for it was in the year 1717—almost a century and a half ago. There was room enough for large families.

One of George's sons was named Squire. He wooed and won Sarah Morgan, who was of Welsh lineage, and they became the parents of Daniel, the great hunter and pioneer of Kentucky. He was born near Bristol, on the banks of the Delaware, in Berks County, Pennsylvania, on the 11th of February, 1734. At that time his family belonged to the Society of Friends, though they seem to have been originally of the Church of England. His opportunities for acquiring education were very limited. It was in one of the "people's colleges," built of logs, where he was taught the mysteries of school learning; and little did he owe to the pedagogue for that knowledge with which he made his way in after-life.

When Daniel was three years of age his father settled at Reading, in Bucks County, then a frontier town. There he learned to love the forest, and was taught much of the craft of the woods by intercourse with the Indians who abounded in that vicinity. These were the most important lessons for his use in after-life, and he appears to have profited largely by them. He became expert in the use of the rifle, and loved the excitement of the chase.

Squire Boone, having a large and growing family, finally removed to the upper regions of

North Carolina, near the South Yadkin. Daniel was then nineteen years of age, and full of physical and mental vigor. The events of the journey through Maryland and Virginia wrought powerfully upon his mind; and when their destination was reached, and the routine of daily toil demanded the exercise of all his powers, he felt an irrepressible desire to go out from the habitations of men and enjoy the perfect freedom of the wilderness. He had already plumed himself for flight when Cupid cast a tether about him, and bound him for a season to his home and neighborhood. A few other settlers were seated upon the Yadkin. Among them was a Scotch-Irishman named Bryan, whose daughter, Rebecca, became the object of young Boone's first love. Thus the already expert hunter was enticed from the forest, and, with Rebecca Bryan as his wife, he became a quiet farmer on the banks of the Yadkin, further up toward the mountains than the home of his father. There he built his solitary cabin; but ere long other adventurous young men like himself came thither, and soon from a dozen hearths around him went up the blue smoke on the morning air.

As the settlement increased Boone became restive. He felt crowded by neighbors within trumpet-sound; and the tales of hunters who had penetrated the wilderness to a greater depth than his adventurous foot had trodden filled him with aspirations for the excitements of the forest. Over the mountains westward of him lay an undiscovered country, traversed only by the wild Indian, the buffalo, the deer, and beasts of prey. Even the country between the Yadkin and the blue hills on the western horizon was equally unknown, except to a few hunters who had stood at the eastern foot of those mountains, from whose summit no eye of white man had yet gazed in wonder. Toward those fields of adventure the bold spirit of Boone was continually drawn, as if by the inexorable law of gravitation; and yet it was not the love of excitement alone which formed the attraction—it was even its opposite. His disposition was mild, his heart simple, and he loved peace. The distant roar of the gathering political storm which finally swept over the land in the form of a Revolution disturbed him; and the love of quiet was a powerful motive to seek the solitudes of the grand old forests. A similar spirit of adventure and love of peace stirred the breasts of others, and they all waited for some pioneer to lead the way that they might follow.

About the year 1748 Dr. Walker and a small party attempted the exploration of the country beyond the highlands, but they only reached the eastern borders of Kentucky, and accomplished little else for their contemporaries and for posterity than the demonstration of the fact that the lofty range of mountains might be scaled, and that a glorious country lay beyond. This was much, for it was the unbarring of the door which opened upon the theatre where the great drama of growing empires has since been in progress.

About twenty years later, John Finley and a party of hunters penetrated the region beyond the mountains to the Kentucky River, and roamed over a portion of the fertile soil of Tennessee. These men, in their explorations, became filled with the enthusiasm of a Columbus, and explored the new-found world with eager delight. They were men of action, and performed history without making records. But little is known of the details of that expedition, except what tradition has preserved of it. Yet posterity owes to Finley a debt of gratitude, for he opened a pathway to the wilderness and led Daniel Boone into it.

The narratives of Finley made a deep impression upon the mind of Boone, and found quick responses in his aspirations and partial experiences. He had already, in hunting excursions, penetrated the valleys along the head-waters of the Holston, in southwestern Virginia; and in 1764 he had stood within the eastern border of Kentucky, and bathed in the waters of the Cumberland River. Then he had a two-fold object—to hunt and to see the country, and report to a company of land speculators concerning it. Now, excited by an irrepressible desire to go where Finley had been, he arranged a party of six, consisting of himself, the Pioneer, John Stewart, Joseph Holden, James Monay, and William Cool, and started on the most important exploring tour westward which had yet been undertaken. They left their homes on the Yadkin on the first day of May, 1769. On the 7th of June they were on the banks of the Red River, a tributary of the Kentucky (Kain-tuck-ee), in the present Morgan County. They had traversed a mountainous country through many perils; and now, says Boone, “from the top of an eminence we saw with pleasure the beautiful level of Kentucky.” That eminence was the Pisgah from which those pioneers of civilization looked into the glorious promised land.

For six months these bold men traversed the central and northern portions of Kentucky, in the midst of numerous kinds of wild beasts, but unmolested by the few roving Indians whom they found hunting there. The land was a perfect paradise in beauty and productions. The forest was dark with the wealth of foliage; and in sunny openings lay beautiful savannas, covered with luxuriant grass and decked with the most gorgeous flowers. Upon these, and at certain places on the streams, immense herds of buffaloes were seen. The majestic trees were festooned with vines, from which, in early autumn, hung grapes as luscious as those of Eshcol. The climate was delicious. Even when December came, and northern lakes and rivers were fast ice-bound, flowers still bloomed where the hunters trod, and they felt an enchantment in the scene and the novel excitement which bound them to the wilderness. They established a regular camp, and there, early in December, they prepared to spend the winter.

At that moment of fancied security danger brooded over them. While Boone and Stewart were rambling on the banks of the Kentucky

River, toward the evening of a pleasant day, some Indians rushed from a thick cane-brake and made them prisoners. They were plundered of every thing, kept close captives for a week, kindly treated according to savage fare, and then at midnight, when the captors were all asleep, they escaped. Stewart had fallen into slumber, when Boone, rising cautiously, awoke him gently. Heavy was the sleep of the Indians. The two hunters moved silently, secured their guns, sped lightly from the cane-brake to the open forest, and through their excellent knowledge of woodcraft they found the way to their camp. It was a desolation. The Indians had plundered it, and Finley, Holden, Monay, and Cool were never heard of afterward. Boone and Stewart were left alone.

About this time Squire Boone, Daniel's brother, came into the wilderness with a single companion in search of the hunting and exploring party, and found the two lonely companions. Very soon after that happy meeting Stewart was killed by the Indians, and Squire Boone's attendant returned home. The two brothers were thus left alone among the wild beasts and equally savage men, several hundred miles from their families and the abodes of civilization. They built themselves a cabin for personal shelter and the security of their winnings in the chase—for they hunted every day during the entire winter. Success made them ambitious; and on the first day of May, 1770, Squire Boone departed for home to procure a supply of ammunition and horses, with which to prosecute the chase another season. “I was,” says Daniel, “left by myself, without bread, salt, or sugar—without company of my fellow-creatures, or even a horse or a dog.”

What a picture did that solitary white man in the vast wilderness present! His outside garment was a loose open frock, made of dressed deer-skins. His lower extremities were covered with leggins, or drawers, of the same material; to which moccasins for the feet were appended. The broad collar of the frock and the seams of the leggins were adorned with fringes. His under-garments were of coarse linen. A leathern belt encircled his body. On his right side was a hatchet, to be used as a tomahawk in fight, if necessary; on his left was a hunting-knife, powder-horn, bullet-pouch, and other indispensable appendages; and in his hand was his trusty rifle, his constant companion, protector, and friend.

What a moral picture did the two brothers present! One remained upon the spot where he had planted the first seed of settlement in building a cabin to watch and nourish it—for, as he said, he was “an instrument ordained to settle the wilderness;” the other, filled with fraternal regard and highest courage, was traversing a wild country, five hundred miles in extent, to cheer their kinsmen with glad tidings of Daniel's safety, and to procure strength for the plant of civilization then germinating on the banks of the Kentucky River. The mission of both was faithfully accomplished.



ESCAPE OF BOONE AND STEWART.

Boone was now six-and-thirty years of age, in the prime of vigorous manhood. For three months he was alone in the forest, exposed to dangers every moment, yet a stranger to fear. He made quite long journeys over northern Kentucky; and on one occasion, while standing upon an eminence, he saw the Ohio River, then filled to the brim, and flowing in solitary grandeur. He seldom slept in his cabin, for the Indians had discovered it, and he had frequent evidence of their having visited it during his absence. So he slumbered in the thick cane-brakes at night, and hunted all day with vigilant eyes. At length, on a sultry morning in August, while dressing a fine buck near his cabin, heavy footsteps startled him. The promise of his noble brother to return with horses and supplies was fulfilled. There he stood with two fine animals, well laden, and he was the bearer of joyful words

to the solitary woodsman, for they told him of the health and happiness of his Rebecca and their children.

From the time when Squire Boone returned until the next spring the brothers explored the country in various directions, gave names to the rivers, and in March, 1771, they returned to the banks of the Kentucky, and dedicated the spot where they had parted and met again as the place for a settlement—the place whereon to lay the corner-stone of an empire. For eight months they had traversed the wilderness, every hour shielded by God's providence, for they met with no accident nor ever encountered the red man as a foe. Having made himself familiar with the country, Daniel yielded to his heart-yearnings for home, and departed for the Yadkin to embrace his family, and bring them with him into the beautiful land which he had discov-

ered, where there was ample room. How gladly we would listen to a detailed narrative of that homeward journey, the delights of the domestic reunion, and the curious wonder of his neighbors, who had long regarded him as lost! But Boone was a man of few words, and he sums up the entire series of events in the simple sentence, "I returned safe to my old habitation, and found my family in happy circumstances." He had been absent nearly two years.

It was almost thirty months before the Boones completed their preparations to return to the Kentucky. They were strong in faith and courage themselves, but it was difficult to persuade their neighbors that it was better to go into the wilderness than to remain in their safe and quiet homes on the Yadkin. They thought of the fate of Finley and his companions, and their fears overcame their aspirations. Of all the settlers there, Daniel and Squire Boone alone, with their families, ventured upon the great enterprise. With horses, and cattle, and necessary furniture, they left the Yadkin on the 25th of September, 1773, upon a mission of the magnitude of which they had no adequate conceptions.

Yet they were not destined to go alone after all. The narratives of the Boones had stirred adventurous spirits in other settlements, and in Powell's Valley they were joined by five families and forty well-armed men. Thus were brought together the elements of a colony, with promises of success; and, with high hopes for the future, they pressed toward the wide Cumberland Gap, near the junction of the three great States of Virginia, Kentucky, and Tennessee. Squire Boone, who had made the journey four times in one year, was their guide, and with uninterrupted march they approached that majestic gateway in the mountains toward the middle of October. Upon Walden's Ridge some of the young men fell back to collect the scattered cattle. One of these was the eldest son of Daniel Boone, a lad of seventeen years. A war-party of Indians, unknown and unsuspected, had been hovering upon the flank and rear of the emigrants for two days. They fell upon the young men. The main body of the adventurers heard the sound of conflict and rushed to the spot. It was too late. The Indians had accomplished their work and fled. Six of the young men had been massacred. Among these was the first-born of Daniel Boone.

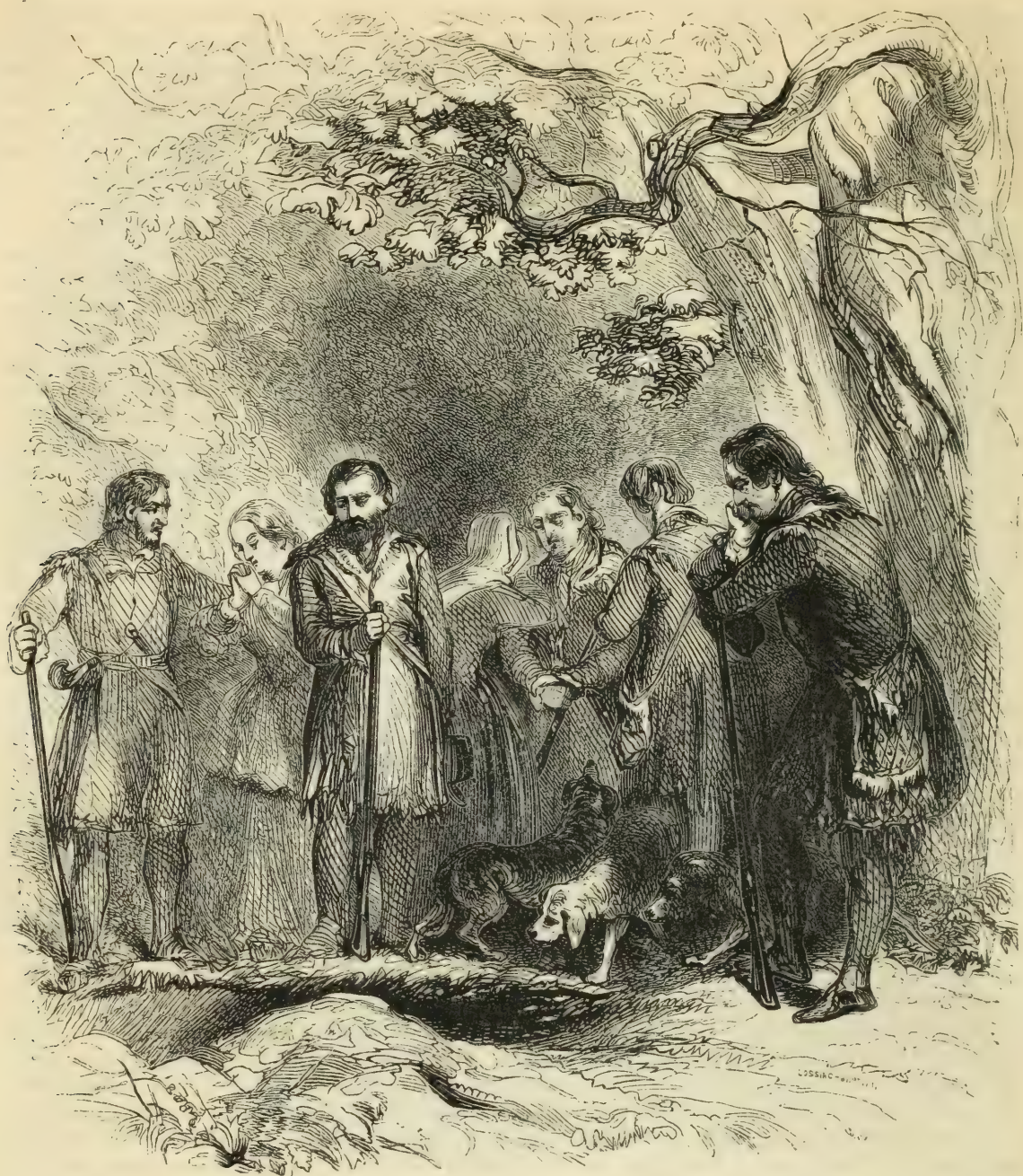
That event was a dreadful blow to all, and broke the spirit of most of the emigrants. Sorrowfully they buried those six young men in the wilderness and then turned back. Boone and others of the strong men would have proceeded, but the tears of woman were potent. Hearts which knew no fear were softened and subdued by the griefs and terrors of the tender ones who leaned upon strong arms for protection. They turned back; yet they did not go to the Yadkin. They halted among the settlers on the Clinch River, in Virginia, where numbers gave strength and security against the Indians. There Boone remained quietly during seven months, while his

fame as a hunter and pioneer explorer was told by many lips in highest social circles in Virginia and North Carolina. That quiet was during the slow lifting of the curtain which disclosed another act in the drama of Boone's wonderful life. Let us glance a moment at the records of general history, for now they begin to take cognizance of the great Pioneer.

Our old War for Independence was then rapidly kindling, and in Virginia were many scarred soldiers of the late conflict with the French and Indians, who had not yet received the reward due for their services. True, the Colonial Government had generously voted them lands beyond the mountains, but they were almost as inaccessible to the individual soldier as a quarter section in the moon. The Government, contented with its show of generosity in *voting* lands to the soldier, did not stop to reflect upon the difficulties that lay in his way in obtaining it. Indeed that country wherein the grants lay was so vaguely defined in the minds of legislators and magistrates that they scarcely knew whether there was an immense inland sea or a paradise of fertile acres beyond the lofty highlands in the West, until the explorations of Boone settled the question. Then they became aware that a noble domain was there, inviting the hand of industry to beautify and enrich it by culture.

Accordingly, in 1773, Governor Dunmore sent thither a party of surveyors under Captain Bullit, a companion in arms with Washington at Fort Duquesne. They went down the Ohio to the Falls, where the city of Louisville now stands, made many surveys in the adjacent region, and verified all that Boone had declared concerning that country. Other surveyors followed, and in the spring of 1774 Captain James Harrod, with forty men, descended the Ohio, and on the site of Harrodsburg planted the first corn ever deposited in the soil of Kentucky by the white man's hand. Another party followed the Kentucky River far up into the interior, and thus, through the impulse given by Boone, adventurous Virginians were soon traversing the numerous buffalo paths of central Kentucky in many directions.

A bolder and more competent leader than had yet gone from Virginia—one who could be a chief in the great work to be accomplished—was needed, and Lord Dunmore solicited Daniel Boone to go to the Falls of the Ohio and conduct the surveyors and other parties, then in Kentucky, or preparing to go thither. Boone immediately complied with the request, and in the spring of 1774 he bade adieu to his family and the settlers on the Clinch River, and with a single companion hastened to the coveted field of action, filled with gratitude for such an opportunity to advance those grand schemes of settlement in Kentucky to which his life was now dedicated. They did not take the safer way of the Ohio, but went over the Cumberland Mountains, and by the very graves of the six young martyrs they made their way through the wilderness, continually surrounded by the greatest



BURIAL OF THE YOUNG MEN.

perils. Boone says they made a tour of eight hundred miles, through "many difficulties," in sixty-two days.

Here and there in the wilderness, where hardy men had built cabins or established temporary camps, Boone was greeted with joy as the great Pioneer, and his advice to them was law. To James Harrod and his party he carried intelligence of the hostilities of the northern Indians, and advised them to join another party. They heard and heeded, but lingered too long. On the 20th of July a war-party of Indians fell upon them, killed one man and dispersed the rest. One of Harrod's party, it is said, fled down the Ohio in a bark canoe, continued his flight down the Mississippi to New Orleans, and did not tarry until he had made a sea voyage to his home in Philadelphia! There was reason for alarm, for this attack of the savages was the first of a series. The warlike Shawnees saw,

with anxiety, the encroachments of the white man upon the rich possessions of their ancestors, and they resolved to exterminate those already there, and thus crush the spirit of emigration. To accomplish this they mustered strongly in the country bordering on the Great and Little Miami rivers, and, led by the celebrated chief Cornstalk, they gave battle to eleven hundred Virginians under General Andrew Lewis, in August, 1774, at Point Pleasant, where the Great Kanawha empties into the Ohio. It was the bloodiest battle the Virginians ever had with Indians, and seventy-five of the sons of the Old Dominion were killed, and one hundred and forty wounded. By it, however, the power of the Indians was broken for the time, and peace ensued. In all this the hand of Boone was clearly perceived, and the red man marked him as his most dreaded foe—not as a marauder, but as the leader of a movement to deprive him of his inherited domain.

Having performed the various duties assigned him Boone returned to his family on the Clinch River, and passed the ensuing winter in hunting. Governor Dunmore was perfectly satisfied with the way in which the Pioneer had executed his commission, and he testified that satisfaction by giving him the military command of three garrisons on the frontier, established as a protection against the Indians.

And now a new scene in the drama opened. Virginia determined to encourage settlement in Kentucky, and offered, as a free gift, four hundred acres of land there to any person who should agree to build a cabin, make a clearing, and plant Indian corn. Many of these settlements were commenced after the battle at Point Pleasant; and when Boone returned to his family he found many of the settlers there desirous of going into the wilderness.

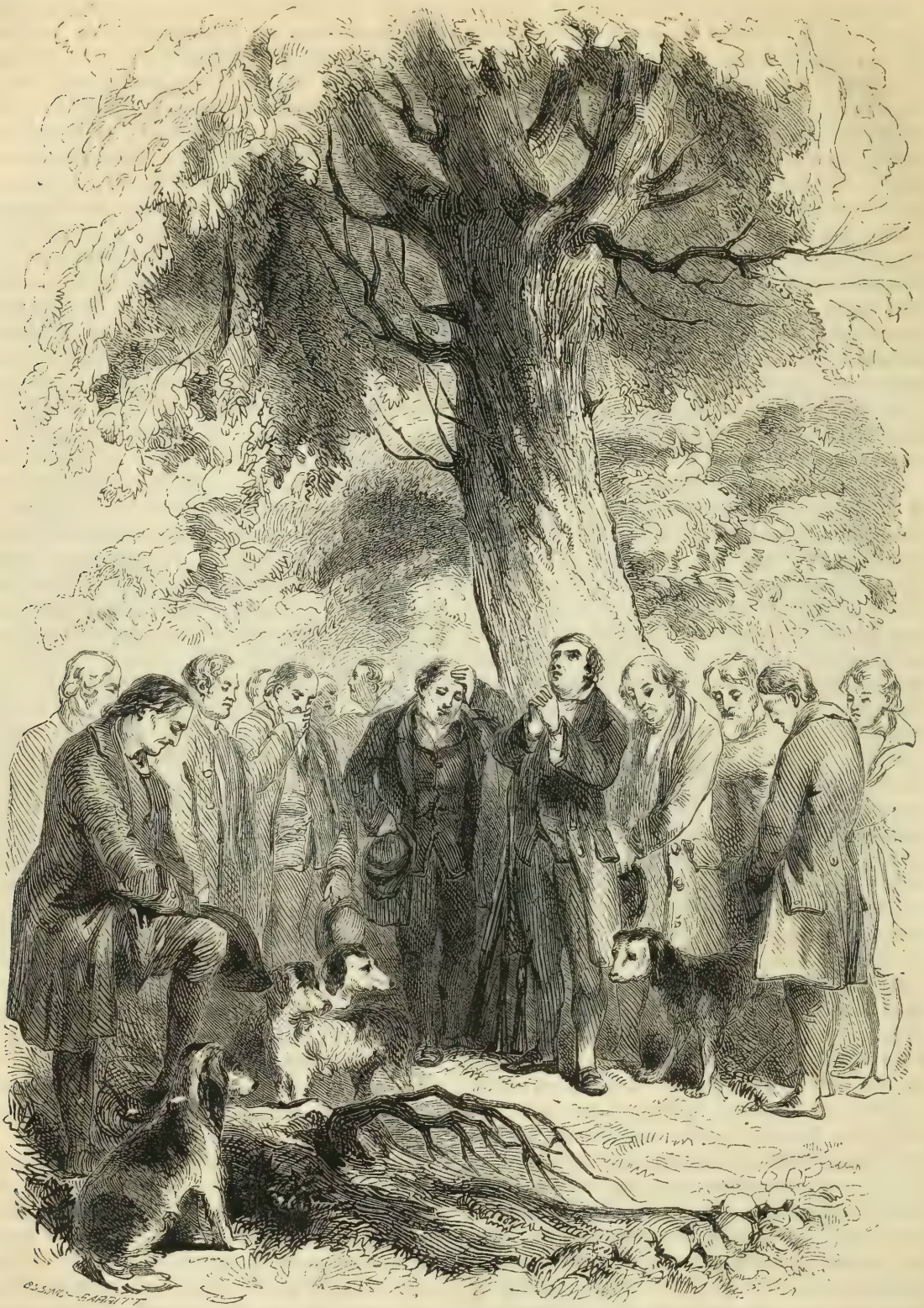
About that time an extraordinary movement, in which Boone became an actor, was commenced. Richard Henderson, a native of Hanover County, Virginia, a man about forty years of age, of strong mind, brilliant talents, but deficient in education and general culture, and then a resident of Granville County, North Carolina, planned a scheme of land speculation more extensive than any known in the history of our country. By the force of his genius he had arisen to the bench of the Superior Court of North Carolina, where he became conspicuous in opposition to the *Regulators* in 1771. They drove him from his seat and closed all the courts in that region. He had amassed a considerable fortune, but at the time in question he was involved in pecuniary difficulties. Bold, ardent, and adventurous, he resolved to go beyond the mountains, and there, in that beautiful land traversed by Boone, found a colony and become a lordly proprietor. Under pretense of viewing some back lands he went into the Cherokee nation, and with ten wagon-loads of cheap goods, a few fire-arms, and some spirituous liquors, he purchased from the chiefs of that nation a tract of land one hundred miles square, lying between the Kentucky and Cumberland rivers—one of the finest regions west of the mountains. He had seven associates in the scheme; namely, William Johnston, Nathaniel Hart, John Tuttrell, David Hart, John Williams, James Hogg, and Leonard Henley Bullock. These formed the celebrated Transylvania Company which occupy such a prominent place in the annals of that period. Having arranged all the preliminaries, Henderson, in March following, in behalf of his associates, met the Cherokee chiefs and twelve hundred warriors in council at a fort on the Wataga, a branch of the Holston River, where the purchase was consummated and ratified by treaty.

Daniel Boone was present at that council; and there is little doubt that he had been the confidential agent of Henderson and others in the examination of the tract, and in consummating the purchase from the Cherokees. Never was a man more faithful than he in keeping the

counsel of himself or others; and it is the opinion of those best informed that he had been a secret agent in the scheme for several years. The moment the bargain was completed Boone was chosen to be the leader in the work of surveying and settling the domain. His first step was to lay out a road from the settlements on the Holston to the Kentucky River. He entered upon that duty with a company of strong and well-armed men, and the work was rapidly accomplished. They met with no serious obstacles, except such as nature offered, until they had arrived within fifteen miles of their final destination, on the Kentucky River, when, on the 28th of March, the Indians attacked them and killed two of their number. Two days afterward two more were killed and scalped by the savages. This was the beginning of severe conflicts with the red men. The pioneers sustained themselves manfully, beat off the foe, pushed forward to the Kentucky, and, on the site of the present Boonesborough, in Madison County, they built a fort, the first ever erected by the white man in that region. That rude fortress of logs was the theatre of stirring scenes during the War for Independence, then just commenced.

Other settlers soon followed, for Boone's fort appeared to them like a city of refuge in any hour of need, and they took courage from the thought. Yet that which gave the white people strength and confidence excited the jealous ire of the savages, and they hovered around this centre of civilization—this germ of dispossessing power in their midst—eager for an opportunity to strike an exterminating blow. But they were timid as well as wary, and when, soon after the arrival of Boone, Colonel Henderson, the "lord of the manor," came along the pathway prepared by the Pioneer, with a retinue of men and pack-horses—forty of his strong followers, well armed and prepared for battle—the Indians withdrew in dismay, and hastened beyond the Ohio to tell their brethren there of the thunder-bolt that had fallen in the centre of their chosen hunting-grounds.

On his arrival Colonel Henderson gave the name of Boonesborough to the growing fort and its surroundings; and then he proceeded to people the land and organize a government for Transylvania, as the new State was to be called. Thousands of acres of that rich land were soon sold to emigrants; and by the end of April there were four settlements in Kentucky, named respectively Boonesborough, Harrodsburg, Blue Springs, and St. Asaph's. To these settlers Henderson sent an invitation to appoint representatives to meet him at Boonesborough for the purpose of organizing a proprietary government. They responded cheerfully, and on the 23d of May, 1775, the first Legislature in that region assembled under the shade of a huge elm near the fort. That body was composed of Squire Boone, Daniel Boone, William Coke, Samuel Henderson, Richard Moore, Richard Calloway, Thomas Slaughter, John Lythe, Valen-



FIRST LEGISLATIVE ASSEMBLY IN KENTUCKY.

tine Hammond, James Douglas, James Harrod, Nathan Hammond, Isaac Hite, Azariah Davis, John Todd, Alexander S. Dandridge, John Floyd, and Samuel Wood. They chose Thomas Slaughter chairman, and Matthew Jewett clerk. The proceedings were opened with prayer by one of their number, the Rev. John Lythe of the Episcopal Church, who was one of the representatives from Harrodsburg. Colonel Henderson then addressed the Legislature in a manly and sensible speech. Notwithstanding his Tory proclivities, manifested during the Regulator move-

ments in North Carolina a few years previously, were now exhibited in his speaking of the present as "the fifteenth year of the reign of his Majesty, King George the Third," he enunciated the true doctrine that the only legitimate source of all political power is the people, in these words: "If any doubt remain among you, with respect to the force and efficiency of whatever laws you may now or hereafter make, be pleased to consider that all power is originally in the people: make it their interest, therefore, by impartial and beneficent laws, and you may be sure

of their inclination to see them enforced." Then, in the name of himself and associate proprietors, Colonel Henderson entered into a compact with the colonists, by which a free and liberal government was established over the territory. The most important features of this compact were: First, that the election of delegates should be annual. Second, perfect freedom of opinion in matters of religion. Third, that judges should be appointed by the proprietors, but answerable for mal-conduct to the people; and that the convention have the sole power of raising and appropriating all moneys and electing their treasurer. This covenant was signed and sealed by three of the members of the company, and by Thomas Slaughter in behalf of the settlers.

In that first Legislature of Kentucky Daniel Boone appears to have been very active. On the first day of the session he asked leave to bring in a bill for preserving game, and he was appointed chairman of a committee chosen for that purpose. He also introduced a bill for the improvement of the breed of horses. These became laws, with seven others, which were adopted at that session, which lasted only three days. Then, after a prayer by Mr. Lythe, the Transylvania Legislature adjourned till September. But it never met again. The purchase of Henderson and his company was annulled by the Virginia Legislature, which claimed a charter sovereignty over all that region. The State of Transylvania at once disappeared, and the broad domain of the proprietors was narrowed to a tract on the borders of the Ohio, twelve miles square, which the Legislature of Virginia granted to them. But Boonesborough was planted; the seed of a new empire was deposited in a rich soil, and from it, in due time, with rapid growth, budded and blossomed the fair State of Kentucky.

Having accomplished one great object of his life, in the construction of a fort as a nucleus of emigration and permanent settlement in the wilderness, the heart of Boone yearned for the endearments of wife and children, and the sweet delights of home. He had performed his duty well. The germ of a colony was under the cultivator's care, and he was delighted with the promise of numerous homes in that beautiful land.

At about the middle of June, when his fort was completed, Boone set out for home on the Clinch to bring his family into the forest, well assured that his devoted, trusting Rebecca would not hesitate to rely upon his sturdy arm and the shield of God's providence once more. The Pioneer was not disappointed. Cheerfully did that brave woman and her daughter prepare for the new land, and as cheerfully did the families of other adventurers, who resolved to accompany Boone, prepare for the perilous journey. Over mountains, through dark forests, and in deep cane-brakes, they made their way, unharmed by savage men or ravenous beasts. The company of wives and children were guarded by almost thirty guns until they approached

the valleys of the Kentucky: then Boone and his family pushed on in advance; and just at the close of a bright day in September they reached the fort in safety, greeted by the hearty welcome of the little garrison that had been left there to protect the post and cultivate the soil. The loving wife and fair daughter of Daniel Boone were the pioneer women of the new State; they were the first of the gentler sex, from the homes of civilization, that ever stood upon the banks of the Kentucky River.

The autumn of 1775 was passed quite pleasantly by the settlers at Boonesborough. Although surrounded by fearful perils, they were not much troubled, for they did not appear. The climate was milder than that of the country east of the mountains, game was abundant in the forests, and luscious grapes hung in clusters from the trees. Their cabins were soon well prepared for the cold of winter, and an ample store of provisions was speedily gathered. Trees were girdled and felled, and before the frosts of late December came new garden spots were cleared and made ready for planting in the spring. Happily for the little company the Indians kept far away during the winter that followed, and there was real happiness in those rude cabins in Boonesborough fort.

Spring opened early and gloriously. The wild flowers came out in troops with the advent of the south wind and the vivifying sun of April; and with them came the family of Colonel Calloway, Boone's intimate friend. He had two daughters and Boone one. The three were just blooming into womanhood. They were constant companions in toils and pleasures, and at length they became companions in fearful peril. With the opening of spring the footsteps of Indians were perceived, and it was soon apparent that a war-party was prowling around the settlement. Vigilance and caution were awakened. The men never went to their labors without the rifle, and the women were enjoined never to go beyond the palisades except in the day time, and then not beyond a certain short distance from the fort.

On a warm day, at about the middle of July, the three girls (Betsey and Frances Calloway, and Jemima Boone), unmindful of frequent cautions, and intent upon pleasure, crossed the river in a canoe, and in the shadow of thick bushes and umbrageous branches that came down to the river's edge they amused themselves by splashing the water with their paddles, while the little tether-rope floated carelessly in the stream. The eyes of five stout, vigilant savages were upon them. One of them, noiselessly as a serpent, glided stealthily into the stream, seized the rope, and in an instant dragged the canoe into a nook out of sight of the fort. The loud shrieks of the girls were heard, but as the only canoe of the settlers was the one in which the victims were caught, they could not readily pursue. It was also believed that a large body of Indians were near, and Boone and Calloway were both absent.



CAPTURE OF THREE GIRLS.

Night had fallen when the fathers of the young captives returned. Preparations for pursuit were immediately made. Boone and Calloway appealed to the company for volunteers, and eight strong and true men took an oath similar to that uttered by Boone—"By the Eternal Power that made me a father, if my daughter lives and is found, I will either bring her back or spill my life-blood." At daybreak the following morning they were upon the trail of the savages, and on the 16th, forty miles away, they overtook them in the depths of an immense canebrake, just as the captors were kindling a fire to cook. Cautiously the pursuers approached the camp indicated by the smoke, and to their inexpressible delight they perceived the fair captives. Under the direction of Boone the party fell upon the savages, killed two of them, dispersed the others, and rescued the girls. This event, so thrilling, so full of adventure every

moment, is recorded in these few words by the modest Pioneer himself: "On the 14th day of July, 1776, two of Colonel Calloway's daughters and one of my own were taken prisoners near the fort. I immediately pursued the Indians with only eight men, and on the 16th overtook them, killed two of the party, and recovered the girls."

From this hour the settlers were exposed to the fierce ire of the Indians, who seemed resolved to crush this bud of civilization before it should become unfolded in strength. The forests appeared to swarm with desperate savages thirsting for blood, and the nightly howl of the wolf was often mingled with the savage yell of the Indian. Flying parties, fleet and cunning, sped from station to station, cutting off the settlers in detail. These were shot at their plows by an invisible marksman, or slain while engaged in the chase; and prowlers would some-

times prostrate by a single bullet or swift arrow the first man that ventured at morning from the shelter of the palisades. Thus harassed by continual alarms the settlers passed the winter in great anxiety, and that beautiful region became to them truly "The Dark and Bloody Ground." The stout heart of Boone was melted at the sight of the suffering people, but it quailed not for a moment before the ever-present danger. But as the storm thickened, and the settlers heard of the war then raging on the Atlantic border, they became fearful of an alliance of the British with the savages of the wilderness. Indeed intelligence soon came that such an alliance actually existed, and that from the English garrison at Detroit war-parties would soon come with white men as leaders. This intelligence was like the low bellowing thunder precursory of a more furious tempest; and many of the inhabitants, taking counsel of their fears, abandoned their cultivated acres, left the wilderness, and took up their abode within the borders of civilization, there to await an auspicious period for their return. This desertion gave Boone greater uneasiness than any thing else; for in this weakening of the elements of inherent strength he foresaw the most frightful disasters to his cherished colony, and a presage of the end of settlements in Kentucky.

Early in April, 1777, the storm howled fearfully around Boonesborough and two or three other stations. On the 15th of that month a large body of Indians invested the fort, with the intention of striking the settlement out of existence at one blow. At that time the whole military force in the colony did not exceed one hundred men, a greater portion of the little army there, under the general command of the brave George Rogers Clarke, having left the country on account of the increasing perils. Only twenty-two armed men besides the settlers were in the fort at Boonesborough, and this little garrison made a noble defense. Quite a number of the Indians were slain; and having no means for climbing over the palisades, they soon abandoned the siege, after killing only one white man. But the victors were not much elated by their success, knowing full well that a large and better prepared party would soon appear to execute the bloody plan.

Vain efforts were now made to reinforce the garrison, and on the 4th of July two hundred assailants, one-tenth of them white men, surrounded Boonesborough. To prevent the neighboring stations from sending relief to the beleaguered capital, small parties of savages attacked these simultaneously. Strong in numbers the Indians were audacious, and there appeared little hope for the inmates of Boonesborough. But the Pioneer knew the Indian well, and his weakness in such a struggle, and he was fully prepared for the foe. Every weak point in his fortress, discovered during the attack in April, was strengthened; and for forty-eight hours the colonists sustained the siege, with the loss of only one man. Then the Indians, ac-

cording to the simple record of Boone, "finding themselves not likely to prevail, raised the siege and departed."

Soon after this second siege forty-five men arrived from North Carolina. On the 20th of August one hundred men came from Virginia under Colonel Bowman. Now strong enough to act on the offensive, the pioneers sallied out, and for several weeks there were almost daily skirmishes with the Indians in some part or other of the colony. The savages were beaten in every encounter. They learned, at fearful cost, the superiority of the *Long-knives*, as they called the Virginians, and most of them were soon driven away far toward the Ohio. The few that remained prowled around the settlements as before, but seldom caught the white people off their guard.

For a while the Kentucky colony enjoyed comparative tranquillity. But that season of repose was short, and it was terminated by the saddest calamity that had yet befallen the settlers. Salt was much needed, and on the banks of the Licking River, in the present Nicholas County in Kentucky, there were copious springs that yielded the necessary article. But they were in the wilderness, full fifty miles north of Boonesborough. The journey thither and the labor there would be perilous. But salt was much needed, and Daniel Boone had seen and felt the necessity. He was a man not to be deterred from the performance of any duty on account of real or fancied danger; and so, placing himself at the head of a party of thirty men, he started on the 1st of January, 1778, for the "Blue Licks," to manufacture salt for the colony. The watchful Indians kept close upon their path; for whenever the great leader of the *Long-knives* was abroad in the forest the savages were on the alert, and by every stratagem they sought to make him their possession. They did not desire his life, for they knew him to be a brave and generous foe; but they were untiring in their efforts to make him a prisoner. And now their watchfulness was increased by curiosity, for they wondered much what the Pioneer and his men were going to do with the big kettles they were carrying.

For a month the salt-boilers worked on, with their rifles at their backs, and were unmolested. Boone, meanwhile, went out frequently alone to hunt for his party, and kept them supplied with food. In one of these excursions, according to one of his earliest (yet, it must be confessed, not the most reliable) biographers, he had a characteristic adventure. "One day," says Flint, "he had wandered some distance from the bank of the river. Two Indians, armed with muskets—for they had now generally added these efficient weapons to their tomahawks—came upon him! His first thought was to retreat; but he discovered, from their nimbleness, that this was impossible. His second thought was resistance, and he slipped behind a tree to await their coming within rifle-shot. He then exposed himself so as to attract their aim. The foremost leveled



BOONE'S ENCOUNTER WITH TWO INDIANS.

his musket. Boone, who could dodge the flash, at the pulling of the trigger dropped behind his tree unhurt. The next object was to cause the fire of the second musket to be thrown away in the same manner. He again exposed a part of his person. The eager Indian instantly fired, and Boone evaded the shot as before. Both the Indians having thrown away their fire were eagerly striving, but with trembling hands, to reload. Trepidation and too much haste retarded their object. Boone drew his rifle and one of

them fell dead. The two antagonists, now on equal grounds—the one unsheathing his knife and the other poising his tomahawk—rushed toward the dead body of the fallen Indian. Boone placed his foot upon the body, and dexterously received the well-aimed tomahawk of his powerful enemy on the barrel of his rifle, and thus prevented his skull being cleft by it. In the very attitude of striking the Indian had exposed his body to the knife of Boone, and in it it was plunged to the hilt. This is the achievement

commemorated in sculpture over the southern door of the Rotunda of the Capitol at Washington."

Undismayed by this adventure, Boone was out again on a hunting excursion on the 7th of February, when he was surprised by one hundred Indians and two French Canadians, who were on their way from the Ohio country to attack Boonesborough. On perceiving his danger the Pioneer attempted to save himself by flight, but the young braves were too fleet for him, notwithstanding his own sinews were yet supple, for he was only three-and-forty years of age. Making a virtue of necessity, he halted and surrendered gracefully. This conciliated the Indians, and they promised him generous usage. Yet he was troubled on account of the salt-boilers. They were too weak in numbers and means of defense to resist with any chance of success, and he could not warn them to flee to the fort. So, with wise forethought and his rare faculty of pleasing the savage, he arranged with them a surrender of the whole party as prisoners of war, hoping thereby not only to save their lives but also the fort at Boonesborough. The sequel vindicated his humanity and wisdom. Accordingly, on approaching the salt-boilers with his captors, Boone gave signs which made them surrender without hesitation, being promised humane treatment. The Indians kept their word. They also abandoned the expedition against Boonesborough, and retired to the Ohio country, with their twenty-eight prisoners, in triumph. Boone was afterward tried by a court-martial for this surrender. He was not only honorably acquitted, but was commended for his sagacity, it being apparent that his policy had, in all probability, saved the colony from utter ruin.

The captives were taken to old Chillicothe, the principal Indian town on the Little Miami, where they arrived on the 18th of February, having suffered much from fatigue and cold on the journey. On the 10th of the following month Boone and ten of his companions started for Detroit, under a strong guard, where the British commander gave rewards for prisoners and scalps. This prospect of gain no doubt caused the Indians to hasten back from the Blue Licks with their prisoners, instead of going on to Boonesborough on an uncertainty. The journey was a tedious one of twenty days through the wilderness, and during that time the Indians became so much attached to Boone that they refused a ransom of five hundred dollars which Governor Hamilton, the British commander, offered for him. Hamilton treated Boone and his companions with great humanity, and released the latter from Indian captivity by paying suitable rewards. But for Boone "their affection was so great" that they would not part with him, and they resolved to take him back with them to Chillicothe.

Boone had already laid his plans for escape, and with expert dissembling he made the Indians believe that he was perfectly satisfied with his situation among them. So, after staying a month at Detroit, to gratify their pride in exhib-

iting a prisoner so renowned, the Indians returned with him to old Chillicothe. He had made many useful observations of affairs at Detroit, and had won the attachment of the British officers and settlers there, who "were sensible of his adverse fortune, and touched with human sympathy."

In simple but graphic words Boone has given to the world, through the pen of Filson—the Boswell of the Pioneer—a record of his condition and conduct at this town. "At Chillicothe," he says, "I spent my time as comfortably as I could expect; was adopted, according to their custom, into a family, where I became a son, and had a great share in the affection of my new parents, brothers, sisters, and friends. I was exceedingly familiar and friendly with them, always appearing as cheerful and satisfied as possible, and they put great confidence in me. I often went a hunting with them, and frequently gained their applause for my activity at our shooting-matches. I was careful not to exceed many of them in shooting, for no people are more envious than they in this sport. I could observe in their countenances and gestures the greatest expressions of joy when they exceeded me; and, when the reverse happened, of envy. The Shawanese king took great notice of me, and treated me with profound respect and entire friendship, often intrusting me to hunt at my liberty. I frequently returned with the spoils of the woods, and as often presented some of what I had taken to him, expressive of duty to my sovereign. My food and lodgings were in common with them; not so good, indeed, as I could desire, but necessity made every thing acceptable."

Boone's apparent contentment allayed suspicion, and the vigilance of the Indians was greatly relaxed. Yet they did not put entire confidence in him. They counted his balls and measured his powder when he went out to hunt alone, and then compelled him to show what game he had shot, for they suspected that he might reserve some of each to use in making his escape. Boone, more cunning than the Indian, cut his balls in two, and used light charges of powder; and so he *did* save much ammunition for an hour of need. That hour came at last. For almost four months he had been anxiously watching for an opportunity to escape. At length they sent him with a party of Indians to the springs on the Licking to make salt. There he remained ten days; and on his return he found four hundred and fifty of the choicest braves at Chillicothe all painted and panoplied for the war-path toward Boonesborough.

No doubt Boone had been sent to the springs that these hostile preparations might not be made in his presence. He was greatly distressed, for his dearest earthly treasures were in danger. He resolved upon immediate escape, but carefully concealed his emotions. He applauded the war-dancers, joined in the sports, and all his acts deceived his jailers into the belief that their captive was the Indian's real friend, and that hence-

forth he was to be his companion in the battle and the chase. Suspicion slumbered, and before it was reawakened Boone was far on his way toward Kentucky.

It was on the 16th of June when Boone was allowed to go out on a hunt from which he never returned. With his trusty rifle, his thorough knowledge of woodcraft, and his strength of sinew, he was equal to the best Indian in the wood. For five days he sped through the wilderness one hundred and sixty miles, and ate but one regular meal during all that time. That was furnished by a turkey that he shot after crossing the Ohio. He had approached that stream with misgivings, for he was not an expert swimmer. He knew that it was full to the brim, for such was the condition of every tributary creek and river that he had crossed. As he approached the bank an old canoe lay half swamped in the bushes. He stopped its leaks; and in this vessel, so providentially provided, he paddled to the Kentucky shore. Once more upon that dear soil he breathed more freely; but he tarried not until, toward the evening of the 20th, he reached Boonesborough, almost exhausted by hunger and fatigue. To the astonished inmates he appeared like one risen from the dead. Impressed with the belief that he was lost, his family had returned to North Carolina. The Pioneer sat down and wept bitterly when the expected embraces of those he loved most dearly were denied him. But they were not all gone. His daughter remained, for she was affianced to young Calloway.

After the first gush of grief because of disappointment had subsided, Boone really rejoiced that his dear ones were beyond the reach of perils that yet menaced the colony. He found the fort in a dilapidated condition. Fully alive to the dangers that would soon surround them, he went to work vigorously to repair its defects and strengthen its weak and exposed points. Within ten days after his arrival Boonesborough was prepared for the foe, who it was supposed would soon appear in force, for they had made great preparations for the destruction of the Kentucky settlements.

But another prisoner had escaped and brought later intelligence from the barbarian camp at Chillicothe. The Indians were in doubt. Their scouts had brought information of the arrival of Boone at the fort, and the defensive preparations in progress there. They hesitated. A grand council of the nation was held, and for almost three weeks the grave chiefs and sachems shook their heads doubtingly when the hot young braves counseled an immediate march across the Ohio.

Encouraged by this intelligence, Boone resolved to act on the offensive; and accordingly he went out, with a party of nineteen of his best men, to surprise an Indian town on Paint Creek. When near there thirty savages, marching to join the expedition from Chillicothe, appeared in their path; and a "smart fight," as Boone called it, occurred. The Indians were dispersed, and the frightened residents of the town fled at the

approach of Boone, and left the place desolate. Prudence now admonished the settlers to return to the fort. They retraced their steps, and reached Boonesborough, after an absence of seven days, without the loss of a comrade. They had taught the Indian an important lesson which made him more cautious. They had taught him that his own home was not secure from the strong arm of the Long-knives.

Boonesborough now suffered a severe ordeal. In August between four and five hundred Indians, commanded by Blackfish, the foster-father of Boone, and under the general direction of Duquesne, a Frenchman, at the head of a dozen Canadians, appeared before the fort, arrayed in all the wild trappings of savage warriors, with their faces hideously painted. They bore the flags of both England and France, but in the name of King George alone they summoned the fort to surrender. This was a formidable foe for sixty-five men to confront, while defended only by rude palisades and ruder log-houses. The Indians, mortified and exasperated because Boone had outwitted them and escaped, were now thirsting for vengeance. Their pride had been deeply wounded, and the possession of the Pioneer was their great desire. Boone knew his danger. He had learned the strength, resources, encouragements, and plans of the Indians during his captivity; and he properly regarded this as the critical hour when the fate of civilization west of the Alleghanies was to be determined.

Boone had sent an express to settlements eastward of Boonesborough, requesting the assistance of Colonel Arthur Campbell, a rough Scotch Highlander, who held military command there. Campbell had not arrived when the enemy appeared; and when the summons to surrender was made the sagacious Pioneer asked for two days to consider the matter. Feeling sure of his prey, and knowing it to be better to gain the fort by capitulation than by fighting, Duquesne granted the request. These were precious hours of relief to the besieged, and they well improved them. The women and children, taught caution by experience, were constantly engaged in bringing water into the fort from the spring; and cattle and horses and much provisions were brought through the postern gate, when the vigilance of the savages was relaxed during the two days of truce.

The eight-and-forty hours rolled away, and no succor arrived. Boone held a council of war—a council of desperate men. They would not trust Indian honor when it promised generosity and humanity, and they knew that Duquesne had no power to restrain the savagism of the barbarians if he desired to do so. The garrison therefore determined to fight, and to conquer or die. At the expiration of the time Boone mounted one of the bastions of the fort to speak, while Duquesne, with the politeness of his nation, became a courteous listener: "We thank you for allowing us two more days for preparation," said Boone. "We now defy you! Our gates are

forever closed against you, and we will defend our fort as long as there is a living man in it!"

The besieged now expected an immediate attack. But the Frenchman was a diplomat, and exercised his functions skillfully. He informed Boone that Governor Hamilton of Detroit had instructed them to make the garrison prisoners, but not to destroy the fort, injure their persons, or disturb their property. He then proposed that Boone should send out nine chosen men to make a treaty to that effect, promising that when it should be accomplished the Indians would return peaceably to their homes beyond the Ohio. Boone's heart was touched. He remembered how kindly Governor Hamilton had treated him while at Detroit, and his faith was quickened. His trusting heart made his ears willing entertainers of the proposition. In behalf of his companions he acceded to the proposal; but he was cautious and keen.

After placing his garrison so that their rifles commanded the space selected for the conference, Boone and eight of the principal settlers went out and commenced the negotiations within less than two hundred feet of the palisades. The treaty opened fairly, but the terms were altogether too generous to be kept by those angry and blood-thirsty savages, who had been for weeks preparing for a plundering foray among the Kentuckians. Yet the treaty was signed by Boone and his companions; and then old Blackfish arose to speak in the presence of his adopted son, the fugitive Pioneer. The negotiators were all unarmed. It was a peaceful conference, and rifle and tomahawk had been left behind. Blackfish, with seeming friendship and well-dissembled honor, cunningly averred that it was customary, on such occasions, to ratify a treaty by two Indians taking hold of the hands of one white man. The perfidy was so transparent that it deceived no one. Boone saw that a tragic scene was about to be opened, and was prepared for the worst. He and his men consented to the "custom," and the cowardly Indians, two to one, grasped the hands of the white men. "Go!" shouted Blackfish. This was a preconcerted signal for the Indians to drag the white men prisoners into the depths of the forest. But there were strong sinews in the arms, and strong courage in the hearts of those stalwart pioneers, that the savage little dreamed of. They hurled their jailers from them, and in the midst of rifle-balls from the fort, and bullets, tomahawks, and arrows from the foe, the nine men escaped into the fortress, and securely barricaded the gate. All were unhurt except Squire Boone, the faithful brother of the Pioneer, who was slightly injured.

Now the siege began in earnest, and for nine days and nights the foe beat furiously upon the little wooden fortress. They kept up an almost incessant fire, while the men in the fort never returned a shot except with sure aim that seldom missed its mark. Every eye was vigilant, and every arm was employed. Men, women, and children worked bravely and nobly during the

siege, in the midst of great perils, privations, and fears. Boone's daughter, who assisted in supplying ammunition, was wounded by a shot from the rifle of a negro deserter, who had placed himself in a thick-foliaged tree. He also killed one of the defenders of the fort, when the keen and experienced eye of Boone discovered him. Boone drew his rifle upon him, at a distance of one hundred and seventy-five yards, and when the siege was over the faithless negro was found beneath his tree with a bullet in his head. It had been a shot of which Leatherstocking or Indian John might have been proud.

The assailants tried first to burn the fort, then to undermine it, but the vigilance of the little garrison defeated all their purposes. They finally became discouraged; and, wearied with this uncommon labor, and seeing no chance for success, the besiegers fled, leaving behind them the bodies of many of their braves who had fallen by the rifle-balls of the hunters of Kentucky. They had killed only two in the fort, and wounded four; while their own ranks had been fearfully smitten. They had fired at random; and after they were gone the Pioneers picked up one hundred and twenty-five pounds of bullets, besides what stuck in the logs of the fort. This Boone thought "was certainly a great proof of their industry!" On the day after the siege was raised Simon Kenton, one of the boldest of the Kentucky Pioneers, with a companion with whom he had lingered behind after the battle on Paint Creek, in order to have a few more shots at the Indians, came galloping into the fort upon horses which they had stolen from the enemy. Thus ended in triumph for the defenders a most important siege, for upon its final result hung the destiny of a budding empire. It was marked, on the part of the defenders, with the coolest courage, the most consummate skill, and wonderful endurance; and yet the Pioneer—the brave and sagacious Daniel Boone—who had done and suffered so much, and so well deserved the plaudits of his countrymen, was met, while bearing the palm of victory, with a summons to a court-martial to be tried for misconduct, instead of receiving the honors which gratitude should have been eager to bestow. Let us charitably hope that the court-martial was only a friendly way of giving an official recognition of the great value of his services and of his patriotic character. That court, after full investigation, honorably acquitted him, and he did receive the grateful praises of his countrymen.

The escape of Boone from Chillicothe, followed by the affair on Paint Creek and the repulse at Boonesborough, greatly disheartened the Indians. Their pride was deeply wounded, and they were made to suspect that the sovereignty of the woods would speedily pass from them. The events of the present, and the fears concerning the future, made the spirit of the Shawnee bow in incipient grief; and from that time their power really waned. Boonesborough was never again assailed, for other forts and stations, erected between it and the Ohio, made it dangerous to



ESCAPE OF THE SETTLERS AT BOONE'S FORT.

the savage foot to tread on Kentucky soil. And the escape, the battle, and the siege had a salutary influence elsewhere. There was joy and confidence in Virginia when the news that fifty men had repulsed four hundred and fifty savages and frightened them beyond the Ohio became known; and the Legislature of that State, which had been tardy in affording aid to Major Clarke, now felt eager to complete the subjugation of the glorious country west of the mountains so nobly begun by Daniel Boone.

When the siege was ended, and security seemed

to be established, the Pioneer left Kentucky and joined his family. In simple words he says in his narrative: "Shortly after the troubles at Boonesborough I went to my family, and lived peaceably there. The history of my going home and returning with my family forms a series of difficulties an account of which would swell a volume, and being foreign to my purpose, I omit them."

Boone had difficulties indeed such as almost crushed his sensitive spirit. The sturdy defense of Boonesborough had given confidence to those

who desired to emigrate into Kentucky, and schemes for settlements there agitated many neighborhoods in Western Virginia and North Carolina. Laws respecting the location and occupancy of lands in that domain were enacted; and, as Collins says, "The surveyor's chain and compass were seen in the woods as frequently as the rifle. The great object in Kentucky was to enter, survey, and get a patent for land." Emigrants went thither by scores. Full three hundred boats arrived in the spring at the Falls of the Ohio, where St. Louis now stands, and new stations speedily appeared in various parts of northern and central Kentucky.

Boone almost felt that the land was his own; for his eye had surveyed it, and his own strong arm had done much in wresting it from the sway of the Indian, and he yearned for a permanent home on the banks of the beautiful Kentucky. But he was a law-abiding citizen, and, in compliance with legal forms, he prepared to take his family beyond the mountains once more, and seat them there. He converted much of his property into land warrants, and with about twenty thousand dollars in Continental money (then depreciating) he proceeded to Richmond, to take legal steps for acquiring possession of his desired domain. Many friends, knowing his integrity, intrusted him with funds to invest in the same way, and he left home with buoyant feelings. On the way he was robbed of every dollar; and then, as is too often the case, ungenerous lips whispered doubts of his faithfulness—whispered suggestions that he had "robbed himself," and so retained the money of his friends. He could well bear the loss of his own property, but when his honor—that honor which he cherished as the heart's-blood of his character—was suspected, he was almost unmanned. But conscious of his integrity, and full of the vigor of manhood (for he was then forty-five years of age), he turned his back once more upon civilization and its annoyances, and with his devoted wife and family returned to Boonesborough, after an absence of almost two years. He went there for a home and to retrieve his losses, but not to regain a good name; for that did not, after all, suffer much from the foul breath of slander, because his whole life and character contradicted all intimations that he was not an honest man.

Meanwhile George Rogers Clarke, Simon Kenton, and other bold pioneers, were working out the subjection of the Ohio country to civilization and republicanism, and making Kentucky stronger by removing causes of danger that had threatened it before. Clarke had penetrated the Illinois country in the summer of 1778, and surprised and captured the British posts of Kaskaskia, Cahokia, and Vincennes. A few months afterward, while acting as a peace-maker among the Indians in that region, and working successfully toward the pacification of all the western tribes who had been favorable to the British, he was informed that Colonel Hamilton, the commandant at Detroit (who treated Boone so courteously while in captivity), had retaken Vin-

cennes. With a few men Clarke traversed the dreadful wilderness of a hundred miles from the Ohio, part of the way through ice and snow, and chilling water breast-high; and late in February he unfurled the stripes and stars over Fort Vincennes and a captured garrison. From that time British power on the extreme western frontier waned, and the Indians were too wise and wary to make incursions into Kentucky alone.

The British, however, determined to make a vigorous attack upon the Kentucky settlements, for they properly regarded them as the nurseries of their most dangerous enemies in the West. An army of six hundred Canadians and savages was organized, and furnished with six pieces of artillery; and in June, 1780, they left Detroit under the command of Colonel Byrd. They crossed the Ohio at the point where Cincinnati now stands, and went up the Licking River to the forks, gathering numerical strength on the way. Thence, with about a thousand men, Byrd marched for Ruddell's station. Unprovided with cannon, it was soon surrendered; but the acts of cruelty there performed by the savages, who could not be restrained, so shocked the commander that at first he refused to lead them against other stations equally exposed. The Indians promised obedience, and one more station (Martin's) was captured and plundered. Then the whole expedition returned to Detroit, leaving Boonesborough and other places unharmed. With their artillery the enemy might have wiped out every Kentucky settlement, and given the beautiful domain to the Indians again; but, strangely singular as it appears to the eye of man, these centres of civilization in the wilderness were spared.

Soon after Boone's return to Kentucky he projected new enterprises, for his restless spirit yearned for activity. He first went upon an expedition to the Blue Licks, the scene of his former misfortunes, to procure a supply of salt, accompanied only by his brother Edward. They left Boonesborough early in October, 1780, reached their destination in safety, and were returning, when they were fired upon by some Indians in ambush. Edward Boone was slain. The Pioneer saw his own peril and fled. The Indians pursued, and for three miles the chase was hot. Then the savages, who were left far behind, halted, but a furious dog belonging to them prolonged the pursuit. Boone turned, shot him dead, and leisurely and sadly made his way back to Boonesborough to tell the tale of his brother's death.

Soon after this, the dreadful winter of 1780 set in, a season known in our annals as "the hard winter," when, for forty days, not an icicle was disturbed by the sun in all the region from the Arctic Sea to the Roanoke, and westward to the Pacific. It bore with mighty force upon frontier and wilderness life. For almost three months the snow lay deep all over Kentucky. Many cattle perished. Wild beasts and birds were frozen, and the timid buffalo ventured among the tame cattle at the stations in search

of food. Scarcity of provisions prevailed at all the stations, and gaunt famine looked fiercely in at the windows of the cabins. But the warm south wind came early, and the glorious spring sun brought life and beauty to the wilderness—such life and beauty as the emigrant delights to behold.

Boone lived in peace at Boonesborough during the year 1781, but the following spring the Ohio Indians, incited by the British and Tories, became bolder, and assaulted some of the more isolated stations. As the summer advanced they menaced Kentucky with fearful miseries, for they were led by a keen white savage named Girty, the offspring of an Irish sot and an American bawd. He was captured by the Indians at the time of Braddock's defeat in 1755, was adopted by a Seneca family, and became the fiercest savage of them all. For twenty years he had been the terror of women and children on the western frontier; and now, in joint command of some Indians with another miscreant named M'Kee, he was committing depredations in the neighborhood of Boonesborough. On the 15th of August Bryant's station was attacked, but the savages were repulsed. It was determined to chastise the invaders, and accordingly some men from Boonesborough under the brave Pioneer, others under Trigg of Harrodsburg and Todd of Lexington, one hundred and eighty in all, united at Bryant's station, and thence marched toward the known camp of Girty and M'Kee at the Blue Licks. They expected to be joined on the way by General Logan, then at Lexington.

On a hot morning (the 20th of August) the settlers came in sight of the savages on the opposite side of the river, held a council of war, and were advised by Boone to wait for Logan before attempting an attack. But the fiery Major Hugh M'Gary, of Harrodsburg, impetuous and imprudent, could not be restrained. He gave a shrill war-whoop, dashed with his horse into the stream, and, waving his hat, shouted, "Let all who are not cowards follow me! I'll show 'em where the Indians are!" The mounted men instantly plunged into the stream, followed by the footmen, and pressed across the swift current of the ford in wild confusion. Ascending the bank, they rushed forward to attack the enemy, and, as Boone had predicted, they fell into an ambuscade. Four hundred dusky warriors immediately arose upon their white foemen, and terrible was the battle that ensued. The Kentuckians fought like tigers, but the Indians, greatly superior in numbers, came up from the bushy ravines, closed in upon their doomed victims, and produced terrible slaughter.

Among the slain was Israel, a very promising son of Daniel Boone. The father saw him fall, and snatching up his body, yet warm with the currents of life fast ebbing, he attempted to carry it away in the retreat. A brawny savage, larger than any of his comrades, sprang toward him with gleaming hatchet, when Boone dropped his precious burden, turned, and with unerring aim shot the Indian dead.

The Pioneer escaped, but left behind him sixty-seven of his brave compeers on the bloody field, among whom were Todd and Trigg, beloved leaders in the wilderness. The loss of these friends grieved Boone sorely, but that of his son—the second of his offspring that had fallen by savage weapons—plunged the iron of sorrow deep into his soul, and he went back to Boonesborough dreadfully stricken in spirit. Although he well knew that a disregard of his prudent counsel had made hearths desolate, and filled many a cabin with the wailings of widows and orphans, yet he uttered no word of complaint even under the smittings of his own terrible affliction; nor did he, in his report of the event to the proper authorities, allude to his own services on the occasion. His was a noble, generous soul, always as deaf to the voice of flattery as to the suggestions of jealousy.

The disastrous battle at the Blue Licks spread a pall of gloom over Kentucky, and at the same time elicited a war-cry, vehement with the hot breath of vengeance, that awoke responsive echoes every where in that deep forest land. The settlers yearned to be led against the murderers of their friends and kindred, and an appropriate leader soon appeared. Early in September George Rogers Clarke, who had been commissioned a brigadier, assembled a thousand mounted riflemen at the mouth of the Licking River, crossed the Ohio, and, under the guidance of Simon Kenton, who commanded a company, pressed forward toward the Indian towns on the Sciota. Boone was with Clarke, a friend and prudent counselor, for he knew the intricacies of the way toward the scene of his long captivity a few years before.

The Indians were at old Chillicothe, celebrating their recent victory with horrid rites, when the Kentuckians approached. Terror seemed to give the savages wings. They fled toward Detroit in great confusion, and Boone entered the arena of his former captivity as a victor. The lash of severe chastisement immediately followed. Five villages and numerous corn-fields and orchards were laid waste. The Sciota towns were wiped from the face of the earth, and the power of their inhabitants was crushed in a day. The work was thoroughly done; and early in November the expedition returned to Kentucky, having secured forever the peace of that domain. As they rode slowly down the slope on which a part of Cincinnati now stands, Captain M'Cracken, then dying from the effects of a wound in his arm, proposed that they should all enter into an agreement that, fifty years from that day, the survivors should "meet there and talk over the affairs of the campaign." On the 4th of November, 1832, quite a large number of the survivors met there. The forest had disappeared, and a city of twenty-five thousand inhabitants occupied its place. Boone had then lain in his grave a dozen years, but Simon Kenton was yet among the living.

The broken-spirited Indians came no more in hostile bands to disturb the settlers in Kentucky,



BOONE FIGHTING OVER THE DEAD BODY OF HIS SON.

and Boone was permitted thenceforth to turn the strong current of his energies into the channels of peaceful life. Emigration poured a living flood over the land, no longer "the Dark and Bloody Ground." Not less than twelve thousand new settlers entered the country in the years 1783-'84, and soon the arts and blandishments of civilization began to mould society into forms ill-suited to the free spirit and uncultivated taste of the Pioneer, who disliked all conventionalities that interfered with personal freedom in speech and action. And the same year when the battle at the Blue Licks and the destruction of the Sciota towns occurred, Virginia had given courts of law and all their complicated appendages to Kentucky; and the new empire, whose germ was planted by Daniel Boone, rapidly blossomed. Boone himself appeared disposed to lay aside the rifle for the hoe; and upon a rich little farm he dropped the sweat of his brow, and

gave his family hope that his wanderings were at an end. And so they might have been had justice ruled. But, alas! the cupidity of man often makes him the blind creature of expediency, grinding in the prison-house of his lusts; and the hand that gives him bread to-day is spurned to-morrow with the bitter words, "I know you not."

Boone was soon made to feel the woes of such ingratitude and the oppressions of law. He could have endured the former, but, like the Leatherstocking, he could never see the wisdom nor the justice of the procedures of the courts of law. They always appeared to his simple nature like wicked instruments of wrong; and when they actually deprived him of his lands and left him, on the sunset side of the hill of life, without the possession in fee of a spot of ground sufficient for his grave in all Kentucky, like the Leatherstocking he turned his back upon civilization and its

"wasty ways," and with his dog and gun went into the deep wilderness. It was this, and not a misanthropic spirit that shuns social life, that made Boone leave Kentucky for the wilds beyond the Mississippi; and therefore the poet peer of England, who has spoken so lovingly of him, did him injustice when he wrote,

"'Tis true he shrank from men, even of his nation;
When they built up unto his darling trees,
He moved some hundred miles off, for a station
Where there were fewer houses and more ease."

Kentucky became a sovereign State of the confederacy in June, 1792, and at that time Daniel Boone was dispossessed of his farm. Some speculating Shylock had taken advantage of the law's blind technicalities and the Pioneer's simplicity. Boone had neglected to avail himself of some necessary forms of law, and his land, daily becoming more and more a valuable estate as emigration poured in and the Commonwealth increased in population, was taken from him by the talons of legal process, and he was left poor. In all that region first trodden by his foot, where half a million of people then flourished, Boone, at the age of almost sixty years, owned not an acre of the soil. And Simon Kenton, the brave pioneer, was for twelve months imprisoned upon the spot where he built his first cabin and planted his first corn. His body was taken for debt upon the covenants to lands which he had given away!

Indignant at the treatment he had received, Boone left Kentucky forever. Poor, and growing old, he went to Virginia, where he had been honored with the confidence of the powerful; but his services were no longer needed, and the powerful were willing to forget him. With his faithful wife, he seated himself near the Great Kanawha, and there he was soon disturbed by his dusky foe. But the victories of Wayne over the Western tribes soon spread peace on the frontier, and the Pioneer was toiling there for bread when light from the then far West broke in upon him. His son, Daniel M. Boone, animated by his father's spirit, had gone into the Spanish domain of Louisiana, beyond the Mississippi, and sent back words that cheered the heart of the Pioneer. Other men who had been in that region told him of the abundance of deer, buffalo, beaver, and otter, in the beautiful country now known as Missouri, and the fire of his old hunting spirit was kindled. They told him also of the great simplicity of the Spanish laws, the honesty and kind-heartedness of the people, and the facilities for procuring as much land as a man needed, without the danger of losing it by the impositions of legal chicanery. This touched the old man's heart, and he resolved to leave the dominions of civilized life, and once more enjoy the freedom of the wilderness and the simplicity of nature in her pristine beauty. Accordingly, in 1798, he left Virginia, accompanied by his devoted Rebecca, who, though growing old in years, was strong in love for her husband, a woman's fortitude, and a woman's noble courage and devotion. They drove their whole stock of

cattle through the forests along the Ohio and Mississippi in the midst of many perils, and early in June they were at a resting-place in the wilderness forty-five miles above St. Louis. There, in the present St. Charles County, Missouri, the aged Pioneer pitched his tent and built a rude log cabin, and there he dwelt in peace and safety several years.

At the time in question St. Louis was a Spanish military post, and was considered next to New Orleans in importance. The Lieutenant-Governor gave Boone a most cordial welcome, and assured him that he should receive ample provision for himself and family. The Spanish authorities justly considered such men an acquisition to the territory. Boone was presented with a large tract of land, and on the 11th of July, 1800, he was commissioned Commandant of the St. Charles district, in which he resided.

In his new home the Pioneer found that freedom of action and simplicity of social life that he so much loved. There were few and simple laws, and these found willing subjects in the people. They had neither king, legislative assembly, judges, jurors, lawyers, nor sheriffs. The Commandant of a district and the parish priests were the administrators of justice, and adjudicated satisfactorily all disputes among the inhabitants. Having many things in common, occasions for disputes were few. Their flocks and herds, their swine and ponies, all grazed upon the same common prairie, and there were few inclosures to denote individual possession. The people were frank, generous, open-hearted, unsuspicious, and joyous; and at St. Louis, the most densely populated region of the domain except New Orleans, there were but two door-locks—one upon the little prison that seldom had a tenant, and the other upon the Government House.

Such was the society in which Daniel Boone planted his new home, and fondly hoped to pass the remainder of his days in peace. He tilled the soil, and occasionally, feeling the old restless spirit of the chase stirring within him, he would go upon long hunting excursions with his rifle and pack-horses, but not without anxiety on the part of his family, for old age was coming on apace, and the perils of the wilderness were more fearful than when his sinews were lithe. Notwithstanding his eyes were becoming dim, and the enlargement of the sight of his rifle would not suffice to give him his wonted expertness in its use, these hunting excursions were fruitful of pecuniary gain, for St. Louis mart often saw the horses of Colonel Boone heavily laden with the spoils of the trap and the chase. And these gains enabled the old man to perform a pious act of duty, the consummation of which had long been among his most earnest aspirations. The costs of litigation concerning his lands in Kentucky had involved him in debt—honest debt—and he had promised his neighbors and friends who loaned him money that he would repay them. Years rolled away, and that promise remained unre-

deemed, for his inability to meet his pledge seemed to increase with his years. Now his trusty rifle had given him means, and once more the noble Pioneer, bowed with age, and his head hoary, appeared at Boonesborough. There all was changed, and Boone felt like a stranger from another sphere in the very domain that he had given to the prosperous people who now inhabited it. But these things did not disturb him. His mission had nothing to do with changes in men and things. It was a duty enjoined by commands of conscience concerning the Past. He sought out his old creditors, took the word of each for his statement concerning the Pioneer's indebtedness, paid every dollar, and with hardly a coin in his pocket he shouldered his rifle and started for his home in Missouri, happy in the consciousness that no man in all the world could reproach Daniel Boone for dishonesty.

But his paradise beyond the Mississippi was soon disturbed by intruders. That land had passed from the dominion of Spain to that of France, and by another change to that of the United States. The Federal laws, with all their complications, were extended over Louisiana, and once more Boone found himself perplexed by the intricacies and shadows of written law. His office of Commandant of St. Charles passed away like the morning dew, and was no more known. Yet he felt that his land—a free gift and fairly deeded—would never be taken from him, because that gift had been bestowed, and the deed given, before the United States held title to the territory. So, heeding but little the influx of emigration and the onflowing tide of civilization that swept past his home, he went frequently far, far up the Missouri and its tributaries to catch beavers and otters, and to shoot deer and buffaloes.

On one of these occasions "he took pack-horses," says his biographer and personal friend, "and went to the country on the Osage River, taking for a camp-keeper a negro boy about twelve or fourteen years of age. Soon after preparing his camp and laying in his supplies for the winter, he was taken sick, and lay a long time in camp. The horses were hobbled out on the range. After a period of stormy weather there came a pleasant and delightful day, and Boone felt able to walk out. With his staff (for he was quite feeble) he took the boy to the summit of a small eminence, and marked out the ground in shape and size of a grave, and then gave the following directions. He instructed the boy, in case of his death, to wash and lay his body straight, wrapped in one of the cleanest blankets. He was then to construct a kind of shovel, and with that instrument and the hatchet, to dig a grave exactly as he had marked it out. He was then to drag the body to the place and put it in the grave, which he was directed to cover up, putting posts at the head and foot. Poles were to be placed around and above the surface; the trees to be marked, so that it would be easily found by his friends; the horses were

to be caught, and the blanket and skins gathered up; and then he gave some special instructions about the old rifle, and various messages to the family. All these directions were given, as the boy afterward declared, with entire calmness, and as if he was giving instructions about ordinary business." But the strength of the Pioneer increased, and, breaking up his camp, he returned home.

Again Daniel Boone became landless. A commission was appointed to inquire into the validity of claims to land in Louisiana granted by the action of the Spanish Government; and at the close of the year 1810 that commission decided that Boone's title was not good. So, at the age of seventy-six years, he was again left without a solitary acre of ground among the millions that lay uncultivated in the Mississippi Valley to which he could give a clear title-deed! It was hard, indeed, and most men, in like circumstances, would have murmured at their lot. But the old Pioneer, accustomed to vicissitudes, was patient and hopeful. He yet believed in Kentucky; and with a beautiful faith he sent a memorial to the Senate of that State in 1812, asking the voice of the Legislature in his behalf when he should petition the Federal Congress to confirm, by special act, his title to ten thousand acres of land in Missouri, given him by the Spanish Government. A prompt response was given, in language that fell gratefully upon the ear of the old Pioneer. "Taking into view," it said, "the many eminent services rendered by Colonel Boone, in exploring and settling the Western country, from which great advantages have resulted, not only to this State, but to his country in general, and that, from circumstances over which he had no control, he is now reduced to poverty, not having, so far as appears, an acre of land of the vast territory he has been a great instrument in peopling; believing, also, that it is as unjust as it is impolitic that useful enterprises should go unrewarded by a government where merit confers the only distinction; and having sufficient reason to believe that a grant of ten thousand acres of land, which he claims in upper Louisiana, would have been confirmed by the Spanish Government had not said territory passed, by cession, into the hands of the General Government;" it was therefore resolved, that the Kentucky Senators in Congress should be requested to use exertions to procure a proper grant of land in that territory to Boone.

Congress hesitated, and at length, in February, 1814, that body, with niggardly economy, gave him *eight hundred and fifty acres* out of the millions that might have been spared. And the words of the report which recommended this paltry gift were conceived in as mean a spirit. They asserted that "the petitioner is in old age, and had, in early life, rendered his country arduous and useful services." "This," says a late writer, "is about as little as could decently be said. Contrast it with the swords voted and thanks bestowed on those who have flourished in some brilliant engagement, not worthy to be named,



BOONE MARKING HIS BURIAL-PLACE.

for real endurance and danger, with the siege of Boonesborough, where horrid torture awaited defeat. Contrast the eight hundred acres with the tens of thousands lavished on some scheme of favorite partisans!" He then adds: "Never mind—they have perpetuated in marble, in the great dome of the Capitol, a scene in his life that never existed!"

"Seven cities claim old Homer, dead,
Through which the living Homer asked his bread!"

While the question of his claim was pending in Congress a great sorrow was laid upon Boone.

His faithful wife, who had shared his fortunes and all of life's vicissitudes for nearly sixty years, sickened and died. It was a dreadful loss for the old man—in intensity, the sum of all his past griefs—and he wept over her coffin as a young lover weeps over that of his affianced. She had ever been faithful and true; and with her the Pioneer buried all his best earthly affections. He left his own cabin, and took up his abode with his son, Major Nathan Boone (who died in 1856); and when, in 1815, peace with Great Britain made the forests less dangerous—

for the Indians, whom he could no longer fight, were pacified—he again penetrated the deep wilderness in search of game. When almost eighty-two years of age he made a hunting excursion with only two men, near the mouth of the Kansas River, in the vicinity of Fort Osage, a hundred miles from his dwelling. Such was his earnest desire to be buried by the side of his beloved Rebecca that, on all of these occasions, he took with him a companion bound by a written agreement, that, wherever he died, that companion was to convey his body to his friends, to be buried with his wife upon the eminence overlooking the Missouri.

At about this time Mr. Harding, an eminent artist, visited the Pioneer in his dwelling on the Missouri, for the purpose of painting his portrait, by order of the General Assembly of Missouri. He found him, he said, “in a small, rude cabin, indisposed, and reclining on his bed. A slice from the loin of a buck, twisted round the rammer of his rifle, within reach of him as he lay, was roasting before the fire. Several other cabins, arranged in the form of a parallelogram, marked the spot of a dilapidated station. They were occupied by the descendants of the Pioneer. Here he lived in the midst of his posterity: His withered energies and locks of snow indicated that the sources of his existence were nearly exhausted.” That portrait was the only one ever painted of the old Pioneer. No doubt it is a faithful picture of the form and features of Boone as they then appeared to the artist; but, according to contemporary description, it gives us but faint outlines of the noble head of the Pioneer in his best days. His forehead was high and broad; his hair dark and profuse; his eyes blue, clear, and mild; his lips thin and compressed; and his countenance thoughtful and serene, indicating a mind not at all in unison with the restlessness and activity that distinguished him. In person he was not remarkable. He was five feet ten inches in height, and of robust and powerful proportions. His manners were simple, and by no means unrefined. His costume was generally, as we have described it, a hunting shirt, buckskin breeches, and moccasins, and his rifle was his constant companion.

Death came to Daniel Boone on the 26th of September, 1820, when he had reached the age of more than eighty-six and a half years. It came to him in the form of a bilious fever, that entered the residence of his son-in-law, in Flanders, Calloway County, Missouri; and there, in sight of the great river whose waters flow from the eastern slopes of the Rocky Mountains, he was buried, by the side of his wife. The Legislature of Missouri was then in session; and when intelligence of his death reached them the members voted an adjournment for the day, and also that they would each wear the usual badge of mourning for thirty days.

For five-and-twenty years the remains of the Pioneer rested in the soil where it was first inhumed. Then the Legislature of Kentucky, with filial reverence for the founder of the State,

decreed that the coffins of Boone and his wife should be brought from the land of their exile and deposited in the public cemetery at Frankfort, the capital of the State. “There seemed to be a peculiar propriety in this testimonial of the veneration borne by the commonwealth for the memory of the illustrious dead,” says Collins; “and it was fitting that the soil of Kentucky should afford the final resting-place of his remains whose blood in life had so often been shed to protect it from the fury of savage hostility. It was as the beautiful and touching manifestation of filial affection shown by children to the memory of a beloved parent; and it was right that the generation who were reaping in peace the fruits of his toils and dangers should desire to have in their midst, and decorate with the tokens of their love, the sepulchre of this primeval patriarch, whose stout heart watched by the cradle of this now powerful commonwealth, in its weak and helpless infancy, shielding it with his body from all those appalling dangers which threatened its safety and existence.”

Having obtained the consent of the surviving relatives of the Pioneer for the removal of the remains, a committee, charged with the execution of the will of the Legislature, appointed the 13th of September, 1845, as the day when public funeral honors should be paid to the illustrious dead, and their remains be deposited in the bosom of Kentucky. The events of that day will ever form an interesting page in the annals of the State. On that occasion historic men—men whose names will never be forgotten while the chronicles of our republic are preserved—gathered around the coffin of a more eminent historic character, and bore it to the grave. The pallbearers were fitly chosen from among the elders and the honored men of the commonwealth. At their head stood Richard M. Johnson, the brave soldier and eminent civilian, who had won military renown in battle, and been honored with the second office in the gift of the nation. There, too, was the venerable General James Taylor, an early pioneer, and then seventy-six years of age; and Captain James Ward, whose apparently charmed life affords some of the most remarkable subjects of tales of adventure with the Indians with which the history of the West abounds. By his side was the venerable General Robert B. M’Afee, the pioneer, the soldier, and the historian; and the remainder were men of somewhat less renown, but none the less honored where they were known and appreciated. These were Peter Jordan, Walter Bullock, Thomas Joice, Landon Sneed, Major T. Williams, William Boone, all of Kentucky, and John Johnson, of Ohio.

Thousands of people had gathered from all parts of the State to participate in the solemn funeral rites. A procession was formed, consisting of military companies, Masonic and other societies in regalia, and a great number of citizens on horseback and on foot, making the line more than a mile in length. The broad



THE BURIAL OF BOONE AND HIS WIFE.

grave for the two coffins was dug in a lovely shaded hollow near the banks of the Kentucky River, and around it the multitude gathered. The religious ceremonies were performed by the Rev. Mr. Godell, of the Baptist Church, and were followed by an oration by the Hon. John J. Crittenden, the able representative of Kentucky in the Senate of the United States, who had been chosen for the grateful service. When the closing prayer had been offered, and the benediction pronounced, the coffins were lowered into the grave, and over them was piled a mound of earth—yet the only monument that marks the spot where the noble Pioneers are buried. The green sward and the lovely wild-flowers flourish there with every return of summer; and to that beautiful, quiet spot, beneath the shadows

of wide-spreading trees, many a pilgrim has since stood, and mused upon the wonderful events in the life of DANIEL BOONE.

“That life,” says Governor Morehead, in his eloquent address in commemoration of the first settlement of Kentucky, “is a forcible example of the powerful influence which a single absorbing passion exerts over the destiny of an individual. Born with no endowments of intellect to distinguish him from the crowd of ordinary men, and possessing no other acquirements than a very common education bestowed, he was enabled, nevertheless, to maintain, through a long and useful career, a conspicuous rank among the most distinguished of his contemporaries; and the testimonials of the public gratitude and respect with which he was honored after his death

were such as are never awarded by an intelligent people to the undeserving. He came originally to the wilderness, not to settle and subdue it, but to gratify an inordinate passion for adventure and discovery—to hunt the deer and buffalo—to roam through the woods—to admire the beauties of nature; in a word, to enjoy the lonely pastimes of a hunter's life, remote from the society of his fellow-men. He had heard with admiration and delight Finley's description of the country of Kentucky, and high as were his expectations he found it a second Paradise. Its lofty forests—its noble rivers—its picturesque scenery—its beautiful valleys—but, above all, the plentifulness of 'beasts of every American kind'—these were the attractions that brought him to it.

"He united, in an eminent degree, the qualities of shrewdness, caution, and courage, with uncommon muscular strength. He was seldom taken by surprise; he never shrunk from danger, nor cowered beneath the pressure of exposure and fatigue. In every emergency he was a safe guide and a wise counselor, because his movements were conducted with the utmost circumspection; and his judgment and penetration were proverbially accurate. Powerless to originate plans on a large scale, no individual among the pioneers could execute with more efficiency and success the designs of others. It is not assuming too much to say, that without him, in all probability, the settlements would not have been upheld, and the conquest of Kentucky might have been reserved for the emigrants of the nineteenth century."

Such was Daniel Boone, the providential instrument of God in opening a pathway for civilization beyond the Alleghany ranges. We behold him leaving the banks of the Yadkin, an obscure hunter and adventurer. We see him dying, as he had lived during a long life, in a rude cabin in the wilderness, possessing no knowledge of the great world drawn from books, leaning trustfully upon the Indian's simple faith in the power and benevolence of a Great Spirit, and wrapped in a mantle of noble honesty, impenetrable to every wicked instrument of deceit and fraud that would fain hide beneath it. We behold that man of the Solitudes honored after his death with ovations of which old conquerors would have been proud, and his memory cherished in human hearts, in song and story, as the PIONEER and the FOUNDER OF AN EMPIRE.

THE WATER OF EL ARBAÏN.

O'ER wide Arabian deserts toiling slow,
With heat and travel spent,
With fever parched, our zemzemieh low,
Day after day we went,

Till now at Sinai's granite foot we lay;
The noontide sun beat sore;
Then we arose and took our weary way
Through sands and flints once more.

Close was the rugged valley, dry and bare,
Walled in with adamant,
Whose sides, reverberant with blinding glare,
Hurled back each sun-dart slant.

Yet onward still with trembling limbs we trod,
As erst the chosen flock,
And saw where legend saith their prophet's rod
Had cleft the eternal rock.

But thence, alas, no crystal streams now rolled
The thirsty soul to bless!
Alone remained of all those marvels old
The fiery wilderness.

At length, with blackened lip and bloodshot eye,
Scorched by the Simoom's breath,
I turned in anguish toward the brazen sky
And prayed for drink or death!

Then darkness gathered o'er my swimming sight,
Fast whirled the dizzy brain,
And the hot fever-throb with fuller might
Coursed through each bursting vein.

Still to the fainting pilgrim words of cheer
The sons of Ishmael spake;
Told of a well of living water near,
That deathly thirst to slake;

And pointed toward a verdant garden-close
Within the vision's scope,
Where El Arbaïn's shattered arches rose
On Horeb's blasted slope.

There, pillowed soon beneath that welcome shade,
I heard the fountain's drip,
Then felt the o'erflowing cup of coolness laid
Against my burning lip.

Oh! never juice drawn from the choicest vine,
Whose favored root is fed
At the pure sources of the boasted Rhine,
Or oldest river's head;

Nay, not Valhalla's honeyed cup so rare,
By souls of heroes quaffed;
Not old Olympian nectar might compare
With that divinest draught.

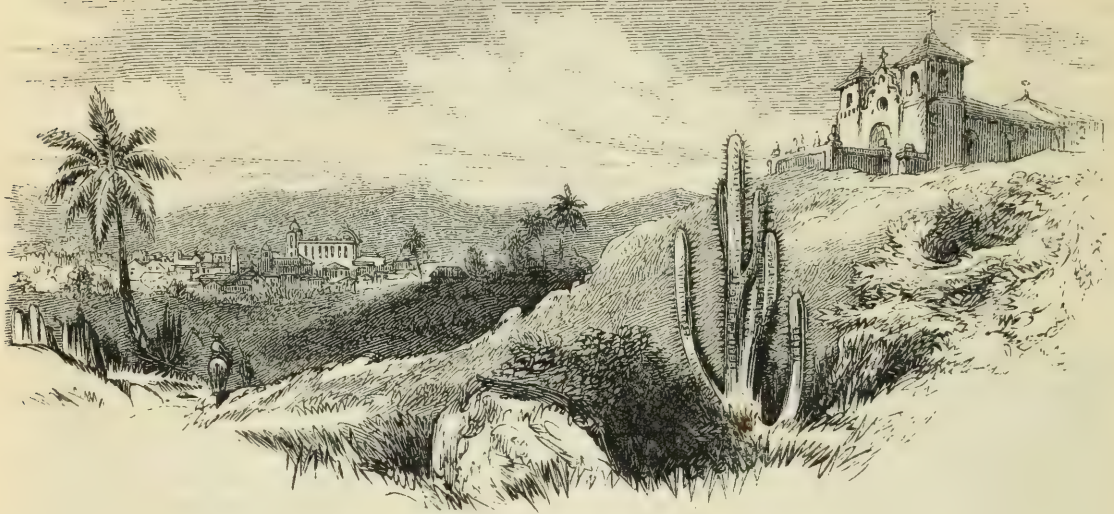
Cold as the ice-born flood from Northern steep,
Clearer than Indian wave,
Sweet as Nepenthe, drowning care in sleep,
A second life it gave!

O quickening fount! may thy bright currents roll
In everlasting flow,
And on the latest wanderer's fainting soul
A blessing like bestow!

Know too, O mortal! thou whose rougher way
Lies through a world of sin,
Without, the deadly arrows of its wrath,
Its fever fire within—

When sorrow, doubt, despair assail thy life
Till thy crushed heart confess
It fain would choose before such bitter strife
The grave of nothingness—

A well-spring, whose high source is heaven, doth
Upon thy travail sore; [wait
There drink, and thou shalt rise as re-create,
Nor thirst forever more!



CITY OF COMAYAGUA.—CHURCH OF CALVARIO.

A VISIT TO THE GUAJIQUERO INDIANS.

WE arrived in Comayagua, the capital of Honduras, on the afternoon of a bright Saturday in May, and through the intervention of our friend, Don Leon, were at once installed in the vacant episcopal palace—a fine building facing the Grand Plaza, close to the cathedral. It was the beginning of the rainy season, and a morning shower had rendered the air cool and grateful, laying the dust, and new-washing the houses, so that Comayagua appeared to us by far the freshest and most comfortable city we had yet visited in all Central America. Situated in a broad plain, elevated two thousand feet above the sea, and surrounded by a cincture of high mountains, it has all the conditions of natural beauty and salubrity, and combines the resources of the tropics and the temperate zone. The pine-tree and the palm here flourish side by side, and one may sit under the shadow of the orange and lemon trees in his court-yard and watch the wheat fields billowing in the wind on the slopes of the neighboring mountains. Nor is the town itself without its interior pretensions and interest. The cathedral is a fine specimen of the old semi-moresque style, which prevails throughout Central America. It is most substantially built, roof and all, of solid masonry. Its façade is profusely decorated with the symbols of the Catholic faith, and grim saints and apostles frown down on the heretic from highly ornamented niches, rising above one another, tier on tier. The interior is imposing enough in itself, but is marred in its effect by a lavish display of tawdry finery, draped on the walls and around the columns which support the roof. Some of the altars of carved wood are nevertheless very elaborate and beautiful, and attest a former, if not existing, high

skill in this branch of art. There are a number of ancient paintings on the walls, but they are too much obscured by age, and the interior of the cathedral is far too dark, to admit of their merits being discovered.

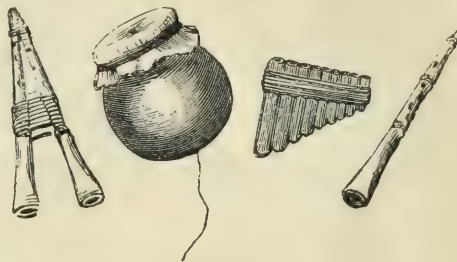
The cathedral, however, is not the only structure of pretension in Comayagua. The church of La Merced is of large size, and is distinguished by the elaborate tomb of an early bishop built against its side, and by a monument of fine proportions in the centre of the Plaza in front. This was raised in a fit of loyalty under the crown, in honor of some one of the Spanish monarchs; but, on the Independence, the inscription was defaced, the royal symbols removed, and it is now supposed to commemorate the Independence itself. Until the abolition of capital punishment in Honduras it was not without a practical use, for criminals condemned to be shot were seated at its base, which still bears abundant scars of the fatal bullets.

The day following our arrival was not only a Sunday, but a *fiesta* or feast day. I do not remember what festival was celebrated, but it was one which has a peculiar significance to the Indians living on the plain and in the neighboring mountain villages. On this occasion it is their custom to come to the capital, and go through a variety of singular ceremonies, in which none of the whites are expected to participate, and which are essentially aboriginal in their character. They began to gather early on the afternoon of Saturday, and we passed great numbers of them on our way to the city, each carrying a little bundle of food and a gourd of *chicha*. Like all the other Indians of Central America, they stepped aside on our approach, and uncovered their heads while we passed—a token of re-

spect which the Spaniards rigidly exacted from them when the country was under the crown, and when no Indian was allowed to ride either horse or mule, or even sit down in the presence of a white man. By night the city swarmed with dusky figures. They encamped quietly in the various public squares, vacant lots, and in the wider streets, presenting, in the light of the hundred flickering fires which they had kindled, as strange a spectacle as I had ever witnessed. They preserved the utmost order, seated in groups on the ground, or wandering about slowly and quietly, never speaking except when addressed, and then only in monosyllables. I thought the opportunity favorable to add to my list of vocabularies, and I prevailed upon the Padre B—— to accompany me in the attempt. We were not, however, very successful in our efforts, which were generally met by an imperious but respectful silence. One might as well have questioned statues of bronze. A deliberate shake of the head, or its equivalent, expressed by moving the right forefinger slowly back and forth, was about all we could elicit in reply to our requests for the names of man and woman, earth and sky, fire and water, in the native tongues.

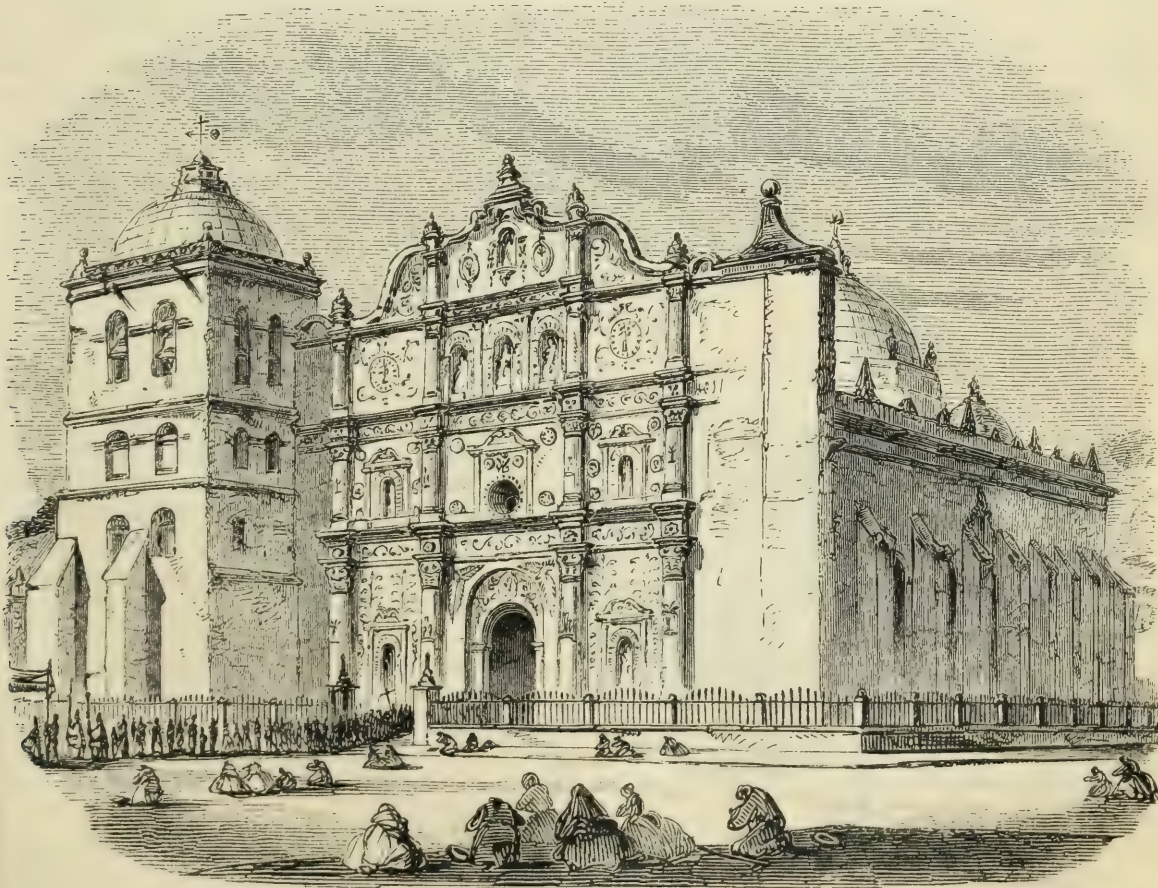
The night passed in quiet; but we were roused at early dawn by the firing of *bombas*—noisy little fiends of rockets—the clangor of bells, and wild strains of music, unlike any thing we had ever heard. Opening the shutters of our *palacio*—for so the bishop's residence was designated—we saw by the gray morning light that the Plaza

was full of people, and that the steps of the cathedral were covered with Indian performers on strange native instruments. These performers we ascertained were exclusively from the town of Ajuterique, and for no other reason now known than that "it had always been so," they enjoy the exclusive privilege of making the mu-

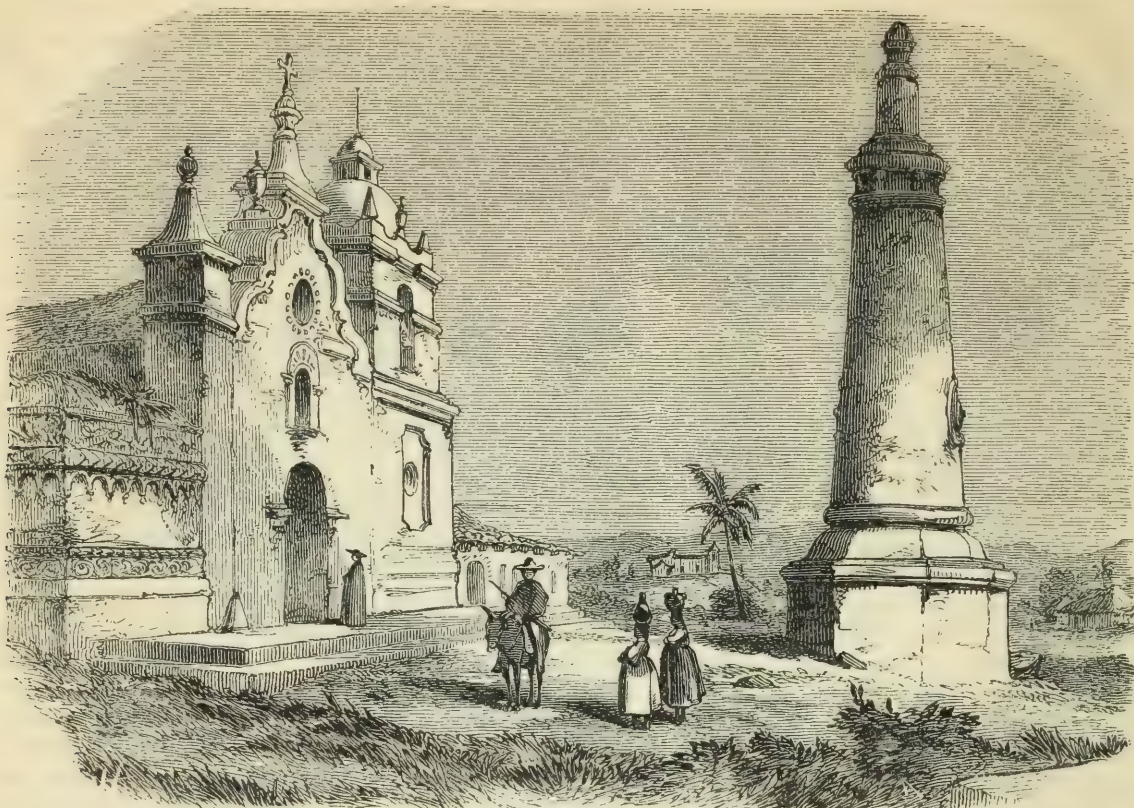


INDIAN MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

sic on the occasion of this festival. Their instruments were of the most primitive description. Among them I observed the simple flute of four stops, the double reed or *chirimaya*, and the *syrix* or Pan's pipe. A long calabash, with a narrow opening at the smaller end, into which the breath of the performer is forced suddenly at intervals, served to mark the time of the music. Another singular instrument consisted of a large earthen jar, over the mouth of which was stretched tightly a dressed skin or membrane, like the head of a drum. Attached to this skin in its centre, and passing through an opening in the bottom of the jar, was a string, which, while the jar was held under the left arm, was pulled smartly from time to time with



CATHEDRAL OF COMAYAGUA.



CHURCH OF MERCED AND INDEPENDENCE MONUMENT.

the right hand, the rebound making a singularly dull and doleful sound, which rendered the music unnecessarily lugubrious. But the most remarkable instrument, and that which evinced most skill, and is really of considerable capacity, was the *marimba*, which I now saw for the first time. It is composed entirely of wood, and consists of a series of large tubes made from gourd-shaped calabashes of different lengths and sizes, suspended lightly in a wooden frame. A thin membrane from the viscera of some animal is drawn over the upper opening of the tubes, above each of which is a short, horizontal piece of hard, sonorous wood, sustained at each end

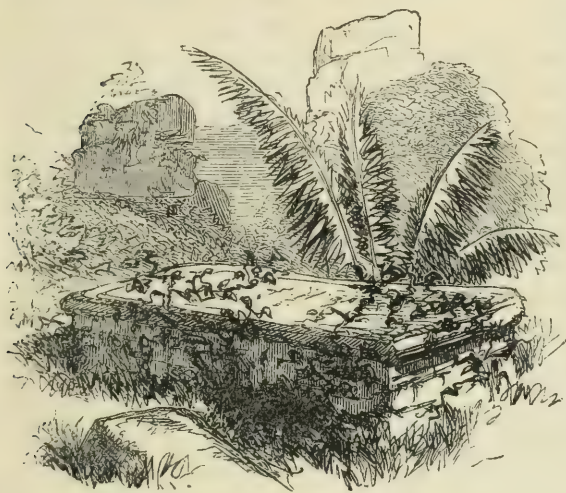
on a tense cord. The sound is produced by dexterously striking on these horizontal bars of wood with strips of cane pointed with compact balls of India-rubber. Some of these instruments have as many as twenty-two tubes, forming three complete octaves without the half-tones.

The music continued until, precisely at sunrise, the doors of the cathedral were thrown open, and the musicians, followed by the dusky multitude, passed in. The services, as far as I could make out, consisted only of the ordinary mass of the Catholic Church. But no sooner was this over than a procession was formed, at the head of which was the music, preceded by a scouting party of boys dressed as devils, and followed by a number of little girls in white, representing angels. The Indians followed without order. After making a circuit of the Great Plaza they moved to that of the Church of San Juan, in the centre of which, on a base of crumbling masonry, stands an old cross, said to have been the one raised by Alonzo Casceres, the conqueror of the country and founder of Comayagua, in 1540. As the procession passed before this cross every man bowed reverently, the little girls meanwhile sprinkling it with flowers. This ceremony concluded, it again moved on until, emerging from the city, it took a direction across the plain toward the ford of the Humuya River, on the road to the Villa de la Paz. My companions and myself followed. At a point about a mile and a half from the city the musicians suddenly struck off from the high road into a narrow but well-beaten path, leading away into the chapparal, where they were followed by the dusky crowd of Indians. A few



THE MARIMBA.

hundred yards brought us to an open space, in the centre of which were mounds of earth marking the outlines of a ruined church. The steps were entire, as were also the bases of the columns which had supported the arched entrance. Within the area, and near where the altar had once stood, was a tomb of masonry, covered with a marble slab bearing an inscription, but too much obliterated to be made out. The font for the holy water still stood beside the ruined doorway, and although empty and moss-grown, every person who passed it went through the form of dipping in his fingers and of making the sign of the cross. Here the music paused, and the supposed angels sprinkled flowers on the tomb, which, as I was afterward told, is that of one of the early bishops—the first and only one of native origin—whose memory is held in profoundest respect.



THE BISHOP'S TOMB.

The ceremonial at the tomb of the bishop was soon over, and the procession next moved off to the sites of several other ruined Indian villages, occupied at the period of the Conquest, and for some time after, but abandoned in consequence of the oppressions of the Spaniards. Not less than five of these towns, named respectively, Mejicapa, Naborillos, Caiugla, Santa Lucia, and Jeto, stood within a league of Comayagua; and it is probably in token of respect and veneration for the homes and graves of their ancestors that the Indians make an annual pilgrimage to them, coming down from their mountain retreats on the special festival day of which this was the anniversary.

We did not follow the procession through all of its hot and weary march, but returned early to our quarters in the *palacio* to dinner and a *siesta*. About five o'clock my friend the padre made his appearance, and explained that it was the practice of the Indians to conclude the day by a grand *baile*, or scenic dance, in a suburb of the city near the ruined church of San Sebastian. We lost no time, the reader may be sure, in repairing to the spot, which was a smooth open space, carpeted with a soft green sod, and surrounded by a gentle swell of ground, constituting a natural amphitheatre. Here a kind of

square had already been formed by sticking down green palm branches. A small tree had been set up in the centre of the square, and in opposite corners were planted two poles, one bearing the head of a deer, and the other the head of an *ocelot* or tiger, both surmounted with plumes of feathers, chiefly the long, green plumes of the *quetzal*—the imperial bird of the Quichés.

Most of the Indians were gathered on the little eminences overlooking the spot, appearing to be intensely interested, and no longer silent and reserved, but engaged in the most animated conversation. As soon as the requisite preparations were completed, the music took its place, a little apart from the square, and commenced a singularly wild but monotonous melody, which continued for some time amidst the profoundest silence of the assembly. Suddenly two parties of Indian youths, fantastically dressed and painted, made their appearance from opposite sides of the ruined church, behind which they had been concealed. They moved up to the square, dancing all the way, in a slow and not ungraceful measure, and took their places on opposite sides, under their respective insignia of the deer and the tiger. And now commenced a curious kind of representation or play, evidently referring to events celebrated in Indian tradition. First, a man, stooping as if with age, started out from the party which had the deer's head as its standard, and danced around the square in the most grotesque manner, evidently exerting himself to excite the mirth of the spectators, who applauded his *tours de force* most heartily. He finally approached the party of the tiger, which sent out one of their own number to meet him, who in turn strove to excel his rival in the extravagance of his dance. After much passing and re-passing these representatives finally met, and there was a pantomimic display of a conference and discussion, starting in a rather friendly way, but ending in differences and finally in open rupture. The various moods and passions were well rendered, and unmistakable. The two dancers represented ambassadors or envoys; and each one, when he got back to his party, gave a pantomimic account of his mission, which seemed to cause great excitement, ending in both sides taking the field in a vehement dance, upward and downward, backward and forward, and all around the square, carefully avoiding each other, until by a sudden movement, when the music was shrieking its loudest and wildest strains, they found themselves face to face in the very centre of the square under the solitary tree, which, I presume, represented the depths of a forest. The music now stopped, and a young man, whose taller plumes indicated that he sustained the part of a person of authority, stepped out from each side, and commenced a kind of recitative song or dialogue in the Indian tongue. This consisted apparently of a recital of the glories and prowess of the respective nations or tribes, during which each side applauded its leader's speech, and manifested the utmost dissent from that of his opponent. Finally, when both par-

ties had been worked up to the requisite pitch of excitement, the dialogue was suddenly broken off, the music struck up, and with savage shouts the rival parties engaged in a mimic combat, using short sections of cane as weapons. They closed and separated, advanced and retreated, and probably conveyed as clear an idea of a battle as we are accustomed to obtain in our theatres. At last the party of the tiger, having lost its standard, fled precipitately and disappeared behind the ruined church, leaving the party of the deer in full possession of the square. At first they celebrated their victory with a dance full of spirit and exultation; but soon, as if remembering that their success had been dearly purchased, their shouts of triumph subsided in wails and lamentations, accompanied by gestures expressive of the deepest affliction. They seated themselves on the ground, and bowed their heads on their knees. Directly one of their number started up and commenced a recitation, similar to that which I have described above, but now his subject was evidently the valor and glorious achievements of the dead. Then there were mimic sacrifices; copal was burned in earthen dishes, and chicha poured out to the four points of the compass—pagan rites more earnest in their performance, I thought, than any of the ceremonies which had preceded them. I looked inquiringly into the face of my friend the padre; but he only shrugged his shoulders and lighted another cigar.

While these ceremonies were going on the vanquished party emerged from the shadow of the church, no longer in proud and warlike array, but with drooping heads and in the attitudes of suppliants. Every one bore some article of tribute, which he laid at the feet of the victorious leader, who received each tribute with a speech imperious and brief, the conclusion of which was the signal for a general outburst of applause on the part of the spectators. With this act the representation terminated, leaving on my mind a clear impression that it commemorated some important event in Indian history, the essential details of which were thus handed down from generation to generation. I afterward attempted to learn what was embodied in the chants or songs, but without success; the few who knew them relapsing into a reserve almost sullen whenever the subject was introduced.*

* M. Brasseur de Bourbourg, cura of the Indian town of Rabinal, in Vera Paz, was more fortunate. In a letter to the writer he states, that in gratitude for some medicine which he had given to an Indian chief, the latter communicated to him the whole of one of these dramatic dances. Some notion may be formed of its length from the circumstance that it took M. Brasseur twelve days to reduce it to writing. The cura afterward translated it with a view to publication. He says of it: "I believe that I can now boast of possessing the only original American drama in the world. It is a real drama, comparable, in subject and style, with the best of the old German poems of the Middle Ages, to which it bears a great resemblance. The scene is laid here in Rabinal, and the personages are the first heroes of the Quiché and Rabinal nations—the time being, I should say, about the beginning of the 12th century."

After this essentially original and half-pagan performance, came another representation drawn from Biblical history, but in which the incidents were strangely mixed up and reversed. It commenced with a representation of the seizure of Christ by the Jews, who, while dragging him to the cross, were themselves set upon by the Spaniards, and Christ rescued, after which he was supposed to ascend into heaven. This extraordinary rendering of the Scriptural incident was doubtless taught by the early missionaries, who found that it was perilous to the progress of their religion to admit that their God could die. Pagans almost always regard their deities as superior to mortal power and incapable of death.

By the time this representation was concluded it had become quite dark, and what may be called the set proceedings were brought to a close. Fires, nevertheless, were lighted, and huge torches of pitch-pine stuck around the square, in which a variety of miscellaneous dances were kept up until late at night. The only interruptions were to enable the *musicos*—unwearying fellows—and the exhausted crowd generally, to fortify their energies with copious draughts of chicha, or native rum. When we left the spot at midnight the "fun was fast and furious," and the scene one of wildest savage riot and excitement. Every thing, nevertheless, seemed to proceed with perfect good-humor, and there were no quarrelsome demonstrations of any kind. How much a dusky line of soldiers, drawn up under the wall of the ruined church, and on whose bayonets the red torch-light gleamed ominously, had to do with this result, I am unable to say.

Next morning, long before we were up, the Indians had scattered to their homes, and only half a dozen sorry-looking representatives, with their heads bound up, who piteously solicited *un remedio* at our hands, were all that remained. After H—— had inquired carefully into the symptoms of their case, and ascertained that they had "bees in their heads," he consoled them with the assurance that the disease was far from being a novel one in his own country; that, in point of fact, he had suffered from it himself, and that their best remedy was "hock and soda water." On their demand for a supply, he proceeded to give each of them a doze of seidlitz—maliciously administering the salt first and the acid afterward, creating thereby internal ebullitions, which, if really expressed by their contortions of face, "might be felt, but never described." He explained to them that the only way of getting the bees out of their heads was by driving them into their stomachs, where they would be harmless. The explanation seemed satisfactory, and his patients stalked off to the shady side of the cathedral and seated themselves demurely on the ground to await the result. There they sat, like mummies, until night, and then disappeared as their companions had done before them.

The interest which these curious aboriginal ceremonies and representations excited in my mind was heightened by the accounts which I obtained from my friend the padre, and others,



THE PADRE B——.

of the various Indian communities living among the mountains of San Juan, to the southwestward of the plain of Comayagua. It was represented to me that their towns were built in spots equally secluded and difficult of access, and that in them the aboriginal habits, customs, and languages were preserved with scarcely a change. The padre had visited some of these towns in the discharge of his duties; but that had been some years previously, and he did not seem inclined to repeat his journey. He, however, encouraged me in my purpose of reaching some of them, and advised me to go first to Guajiquero, which, while it was most accessible, was nearest the pass of Guajoca, where we had some examinations to make in connection with the proposed railway. Others attempted to dissuade me from the trip, by representations of a possibly hostile reception, but more especially by appalling accounts of the difficulties and dangers of the road, which, they said, consisted in places only of steps cut in the rock, and elsewhere ran along dizzy crests so narrow that two men could not pass abreast. The padre, however, insisted that the road was "a little good and a little bad," but, on the whole, *regular*—a term which, after our subsequent experiences, became a synonym for every thing difficult.

Our arrangements were soon made, and a few days after the *fiesta* which I have described above, we set out on our journey. The padre undertook to go with us across the plain to the town of Tambla, and show us, on the way, the ruins of Yarumela, and the bones of antediluvian monsters near the village of Cane. The padre was a fair type of the Honduras priesthood, which affects little of the asceticism of the times of Las Casas, and has a wholesome incredulity in the saving virtues of fleshly mortification and abstinence. I do not mean to say that the Padre B—— was of that class of spiritual fathers whose multitude of pretty housekeepers and prettier nieces had become so great a scandal in Honduras that the Government was compelled by law

to declare that the children of priests should inherit their names and property, like these ordinary sinners, and that priestly cohabitations were equivalent to civil marriages. This proceeding roused the ire of Rome, which launched its anathemas against the lawgivers who were so sacrilegious as to indorse in this formal manner the allegations made by the ungodly against the absolute and immaculate purity of the Church. But despite Papal anathemas, I believe the law still stands unrepealed. Certainly the necessity for it still remains. The Padre B——, I am ready to believe, was unimpeachable in the respect of *sobrietas*, but was nevertheless a good fellow according to frontier definition—he "drank fair!" He was, moreover, a capital rider, and as we jogged over the plain made many a splen-

did dash at stray cattle, to show us the use of lance and lasso. He was evidently a man to serve in the church militant as well as spiritual, and would have made a glorious chaplain for a privateersman.

The plain of Comayagua is not without its diversifications, irrespective of those afforded by the mountains which wall it in, and which, in the various lights of the day and seasons of the year, offer a thousand forms of beauty. Along the numerous water-courses which traverse the plain are belts of forests of perennial green, draped with *lianes* or vines, and cherishing numberless varieties of *orchids*, or air-plants. These are often so abundant that it is difficult to discover the verdure of the trees to which they are attached. Some are as delicate as threads of silk, and others are coarse and rank, but all of wax-like beauty, and many producing flowers of brilliant colors. Science would exhaust its nomenclature in distinguishing them, and the traveler is happy to reflect that they are as yet unburdened with the portentous designations of studious Dryasdusts, to whom nature was not given as "a joy forever," but a thing to be named, and classified, and mummified in Greek and Latin ceremonies. The plain is further relieved by clumps of gum-arabic bushes and acacias, and occasional cultivated patches distinguished by the broad leaves of the plantain and banana, the graceful plumes of the palm, the dense verdure of the coffee-tree, and the singular spike of the papaya, with its cluster of golden fruit and crest of green. Between the river forest-fringes and these isles of verdure are broad, undulating savannas, carpeted with grass, and studded here and there with cactuses of numerous varieties. Some of the palmated species are of tree-like proportions, and rise to the height of from twenty to thirty feet, their broad leaves silvered over with the silky habiliments of the *grano silvestre*, or wild cochineal, which here flourishes without cultivation and in great abundance. Another variety of cactus is also common, rising in fluted



VARIETIES OF CACTUS.

stems, and in the dim evening light looking like the columns of ruined temples. Other varieties, less pretentious, cover the ground, spherical and spinated, warning man and beast against incautious tread, yet radiating from their grooved sides flowers and fruits of exquisite shapes and most delicate colors. And yet again, lavish of contrasting forms, they trail like serpents over the ground, and twine themselves in knotty coils around fallen trunks, and among the crevices of barren rocks. Here, too, the agave appears, with its dense green clusters of spiny-edged leaves, shooting up its tall stem to flower but once, scatter forth its thousand bulbs, and then to die.

At a distance of three leagues from Comayagua we forded the River Chiquingare, and came upon the lands belonging to the town of Yarumela. Here we found a considerable patch of wooded ground and some cultivated fields. In both were scattered numerous mounds, some of earth, others of stone, of varying size, and strewn over with fragments of pottery and other relics of aboriginal art. They were far too extensive to be adequately examined in a single day, and our time did not admit of a longer detention. I nevertheless dismounted and walked over a number of the largest. They were, with few exceptions, of regular forms, rectangular, and placed with scrupulous reference to the cardinal points. Some still preserved evidences of having been terraced, and flights of steps at the middle of each side were easily traceable. In one or two there were fragments of walls of cut stones still standing; but generally they appeared as if destructive hands had assisted natural decay in reducing them all to utter ruin. The extent of the remains indicate that the spot was once an important locality, and the seat of a large population. Tradition seems to favor the idea that the place was a ruin at the time of the Conquest; but that is a question which can only be solved after minute examinations, which, I trust, will be made.

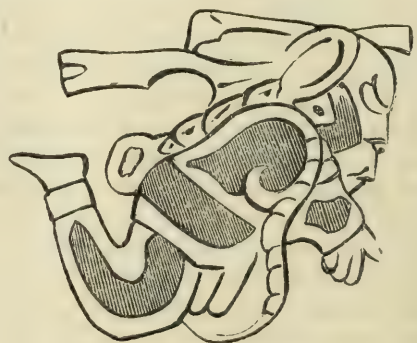
A mile or two beyond the ruins we came to the town itself—a straggling little place of a few hundred inhabitants, situated on a high terrace overlooking a broad expanse of fertile “bottom” land, stretching away to the Humuya River, and

smiling under heavy crops of maize, sugar-cane, rice, and cotton. The padre had informed me that there were some interesting aboriginal relics preserved here, in a recess behind the altar of the little church. It was not without eagerness, therefore, that I urged him to find the custodian of the keys, and obtain admission to the repository, where I fancied that something of great interest must be concealed. He finally obtained it, and I was not long in bringing to light the hidden treasures—treating somewhat irreverently, I fear, the little waxen saints in tinsel crowns which obstructed my efforts. The *cosas antiguas* were not, however, of the highest interest. They consisted of half a dozen vases of pottery, of very good design and execution, and a few stones enigmatically carved. With one exception, the objects were all too large to be concealed and carried away; and the suspicious and distrustful looks of the people who crowded around us, and who were mostly Indians, were enough to prevent any successful attempt to appropriate them openly.



ABORIGINAL VASE.

I, however, succeeded in slipping the smallest and most interesting vase into my pocket, while M—— and the padre diverted the attention of our sinister escort. As seen from the engraving, it is very graceful in shape, and is, moreover, rather interesting as being both carved and painted. The carved figures are represented in the supplementary engravings, as is also the full-sized figure of a volant divinity, which is artistically sketched, in outline, in one compartment of the vase. This figure is remarkable from its identity with others contained in the celebrated aboriginal MS. preserved at Dresden, sometimes called Mexican, but of a higher order than the Mexican MSS., and clearly of Central American origin.



PAINTING OF DIVINITY.

The distance from Yarumela to Las Piedras, or, as it is sometimes called, Villa de la Paz, is less than two leagues, over a beautiful reach of

savanna land. Next to the capital, Las Piedras is the largest town in the plain, numbering from 5000 to 6000 inhabitants. It is situated at the foot of the Monticellos Mountains, which here come down abruptly in limestone ridges. Bright, dashing streams of water traverse the town with a fresh and pleasant sound; and altogether the place has an air of thrift and life not common in Spanish America. Although it was yet early, I determined to stop here for the night, and devote the remainder of the day to an investigation of a wonderful cave which we had heard of in the vicinity, and of which the usual marvelous stories were current. No one, it was said, had ever reached its inner recesses, and the few who had made the attempt not only encountered fearful sights and sounds, but were fortunate in escaping with life. The padre was indisposed to explore caves; so we left him behind, and set out alone, with one of the *alguazils* of the place as a guide. We found the cavern distant about a league from the town, at the base of a limestone bluff, and, with the aid of candles, succeeded in penetrating to its extremity. The entrance is twenty feet wide and four high, leading into a hall about fifty feet broad and one hundred feet long, lofty, and sparkling with stalactites. Beyond this the passage contracts to only five or six feet; and it is here, probably, that the natives encountered *los demonios* in their timid attempts at exploration. In entering it, nearly all of our lights were extinguished by the rush of wings, as if a sudden storm was sweeping past, and the clammy bodies of myriads of bats dashed in our faces and against the rocks, making our flesh creep with a sensation half of alarm, half of disgust. The air, too, was loaded with an ammoniacal odor, and the ground was thickly covered with their excrement. I could readily comprehend the effect of such a salutation on the superstitious natives. Beyond this passage the cave again widened out, termin-

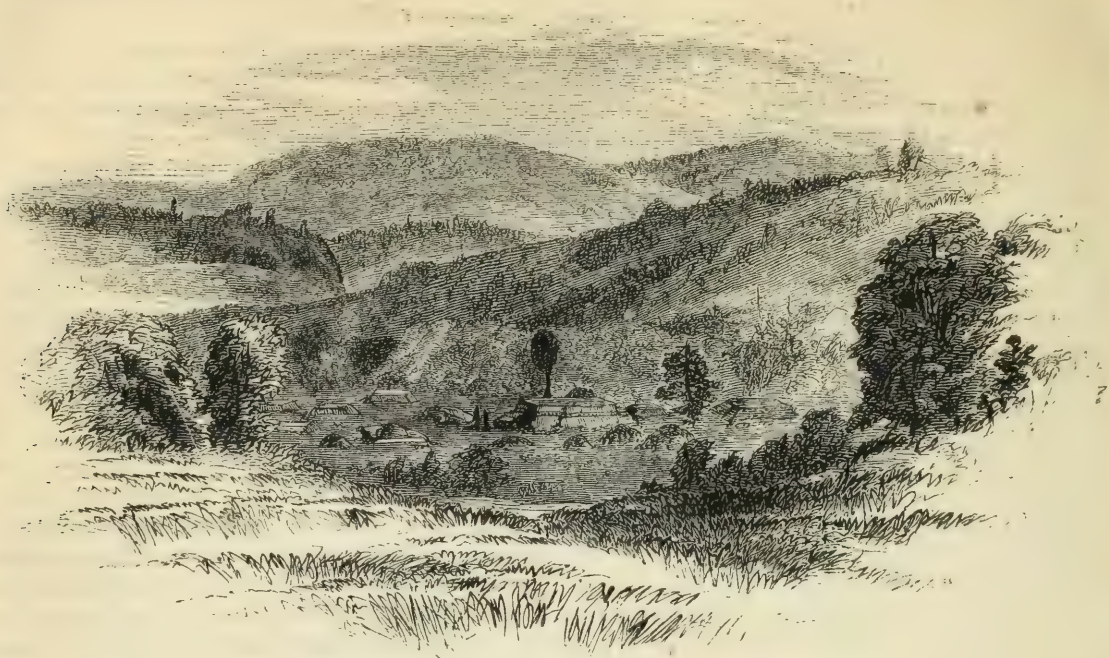
ating in a round chamber, fifty feet across, at a distance of probably three hundred and fifty feet from its mouth. There seemed to be several passages leading off from the cavern in various directions, but they were too narrow to permit a man to enter.

It was dusk when we returned to Las Piedras, and we were glad to find that the padre had secured to us an entire house (consisting of a single big room) for our night's accommodation. The hammocks swung invitingly from the walls, and the delicious odor of boiling coffee drifted in from the court, where Dolores was preparing our supper—which was dinner withal, since the traveler under the tropics soon comes to accustom himself to but two meals a day. I thought the padre looked remarkably knowing at the start, and after supper was over he bustled about a good deal, and seemed to be much interested in two large jars standing in a remote corner. There was also a most lavish display of candles. I wondered what was going to happen, but was not suffered to remain long in doubt. The entrance of half a dozen fellows, in shirts and pantaloons of unimpeachable whiteness, and with sashes of intensest scarlet, each bearing a violin or guitar, preceded by the senior Alcalde, with his golden-headed staff, sufficiently explained that we were to be blessed with an *obsequio*. But of this we were officially informed by the Alcalde himself, who was happy, after the manner of all municipal officials, in “welcoming the illustrious visitors to his poor town.” We made instant haste to improve our exteriors as much as our limited wardrobe would permit; but linen blouses and pantaloons of sail-cloth, it must be admitted, are not capable of cutting very much of a swell under the best of circumstances. Our attempts at improvement were not, therefore, very successful; and they were scarcely finished before the gathering of our entertainers commenced. They came singly and in groups—females greatly predominating in number—all smoking *cigaritos*, and overflowing with good humor. The padre did the honors, having a good word for all, and a chuck under the chin *extra* for every pretty girl. Nor did he allow the assembly to subside into awkward constraint for want of movement, but himself led off in the dance, after administering a dram to the *musicos*, and telling them that the reputation of the town depended on the vigor and continuity of their exertions.

Las Piedras has more than a local celebrity for the beauty of its women, which was very well justified by the display at our *tertulia*. The women of purely Spanish stock in these cool mountain regions are sometimes very fair, and have more symmetry, if less *embonpoint*, than those of the lower country, or *tierras calientes*. Many have blue eyes and light hair. Their dress, except in a few instances in some of the larger towns where the stiff European costume has been introduced, is loose and flowing, leaving the neck and arms exposed. “It is often pure white, but generally the skirt, or *nagua*, is of some flower-



CAVE OF LAS PIEDRAS.

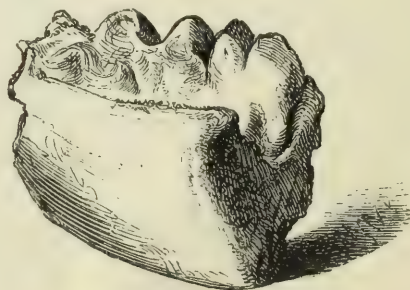


RUINS OF CALAMULLA.

ed stuff, in which case the *guipil*, or *basque*, is of white, trimmed with lace. Satin slippers, a red or purple sash wound loosely around the waist, and a rosary sustaining a little golden cross, with a narrow golden band or string of pearls extending around the forehead and binding the hair, complete a costume equally novel, graceful, and picturesque. Very many of the women, however, are of mixed origin, and combine a variety of blood, from that of the Saracen to that of the Indian and negro, in every degree of intermixture. And as tastes differ, so may opinions as to whether the tinge of brown through which the blood glows with a peachlike bloom in the complexion of the girl who may trace her blood to the *caziques* on one side, and the haughty grandes of Andalusia upon the other, superadded, as it usually is, to greater lightness of figure and animation of feature—whether this is not a more real beauty than that of the fair but more languid señora, whose white and almost waxlike skin bespeaks a purer ancestry." Certain it is that we were favored with examples of every type, including the pure Indian—all mixing freely on terms of perfect equality. There was one, "*the Juana*," as she was called, of mixed blood, but figure of faultless beauty, who was the favorite of the evening, so far as we were concerned. H—— sketched her afterward as "*Liberty*"—an apotheosis to which she consented for the consideration of twenty rials, in the form of a quarter eagle, which we next saw suspended around her neck, on a bust surpassing that of the *Venus de Medici* in "its audacious press of full-breathed beauty."

The *obsequio* was protracted until a late hour, and it was then only by the vigorous application of their rattans to some of the more devoted juveniles among our friends (loth to leave the padre's jars) that the Alcaldes succeeded in clearing the premises and enabling us to go to sleep.

The dawn found us in our saddles, and we reached Tambla, a collection of a dozen huts, to breakfast. And here I may mention, as an illustration of the general ignorance of the interior of this country on the part of geographers, that while Tambla figures conspicuously in most maps, Las Piedras is entirely omitted. The *huesos grandes*, or big-bones, of which we had heard, occur about a league from Tambla, in a sandstone formation, and consist of a large deposit of the fossilized bones of the mastodon. They are not simply the remains of a single skeleton, but of several, and are well worthy of the study of naturalists. We carried away a single tooth as a trophy, regretting only that our limited means of transport did not enable us to contribute more largely to the collections illustrative of natural history of which our country may so justly boast.



FOSSIL TOOTH.

After leaving the locality of the *huesos grandes* our path to Guajiquero may be described as a simple scramble up the mountains, which, however, rise in a succession of terraces, so that every abrupt ascent of three or four hundred feet, up which the mules struggled painfully, brought us to a level table varying from a hundred yards to half a mile in width. These were, in some cases, open savannas, covered with tall, yellow grass, or clumped over with pine groves, shad-

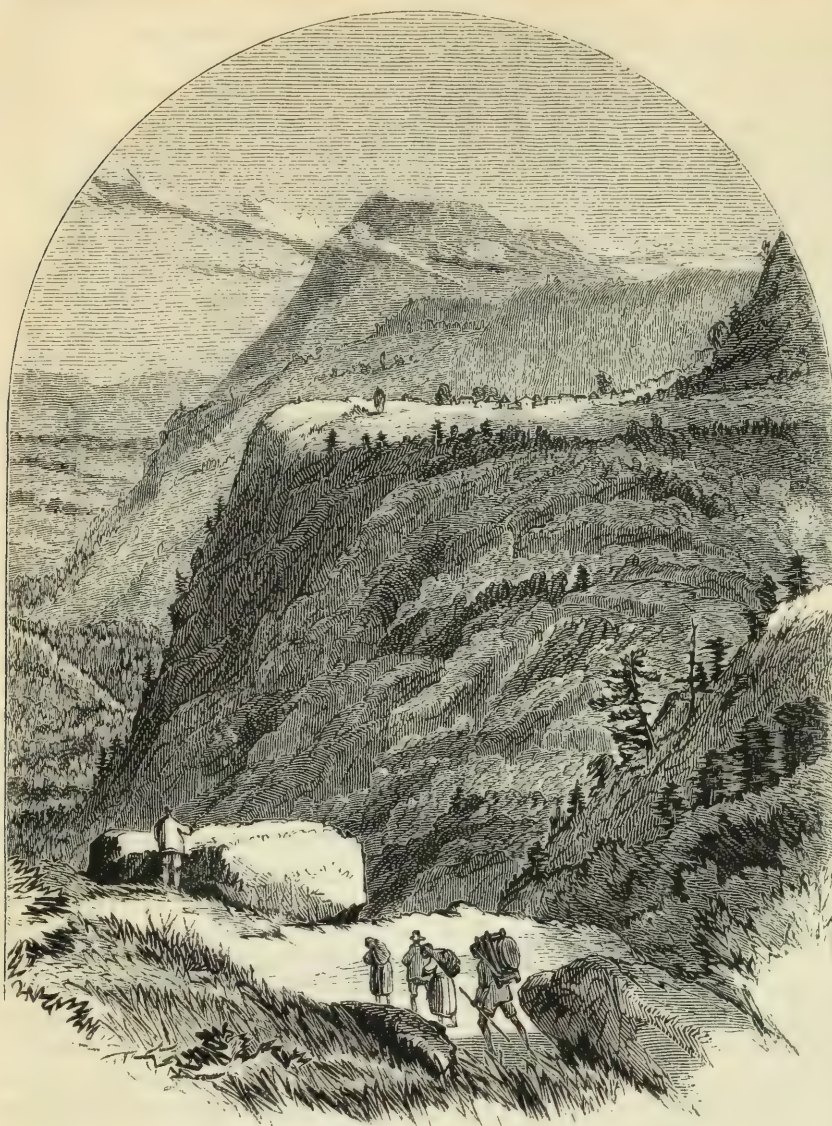
owing a carpet of rich brown mosses. The temperature became sensibly cooler with each successive stage of ascent; and by-and-by burly oaks, and other trees of higher latitudes, became common, and the little huts, or *tambos*, built for accommodation of travelers, were no longer mere open sheds, but more closely wattle up to keep out the piercing air of the mountain. We had noticed signs of abandoned habitations and of ancient cultivation at a number of points as we proceeded; but we were surprised to find at the elevation of 3600 feet, in the midst of a broad terrace, an extensive series of ruins, similar to those at Yarumela, but more clearly defined. I can not do better, even at the risk of being thought tedious, than to copy here my note-book account of these remains, written that night, by the light of a pine splinter, in the cabildo of Guajiquero, and which the engraving will make intelligible:

"The country to the south and west of the plain of Comayagua is based on stratified sandstone, and the mountains are composed of successive terraces of the same, much broken by ravines as a matter of course, with steep sides, but with frequent fertile tables of great beauty and fertility. It is upon one of these tables, at an elevation 3600 feet above the sea, that the ruins of Calamulla are situated. The table is thinly covered with pines, but carpeted with grass, which gives it the appearance of a broad, undulating park. The lowest portion is traversed by a small stream fed by the mountain springs. At one point this takes a considerable bend, like that of a horseshoe, nearly inclosing ten or twelve acres of very level and beautiful ground. It is in this area, which itself occupies the centre of a great natural amphitheatre, that the remains in question are found. They consist of two large and a number of smaller mounds, rectangular in form, terraced, and in other respects coinciding with the engraving, which is reduced from the original survey. The largest, which is about one hundred feet long, consists of two stages, and is ascended on its west side by a flight of stone steps, now much ruined. In common with the others, it had once been faced with unhewn stones, laid with regularity, which have preserved its outlines with great clearness. The next important mound, although smaller in its general dimensions than that already described, has a greater altitude. Several of the smaller structures consist of rectangular terraces, upon which, at one extremity, is raised a conical mound, or what was anciently perhaps a circular stage or eminence, whereon an altar or idol was placed. There are also some mounds of stone which do not appear to be the ruins of structures like the rest, but mere heaps accumulated without order. They probably cover graves, either of priests who officiated here, or of chieftains who ruled among their builders. The present tradition is, that there are subterranean chambers beneath these monuments, but there is no good reason for supposing this to be the case. The remains, as a whole, are clearly religious

in their origin, marking one of the 'high places' or mountain temples of the aborigines."

While engaged in measuring these remains a number of Indians passed along the road, with a scowl on their faces, as if offended at our proceedings. We endeavored to learn from them something concerning the monuments, but obtained no response to our inquiries beyond the peculiar digital negative to which I have already alluded. Half a mile beyond Calamulla the terrace ends, and the road winds up a steep ridge which, from that point, appears to be the crest of the mountain, bristling with huge rocks and straggling pines, shaggy with gray mountain mosses. When, however, after patient toil, we had reached the apparent summit, it was only to see higher and wilder mountains beyond, connected with that on which we stood by a bare narrow ridge, so narrow that for several hundred yards it was impossible for two mules to pass abreast. To admit of any passage, indeed, it had been necessary to truncate the rocky crest artificially. Our mules hesitated to advance, and only did so at last with ears projected forward, and nose close to the earth, cautiously placing one foot before the other, as if to make sure of the stability of the path. On each side were smooth and almost precipitous slopes, treeless, and breaking away far down in deep rocky gulfs, from the recesses of which came up the distant murmurs of unseen streams, and plumes of mist from invisible waterfalls. It is precisely this comb or crest of the mountain range of the Cordilleras which here divides the waters of the continent; those on the right flowing into the Atlantic, and those on the left into the Pacific. We did not fail to recognize it as one of the *portillos terribles*, or fearful passes, of which we had heard; and after traversing it twice, I can well credit the current stories, that when the north wind blows with force, nor man nor beast can cross for weeks together, except at imminent risk of being swept from their foothold and plunged into the yawning chasms below. Without doubt the present seat of the Guajiqueros was selected with some reference to the defensive facilities afforded by this pass, which could never be forced in the face of a dozen well-armed and determined men.

The mountain beyond was abrupt and rugged, the path winding and narrow, in places ascending by steps cut in the rock, and at other points crossing deep clefts or water-courses on rickety bridges of unhewn poles, bound together with vines, which alone prevented them from parting beneath the feet of our animals. A scramble of an hour's duration brought us to the top of the mountain, where there are several thousand acres of undulating ground, well covered with oaks and grass, greener and more luxuriant than on the lower terraces, in consequence of the greater precipitation which goes on constantly at this high elevation, almost unaffected by the change of seasons. We found our altitude to be 7200 feet—but little less than that of the convent of the Great San Bernard. To our right, however,



DISTANT VIEW OF GUAJIQUERO.

were peaks rising a thousand or two thousand feet higher, so that the summit proper of the Guajiquero mountain is not far from 9000 feet above the sea. As we rode along we could catch glimpses, through openings in the trees, of the cones of Amapala and Tigre in the Gulf of Fonseca, seventy odd miles distant, as well as of the high volcano of San Miguel with its eternal plume of smoke, and beyond all, a silver rim on the horizon—the waters of the great Pacific. The soil here is in places composed almost entirely of ochres very brilliant in color, red, orange, white, and yellow, enough to supply the world with pigment. We observed places where it had been scooped out by the Indians, who use it to ornament the mud walls of their huts, and now, as formerly, to paint their pottery.

Twenty minutes' ride brought us again to the brow of the mountain, whence, three or four miles distant, past what seemed to be an impassable gulf, perched on a shelf of another mountain still higher than that on which we stood, we obtained our first view of Guajiquero. The ground was cleared all around it, and on the slopes beyond we could see waving wheat fields, all golden in the setting sun, which fell in a broad blaze upon

this mountain shelf, while leaving its steep approaches in darkest shadow, deepened by the mists which were already gathering in the narrow gorges, and among the pine tops, peering up from their recesses. The view was equally varied and beautiful, and we stopped our mules to enjoy it, and to enable H—— to sketch its leading features. Occasionally a cloud swept over the Indian village, which became invisible in its shadow, only, however, to start out again in brighter relief when the fleecy veil had passed—the little church, with its white walls, gleaming like a point of silver in the sunlight.

Our descent into the deep gulf which intervened between us and the town was less difficult than we had anticipated. The path, though narrow, was smoother and better worn, and wound in and out of the ravines, which seamed the mountain side like the great roads which traverse the Alps. We crossed hundreds of sparkling rills and rivulets, gurgling among mossy stones, or

tinkling in tiny cataracts, in harmonious accompaniment to the bass of the torrents that plunged from one dark pool into another, far down in the gorges to our left. At the bottom of the gulf we came to a considerable stream pent in a dark ravine, and forcing its foaming waters among huge rocks and the frayed trunks of fallen trees. It is impassable at all points except where the path reaches it, and where a narrow bridge of logs offers the only means of transit. A few strokes of an axe would be sufficient to destroy this frail structure, and cut off all approach to the village from this direction. We halted for a moment to admire the prevision of the Indians and their skill in selecting their mountain home; but before our observations were concluded we were startled by the appearance of an Indian scout or messenger in the path before us. He eyed us closely for an instant, but on our hailing him started away like a deer toward the village. We followed, with a slightly uncomfortable feeling that our unannounced visit might not be acceptable to the mountaineers, and might end uncomfortably.

As we proceeded onward we found the forests more open, with occasional clearings, in

which mules, cattle, and goats were grazing among blackberry bushes, loaded with fruit, and affording a sufficient index of elevation and temperature. A little further on, the ground was entirely cleared of forest, and we found apple and peach orchards, fields of potatoes, and little inclosures of wheat and barley. Here, too, we saw women and boys with bundles of dry sticks or of *sacate* on their shoulders, all hurrying off, as if in alarm, in the direction of the village. We endeavored to head off some of the fugitives and explain our friendly intentions, but they all escaped through by-paths among the rocks, leaving us still more in doubt as to the probable nature of our reception.

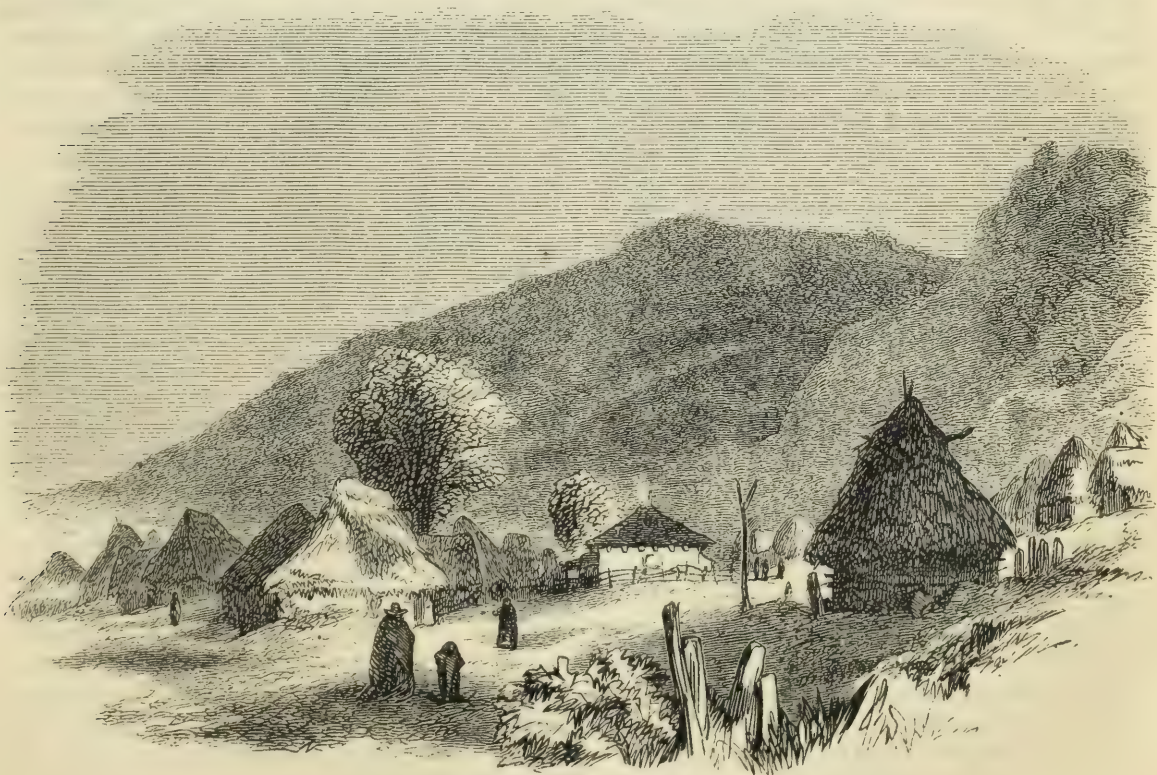
At last, turning at right angles through a mass of mighty rocks which cropped out at the very brow of the terrace, we found ourselves in the village of Guajiquero—a collection of a hundred and fifty mud huts, in the centre of a grassy plain half a mile long, by perhaps a quarter of a mile broad. On three sides it is bounded by sheer precipices, inaccessible except at the point where we entered, and on the other by a high mountain ridge—not so steep, however, as to preclude cultivation on its sunny slopes. In the centre was a picturesque little church, with a couple of bells suspended on a frame-work near its door, and distinguished as the only building covered with tiles in the entire village. Near it, on a little knoll, stood the *cabildo*, or house of the municipality; and to this, as the proper resort of all strangers, we forthwith directed our steps.

There was an evident bustle in the place; and dusky figures glanced from one house to another, but all carefully closed their doors behind them, so that when we reached the *cabildo* not a human being was to be seen. We were more than ever

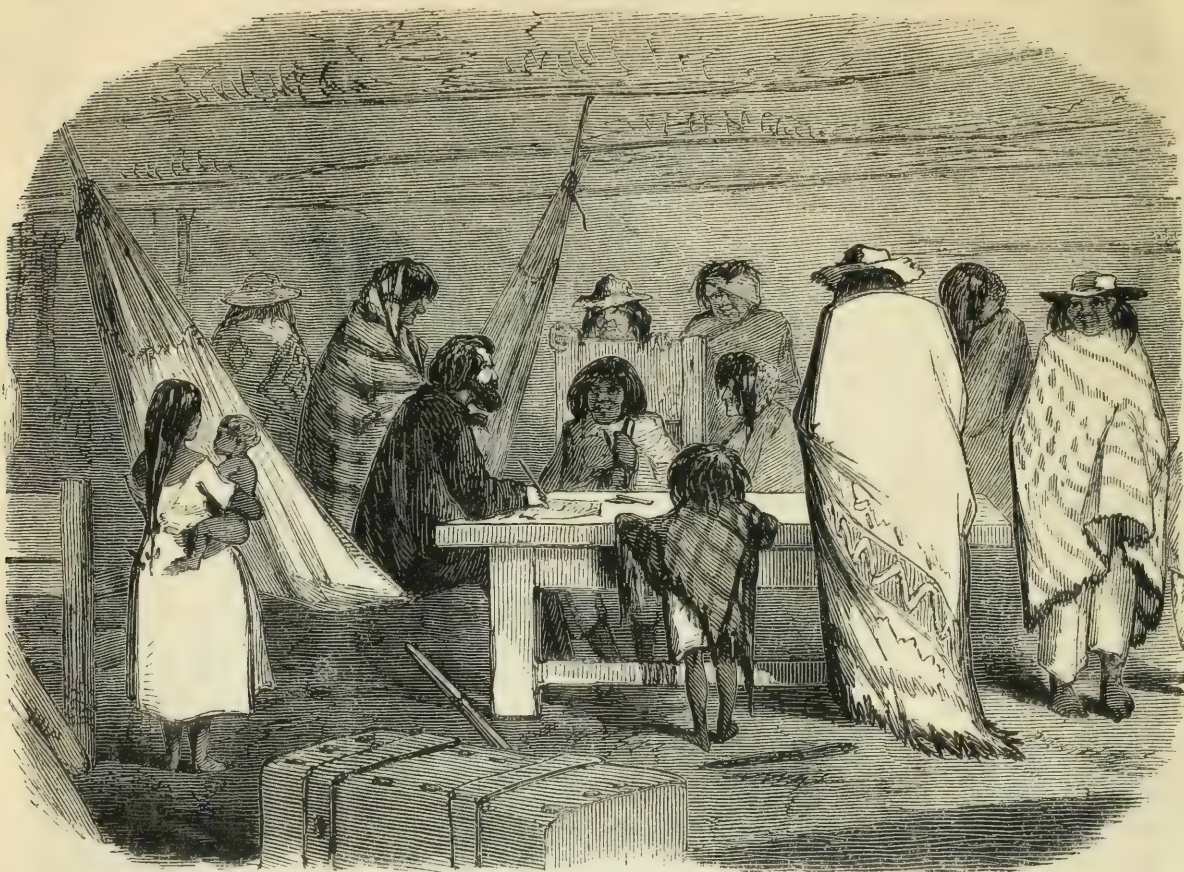
puzzled, but dismounted, pushed open the door of the *cabildo*, and entered. It was built of canes, plastered with mud and whitewashed, but with no window or other opening except the doorway. A quantity of wheat still in the ear was stored away under the rafters, and in opposite corners were two immense sacks of hides filled with the shelled grain—the common contribution or reserve against a time of scarcity. Near the door was suspended a rude drum, a raw hide stretched over the end of a section of a hollow tree, and used for convoking the officers of the village whenever matters arose for their consideration. It has another purpose throughout all Honduras, where the *cabildo* is the stranger's house—always open for his accommodation—and where the acting *alguazils* are required to repair, on beat of the drum, to attend to the wants of the traveler, and supply him with whatever he requires, or the town can afford, at its current price.

I accordingly took the drum from its place, stationed myself in the door-way, and gave it a few vigorous thumps. We were not long left in doubt as to the result, for hardly a minute elapsed before we discovered three young men, neatly dressed in white cotton cloth, and bearing long white staves, rapidly making their way toward us. They took off their hats as they approached, bowed low, and one of them inquired in Spanish, "What the *caballeros* wanted of their humble servants?" We asked, in return, if we were welcome, and "if we could make the *cabildo* our hotel for the night?" to both of which interrogatories the spokesman responded, with an expression of surprise, "*Como no?*"—Why not?

We next demanded *sacate* for our mules, and fire, tortillas, and frijoles for ourselves. To which



INDIAN TOWN OF GUAJIQUERO.



COLLECTING A VOCABULARY.

H—— added *huevos*—eggs, thereby exhausting a considerable part of his Spanish vocabulary. The alguazils held a brief consultation, and then each hurried off to fulfill his special duty. They rapped authoritatively at the doors of the various huts, gave rapid orders to their inmates, and hurried on. The effect was magical. The silent village was soon alive again, and numbers of curious children peeped furtively from the now open door-ways in the direction of the strangers. Nor was it long before we were gratified by seeing a man hastening toward us with a big bundle of dry wood on his shoulders, followed by a boy with a glowing brand, wherewith to kindle a fire beneath the little corridor of the cabildo. Anon came another with a *tineja* of cold water, and a nest of snow-white calabashes for drinking cups. Within half an hour our mules were tethered and liberally supplied with sacate, or the green leaves of the maize, our hammocks suspended in the cabildo, and the municipal table covered with the rude but substantial and savory fare we had commanded, including a dozen *huevos*, which our alguazils seemed to regard as a just allowance for an artist. They served us attentively, anticipating Dolores in his efforts to make himself useful, and altogether acquitting themselves so well that H—— slapped the spokesman approvingly on the shoulder, and, in good English, avowed his intention of staying there a month—in case the eggs held out; to which the Indian responded, as before, “*Como no?*”

It was quite dark when we commenced our repast, and we finished by the light of pitch-pine

splinters stuck profusely in the walls of the cabildo, which appeared cheery enough in the ruddy light. While congratulating ourselves on our comfortable quarters, and scarcely less on the pleasant turn which affairs had taken, our alguazil major entered respectfully and announced a formal visit from the first *Alealde* and his associates of the municipality. A moment after that dignitary entered, bearing before him his golden-headed and tasseled cane, the highest symbol of authority in Guajiquero. He was a man of mature years, a pure Indian, dressed in coarse woolen cloth of native manufacture. His hair was cut square in front, on a right line across his forehead, but at the ears and behind it fell in long, loose locks down to his shoulders—a mode of wearing the hair only allowed to dignitaries. He spoke Spanish with difficulty, and we were compelled to send for the clerk of the municipality—the only man in the town who could read and write—to act as interpreter. We had great difficulty in persuading him to be seated, and it was only by insisting on standing ourselves that we induced him finally to take one of the high-backed chairs covered with raw hide, which are the seats of deliberation and judgment in every cabildo. I thought the opportunity favorable for obtaining a vocabulary of the dialect of the village, and addressed myself to the task as soon as the *sabio* of the place arrived. The *sabio* was a bright-eyed and altogether sharp young fellow, in whom, however, a course of teaching in Comayagua had not entirely eradicated the suspicious character of the Indian. With his arrival

came a crowd of people, young and old, and of both sexes. Most were closely enveloped in long *serapes*, or thick woolen blankets, curiously ornamented, worn close up to their throats, and in nowise uncomfortable in this sharp mountain air.

If any one supposes that it is an easy task to elicit a satisfactory vocabulary from Indians incapable of comprehending your interest in the matter, and naturally disposed to think that you have a sinister purpose, I commend them to a trial in Guajikero! Then there is the other difficulty of making them understand the abstract nature of many of your inquiries, and which is so seldom effected that most vocabularies collected by travelers are almost valueless. Thus: you present your hand, and inquire what it is called. Ten chances to one your Indian will answer by a term signifying *your hand*, or *right hand*, or *your right hand*. Or if you point to your own eye and ask its name, he will most likely answer, *your eye*, a *blue eye*, or a *black eye*, as the case may be, or *your blue eye*, etc. Point to his eye, and he will reply, *my eye*, or more emphatically, *my own eye*, etc., etc. Unless the interrogator has a quick ear, and adroitly varies his questions so as to get at the elementary word, his vocabulary will be a strange jumble of phrases, of little use in comparative philology.

I had a protracted effort to obtain from my Alcalde the word for woman. It was in vain that I sought to impress the abstract idea of woman on his mind. The colloquy ran something in this wise:

Q. "What do you call woman in *lengua*?"

A. (after a pause). "Sometimes Mary, sometimes Concepcion, and sometimes—"

Q. "No, not their individual names, but as distinguished from men?"

A. "Why, if she is my wife, I call her my wife, and if my sister, I call her my sister."

Q. "That is not what I want. How do you distinguish women from men?"

A. "They are dressed differently."

Q. "I mean in speaking of them—in your language?"

A. "I have told you; some are called Mary—"

Q. (impatiently). "No, no, my friend, a simple woman—woman singly, in herself, as distinct from a man?"

A. "Ah!" (with sudden animation, and as if gratified with having at last caught my meaning) "you mean one who isn't married! She is called *soltera*!" (Spanish for old maid.) "She has no name in *lengua*!"

Here I gave it up, only to be dead beaten again in my efforts to obtain the native word for man. It was in vain that I varied my questions, or sought to get the translation of some phrase which should embrace it. I was not, however, so unsuccessful throughout, but obtained a tolerably full vocabulary, sufficient for the general purposes of comparison. The reader will appreciate my forbearance, after the labor it cost me, in not inflicting it on him here!

During the whole of the evening the cabildo

was crowded with Guajiqueros, moving about noiselessly, speaking never a word, but regarding the whole proceedings with closest attention. When the Alcalde left they followed, all stopping at the door to pay a respectful bow, and we were left alone. It had now got to be chilly and uncomfortable, and we were fain to get into our hammocks without delay, keeping on our clothes for greater warmth. But this precaution did not avail us. A little past midnight I awoke in a shiver, and was unable to get asleep again from excess of cold, all the more intense from its contrast with the heats which we had endured on the lower grounds. While lying thus I became aware that my companions were suffering equally with myself. I could hear suppressed "Ughs!" followed by a rustling readjustment of the solitary blanket which each one possessed, in vain attempts to make it a better protection. No one spoke, fearing to rouse his neighbor unduly. Finally, however, the silence was broken by H——, whose teeth began to chatter audibly. He commenced in a hoarse stage-whisper, "Dolores!" No answer. "Dolores!" in a louder key. A movement in the straw, in which Dolores had snugly ensconced himself, indicated that that worthy was roused. To the third "Dolores!" he responded, interrogatively, "*Señor?*" H—— paused a moment to muster his Spanish, but only succeeded in ejaculating "*Mucho frio!*" in other words, "It is very cold!" to which, of course, Dolores responded, "*Si, Señor!*"—"Yes, Sir!" H—— had evidently failed to express his meaning; he wanted to say more; and he was not a man to give it up so easily. After a long pause, in which he was evidently revolving his Spanish, he came again to the attack: "Dolores!" "*Señor?*" "*Mucho frio!*" "*Si, Señor!*" It seemed as if there was to be another break-down; but an energetic "*Pokito blanketito!*"—by thunder, do you understand *that*?—indicated sufficiently, as the Lieutenant observed, that there was still "vital heat, if not a perfect command of Spanish." Dolores understood it, and piling the none too savory mule cloths over the indignant artist, the latter growled himself off again into the land of dreams, muttering something about "people freezing to death under the tropics—wouldn't catch him in their blackguard wigwams again—all for a few words of Indian lingo, which nobody understands," etc.

The morning came, but only to show us that we were enveloped in a dense mountain mist, "which might pass for milk if it were not so cold," and in which it was impossible to discern any object at a distance of two yards. With benumbed fingers we beat the drum for our *alguazils*, who came, closely wrapped up in their thick *serapes*, and made us a rousing fire, around which we huddled in a shivering group. It was not until we got our coffee, hot and strong, that our blood recovered its natural and genial flow. The mist rested around us, unpenetrated by the sun, until ten o'clock, when a breeze sprung up, and it rolled away over the mountain behind the vil-

lage. In the interval it was impossible to move, and our only amusement was to record the thermometer and barometer every ten minutes. At six o'clock the thermometer marked 46° of Fahrenheit; and we found that our altitude was 6120 feet above the sea.

The view from Guajiquero, after the mist had lifted, was one of the widest, most varied, and beautiful that is to be obtained in all this mountain land. The regular cones of the volcanic coast range of mountains skirting the Pacific were all visible, commencing with the nearer bulk of the Volcano of San Miguel, and extending to the distant blue peak of El Viejo, in Nicaragua. The high islands in the Bay of Fonseca were also visible, with bright gleams of water between them, while the whole valley of the Goasoran River, traversed by a silver thread, looked as if it were at our feet. In every other direction appeared mountains heaped one upon another, "wild above the pile of art," furrowed with deep ravines, from which the mist coiled up slowly, here in light and almost transparent wreaths, and yonder in heavy volumes, like the smoke of a great fire. Nor were the appeals of nature addressed to the eye alone. The voices of a thousand rills and streams and waterfalls, some near and distinct, others distant and subdued, rang up cheerfully and melodiously to this mountain perch, with its green robe of grass, sprinkled with diamond dew-drops, which sent back the sun's rays in a golden shower.

It was Sunday. The little church was open, and from it came strains of wild music. Attracted by this, and leaving Dolores to prepare for our departure, we paid the edifice a visit. It was low and dark, with a rude altar at its further extremity, almost buried in wreaths made from the gigantic yellow flowers of the coyol palm, intertwined with red and crimson air-plants and sprigs of laurel. In front of this, on the bare earthen floor, knelt a hundred or more of the villagers, chiefly women and children, who all joined in a hymn or chant, led off by some musicians seated in a little wooden gallery over the entrance. Sometimes the chant, which was evidently Indian, rose into something like an exultant shout, and then subsided in a wail so long and piercing that one could hardly believe it was not an expression of real agony. There was no priest, nor were there any of the ordinary ceremonies of the Church, and I fancy that the religious rites of the Guajiqueros, notwithstanding they are celebrated in a Christian church, are essentially the same that they were before the Spanish conquest. I should, perhaps, mention that the interior walls of the church were rudely ornamented in red and yellow, the figures sustaining a marvelous likeness with those found in the old paintings and on the ancient pottery.

It was nearly noon when we bade the friendly Guajiqueros "adios!" reproaching ourselves for our suspicions of the previous day, and started on our return. The Alcalde sent a guide with us to show us the path which strikes off from that which we had pursued, and leads to the

Pass of Guajoca, back over rickety bridge, and along dizzy mountain crest, until almost to the ruins of Calamulla. Here our guide stopped suddenly, pointed to an obscure trail to the right, exclaimed, "Guajoca!" and then, without another word, turned back. We called to him and held up a piece of silver, but he only shook his finger negatively and continued on his way.

We now commenced descending, but in another direction, the same mountain steps up which we had climbed, with such painful effort, on the preceding day. The level terraces had been newly burned over, and the young grass, just springing above the surface, gave them the appearance of freshly sown fields of grain. The fire had obliterated most of the traces of the path, and after following it with difficulty for a league we lost it entirely, and were obliged to continue our course, as H—— said, "on general principles," with no other guide than a dark abrupt mountain, of which we caught glimpses through the trees, and which we knew bent its rocky brows over the pass of which we were in search. At six o'clock in the afternoon we reached a space of comparatively level ground shut in like the Trossachs, on one side by the abrupt mountain to which I have alluded, and on the other by the one down which we had been toiling all the afternoon. Here we found great numbers of cattle feeding in open reaches of fine pasture, and by-and-by we heard the crowing of cocks and the barking of dogs—sure indications that we were approaching the famous cattle hacienda of Guajoca. Our mules pricked up their ears and broke in a trot, carrying us, in a few moments, past a great *corral*, or cattle yard, up to the principal building of the hacienda—a broad open shed, thatched with grass, with a little corner apartment fenced in with poles, answering the double purpose of store-room and bedroom for the women and children, and surrounded, just within the eaves, and between the posts, with huge hollowed logs resembling canoes, each covered with a broad plank, used to receive the milk of the cows in its process of conversion into the great staple of cattle haciendas—cheese! The *vaqueros* or workmen of the hacienda sleep on the planks which cover these reservoirs, the pigs of the estate nestle beneath them, and the fowls roost on pegs driven in the posts which support the roof; while the manufactured cheese hangs in huge net-work bags, in long lines, from the cross beams of the interior. At one end is a rude cooking range of stones and clay, and a frame supporting the stones on which the women grind the maize for the eternal tortilla. A few rough hammocks are suspended across the corners, and possibly a rude table stands in the middle of the room—if room it may be called which sides has none!

The women and workmen were absent, and, barring the noisy curs, there was but a single occupant of the edifice. His manners bespoke the proprietor. He was swinging lazily in his hammock; a bunch of ripe plantains was suspended within easy reach from the rafters above



THE PROPRIETOR.

him, and attached to that was a red bandana handkerchief containing a package of cigars. Beneath the hammock, on the right, was a forked limb of a tree supporting a *tineja* of water, its mouth lightly closed by a *jicara*, or drinking cup. Near his feet, on the other side, smouldered a fire, from which radiated a number of brands or half-burned billets of wood, requiring only to be pushed together to brighten into a blaze. The occupant of the hammock turned his head lazily at our approach, but made no attempt to rise.

To our salutation he returned a sleepy "*Buena dia;*" and to our inquiry, if we could make his house our hotel, he answered in the same passionless way, "Why not?" So we dismounted, unstrapped our saddle-bags, and deposited them near the cubiculum of the ladies. There was abundant grass every where, and Dolores had only to tether the mules at any point to insure them an ample meal. While all this was going on I tumbled myself in a vacant hammock, and contemplated our host, who impressed me as understanding the philosophy of life in perfection. He paid us no attention whatever, but swung himself back and forth, in a gentle way, as if fearful of a motion too violent. After a while he stopped, lay still for a moment as if in reflection, then reaching up his hand plucked a plantain from the tempting bunch above him. This he placed between the toes of his left foot, carefully deposited it in the hot ashes, and, with the same foot, pushed up the smouldering brands around it. He glanced at it from time to time until he appeared to think it properly roasted, and then with an adroit jerk drew it out of the ashes. After it had cooled sufficiently, he took it carefully between his toes, and, without altering his position, raised it within reach of his hand, ate it deliberately, tossed away the skin with equal nonchalance, and then reached down and took a slow and comfortable drink of water from the *tineja*. His next proceeding was to abstract a cigar from the handkerchief, place it between his toes, light it at the fire, return it to his hand, and thence pass it to his mouth. As soon as it got fairly started, he readjusted himself carefully in his hammock, and commenced swinging again, forcing the smoke in lazy jets from his nostrils—a complete picture of the *dolce franiente!* We looked on in gratified wonder, and inwardly confessed that we had never before conceived, much



CATTLE HACIENDA.

less had ever witnessed, perfect satisfaction and unadulterated enjoyment.

As our host did not seem inclined to be communicative, I attempted to open conversation by making an inquiry of a personal character. The thatch of the roof was dilapidated, and the blue sky was visible through many a ragged rent. So I commenced: "*Amigo!*"—friend! "*Señor!*" was the response. "Why don't you mend your roof?" "*Porque!*"—Why? And he turned his eyes upward as if with an effort. "Because it is open in many places and the rain will come in." He gave a curt nasal ejaculation, half-contemptuous half-impatient, as much as to say, "What a fool you are!" drew a long whiff, and responded, "Why, it is six weeks yet to the rainy season!" "Sure enough," ejaculated H—; "why should he bother himself about the rain? Is it not written, 'Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof?'" The man's a practical Christian!" "And a sound philosopher!" chimed in the Lieutenant.

Dolores, who never lost sight of the main chance, which in Honduras means dinner, had occupied himself meanwhile in investigating the alimentary resources of the establishment, and with apparent satisfaction. There were, he said, fresh curds, fowls in abundance, eggs by the hundred, and possibly a kid for the paying. The women, he added, were not far off, washing; and he gave us a quizzical look which implied that the spectacle might be entertaining. Leaving our contented hacendero to his repose, we strolled off in the direction of a stream which we could hear murmuring in the distance, and where we rightly enough supposed the process of purification was going on. The spectacle was no lon-



FALLS OF GUAJOCA.



LAS LAVADORAS.

ger a novel one to us, but is one which never fails to surprise the stranger. In a pool, half-natural, half-artificial, were the ladies of the hacienda, young and old, standing up to their knees in the water, alternately dipping the articles they were washing beneath the surface, then placing them on flat rocks and pounding them with rounded stones—a process which it can readily be understood is fatal to shirt-buttons! The elder females wore, on the occasion, a single handkerchief suspended from the waist; the younger ones were "clothed with their modesty!" They indulged in a little start when they first saw us, but made no attempts to hide or to run away. "*Es nada!*"—It is nothing! was their response to the apologies which we felt bound to make for our intrusion.

We followed down the stream, which descends from the mountains at right angles to the pass, for a considerable distance, to ascertain which direction it finally takes, whether toward the Atlantic or toward the Pacific. But our course was suddenly arrested by a deep *barranca*, down which the stream plunged in a clear fall of 147 feet—as we afterward ascertained by measurement—forming a most picturesque cataract. The water, before it reaches the bottom, becomes diffused and spreads out like a veil, falling in intermittent splashes on the rocky

floor of the *barranca*, with a fresh and invigorating sound.

When we returned to the hacienda the *vaqueros* had come in with the cows of the estate, which were driven into the *corral* to be milked. The *corral*, it should be explained, is a large inclosure surrounded by thick and high palisades, driven firmly into the ground, with a couple of strongly-barred entrances on opposite sides. Within are a number of posts, to which refractory and half-wild cattle are dragged and fastened by *lassos* thrown over their horns. Here, too, all the cattle are brought once a year to be branded anew, with the hieroglyphic or *hierro* of the proprietor. These *hierros*, or distinguishing marks, are conclusive as to ownership, and no sale can be perfect unless it is accompanied by a counter mark. The crime of counterfeiting the *hierro* of a proprietor is understood to be quite as heinous as that of counterfeiting a bank-note here. After the cows were partially milked, the calves, which were confined in a neighboring

corral, where they kept up a deafening chorus of juvenile bellowings, were turned in with their mammas. Then ensued eager recognitions, bovine endearments and demonstrations of mingled appetite and delight, which H—— regarded with profound interest as “giving one a more elevated notion of cattle humanity.”

Night in a hacienda is not without its cheerful and entertaining phases. The ruddy flame from two or three little fires of fat pine sufficiently lights up the interior, with its quaint surroundings and quainter occupants. Squatted here and there, or lounging lazily in hammocks, men, women, and children all puff away at their cigars, conversation only coming in as subordinate to that absorbing occupation. And the last thing the stranger sees at night, as he dozes off into the land of dreams, is the glow-worm spark of a dozen cigars, lighting up and subsiding with every puff, in a sort of luminous rhythm. The poppy-crowned god of the ancients, in Central America, smokes a cigar!

AUDUBON'S HYMN IN THE AMERICAN FORESTS.

I.

I KEEP my haunts within the woodland solemn;
 My chartered comrade is the stainless beam:
 My bed is made beside some old oak's column:
 My goblet is the stream.
 Whole years are mine in this majestic dwelling,
 Where Nature yet frowns back the sounding mart:
 What waves of life forevermore are swelling
 Their rapture through my heart!

II.

But not for these I wander o'er the mountains;
 And not for these I dare the hurricane;
 And not for these I quaff the virgin-fountains—
 A Prince of hill and plain!
 Oh! mighty meanings from the mountain hoary,
 All natural objects, o'er me solemnly roll:
 These give the longed-for prize and sacred glory
 Unto my pilgrim-soul.

III.

Amid the strange, the beautiful, holy places,
 With noonday bright or tender twilight dim,
 What joy is mine to measure all the spaces,
 And find the prints of HIM!
 Yon long, long river, like an anthem pouring;
 Yon thoughtful silence of the lonely mere;
 Yon eagle to the sun divinely soaring—
 All, all have meanings here.

IV.

To find and read them is my joy and duty:
 Then hail, ye boundless scenes! forevermore:
 How will I drink and drink your perfect beauty
 Upon the virgin shore!
 Oh! give me welcome, every woodland solemn,
 And long-swept plain and mountain-piling sod!
 For I pass by each stately forest-column
 To learn the thoughts of God!

BEHIND THE CLOUD.

"And now men see not the bright light which is in the clouds; but the wind passeth and cleanseth them."

"YOU are mean—you are as mean as you can be, Esther!"

Esther Howland looked up into the flashing eyes before her. Oh how like her dead father's, at that instant, the passionate face seemed! But even that did not move her.

"I can not help it, Albert. I dare say you think so: I do—I must seem unkind to you, but I can not give you the money."

"Why?" said the boy, fiercely.

"For more reasons than I can tell you—for more than you can understand. One of these days you will see, and thank me for it."

"I see all I want to now—that you try to keep me like a baby—and I won't bear it any longer. All the boys say so."

"All the boys?"

"Yes. George West, and—and—well, Dick Haswell said so only this afternoon."

A flush stole up to the fair forehead, plainly visible through the curling, wavy masses of brown hair tossed over it in the carelessness of play.

"Dick Haswell!" said Esther, proudly. "And my brother listens to such an advice, and allows him to speak disrespectfully of me?"

"He's not half so bad as people say he is," the boy answered, doggedly, shunning Esther's clear eyes as he spoke.

"You have made me still more decided if possible, Albert," she began, coldly; but she saw another face—her mother's—wistful and pleading, and she heard those last grieving words—"He will be a trial to you, Esther, and perhaps a heartache; but it was born with him, his willfulness; so be gentle—always gentle, as I would have been."

Her voice softened, and the proud, disdainful look, that for the moment had marked the likeness between brother and sister so strongly, passed away.

"I would explain it all to you if you would listen, but you never believe me when I tell you that those boys only follow me about and flatter you because you do have more spending money than they, and it is partly to keep you from them that I do not give it to you."

"It's a lie, Esther! You lie! You know you do! You want to spend it all on yourself, and I—"

"Oh stop, Albert, stop; you will be sorry!"

"No, I won't. I swear I'll have it yet."

"Please stop—listen, Albert."

"I've listened long enough!" and in his rage the boy's face grew livid, and the veins stood out upon his temples. Where had Esther seen that look before? She knew only too well, and hid it from her with her hands.

It was the very attitude in which her mother shrank that last miserable day from her father's menaced blow, but which fell nevertheless—a

death-blow, as it proved, to a heart that had borne on patiently for years.

"You've done every thing you could to drive me to it. It's your own fault. You have thwarted me in every way—you know you have—because you happened to be the oldest. You took possession of every thing when mother died, and I should like to know if it's not as much mine as yours? You make me wear old clothes, and keep me without a cent to spend, that you may save, and save, for your own purposes. Give me some of that money!"

The young girl gathered up the shining gold pieces scattered on the desk before her with a quick, resolute movement; but in a second another hand was over hers; she uttered a cry of pain as the sharp edges of the coin were pressed into her slender fingers; there was a momentary useless struggle—a sudden dimness of sight; then the ring of the metal as the hand was forced open and its contents dashed to the floor, and a dull, heavy echo of the house door clashing to behind retreating footsteps.

Esther stooped down mechanically to gather up her little hoard, dizzy and stupefied with what had passed; but when it suddenly came upon her in its full extent and all its miserable consequences, she sat still, crouching down in her shame and misery.

"It is so undeserved—so undeserved!" she moaned, rocking to and fro. "I have tried so hard to be patient with him, I have toiled so hard, and denied myself every thing for his sake. Is this the recompense? Is it just—is it merciful? Oh, mother, thou knowest how I have struggled on! Oh, my Father, that seest in secret!" and as she raised her wrung hands toward heaven, an answering thought came gliding into her heart bearing the peace of the Comforter.

"Thy Father which seeth in secret shall reward thee openly!"

The table was spread for the evening meal, to which her brother had come when he surprised her at her desk, laying aside the little hoard that had excited this outburst. There lay a part of it, still shining from the faded velvet cover of the desk, and a part she had recovered from the floor; but after a long and fruitless search she found that he had made good his word—he had taken two pieces with him. It was not the loss that she cared for—a little added to her daily self-sacrifice, and it could be made good; but the cutting, reproachful words, the theft by violence, stung her to the soul.

Sad experiences had taught her thus early in life the unusual forethought. She had seen her father delirious with fever, brought on by the want his wastefulness had entailed; she had seen her mother sinking day by day, without the cordials, and even the nourishing food, her feebleness required; she had been put to shame, child as she was, by the insults of the hard men who carried them both to their burial, and stripped the house of even its necessities for their hire. It was a strange thing to see one in the first

freshness of life and youth laying aside, from day to day, a reserve for sickness and death; yet such it was, and as such sacred in her eyes. Of late, too, Esther had commenced to make provision for her brother's education. He was beyond the lessons which she gave to the village children in her little class—the means of their livelihood—and at the district school, allowing that he gained instruction, which she doubted, he was exposed more directly to the very associations from which she sought to keep him.

Ever since she had been compelled to place him there he had grown more and more rebellious, and his birth-right of fierce, ungovernable passion rose in opposition to every suggestion or restriction she had attempted. Yet her heart bore her witness that she had sought for a firm and patient spirit, and that no love of threatening or power had influenced her in word or deed.

"He must see it—he will come to himself again, and be sorry for this, if I do not meet him harshly," she thought; so she drove out the natural feeling of resentment, and in all gentleness watched for his return.

The evening passed—oh, how slowly!—now thinking that she heard him at the door, and then listening—listening until the solitary footsteps drifted off into the darkness, looking with strained and weary eyes from the shutterless windows—stirring the fire and trimming the lamp, so that an assurance of forgiveness and reconciliation might go forth to meet him, in their brightness; and at last, falling asleep from very weariness beside the hearth, and starting up, chilled and miserable, and still alone, to find it midnight.

He had often staid away for hours after the altercations that had become more frequent of late, but his bed had never been empty before; and when morning came, and she saw its undisturbed outlines, a sick foreboding came over her that went with her on her anxious search.

No one had seen him, or would acknowledge that they had, since the very hour in which he left the house. The Howlands had not many friends. They came to Woodburn a broken-down family, to hide their poverty and misfortunes, and so shrank with natural reserve from the well-meant civilities of its inhabitants. But now, in Esther's new trouble, a universal sympathy was awakened, and after search and inquiry, all agreed, from the little she told them (how he had left the house in anger, with some money in his possession), that he was missing voluntarily, and not through violence or accident. With this hope she was forced to be content, quiet, and outwardly calm at least, but with what restless anxiety no looker-on could tell. She had not, like most young girls, a confidante of her own age, if, indeed, we except the friendship that had grown up between herself and a casual acquaintance—a stranger the past year, when Agnes Graham had come as an invalid to pass the summer among the Berkshire hills. An accidental meeting, a chance conversation, mutual friends among the poets, and the two girls,

without calling themselves friends, became such in feeling, and in many a pleasant token of continued remembrance since their separation.

But Agnes Graham, in her beautiful city home, surrounded with all that care and competence could give to an only daughter, had little in common with Esther's toilsome, much-enduring life. There was no help for her that way; only the blessed book of promises to sustain her through those weary days and wakeful, anxious nights. Her school-duties would have given her the relief of routine, but it was now vacation—her needle was no check to thought, and so the week wore away.

It was Thursday night—he had been gone six days before the least clew came, and then it well-nigh barred all hope.

A letter from Albert himself, dated from the city, relieved her worst apprehensions, for sometimes she fancied that he had stumbled from the bridge, and was floating away with the tide into some shallow bay, where she could see the white upturned face drifting to and fro. It was a fierce, angry message, excusing his own conduct, and throwing the blame of all that might grow out of it on her.

"I did not steal that money, Esther," he said. "I took ten dollars—it was as much mine as yours, for I am sure my share of what mother left would come to that; and now you can have every thing in peace. I will not trouble you any longer. I am old enough to make my own way in the world, and rise by my own exertions as many a fellow has done before me. *So you can hold on to your gold!* I have shipped in the *Greyhound*, to sail on the 20th, and I have counted the days, so that when you get this it will be useless to come after me."

He had counted well—the very next day would be the 20th, and the *Greyhound* on its way to its unknown destination. Too late to rescue him from the miserable life he had invested with all a boy's freedom and romance, but not too late to attempt it; and though the shriek of the last evening train had sounded before the letter reached her, she laid it down to make instant preparations for her departure.

Something might detain the ship—such things did chance—the captain would listen to her, and release him. She would win him to trust her and love her again. She would tell him the sad secret of her suffering childhood, even of that blow, as a warning to help him restrain his anger; and though she had kept her plans for him a secret through fear of failure, he should know all now, and perhaps the prospect would help him to be careful and self-denying too!

These were her thoughts all that lonely day—doubly lonely for the crowd and bustle around her—and then came an unlooked-for hinderance, a breaking of machinery, a loss of hours, when time was life almost, passed by her with nervous, restless movements of hand and foot, and an unconsciously anxious gaze into the faces of those who passed in and out in listless wonder and questioning.

She did not heed any of them—but her loneliness, her strange, preoccupied manner, and the despairing look with which she sought their faces, when hour after hour passed by, attracted the notice of her fellow-travelers—among them one who longed, yet did not dare to offer her the passing civility of the book he had finished, or the wine which a careful mother's hand had provided, and which she seemed so much to need. He said to himself that it was fancy, doubtless, that impressed him with the feeling that she was in some sore trouble or needed any protection, yet he found himself turning again and again for another look into those haunting eyes, and wondering what was the shadow that brooded there. He knew, none better, how quickly these passing interests die out—how mistaken our purest instincts often are—how soon he should lose sight of her, never to cross her path again, yet so long as it was possible his looks followed her.

He heard the low sighs of relief when the announcement "All right again!" went to and fro among the passengers, and that for the time she seemed at rest as the train flew swiftly on; then came the early twilight, the total darkness, and when the lamps flashed through it the troubled face gleamed out white and still from the partial obscurity. Secure in her self-absorption, he watched her through their journey. He noticed the anxiety with which she listened to hear from casual remarks whether they were nearing the city, and the lateness of the hour; evidently she was a stranger, and alarmed at the prospect of an arrival after night; he saw her confused start when the expressman came with his monotonous, stereotyped inquiry, "Any baggage?" She did not seem to know what she wished, or have any definite plan. But she had formed one before they arrived; for when the curious traveler turned from securing his parcels overhead, resolved to risk her displeasure by a respectful offer of service, she was gone; and when he sprang to the pavement, it was to see her entering a carriage and urging the driver to haste.

It was true that Esther Howland had formed no definite plan up to the moment of the inquiry which had so disturbed her. She had counted on two hours of daylight, at least, after her arrival—enough to confirm her hope or seal her disappointment—beyond that she did not look. But night came on so suddenly, and for the first time she realized the actual loneliness of her position, appalling for a moment.

It was then that she suddenly recollected Agnes Graham, and resolved to go to her; the unlooked-for necessity of the moment would certainly excuse the intrusion into a family where only one member was known to her; and it was well that she had the distraction of wondering what her reception might be, for otherwise the certainty of an approaching disappointment would have disheartened her. Past ten o'clock on Friday the 20th, and the ship was to have sailed at sunrise!

How interminable the dull streets stretched

before her! How dreary the pattering of the rain on the windows—the damp, mouldy smell of the close vehicle—the complete isolation of an utter stranger among all those hundred houses she was passing! How would her friend's family look upon this late and unlooked-for intrusion? It kept her from realizing how little hope there was.

There was a jolting halt at length; then another movement of the half-drenched horses, and an exclamation from their driver. They had come very slowly, for all his promises, and she knew that it must be very late. He found the number at last, and opened the carriage door, holding out his hand for the fare at the same time—"Since the night was so bad an' the lady alone, would she be plazed to settle the thrifle at ounst?"

She looked up to the house as she gave him the money. It was suspiciously dark and still; but there was a hall lamp burning, and taking her carpet-bag in her hand she went up the steps with what courage she could summon; the man urging on his horses and rattling away down the street as she rang the bell.

"Miss Graham—is Miss Graham at home?" she asked of the wondering maid-servant who answered her summons, and made a movement as if to enter the hall, for the shower was drenching her; but the answer held her to the threshold:

"Miss Agnes, Miss? She won't be home till next week from Philadelphia. Was she expecting you, Miss?"

Suddenly Esther's courage deserted her. This was a difficulty that had never crossed her mind. She could not force herself upon entire strangers—the carriage was gone—it was almost midnight in this wilderness of a city!

The girl waited her reply respectfully. The hall was broad and well furnished; she turned toward the street again in her uncertainty—how black and gloomy it was by contrast!

"Shall I speak to Mrs. Graham, Miss?" said the girl, at a loss to decide upon this mysterious arrival. Kindly feeling prompted her to show the lady in at once; but were not the papers full of warning against unexpected robberies, perpetrated by people who were outwardly as respectable? and thinking of this, her duty to the family, and the recollection of her own Sunday shawl and gown, forbade.

Just then a flood of light came streaming into the hall from a door at the opposite end. There was a table handsomely laid, and from it a gentleman came forward a step or two, then suddenly retreated, and his place in the picture made by the cheerful door-way was supplied by a lady, who stood as if listening to something he said to her, and then came quickly forward with outstretched hands.

"Come in, come in, my dear. Nora, open the door to the lady."

"It's Miss Agnes she's wantin', ma'am," explained Nora, relieved at the permission to give place to kindly instincts.

"My daughter is away, but come in all the same," said the lady, taking the light traveling bag from Esther's hand and drawing her forward.

"You are very kind. I don't know—I don't know what to do. I am in great trouble," was all that the weary girl could articulate.

"Yes, to be sure you are; we know it; but you did not tell me what to call you. Have I heard my daughter speak of you? But come right in all the same," and the parlor door was thrown open, and Nora took the heavy shawl at a signal from her mistress.

"Miss Howland—Esther Howland; perhaps she has mentioned me," said Esther, faltering, yet oh, so thankful for the shelter and the uncalculating kindness!

"Oh, to be sure, she has read me all your letters. I feel as if I knew all about you and your school, and your handsome little brother. How is your brother, my dear?" for, with a maternal instinct, the kind heart had divined that the trouble of which the young girl spoke was a heartache, perhaps from this very source.

"I wish I knew. He has gone away; I am looking for him. Oh, Mrs. Graham—" and here the faltering voice gave place to sobs, and, yielding to the pressure of the moment, the proud, reserved Esther Howland wept bitterly.

"There, there, tell me all about it by-and-by. If he's here in New York we will find him for you; and you must make yourself at home as much as if Agnes was here. I'll send for her, and we'll all help you. Mr. Graham can't get out just now, but Richard will see to it for you. You must have some supper now. Come, Miss Esther, you must eat something, and it's so fortunate that the table was all laid for Richard; he hasn't been home more than half an hour."

Laying aside the evening paper, in which he was apparently absorbed when they entered, Richard Graham came forward to be presented to his sister's friend, and then resumed it again, sipping his tea from time to time that she might feel more at ease while his mother pressed her to eat and drink. The table glittered in the sea-coal fire with glass and silver, and the little supper was evidently provided with especial care, but Esther could only moisten her lips for all she felt so ill and faint. Now that shelter was secured to her, the restless anxiety returned.

"Do you know where to look for your brother?" asked Mrs. Graham, presently, when the chit-chat upon indifferent topics had failed.

"Oh, yes—that is, he wrote me that he was going to sea, and the name of the ship; it was to have sailed to-day, but I don't know where it was going."

The face behind the broad sheet looked out for a moment with visible interest—far more than had lighted it in perusing the same paragraph of a leader five times over—as their guest spoke of the detention which had thrown her upon their courtesy.

"Can you remember the name of the vessel, Miss Howland?"

"It was the *Greyhound*," said Esther, simply, unconscious of the look and the eager interest of the speaker.

A quick rustle of the page and a rapid glance down the column of "Ship News" filled the pause.

"She has not gone to-day—that is something."

"Ah, are you sure?" and Esther looked up so relieved, so grateful for the good news. "Are you quite sure?"

"Yes, I think so—she would have been reported; I will see if I can find out where she is bound. 'Clipper-ship *Greyhound*, up for Valparaiso,'" he read a moment afterward—"to sail on the 20th." Yes, she was to have sailed to-day, the *Greyhound*."

"Why, isn't that Captain Moulton's ship?" said Mrs. Graham, with sudden recollection. "Don't you remember the lady that Agnes called on at the Astor House last week? I'm sure that was their ship, and they were going about this time."

"Do you know the Captain? oh, I am so thankful; it is so very fortunate;" and Esther's heart rose up with hope. The ship still in port, the Captain known to her new friends! surely her uncertain steps had been rightly directed.

Mrs. Graham's pleasant face brightened up. "Now you see you were quite right to come straight to us, my dear; and it's all very plain. Richard shall see the Captain in the morning, and we shall have your brother back to dine with us, sick enough of sea-fare, even in port, I guess. Now I hope you will have a good night on the strength of it—you look as if you needed it."

"I shall certainly do my best, Miss Howland, and had better be off very early, if the ship sails to-morrow. It won't be exactly at sunrise, though, as all consignees know to their cost. Still it is best to start early. Perhaps we may have the young gentleman to breakfast." He drew out his watch as he spoke, though the mantle clock in plain sight pointed to half past eleven.

"Too late to do any thing to-night," he said, in answer to Esther's eager look; "but I will wind myself up to wake at daybreak."

On this promise she must rest, and certainly it did not seem difficult to sleep in the beautiful guest chamber to which she was shown by Mrs. Graham herself, who left her with an instinctive motherly kiss.

Exhaustion brought activity instead of repose, however; strange, feverish dreams, of following Albert through the crowded streets, where he eluded her outstretched hand—waking with a start of terror to the strange aspect of all around her, and then sleeping again to live over the agony of their separation. She could not rest, and the faintest ray of daylight found her dressed, and listening with strained senses to every stir without and within. Presently there came a tap at her door, and the cheerful face of her first acquaintance, Nora, shone in upon her.

"Mr. Richard said I was to waken you, Miss, and ask you to come down to the dining-room."

You're up early the mornin', though; an' it's well the furnace goes at night, or you'd be froze entirely."

The close straw bonnet and brown veil she had worn the day before were lying upon the table. Esther took them up, with a sudden understanding of the summons. It was an intense relief to her; she had been feeling as if she should go wild to sit there inactive and await the issue.

Richard Graham came forward with almost the grave courtesy of age—a manner that placed the young girl at ease, yet left her assured of kindly interest.

"I have been thinking, as the time is so short, and I am not personally known to Captain Moulton, it will be best for you to be at hand, though I hesitated to call you so early after your fatiguing journey. You must eat something—try to, for you are already overtaxed. It is not romantic—beef-steak," he added, carving for her as he spoke, so daintily that she could not refuse the morsel; "but it is the best tonic I know of, next to a cup of Mocha. May I trouble you to give me one in return?"

She was seated near the tray, and, though Nora was at hand, he chose to ask the household service of her to cover the strangeness of her position; and it pleased his taste, too, to watch her ready hand preparing the cup she sent to him; and if he had felt that she was a lady the night before, he saw in her early morning toilet and habitual ease of her movements enough to confirm even his fastidiousness in the impression.

"We had better go to the hotel first. In all probability the Captain is still there, and we shall have no further trouble, except to chastise the young gentleman properly, which duty I hope you will leave to me, in payment for the loss of my morning nap," he added, pleasantly. "And now your bonnet and shawl. Nora, get Miss Howland's shawl; the storm is over, but it is raw and cold this morning. Have you thick shoes? There was snow on the ground before the rain commenced."

There was nothing but the purest brotherly kindness in the glance that he gave toward the shapely foot just resting on the hearth, and he shook his head as Esther put it out a little more from the hem of her dress, without a thought of prudery.

"Not strong enough for walking, if we have much to do, and we don't know. Perhaps you can manage to wear sister's overshoes. Nora, run up and bring a pair."

It was a little thing, but no one had cared for her personal comfort in such a long, long time that Esther looked her thanks, and yielded herself to the new experience of being guided.

Poor Nora, bent on being helpful in the emergency which she could not comprehend, had quite forgotten her most important mission. They were all ready, and she had hurried to the door to open it for them, when she suddenly recollected that she was to have called a carriage. Mr.

Graham's face clouded—not with vexation, however.

"Every minute is precious," he said, "and they are so slow at the stable!"

"Do not let us wait, I can walk very well; I am always accustomed to it—indeed I had rather; every moment will seem an hour now!" pleaded Esther.

"We can take a car at the corner directly to the Astor; perhaps we can get there all the sooner, if you do not mind." And Nora seeing that the young lady did not "mind" was comforted.

It seemed almost impossible to realize her own identity as Esther found herself seated in a corner of the car, guarded by Mr. Graham on the other hand from contact with the peculiar class of occupants at this early hour. The men were mostly haggard and unshorn; the young girls—and there were so many of them that she wondered—were at once fine and untidy in their dress—coarse but showy materials, gaudy jewelry conspicuously displayed, marked their false taste and extravagant expenditure. Some concealed their faces with thick green veils, and others stared around, especially at Mr. Graham and herself, with a boldness that made Esther shrink, she could scarcely tell why.

Swiftly they glided on to their daily toil—all this crowd of busy operatives, that were building up the wealth and reputation of the great warehouses in the lower part of the city, by their own aimless and joyless lives; through crowded streets, past gloomy half-shut manufactories, down into denser haunts of labor, and drearier existences. It chilled the young girl's heart to look out upon even the brighter exterior; she felt the burden of humanity pressing more heavily with every moment, and the warning of the voice that cries, "Tremble, ye careless ones, that dwell at ease!"

"There is the City Prison—the Tombs," Mr. Graham said, presently; and she looked out again with a shudder at its massive, gloomy walls, as though the child she sought was to be found there. Early as it was, and sharply as the wind swept in their faces, three haggard-looking women sat before the iron gates, with babies in their arms, and one with children at her knees, waiting, doubtless, for confirmation of some wild report that the husband and father was inclosed in those hopeless walls.

Gloom and desolation sitting so close to palaces!—for before she had roused herself from the pitiful prayer sent up as hopeless of all other aid for the sin and suffering of her kind, they had reached their destination.

All the agony of her past suspense seemed to gather about her as she stood upon the threshold. Yet the waiter answered their summons as leisurely as if the hope of a lifetime did not hang upon his reply.

"Captain Moulton? Oh! yes, certainly, this way, Madam, if you please;" and his badge of office—the whisk broom—pointed her to the drawing-room. "What name shall I say?"

"I am so glad!" and Mr. Graham's looks did not belie his words. "You are very fortunate. I will find him myself, and bring him in; there is no one here to disturb you," and he drew a lounging chair to the fire and seated her in it. "Make yourself comfortable;" and she was left alone, trying to realize that her search was happily ended.

Alas! as she watched the door she saw him reappear—alone.

Richard Graham's lately radiant face mirrored the baffled feeling of the moment, but his voice had regained its cheerfulness as he said,

"The Captain has gone on board ship this morning, not half an hour ago, I imagine; but the wind is not fair, and they would never go to sea in the face of this gale. Will you wait here?"

"Oh! no no, I can not sit still."

"But it will be rough walking—maybe an ugly search. Perhaps you had better not attempt it."

"Please let me go."

"Just as you think, but we have no time to lose;" and Esther found herself hurried down stairs and out in the wet, slippery street again, standing by Mr. Graham's side as he signaled an omnibus.

The early wagons and carts from the ferry blocked up the street as they neared the wharves. Mr. Graham sat still for a few moments with what patience he could summon, and watched the miserable beasts driven and beaten and cursed, this way and that, but the delay was only increased by the noise and confusion. He looked at Esther. "We should gain by walking, I think, Miss Howland."

"Let us go, then; do not consider me an instant; any thing to reach the ship in time."

"Take my arm, then, it is so thronged just here;" and with the other hand he jerked aside the dray-horse urged into their very faces. "Those gratings may be loose, take care how you tread. That is the market, and the ship lies two or three squares above."

He looked down at her feet as he pointed to the market-house. "It will save you some exposure, perhaps, if we go through it; the pavements will be dry at least."

That was well thought of; for, notwithstanding her precautions, the heavy folds of her dress were saturated with the dampness and clung with a dreary chill about her feet; they were aching and benumbed—but courage, a little further, and the goal was reached. At any other time she would have delighted in the Flemish picturesqueness of this strange interior; the heaps of vegetables, the smoking coffee, the ruddy joints, the faces so full of character, that presided over the stalls, the affected indifference of the keen purchaser. All this was a study for a mind less preoccupied, but hers was filled, and with one thought.

The great clock of the market-place struck eight.

"Is it so late! are we not almost there?"

"Almost"—and he felt a strange desire to take

her in his arms, as if she had been a child, when he met that wistful look, and bear her above the crowd and the mire of the street on which they had come again.

"You see that broad yellow and blue flag out there on the wharf, it must lie somewhere near." He saw, as he looked at the flag, that the wind had changed. "Can you walk a little faster?"

"I will try;" but her limbs were trembling with anxiety and fatigue. — "Do not wait for me. I will come as well as I can. I know there is more reason for haste than you will tell me."

He had caught a glimpse of a signal flying from a tall mast, "G" in white, on a dark blue ground—it was the token he had watched for. "I see the ship!" he cried out, joyfully. "Keep as close to me as you can;" and on they hurried once more, brushing past half intoxicated sailors swaggering on the side-walk, stumbling over heaps of cordage and rusty chains, assailed by strange and sickening stench, hindered by throngs of rude and boisterous men staring, leering in her face, through ice and snow and mud commingled—on and on, toiling to keep her guide in sight, she struggled as in her dream the night before, and with the same horrible dread of loss.

But no, there was the signal again, standing out steadily to the fair wind, which had not been reckoned upon as an adversary; and there was her protector too, pausing, with an effort that cost him much in the ardor of the race, until she could reach him, and then dashing on before out upon the long, crowded pier. She almost expected to see the vessel glide away as they neared it; but it stood still and stately, its huge hull rising out of the water, and no bustle of immediate departure around. How inaccessible it seemed for all the staging lowered from its side!

"Can you climb this?" and, breathless with haste and excitement, Richard Graham held out his hand.

"Steady—take hold of the rope—do not look down, it will make you dizzy."

She had one glance down into the deep, turbid water that came lapping and circling beneath her; but she clung to that outstretched hand as for life; her head swam, and she slipped at the damp clefts on which she tried to gain a foothold. One moment more, and he had passed his arm around her waist, and lifted her to the deck—and now?

They looked around; it was strangely still and deserted; only one man at his watch, who saluted them gruffly as they approached.

"I wish to see Captain Moulton?"

"Don't know him, Sir."

"Isn't he the Captain of this ship?"

"No, Sir."

"Who is?"

"Captain Allen—always has been—he built her."

"Is not this the *Greyhound*?"—surely this was the pier to which he had been directed. Richard Graham sent a troubled look around, then up to the mast-head—the blue signal was there above them.

"No, Sir, the *Gosport*—just in from Liverpool"—the man said more civilly, as he saw the lady's lip quiver, and a strange blank of disappointment in her face.

"Where does the *Greyhound* lie, then—do you know?" and as he asked the question Richard Graham avoided the look he knew he should meet in his companion's face.

"*Did lie* there, Sir;" and the man pointed with the back of his hand to an empty space near by. "Went to sea this morning—full an hour ago—just as the wind changed."

There was no hope, then; and standing there surrounded by tokens of the sea, Esther Howland realized all that was before the delicately-reared, misguided boy. Had she not prayed to find him? Had not God's own providence seemed to direct and guide her on her search? Why, why were her prayers made void—her hopes baffled? She could not tell.

"I am very sorry for you, Miss Howland." Her friend did not know what else to say. "Sorry that my own eagerness misled you so."

"Oh you have been very kind"—kind as a brother, she was going to say; but how little she had received from hers! "Kinder than a brother," she added; and though he knew very well with what simplicity the words were spoken, they thrilled to his heart as if they had had a deeper significance.

They could only turn their faces homeward, and leave the self-willed boy to his own choice; yet the sad stillness with which they walked for a little time was as if they had left behind them a new-made grave.

"We shall find a carriage soon—you are not fit to walk—this has exhausted you," said Mr. Graham, as he felt the slight weight droop more and more heavily on his arm; yet he was selfishly glad thus to feel her clinging to him in her trouble, as he had longed to have her do when her face had arrested him the night before.

The excitement of fear and hope was gone now, and with it the fictitious strength it had lent. Her brain whirled with strange, unconnected thoughts; she was weaker than a child, and a shivering chill ran through every limb. Even after they had reached the house which she had left so full of hope, all things seemed as if seen through the mist of a dream.

"I must go home now," she repeated again and again, when Mrs. Graham tried to comfort her, to rouse her from this dreary apathy; and when they heard it, the mother and son looked at her feverish cheek and glassy eyes with sad forebodings.

All through the long and dangerous illness which came upon her then, Esther Howland was watched over by a mother's care and a sister's love; and from the wanderings of delirium those who bent over her learned more of the suffering that had brought it upon her.

"I do not care for the money, Albert," she would say, piteously. "I only live for you—it was all for you—who else have I to live for? Do not strike me! Come back! oh come back!

You hurt my hands—let me go—you shall have the money! Oh God! will nothing save him? Must he sink into vice and sin, and break my heart?" And man though he was, Richard Graham covered his face for the tears that came when Agnes told him of these things, and of what she knew of the toiling, self-denying life Esther had lived for the boy's sake.

He trembled like a woman the first time that he went in to see her after reason returned. She remembered all without questioning, and had asked for him. The rounded outlines of her face were gone, and her cheek was still almost as white as the lace that shaded it.

"You will let me thank you," she said, for he could not articulate a word for pity and surprise at the work of illness, and for such a yearning desire to say some word of comfort.

The slight, wasted hand lay unresistingly in his own for a moment.

"You were very kind, and I shall never—never—forget it." This was all that passed; yet he went out from the darkened room with a fixed determination to win her for his wife if it were possible.

After a time she came down stairs among them, still fragile, and helpless as a child, lying upon the pile of snowy pillows that the delighted Nora followed her every where with, or walking slowly about the room leaning upon Agnes or her father, who seemed to adopt her as the rest had done. If she wondered that Richard never offered his assistance she did not say so; and one night when Agnes had left her alone with him for a moment he stirred the fire until it sent a cheerful gleam among the gathering shadows of twilight, then came and sat down near her. He knew from the look of pain that passed over her face from whence she had recalled her thoughts to meet him as he entered the room.

"What if I had some good news for you?" he said, watching to see her face brighten.

"News of Albert? but I know it is not time yet—only two months. Have I been here two months? But I am getting stronger every day. I shall soon be able to go home again." And as she said it the loneliness and care she must return to after all this cherishing rose up before her.

Mr. Graham held out a paper. "You shall read it for yourself by-and-by; it is too dark now, so I will tell you that the *Greyhound* has been spoken, and all on board are well. That is something to know."

Little enough it may seem to those who pass indifferently over the crowded columns of shipping intelligence, but very precious to the longing eyes that essayed vainly to read it for themselves. Her unsteady hands closed about it presently, and she sat quite still again.

"So you think of leaving us," Mr. Graham said, to draw those same eyes upward that he might look into them, miser that he was. "I am sorry that you can not feel contented here," he added. Why would his lips deny him all but such mere commonplace?

"Contented?—here? if I could ever reach content again! I used to wish to be happy, but now content would be all I could desire. It will not come though—not until I see him again—and so I rest upon resignation."

Mr. Graham looked from her face to the picture of Evangeline that hung above her. He had often thought them alike, but never so much as now, when she sat almost in the very attitude—her hands clasping the paper she still held—her eyes looking thoughtfully into the fire-light.

"Will you not stay here and wait for him?" She did not see his meaning. Kind as he was, gentle and thoughtful for her, she took the tribute of his attentions as to her misfortunes, not to herself; she blessed them all in her heart, and prayed for them daily in her trustful way, Richard among the rest; but looking out upon the lonely future she had not paused to read her own heart closely.

"I have been idle too long already," she answered, a smile brightening about her mouth. "You will make me forget that I belong to the work-a-day world. I have trespassed too long as it is; but you are all so good that I sometimes forget it is trespassing, and take it as my right."

"I wish you would make it your right."

It was the still quiver of his lips as he said it, and the light that came into his eyes, rather than his words, that made her understand then, and the bending down and covering her clasped hands with his. She could not release them without paining him, and that she did not wish to do; the heavy lids drooped lower as she tried to think how to answer him.

"Will you leave us, Esther?—will you leave me? Will you not give me some claim besides that of a friend?"

It helped her to speak as she wished to.

"There is a higher claim upon my life," she said, "than any I could grant. It was laid upon me years ago; I bear it willingly, and nothing must dispute it in my heart."

"You mean your brother; I know, I acknowledge it; I love you because of it." And then he told her of the strange sympathy he felt for her in their accidental meeting; how wonderful it seemed that while he should be speaking of it to his mother—good son that he was, making her his confidante still—she had come to them for help; how gladly it had been given; how heavily he had felt her disappointment; how interest and sympathy had grown into love; and how willingly he would share her affection with the wandering boy.

It was very grateful to her, very luring; but she did not waver.

"My first duty is to Albert still," she said, "my friend—my true friend. I could not rest while he is bearing hardships and dangers; and your happiness must not wait upon my release. It would not be right to bind you to such a dreary uncertainty."

And with this he must abide, hard as it was to resist the separate and united entreaties of them all; though they loved her none the less

for her brave constancy, and the resolute patience with which she went out from the shelter in which they desired to enfold her to the toil, and loneliness, and waiting of her separate life.

Sometimes the weary spirit flagged for the lack of nearer love and sympathy, and the dumb silence of the future that she questioned seemed too heavy to bear. White-winged messengers of temptation came in the letters that sought from time to time to turn her purpose; but the struggle was renewed only to end in higher self-conquest—so long as only letters came.

But one memorable evening in the chilly autumn the brooding despondency triumphed for a time. Doubts of the goodness of her Father in heaven—of His truth in answering her many prayers—of His very providence over her life, since He had wrested from her the care for this erring child, and abandoned him to the soiling contact and degrading influences from which she had struggled to keep him; these miserable murmurings came between her and "the light behind the cloud" which had so far led her on.

She was sitting by the open window, late and chill as it was, only drawing her shawl closer as she leaned her head down upon her hands. She did not even hear the approaching footsteps that warned her of intrusion; but a hand was laid softly on her head, and she looked up to find Richard Graham before her.

"Oh! why did you come?" she said, bitterly. "I did not expect this!"

"See! I have brought my welcome with me!" and he held up a letter in the cold moonlight. "May I not come now?"

He saw with foreboding how weak she still was, for all her assurances to the contrary, and he made her sit still, holding the precious letter to be sure that it was no dream, while he found the light and set it down before her; but even when she had broken the seal she could not read a line, and held it out to him, the only one in the world with whom she could have shared it.

"My own precious sister—" And those few words told her all that she most desired to know; all that the letter could explain of shame, and repentance, and amendment; more of love and devotion to herself than she had asked or expected; for she did not seek reward, only his rescue from ingratitude and sin.

Afterward she dwelt upon the blotted pages on which the proud, passionate boy had poured out his very heart, with glad thanksgivings; but then she felt above all else the reproof to her narrow wisdom, as she listened to the story of the storm that had been God's message to his heart, the hardships that had recalled her tenderness, the loneliness of the wide sea that had deepened and strengthened good resolves; and she knew that God's own hand had removed him from her gentler lessons to the sterner teaching his willfulness had chosen.

But he was not coming back to her, he said, until he had proved the sincerity of the change; "until I can help take care of you, Esther," the boy said, in his own proud way. "And I thank

your friend, Mr. Graham, for writing to the Captain and to the consignees, which made them offer me the place. I wish I knew Mr. Graham, for his letter was *splendid*—just as you talk, only with a man's ideas—and it did me good. I knew I deserved every word of it."

"Are you going to wait his three years to see him again before you can be contented, Esther?—contented to come back to us, I mean?"—Mr. Graham said, as he laid the letter down. "Shall I write and ask his consent? I rather think he would be disposed to give it to me."

And Esther smiled through her tears as she was folded to the heart that echoed the gladness of her own at this "good news from a far country."

THE PICNIC.

IT was the morning of the Fourth of July, and raining. The beaux and belles of Hampton for a number of days had been planning a picnic on the banks of Meadow Brook, and many were the anxiously upturned faces to the skies that morning. I was a little girl then, or at least a very young lady, whose *entrée* into society had not been made, but whose first appearance at that party had been confidently calculated upon and dreamed over for a whole week preceding. An older brother, home on a visit from the neighboring city, had promised to escort me, provided I could produce as fine a "basket of provisions" as any of our neighbors, which I was not afraid to promise, with my mother's help.

For two or three days I was occupied with sugar-rolling, flour-sifting, egg-beating, strawberry-hulling, and cherry-picking, while my mother made cakes, moulded pies and jellies, attended to the boiling of neats' tongues and ham for sandwiches. What a pleasant introduction was that to the cook-room! and how to a charm every thing prospered in *our* hands! For I could not help measuring the assistance I rendered by the magnitude of the interest felt in the preparations.

Every thing was completed the day preceding, and looked, my father said, as though there was to be a wedding in the house; and my brother, for whose opinion I was most solicitous, as though we had made preparation for the whole crowd.

The first stroke of the village bell at day-dawn awoke me to the consciousness that the Fourth of July had come, and that I was going to a picnic—the first event, really, of my uneventful child-life. I was up and dressed before Bridget, whom I had directed the night before to call me early, and hastened down stairs with my young brothers—each with a shilling's worth of fire-crackers in his hand, huzzaing with all the pride of Young America.

"Hurry, hurry, Jenny, and unlock the door!" exclaimed the least of the three, as the first report of the cannon came sounding from the hill. "I want to hurrah for Fourth of July out doors! Less all hurrah together when the next cannon

is fired. We can beat the big Brown boys if you'll help us, Jenny!"

So we ranged ourselves on the steps, and when the next gun rolled and echoed we did our best to beat the "Brown boys," and I rather think we succeeded. Whether we did or not, our attempt drew a hearty laugh from some listener overhead, and my oldest brother, who stood at an open window, called out,

"Well done, Captain Jenny! You'll carry a linstock yet at the head of an army! But how cloudy it is this morning! Don't you see? I'm afraid it is going to rain."

"No, it isn't," I said, confidently. "It is real warm and pleasant, and we shall have a good day for the picnic. It's only dark because it is so early."

His words were a little damper, however, upon my superabounding spirits, and I did not shout with the little fellows after the next cannon-shot. I helped them off with a string or two of their "crackers," and then went to consult my father, who was our weather prophet.

"It looks a good deal like rain," he said, in reply to my questioning. "Don't you see how the poplars roll their leaves and show the white side? That is a pretty sure sign of a storm! But don't look so crest-fallen. If your grandfather were alive, he would tell you 'there was never a Fourth of July which the sun did not shine on.' If his saying be true, it will be fair before night."

"What's the consequence if the grass is to be wet first?" I thought, but said nothing. My enthusiasm was a good deal cooled, and before breakfast time quite chilled through, *for it was raining*.

My mother pitied me—I could see it in her looks; and my old grandmother, who had come the evening before to spend the day with us, and help eat the joint of lamb with green pease for dinner, took notice of the cloud on my brow.

"What's the matter with Jane?" I heard her inquire, as I left the table and hurried up to my own room; the better to indulge my disappointment. The reply was apprehended, though not heard; and I felt a little ashamed that the whole house should take notice of my childish vexation.

I sat down by a western window to watch if I could discover any break of blue sky; but the clouds were folded together one above another too thickly for a single ray of the brightness behind to shine through. With all my hopefulness I could see nothing for hope to build upon, and was forced to the mental admission that it was fast settling down into a rainy day, and that my beautiful fancy cakes and tarts and jellies would serve the ignoble purpose of a feast for the children at home.

While accommodating myself to the disagreeable reflection as best I could, I heard my grandmother's voice at the door of my room. She came to ask if I was too busy to help her a little while. She had brought the heel of a stocking for me to "bind off," she said, and "pick up

the stitches" for her, as she was too blind to do it herself.

I was not busy at all, and could do it as well as not, I answered, rather pleased than otherwise with something to divert my mind from the dropping clouds. She came in and took a seat.

"I might as well stay and tell you a story while you do it," she said, in a pleasant tone of voice. "You used to like my stories, Jane."

"So I do now," I answered. "But, if you please, don't tell me a Bible story this morning, unless you can think of one *slightly awful*. I am vexed and cross, grandmother, for I did so ~~what~~ to go to the picnic to-day."

"I am sorry for your disappointment, my child; but we have to meet with such all through life. I knew just such a rainy Fourth of July morning as this a'most sixty years ago. The young gals here had made as great calculations for a party at Meadow Brook then as they have been making now, and had got their tables all set out under the orchard trees the day beforehand, and the white linen table-cloths trimmed round with oak-leaves and asparagus."

"For a picnic, grandmother?"

"No, child—for a raisin'!"

"For a raising? You don't mean to say that the young people were going to have a raising on the Fourth of July?"

"There were no young men in Hampton then, my dear; they had all gone *soldiering*—every man big enough and strong enough to shoulder a gun. Seventeen cousins left town in one company, the youngest not older than yourself, and not tall enough to keep step in the ranks. He was a brave boy though, and kissed his mother, and marched away to Valley Forge with the heart of a man."

"But what had that to do with the party, grandmother?"

"A good deal—but you must let me tell the story in my own plain way. Our regular militia had all been in the field since the battle of Lexington; and such as were not killed or disabled had had a terrible tough winter in camp. Many of the soldiers were barefoot, because there was no money to buy shoes, nor no shoemakers to make them, for they had all gone to the war. The women at home did all they could—carding the wool from the sheep, and spinning and weaving the long winter nights, hoping and praying all the while for better days. But a call for more volunteers came in the spring, to take the places of the broken-down men; then the women said to their young sons, '*Go! cost what it will, the land must be free!*' We can raise flax for cloth and corn to eat! Your country needs you more than we!"

"Your grandfather was a young man then, and we were to have been married the next fall. All winter he had been getting timber to build us a house—a fine large house, close to the old homestead; for at the breaking out of the war there was not a richer person in town than his mother, who was a widow. He was dreadfully pale that evening when he came to tell me a re-

cruiting sarjent had arrived, to enroll more men for the army. I had heard of't long before he come, and was prepared, I thought, to answer his question, whether he should enlist for the sarvice. I had been thinking of nothing else all the afternoon, and made up my mind to say, very bravely, that, 'house or no house, he must go! that Nabby Holt would never marry a man who could hesitate a minute betwixt his gal and his country!' But, somehow, when he come to take my hand, and look into my face for his answer, I had the weakest heart in all Hampton, and sot down and cried like a child, instead of standing up resolute, as a woman should do in the time of trial. I confess I've been ashamed of't ever since—to think how I came nigh spoiling his courage, when his patriotic old mother was at home all the while washing his clothes and making ready for him to start with his brothers and cousins the next morning.

"'Nabby,' he said at last, for I hadn't once spoken, 'it shall be jest as you say about it! They are all goin' who can fire a gun; but if you feel so bad about it I will stay at home, and go on with the house, and take care of the farm with mother; for God knows, without a child left, she will need help this long summer!'

"'I will help her, Daniel,' I whispered. 'I am stout as a man! I don't care any thing about the new house neither, for if you ever come back we can begin life just as well in an old one!'

"I was crying again, and knew I'd said the very thing I didn't mean to about his coming back, when I heard him choking and trying to speak, which he couldn't for his life. Provoked at myself for making matters so bad, I said, with more spirit, 'I am ashamed of myself for making such a fuss about your just going away for a little while, when I wouldn't have you stay home for the world, Daniel. If I was a man I wouldn't hold back an hour; but seeing I ain't, and women shouldn't go to camp while there's any men left to do the fightin', you shall see how much we can do at home!'

"'That's my own brave gal!' he said, jumping up as chirk as ever you see! 'I knew what sort o' stuff was in us both, Nabby, when we could once git down to it. But don't you go to overdoin' yourself while I am off to get a squint at the "red-coats," for I shall want to find you as hearty and handsome as ever when I git back.'

"I followed him out as far as the gate.

"'We shall be in Lebanon afore this time to-morrow night,' he said, 'and see Washington, who is there holding a consultation with "Brother Jonathan."* The Windham boys will be ready to join us when we get along there, and you may look to hear something more'n a "Frog story" when they load their guns for Liberty! Good-night agin, Nabby, and God bless you!'

"I didn't shed any more tears, but stood and waved my hand after him as often as he looked

* Jonathan Trumbull, who resided in Lebanon, Connecticut, and who was the friend and counselor of Washington—the true "Brother Jonathan" of American history.

back, till he was out of sight. The next day after they had marched I went to see his mother.

"Well, Nabby, the boys are all gone," she said, in a cheery tone, "and Martha and I have got the farming to do. I am glad you encouraged Dan, for his country has the first claim afore any on us. I thought he stood doubtful a spell about his duty."

"I'm afraid I didn't encourage him much," I said; "I meant to, but somehow spoiled it all. He worried about leaving you this summer without any child, and I promised to come myself and help you while he's gone. Mother can get along well enough without me at home with the other girls."

"Yes, Dan told me you were coming, and I should be very glad of you, as we've a deal to do both out-door and in. I want somebody to card and spin wool and make tow cloth, for there's the seven boys to clothe agin another year."

"So I went home, tied up my bundle of clothes, and went back to Meadow Brook Farm that very night.

"Daniel's mother was the smartest woman in all the country round. She would have made a grand commander-in-chief for a Continental army of women, for there'd been no flagging in the ranks any way. She had strength and courage for every thing, and the more work the better spirits. 'Don't you be a tryin' to keep up with me, Nabby,' she said; 'for Dan was dreadfully afeared I should overdo you this summer if you come here!' I wasn't at all afraid on't, however, for I was a strong, hearty gal, and liked to see the work go along as well as herself.

"The boys hadn't been gone long before there came a man to Brook Farm to see the mistress. He was a carpenter by trade, and was lame in both feet, so he couldn't *enlist*, he said. Daniel had spoken to him the winter before about framing his house, and he wanted to know if he left any word about it when he went away. His mother said he didn't; but that wasn't any matter provided the timber was all on the ground; he might go and see.

"'Twouldn't be a very bad idee, now, Nabby,' she said to me, after the carpenter had gone out to make the investigation, 'for us to git Dan's house all started for him afore he gits back! What do you say to it?'

"I confess I couldn't say any thing; and when the man came back and reported a supply of material, he was ordered to commence work as soon as he pleased.

"This new operation was like fresh oil upon the wheels of action at Meadow Brook, and every thing, out-doors and in, seemed to thrive the better for it. The thought of giving Daniel such a pleasant surprise stimulated us all to our utmost strength.

"About the last of June the carpenter said his job was up, for there wasn't any more he could do till the frame was raised. It was too bad, he said, there wa'n't a *raiser* to be had, else the house might be all covered as well as not.

"And why couldn't *women* raise it, Mr.

Webb?' I asked, so eagerly as to betray what interest I felt in the work.

"Bless your heart, Miss Nabby Holt, and so they might, as well as not, with me to direct them and take hold myself. I dare warrant that frame will go up as slick as any thing if the putty gals in Hampton should say the word!"

"In my fear about the work having to stop I had gone a step ahead of the time of my future mother-in-law, but it was plain to see she was not displeased about it. She told the carpenter she would make up her mind, and let him know next day whether she decided to go on with the building.

"That afternoon old Sorrel was put into the *chay*, and a quarter of lamb put into the *chay-box*—for in that way Meadow Brook Farm often paid its respects to old Parson Whitney, whose rousing revolutionary sermons made him popular far and near. Whether the old lady took her lamb's worth in advice was never known, but after she got home she said to me,

"We'll make a *raisin*', Nabby, the Fourth of July, and invite all the women and young gals in the parish. We'll have a great one if we begin, and not a soul shall be slighted. Mr. Whitney will come and make a prayer; so we can't be accused of 'walking in the ways of the ungodly.'"

"As soon as it was noised round that Widow Fuller was going to make a *raisin*', all the young women in the neighborhood came and offered to help get ready; and the very best of every thing was cooked for the occasion. In the shady orchard back of the house the tables were set the day beforehand; and pots of pinks, and roses, and asparagus were put in the centre and on each corner. The great chair that used to be the deacon's was carried out for the minister, and the carpenter put up board seats for the rest. Every thing was done the night before but just setting on the victuals, and more'n a dozen young gals staid all night so as to be on hand in the morning. But when we got up it was raining like a thunder-snowder."

"Oh! that was too bad, grandmother!" I exclaimed. "What could you do?"

"Nothing at all. We tried to laugh, and make the best of it: said the flower-pots would keep fresh, and the plates couldn't hurt as they were bottom upward, and the table-cloths would dry, and we could wait till fair weather."

"But did the party really come off at last? If so, I want to hear about it."

"That same afternoon, child; for it was fair at ten o'clock, and dry at noon. There was never such a gathering before at Meadow Brook, and never will be again. The women had all come to work, and the carpenter was King, and the parson High Priest. Such a prayer as he made there for the absent men and boys, and for the success of the good cause in which they were enlisted, drew tears from all eyes. He prayed for the women too whose husbands and sons and brothers had gone to fight for their homes, leaving them to bear such heavy burdens of hand

and heart. 'If that prayer now don't help the Continentals,' said Miss Eunice Fox, after it was ended, 'it must be because the Lord's ears are heavy, or his hands shortened,' as the Scripter has it.

"The frame went up famously, as the carpenter promised, and the house stood two stories high before sundown! Then the currant-wine was passed round, and the minister toasted the 'Women of Hampton!' then 'Washington and the American Army!' Afterward he said to me, who was standing near him, 'Here's health and happiness now to the future mistress of the new house we've raised!' which sent me off suddenly in the direction of the tables.

"We were just getting through supper when the post-horn was heard, and the rider rode through the orchard bars with the *Hartford Courant*. 'Stirring news, Sir,' he said, handing the first copy to Mr. Whitney. 'Dreadful fight in the Jarseys last week! More'n seventy of our folks killed, and nigh about two hundred hurt!'

"Still as death was the orchard while the post-rider was talking to the minister. Two or three women came nigh fainting away, and had to hold on to the tables for support, while the old man's eyes were glancing over the account of the battle of Monmouth. Then, with tears rolling down his wrinkled face, he rose and said, 'Let us render thanks unto the Lord, my dear children, for He is good; for His mercy endureth forever!' In the dreadful battle which has just been fought not a Windham County man has been killed, and only a few wounded. Be calm, and I will give you the particulars in a few words, which you can read for yourselves afterward.

"'You all know, for it was in last week's *Courant*, that the British army quit Philadelphia on the 18th of June, and began their march toward New York; and how General Washington, who got wind of their plan beforehand, had sent a detachment of his men to help the Jarsey Militia drive them back. Well, after the British were out of sight, he crossed the Delaware himself with his whole army, and followed on in pursuit. On the morning of the 28th they met at Monmouth, sixty-four miles from Philadelphia, where they fought it out till dark. It was the hottest day for years, and a great many of the British, in their thick uniforms, died on the ground with heat, and a few of our folks too, but they wouldn't give up on either side as long as they could see to load and aim! And when they couldn't see to do that, General Washington and his spunky boys lay right down there together on the ground amidst their dead and dying brothers, meaning to fight again in the morning, but when morning came the British were on their way to New York. You will see that some of the Connecticut companies fared much worse than ours; and that the land is full of bleeding hearts from north to south.'

"I saw plainly by the countenance of Daniel's mother, who read her own paper all the while the minister was talking, that something had

happened to one of our boys, for her lips were shut tight together, and her face was pale as snow. 'Let me look,' I asked, trembling like a leaf, as soon as Mr. Whitney had done talking.

"'No! not to-night, Nabby,' she said, firmly, folding the paper up and putting it in her pocket. 'We are all tired to death, and have got the tables to clear up yet, and it's getting dark. Tomorrow you shall read the whole account.'

"I was not satisfied, but had to submit. As I moved round among the women who were helping to clear the tables and wash the dishes there was a dreadful weight at my heart. Some of them were whispering together, but they didn't say a word to me; and at last, when I couldn't stand it any longer, I went to Mr. Whitney and said, 'Do let me see what has happened? I can bear the truth better than uncertainty.'

"'I think you can, my child,' he said, tenderly. 'And then there's nothing in the papers which ought to make you feel so bad after all.'

"He led me a little one side, and showed me on the list of the wounded, 'Daniel Fuller, severely.' I looked up in his face, repeating the word 'severely,' as though I did not know what it meant.

"'You see, Nabby,' he said, 'it does not say *dangerously*, as it does of some others in the list, and you must try not to magnify the evil in your own mind. I know it must be very hard for you to hear bad news to-day when you have been so happy; but just see with how much fortitude his mother bears it, not turning away from her guests for a single moment, nor even speaking of her anxiety.'

"'I know it,' I replied, 'and 'twould be just the same if they were all brought home dead, I'm sure.'

"'I don't know but it would. She possesses a Spartan spirit, or she could never have sent away the last of her seven boys, child as he was. She is a model woman for the times.'

"I tried to imitate the 'model woman's' courage; and when the neighbors were all gone, told her plainly I knew what had happened to Daniel.

"'I am glad he told you,' she said, feelingly, and added, turning away to wipe her eyes, 'If the poor boy was only at home, Nabby, so we could nuss him up together; but he belongs to his country more'n to us!'

"'But he ain't able to sarve his country now,' I said.

"'No, nor to get home nuther, so we must make the best of it.'

"So ended the Fourth of July at Meadow Brook in 1778. The rainy morning was not the sorest trouble after all."

"But, grandmother, I haven't heard enough about it yet," I said. "There's a good deal more you can tell about it, I know. What did you hear next?"

"We got a letter by next post, from one of his brothers, though 'twas what we didn't expect, for a letter from a soldier during the war wasn't a common thing at all. But one of the officers

gave him material, and he thought his mother's mind would be easier if she heard from one of her own sons. Daniel's wounds were doing well as could be expected, he wrote, and he would most likely be sent home on a furlough as soon as he was able to travel.

"This was good news, and the carpenter worked away with all his might at the house, and we hurried to get the work along in-doors too, while his mother was speaking every day of this thing or that, which Daniel would be sure to like when he got home. We were not prepared for the poor, pale, emaciated creature who came into the house one night and threw himself into the first seat without a word for one of us. We laid him upon his mother's bed, wiped off the dust from his face, and put some wine to his lips, for the poor wounded soldier was a'most dead with exhaustion. We only got one faint smile to cheer us for our care that night, and as he lay with his eyes closed we could see now and then a tear shine through his dark lashes, but whether for joy or grief we couldn't tell.

"The next morning he was better, and able to tell us a little of what he had undergone since he left home, and how much the sick and wounded were still suffering in camp. No writer has ever told the story of the battle of Monmouth as Daniel told it to us that day; and it's a pity that the soldiers who suffered there should not have written the history for future generations to read."

"But what did he say to the new house, grandmother—that's what I want to know?"

"That it paid him for all he had undergone, and that it should be our life-long home. But I can't tell you all he said, child, when he was able to go there with me for the first time; but what he said came from a heart overflowing with joy and thanksgiving. He did not get well enough to go back into the army—so we were married the next winter, and moved into the new house in the spring, where we lived together above fifty years. His right arm never regained its strength, and was palsied many years before his death."

"I remember him, and how he used to call *you* his right arm, grandmother."

"Yes, child; and he was my staff. The arm grew very weak and helpless when its earthly staff was broken."

The old lady removed her spectacles to wipe her eyes. She had been walking for an hour amidst the paths of her youth, but was come again to the lonely years of age and widowhood. I could see all that was in her mind, as she sat there, gazing silently, but with tearful eyes.

"Grandmother," I said, at last, "do you mourn for the lost years?"

"No no, dear child," she replied quickly, "for I am looking forward to the 'house not made with hands' with a pleasant hope. The friends of my youth have a'most all got there before me. I want to see them, but am willing to wait the Lord's time in patience."

The rain continued to pour in torrents; but

my grandmother's story had quite reconciled my mind to the weather; and I sat talking with her about "old times," and asking a host of questions, when my brother came up to commiserate me, and to acknowledge that he was as much provoked as I *could* be about the rain, as he had got to go away the next day.

"I'll tell you what you *can* do, Thomas," said the old lady, brightening up with her new idea. "You can come down to the old house at Meadow Brook, all hands of you this afternoon, and have your party in spite of the rain. In the great room the gals can set the tables, and put their fixins in the other; and if you like it, old Jep can fiddle for you, and you may dance in the kitchen. I don't expect you could get the Minister to come and lead off old 'Money Musk,' as he did when we had the house-warming; but I like to see young folks happy as well now as ever."

"If you are not the very best grandmother that ever was!" said Tom, dancing up to her and kissing the cheek on which the tears were scarcely dried. "Do you really mean to say now that we may have *the old house the women raised* during the Revolutionary war for our picnic today?"

"I don't see a grain of harm in celebrating the event," she said; "and the old house needs enlivening nowadays."

"Are there any women in town, grandmother, who helped to raise it except yourself?" Tom asked.

"Let me think! Only two as I remember—Widow Tom Church and Betsy Brown. Betsy was the belle of Hampton then; and she *was* a beauty and no mistake. Her sweet-heart, John Bennet, used to call her his little 'Brown Betty.' But John got drowned in Bigalow Pond the year after peace was declared, and Betsy never saw another man to suit her."

"We'll have them there this afternoon," said Tom, jumping over a chair in his delight, "and every Revolutionary soldier in town besides. I'll go for them myself in the covered wagon, and tell them you sent for them to help celebrate the 'raisin'." Get your 'traps' all packed, Jenny, while I go and start up the boys. We'll have a glorious time yet. I had better take you and grandmother down this forenoon, so you be all ready when I come back."

That party at Meadow Brook was *no failure*; though, had my grandfather been living, he would have been forced to acknowledge that there was one Fourth of July on which the sun never shone. Not only were the young people there, but the fathers and mothers and grandparents too, filled every room to overflowing; and their pleasant stories of by-gone days rendered the day a delightful epoch in the history of many a youthful life. Miss Betsy Brown, literally a heroine of "'76," after a great deal of urging, taught us to dance a "French Four," and told us about a pleasant party she attended sixty years before, while the French officers were quartered in Windham, and how she danced that same dance twice with Count Rochambeau.

The old house stands still, and is often pointed out to the stranger in Hampton as one of the *accomplishments* of the women of the Revolution; but the last hand that helped to rear its massive timbers has been laid in the dust, after laboring faithfully for nearly a century.

Brave hearts of "'76!" where can we look now for your equals in strength, and courage, and all noble womanly virtues? Or when will the women of America, nursed in luxury and dwarfed with ease, ever again rise like you to the sublime height of *achievement*?

COUNTRY LIFE.

ALMOST every man who is burdened with the cares or tempted by the pleasures of a great city will probably be found cherishing at heart some fond dream of a coming time of retirement from crowded streets and besetting dissipations into the quiet of a rural home, under spreading trees, in sight of running brooks, and within hearing of singing birds and lowing cattle. We are prone to wish for what we have not; and the most rapturous praises of country life have generally come from city people, who, if not strangers to the rural beauty which they celebrate, know it more as temporary admirers than as fixed companions. The pastoral poems that have decked shepherds and shepherdesses in such charms of sylvan simplicity were not written by keepers of sheep; and the honors which they studiously accord to their Corydons and Daphnes are quite sure to be as much satires upon city follies as praises of rural innocence, and therefore show that the town was in the writer's thoughts while the country was upon his pen. In fact, a certain variety is the spice of life, and our habits are satisfactory as they mingle a certain alternation with uniformity—so that the countryman enjoys most the sights of the city, and the citizen enjoys most the sights of the country; and therefore that method is most agreeable which wisely combines both experiences, and makes a man alike conversant with the arts and refinements of the metropolis and the more primitive manners and natural pleasures of the fields.

The common sense of mankind is evidently taking this view of the matter, and every one is trying in some way to combine both forms of life as far as he can. The great noble who takes his name from his ancestral domain, and lives in a castle built perhaps centuries ago, is sure to have his house or palace in the great city for the gay season there, and the most plodding citizen snatches a few weeks from his business, either to revisit the old farm where he was born or to find lodgings for himself and family in some pleasant village. Our cities and great towns are more and more deserted by the well-to-do classes in summer, and no stronger proof of the set of the tide during the hot weather need be given than the fact of the growing custom of closing many of our city churches for a month or two. They who stay in town show the same yearning for the

green fields, and our railroads and steamboats seem to carry a larger company to the neighboring islands and parks than is gathered in our churches on the Sundays of July and August. Our literature indicates the same disposition, and within twenty-five years a class of books, almost new to our people, has come into circulation—such writers as Loudon and Downing having started a host of villa and landscape artists, whose volumes are found in every tolerable family library. The price-current tables show the same tendency, and in favorite localities land that was twenty-five years ago sold at the low rate of common farms has risen to almost city figures; and for many miles up the Hudson good villa sites are estimated by thousands of dollars the acre where as many hundreds was then regarded as a high price. Our old country towns every where show more or less of the same movement, and choice situations, that were once valued for their fire-wood or pasturage, are sought for their beauty. We heartily rejoice in all these indications, and hope that the day may come when the love of nature may be not only a universal taste, but a universal enjoyment; and we trust that our present words upon country life, if they may somewhat dash the fairy visions of the romancers who expect to find a paradise in every whispering grove, will do something toward giving a truer estimate of rural pleasures. We do not profess to be adepts in rural wisdom, and may, perhaps, meet the wants of a large class of readers all the more by honestly confessing that to us the country is a yearly luxury, not a constant home; and from ten years of varied summer life in the fields we can speak in a fair degree from our own experience. And surely what ingratitude it must be in any man to undervalue the delights of a few months, or even weeks, of free range through green pastures, or in rich forests, or by wholesome waters! Access to nature itself is the peculiar charm of country life, and who shall overestimate its worth?

We suppose that most persons are disappointed in their enjoyment of nature who look upon it mainly upon the utilitarian side. Such of the rural utilities, indeed, as minister to the stomach abound more in our cities than in our villages; and he who has access to a good city market is more sure of a fair supply of vegetables, and especially of fruits, than most country places furnish. We remember in boyhood visiting some relatives far away in the State of Maine, and being surprised at the almost universal reply that was made to our juvenile praises of the scenery and the rambles, "Oh yes," they said, "all this is very pretty; but then you have such markets." In one respect, indeed, the city market is unique, for fresh meat is, in the country, often a rarity; and when the butcher's visits are not few and far between his choice pieces are so, and before he has visited many houses his stock in trade has little attraction to palates of moderate daintiness. In fruits there is often the same dearth; and when, as is rarely the case in our ordinary villages, the farmers raise an ample supply of

choice apples, or pears, or peaches, they are more apt to send it by rail or water to the city than to trust to the uncertain demand of the country store and neighborhood. One is often far more sure of a steady supply even of strawberries, raspberries, blackberries, cherries, and the like, by leaving an order with some city dealer than by waiting for chance baskets or wagons to bring these fruits to the door. He indeed who has his own garden and orchard is comparatively independent; yet it takes much time and care to bring an orchard to due fertility, and probably most men who raise fruit in the amateur line could, for the first years, drive a better bargain with the marketman than with stubborn nature. The garden indeed is less refractory than the orchard; and any fair measure of knowledge and industry will make half an acre of good ground supply a considerable family with vegetables for the whole season, and a whole acre should stock them amply for the year.

But it is not pecuniary profit, but rather health and enjoyment, that is the especial advantage of country life. We allow that most men who are not professional farmers would be somewhat alarmed at seeing an exact statement of the cost of the products of their country-places. It may be that every egg costs, to a novice in poultry, the price of a dozen in the market; and that every potato at first implies an outlay of time and money that would buy a peck of the farmer next door. But all the funny stories that are told of the costliness of amateur farming do not settle the question of its desirableness. We do not make headway a single step against hunting or fishing by undertaking to show that the fox or the trout would not sell for enough to pay the sportsman for his trouble and outlay. Nay, the very motive of such sports is that they are for pleasure, not for gain; and the moment they are made mere merchandise of they lose their charm, by ceasing to inspire a spirit of genial enterprise and to kindle within the blood the glow of a generous and wholesome enthusiasm. An amateur farmer should be willing to look upon the yield of his soil very much as the sportsman looks upon his game—not so much for the value of what is caught as for the pleasure of catching it. The first egg or the first potato may give him as much delight as the first trout or woodcock; and while we, of course, are for having him carry on his tillage as prudently as he can, we must declare that he loses the finest zest of country life if he is not willing to risk profit for pleasure, and venture upon experiments that are more sure to yield him amusement and health than dollars. Indeed, beginning our reckoning with the estimate of the health and satisfaction gained, our account assumes quite a different aspect; and if a man's mind and animal spirits are the chief elements of his working capital, then the rural pleasures that take his thoughts away from his cares, and give new vitality to his nerves and blood, are his most profitable investments. In this way the pleasures of the *turf*, in each sense of the term, are good speculations. It may cost

an overworked statesman a hundred pounds to ride down a poor fox or hare, and the game may not be worth carrying home. So a merchant's or lawyer's garden or orchard may cost him many times its yield in exchangeable currency; but if he finds joy and health in the soil, he finds what no mine of California, no venture of his ships in India, can give him. There is something in a direct personal relation with the soil and with nature that takes away the restless fever of the blood, and draws off the thoughts from anxious cares. Many men strive hard to find such wholesome distraction; and probably the passion for gaming and kindred dissipations in the cities comes not only from the idleness that demands an engrossing sensation, but also from the over-anxiety that asks to be saved from its own ceaseless worry, in order to keep the mind and body from wearing out and being past all joyousness. Now an active interest in nature has a marvelous power in securing a wholesome diversion, and busying the weary brain with thoughts and images that not only divert but comfort a man. When light and not exhausting manual labor unites with such rural interests the recreation is complete, and the hours and days of retirement pass like magic; while sweet sleep blesses the pillow, and the great mother Nature restores her weary child to rest and strength upon her benign bosom. The author of the sweet little story "*Picciola*" has admirably portrayed the ministry of a single little flower in occupying a poor prisoner's mind and filling the weary hours with pleasant and elevating solicitude. De Saintine's philosophy might fitly illustrate the power of orchards and groves in engaging attention and taking from time its burden. The man who plants and watches a tree receives a mysterious citizenship from the hand of Nature; and from that time the earth, the air, and the sky seem to be his friends and familiars. Each year adds to his interest in that nursling of his own hands, while the rings on that trunk chronicle each round of seasons, and every rustle of the leaves whispers to him of all the changes in his changing life. It becomes to him a temple of God and humanity, consecrating all his remembrance of Heaven's bounties enjoyed beneath its shade, and of the prattling children, pleasant kindred and friends, who have sat or walked with him under its branches. He might buy an acre of such trees, perhaps, for a score of dollars within a mile of his home, but those trees would not be his own, not the children of his own soil and affections. The oak or elm or maple that has grown with his growth and strengthened with his strength is his own; and, like his own child or bosom friend, seems to understand him as it is understood by him.

The kindly relation with animals adds new zest to the companionship with nature. The cattle feeding in the meadow or on the hill-side, the doves in their cote, the thousands of birds in the woods, the horses in the stables, that seem to answer to the hand that cares for them; the

dog, who borrows something of his master's wisdom, and seems to take a conservative interest in the estate as one of the lineal heirs; nay, the very swine in the pens that revel in the refuse of the tables, consuming the great crumbs as the chickens consume the little crumbs, all draw out the benign feelings of the master, and give him a new sense of the mighty tie that binds each to all in the great empire of the Creator. It is true, indeed, that these subjects may be sometimes refractory, and equally true that there is generally a method of bringing them to terms; and experience is constantly showing that brute nature is not wholly cut off from the control of moral and spiritual laws, and a brave and gentle spirit can prevail more than savage wrath in casting out the evil spirit from beast as from man. Mr. Rarey has carried something of the gospel into the stable, and his strong, yet kindly hand, has touched a chord in brute nature that will not be likely to cease to vibrate until the true Orphean music is restored that subdued animals and men to its magical melody.

In our estimate of the relations established by country life with nature we must not forget the simple and obvious advantages of fresh air, milk, and vegetables, free exercise on horse or foot, and out-door bathing. In the summer time it is not easy for wealth to bring to the city the amount of these advantages that may be enjoyed by any frugal family in a pleasant rural village. We will not deny, indeed, that what are called household conveniences abound most in the city, and that a thrifty city laborer commands in his chamber a supply of water and gas that can not, without considerable expense, be secured in the country. Yet the conveniences of city life are attended with an exorbitant and consequently increasing standard of social expectation; and while a frugal family in the country can not afford to bring gas and water into their houses by the apparatus so common in cities, they can live in a style of comfort and of recognized respectability upon an income that would not provide them a desirable house in the city. When indeed we speak of the more ambitious methods of living there is not so much difference, since it may cost as much to maintain a stylish family at a showy country seat as in a city palace, especially as city luxuries, habits, and company are sure to be retained. If, however, we give due importance to those great essentials of living, the free range of ground and the sacred privacy of the family, we must allow that to all classes the country has important advantages, since moderate means will secure in any pleasant village house-room and garden-room that wealth can hardly purchase in the city. If, moreover, constant access to beautiful scenery is to be set down among the higher refinements and enjoyments, such access can not be had in cities, except by the few who can secure commanding prospects either by the site of their homes or the completeness of their equipages and their leisure.

In estimating country life thus alike by its material and ideal standard, or by its quantity

and quality of excellence, we are well aware that human welfare rests upon a very broad and practical basis, and that it will not do to forget substantial comfort in flights of fancy. Thus it is a great mistake to suppose that mere beauty of location is sufficient reason for fixing upon a dwelling-place, since if this beauty is purchased by constant discomfort, by unhealthiness, or loneliness, or want of access to the markets, stores, and workshops, it soon becomes weariness; and it is not difficult to count up quite a number of beautiful residences that were planned in a fit of picturesque rapture, and abandoned in a dismal experience of monotony and ennui. Scenery is the fair ornament of living, but not its substance, and as well think to feed upon rose leaves or sonnets as upon vistas and landscapes. There are many lovely haunts that are worth visiting once a year, which no man in his senses would think of choosing for a dwelling-place. All the essentials and comforts and graces of life should be carefully considered before we fix our habitation, be it for the whole or part of the year; and he who in any point breaks the rule of plain good sense will before long pay very dearly for his mistake.

Estimating as highly as we do the relation sustained to nature in a judicious mode of living, we do not forget that man is the highest fact of nature, and no place is desirable that cuts us off from the society of worthy and intelligent men. Paradise itself would be but a disguised prison if its groves and gardens sheltered a corrupt race, and the bloom of nature but pampered a rank and disgusting sensualism, as in many a tropical island. Our cities, indeed, abound in every form of vice and crime; yet it will not do to take it for granted that the country is wholly free from human depravity, or that the absence of city refinements and luxuries implies the presence of sylvan simplicity and purity. We probably think as highly as any person of the average industry and correctness of our best rural classes, yet we can not indulge in the Arcadian dreams of some of our friends, who seem to think that residence decides character, and green fields and soaring mountains can charm all selfishness and perversity away; that every farmer must be such an Aristides in justice as never to drive a hard bargain or tell a crooked story; and that every farmer's daughter must be a Diana alike in the elastic bound of her step and the pure flight of her fancy. They who go into the country with such anticipations will be sadly disappointed, and may come back with their rosy dreams sadly wilted. Yet a little common sense will soon correct the misapprehension, and enable us to appreciate the genuine excellence of our country neighbors, by allowing them to be themselves, instead of insisting of making them to be somebody else according to the figments of our brain. We must remember that in their principal relation to nature their point of view is generally the reverse of ours. When we go into the country we generally go for enjoyment, and we look upon nature with an eye to pic-

turesque views and invigorating rambles. Our farming neighbor may have as much mind as we have, and perhaps more, but in the warm season when we are most likely to see him, he has something to think of quite different from sight-seeing or pleasure-seeking. He is at work in a great factory, the soil being his workshop; plants, manures, air and sunshine and rain, being his materials; and spade, hoe, rake, scythe, etc., being his implements. He is as much a manufacturer as if engaged in a tan-yard or brick-yard, or bleaching or cotton mill; and we have no more right to ask him to quit his work to play the poet or dilettante with us than to ask any other manufacturer to quit his business point of view to humor our idle mood. Then, again, there is another aspect in which the cit meets the countryman to the disadvantage of the latter's good name as a man of liberal views. We go into the country to spend money at the very time when country people are of necessity bent on making money; and thus when we are most ready to play the gentleman they are most tempted to play the catchpenny, on account of their hard labor and the demands upon their purse for current expenses. This circumstance, added to the fact that money is always comparatively scarce among an agricultural people, gives the idea that they are parsimonious, while in their own way they may be as liberal as any class of people, indeed often more ready than the city gentleman to give time and take trouble to serve a neighbor or friend in case of need. Looking upon their life in this way we shall not wonder at their frequent want of beautiful taste and financial generosity, but on the other hand often, in view of their solid intelligence and enlarged ideas of affairs, we shall be rather surprised that a calling so hard and confining as theirs is united with so much high humanity.

In our relations with men in the country we must of course be content with a narrower range of character, and be willing to unite breadth of territory with limitations of society. We there have fewer associates to choose from than in the great city, and must expect to make up for the absence of city excitements either by the healthful round of rural pursuits or the tranquil delights of books and meditation. To persons of a studious habit rural retirement is marvelously favorable to reading and study, and while libraries are scarce the appetite for them abounds. While the bustle of the city may better give the writer or orator his immediate inspiration in view of an immediate popular effect, the country is more favorable to continued thought in companionship with choice books. There the door-bell is not always ringing in visitors of every hue and name, nor does the indefinable restlessness of the million penetrate like an omnipresent atmosphere into every nook and cranny. The very absence of this restlessness, however, is a great source of discomfort to those who like its tingling stimulus, and desire nothing so little as to be left to the blank of their own meditations. This fact explains in part the discomfort that

most families find in the members of their kitchen cabinet during their country seasons. We are not aware how much we all feel the influence of the multitude about us, and the invalid in his chamber, or the student at his books, near the heart of the great town, feels its quick pulses without being aware of it. When in more quiet scenes this atmosphere of excitement no more surrounds us, and its place must be supplied by some other stimulus or a sad vacancy comes. He who carries with him into the country some absorbing purpose, some master passion or idea, will not be troubled by such vacuity, for silence and nature give him the opportunity and material for maturing his thoughts or brooding over his emotions. He peoples solitude out of the boundless wealth of his fancy, and the landscape becomes to him a pictorial album which he writes over with the colors and shapes of his own memory and love. But when there is no such richness of experience, and an ordinary mind is left to the companionship of Nature, her company soon becomes irksome; and as soon as the novelty of the scene ceases the exile from the great crowd begins to long for the familiar excitement, and to indulge in all kinds of morbid humors and uncomfortable repinings. Even to minds of average gifts it is too much to expect that rural scenes will be sufficient inspiration until they have in some measure prepared themselves for the study of nature by learning those lessons of thought and feeling from human society of which the sights and sounds of nature become the written alphabet and the eloquent mementos. Thus we believe that Wordsworth, the great high-priest among our modern Druids in the worship of nature, could never have written the "Excursion" unless he had first lived an emotional life in the world, and carried with him to Rydal Mount and to Windermere the thoughts and feelings that longed for a due material of expression; and so it was that the poet wrote out his full mind and heart upon skies and groves, and flowers and lakes, as the sighing swain writes his love upon birch bark, not so much finding his inspiration as his tablet in the tree. What, then, must be the temper of a commonplace prosaic nature, when taken from society and shut up in the woods, without the poet's fancy, the hunter's zest, or the explorer's daring? The scenes soon become utterly wearisome, and many a youth or maiden would give the whole wilderness of birds for one note of a favorite prima donna, and take more delight in a saunter down the gay thoroughfare of the city than in the free range of the richest meadows. This consideration in part explains the great and increasing difficulty of securing adequate domestic service in the country. Servants rarely have the tastes that enable them to enjoy fine scenery; and, moreover, their occupations are such as to leave them little liberty to roam the fields and hills. Whatever may be the cause, the fact is certain, that they will not go into the country if they can help it; and the majority of them, especially of the women, seem to prefer the

heat and crowd of the town in mid-summer to the shade and quiet of green fields. It must be remembered, indeed, that in country houses the conveniences of housework are usually of an inferior kind; yet this does not account for their reluctance, as they will often prefer to drudge in an ill-furnished household in the city to being in the best-appointed family in the country. The explanation is to be found mainly in social causes, in the absence not only of personal friends and associates, but of that great tide of electric excitement which constantly flows in the city, and which seems to be almost essential to thousands who find no finer current of electricity flowing between them and nature. We have known very good servants become the prey of all sorts of glooms and discomforts in rural homes that give constant health and pleasure to the family. What the matter with them is they can not tell; but the fact that they yearn to go back to the burning pavements and suffocating air of the town, and often insist on going back, is proof that they have not learned to live in comparative loneliness, and that they pine like sea-fish in a pond when taken from the great ocean of people among whom they have lived. The intelligence offices are so well aware of this reluctance of servants to leave the city that they ask an especial bounty for the exceptional cases; and any one who is familiar with our country towns must be aware that there is a constant tide of servants setting from the country to the city at the very season when the rural districts have most need and offer the best rewards.

This practical instance not only illustrates a familiar domestic experience, but helps us toward understanding the influence of town and country relatively in developing the higher traits of humanity. We need no labored argument to show that the country does not of necessity give simple manners and beautiful tastes, and the town does not of necessity sophisticate and debauch its residents. Without running any sharp parallel between the evils that most abound in the two spheres, we may profitably consider the advantages characteristic of each, especially in favoring the best qualities of manhood. It will not do to repeat the old saw, "God made the country and man the town;" for it is neither true nor pertinent, for there is much in the country that man made, and much in the city that God made. We allow that rural life most clearly exhibits the economy of nature, and that the round of a single year under the open heavens must impress any person of decent perceptions with the marvelous range of natural objects, powers, and elements, and their marvelous harmony with each other and with the industry and well-being of man. Yet material nature is by no means the highest plane of creation, and the mind is, under God, master of the material world. "Two things there are," said Immanuel Kant, "which the oftener and the more steadfastly we consider fill the mind with an ever-new, an ever-rising admiration and reverence—

the *starry heaven* above and the *moral law* within." In the comparison between these two objects the philosopher, accepting both as gifts from God, sets the higher estimate upon the latter, and reads a deeper lesson in humanity from the moral law than from the starry heavens. Now while we allow that the starry heavens shine most clearly upon homes away from the smoke of towns, and many a worthy cit must be at considerable trouble to get a glance at the open sky, no such limitations attach to the moral law, but the conscience of man and the spirit of God have never been strangers to crowded streets. Nay, it might be shown with considerable force that the most marked religious demonstrations have been in cities; and with old Jerusalem and Antioch and Corinth and Rome before us, we can not allow that the best quality of man must needs be exiled from the great metropolis. Where men most congregate, there, of course, human vices most abound, and so, too, human virtues. Who will deny that religious art, eloquence, instruction, literature, benevolence have put forth their fairest fruits in cities? And if the country gives the prerequisite health, and sometimes the calm study and the patient training, it is generally the city that supplies the most kindling motive, that has given the Chrysostoms, Massillons, Latimers, and Channings their electric fire. True indeed it is that great thinkers, like Edwards and the Port Royalists, can better mature their thoughts in comparative solitude; but it is equally true that their thoughts tend toward populous communities for appreciation, and that even those recluses who have made retirement their boast have generally lived in close connection with the great centres of civilization, not even a hermit of Lybia being indifferent to the thought that the princes of the Church honor his self-sacrifice, and the universal city of God already treasures his name in her archives.

We are aware that this way of speaking of city life may seem paradoxical to readers who have been in the habit of regarding a metropolis as necessarily a sink of corruption, and of regarding innocence, and even piety, as the easy and spontaneous growth of the virgin soil. But history and the very nature of things are on our side, and amply show that great centres of population gather to themselves their due share of intellectual and moral strength and excellence, and that they who wish to find an effective safeguard from city temptations will find it in the best society and best institutions which every good city affords. A character of weak sensibility may be safer in the village, where few temptations exist, than in the town that abounds in fascinations; but a character of a high-toned purpose, able to say No to enticement, bent upon laying hold of whatever is good and true, and impatient of leisure and its weariness, may be safer where art, letters, society, and business are in the highest perfection, and every true seeker may find what he is seeking for. The heroes of history have needed numbers to give them fire and material. Moses saw God in the bush in

Horeb, but it was among his own people before Pharaoh's court that he was moved to speak the redeeming word and break the oppressor's rod. Mohammed learned to be a seer in the cave of Hera, but he needed Mecca and Medina to make him a hero. We need not multiply examples to show that, while retirement favors meditation, the presence of numbers favors active energy, and if solitude may quicken the thoughts, society braces the will.

In venturing these passing thoughts upon country life, we are well aware that in America no sharp line of demarkation can be drawn between various classes of people, and that local as well as social distinctions are constantly running into each other. The farmer's children do business or find husbands in the city, and the grandchildren may be upon a farm again. No small portion of our population live on the border, between the rural and urban districts, either by their suburban residences or by dividing the season between the city house and the country. It is well that there is this interchange of interests, and that our farms and our markets are in so many ways both social and financial, finding out their mutual and benign relations. Writing as we do from the city, we take pleasure in urging our friends near at home to shun the too frequent narrowness of our too artificial life, and to see more and enjoy more of our rural neighbors and their pleasant abodes. It is well for every city family of moderately affluent means to own a place, larger or smaller, in the country, and accustom the children from the beginning to the simple delights and bracing exercise of the farm and its surroundings. We may be told that a house and grounds may be had when they are absolutely wanted, and it is time enough for a man to think of going into the bush when he is worn out and can not do better. He can surely do far better by not being worn out, and by using such timely recreation as to secure health and spirits alike to himself and his children. If he defers his rural pleasures until old age he will have no taste for them, and he will find that retirement, instead of continuing to him familiar satisfactions, will open to him new and annoying cares. How much wiser for a family to spend most or all of the summer upon their own cherished acres, than to be crowded into some noisy hotel at the springs or the sea-side, amidst follies and excitements that more than repeat the dissipations too frequent in the winter of city fashion! The walks, rides, sails, the work that is play and the play that is work, in a free and easy country place, under good management, will do wonders for the health as well as the spirits, and promise to our too puny girls and boys something of the good old-fashioned robustness with a due share of modern grace and refinement. Then, too, the financial side of the subject is important. If, for example, instead of venturing all in feverish speculation and spending uncertain gains in extravagant living, our enterprising business-men, in their prosperous seasons, would lay aside from their business a few thousand dol-

lars, and secure to their families a snug country place, how much surer their present health and their exemption from future shipwreck! There is a harbor for a storm, and when misfortune or death comes, there is a home for the family, full of happy remembrances and future resources. How many sons, who spend their substance, if not in riotous living at least in hazardous business, would tell a very different story if their five, ten, or hundred thousand dollars of patrimony had been put into a good farm instead of being risked in trade; and the last two or three years afford instances more than can be numbered of worthy young men who have lost their all in business without knowing what has become of it, the whole having vanished without leaving a house or acre, or tree or rock as a remembrancer.

The more we have of country residents who carry social arts and refinements to their homes the more we shall see of a truer agricultural life, and the less we shall be left in a puzzling maze between the superfine artificiality of the town and the unrefined naturalness of the field. Our sons and daughters will be freer to enter upon their great patrimony as heirs of all that God and humanity has given them of the beauties and riches of art and of nature.

THE LOVERS' QUARREL.

A BRILLIANT and cloudless summer day was rapidly drawing to its close, although the sun was yet some two hours high in the heavens, when Elinora Templeton, the young and beautiful daughter of a Southern millionaire, stood, thoughtful and alone, beneath the marble colonnade which fronted her father's stately summer home. Before her lay spread out a landscape of almost unequalled loveliness, resplendent in all the beauty of early summer. Stately trees towered above her head in the solemn grandeur of their leafy magnificence, and here and there, through the dim green vistas of their arching branches, might be seen the soft sheen of the brimming lake just purpling in the flush of the departing day.

The slant rays of the setting sun, pouring a gush of soft green light through the dancing leaves, and kindling into brighter bloom and fresher fragrance a whole wilderness of flowers at her feet, might well have won an hour of silent musing even from one so young and gay. But Ellen's thoughts were evidently not of *them*; for her changing color, and the rapidly varying expression of her mobile features, told of a subject of deeper and more exciting interest. The day had been unusually clear and cool, but she tossed back the sunny ringlets which clustered around her brow, as if her glowing cheeks and fevered temples needed "the breath of the sweet southwest" to still their wild throbbing. For a few moments she stood thus, as if irresolute, with her hand resting upon the balustrade, her earnest eyes fixed upon the fast receding figure of a young man who was passing hastily down the avenue, and a smile, half sad half scornful,

trembled upon her red lip; but whatever the feeling was, the expression of it passed away, and drawing up her lithe figure to its full height, with a flashing eye and a laugh that was not mirth, she sprang lightly to the gravel-walk below, darted another keen and rapid glance down the now deserted avenue, and then passed hastily on in the opposite direction.

Her path lay among grounds cultivated with unsparing taste, and now blooming in all the prodigal beauty of summer. The setting sun had tinted every green leaf with golden hues; the flowering shrubs sent up a breath of living fragrance as she passed them; and as she bounded on in her seemingly untiring gayety, with her blue eyes answering the laughter of the voiceless flowers, and her lip sending joyously back the gay carol of the birds above her, a casual eye might have marked her as a thing of joy and gladness—a fitting figure in Nature's gay surroundings. But a more attentive observer might have read, in the slight contraction of the arched and delicately penciled brows, and an unwonted tremor of the small, beautifully formed mouth, indications of a restlessness of spirit which sought alleviation in a restlessness of motion, and feelings that, all-tumultuous as they were, accorded but ill with the wild gayety she had assumed.

Still she bounded on, now pouring out wild snatches of sweet old melodies, now playfully catching at the blossoms above her head, until, at an abrupt turn in the winding path she was pursuing, she reached a small and rustic cottage, whose low, vine-hung roof was scarcely discernible amidst the surrounding verdure. Passing through the little thicket of roses and acacia-trees, whose overgrown luxuriance half hid the white walls they were meant but to shade, Ellen sprang with light step across the low threshold, and uttered her playful salutation in *Irish*. The person whom she thus addressed, and apparently the sole occupant of the picturesque little dwelling, was an aged and respectable-looking Irish female, whose appearance betrayed a mind and habits somewhat superior to the rank of life to which her dress denoted her as belonging. She was advanced in years, but Time had passed lightly over her; and although age or care had silvered the locks which escaped from beneath her snowy, wide-frilled cap, there was yet much of the beauty which belongs to calm old age, in the mild, thoughtful brow, over which those silvery locks were combed with exact precision, in the strongly marked and regular features, the deeply earnest though partially dimmed blue eye, and the tall, erect, but attenuated figure.

"Cead mille faltha! Ellen ma-vourneen, a-cushla ma chree!" she said, in answer to Miss Templeton's playful greeting. "And you *are* welcome, indeed, child of my heart," she continued, as with native or habitual courtesy she rose to receive her nursling. "Ah! you *are* welcome, darling, with your sweet voice and the dear words of home; for you come beneath my roof like the blessed sunbeam, to cheer the old

heart round which life's evening shadows must soon be gathering."

"Ah, Rosa! if I were *indeed* the sunbeam," said the young lady, tenderly, as she seated herself on a low bench at her nurse's feet—"if I were indeed the sunbeam, no shadows should ever enter here. But alas! dear nursie, I am but a poor type of the sun, for I have only the *will*, not the *power*, to bless."

"You are wrong, Miss Ellen, dear! Ah! you are wrong now, darling; see there, now, aren't you ungrateful and unjust to be saying *that*? for as we are told that the sun, all light in himself, pours out upon other worlds the light and heat he received from Him who made him—so, too, do you, darling, all joy and gladness in yourself, freely share with others the many blessings which it has pleased His mercy (and blessed be His holy name for it!) to make your own cup run over!"

Miss Templeton turned aside her head, and her brow contracted as in sudden pain; for her heart sunk with that undefinable feeling of dread which misplaced congratulations ever awaken when untold grief or unatoned wrong are brooding with shut wings in the inmost recesses of the spirit. But she rallied her feelings with strong self-command, and raising her head, with a look of playful reproof, "Come, Rosa," she said, "I think you are serious, if not actually *sad*, to-night. What is the matter with you? Come, brighten up, if you would not have me grow serious too. Ah! you can smile at the thought of *my* being grave and serious. There! take up your knitting again; and now, tell me one of your dear old stories of the times long ago."

"And *what* shall I tell you, Miss Ellen, darling? What have I to tell that you haven't heard a score of times before this day? What shall it be, my pet?"

"Oh! I don't care, Rosa! any thing you choose. Tell me of your own dear Ireland: you know I am never tired hearing of that; so tell me of Ireland—and of Castle Mosney—and my grandfather—and the people—and the Banshee."

"Ah! no; *not* of the Banshee, Miss Ellen, a-cushla!" said Rosa, gravely; laying, as she spoke, her wan and shrunken fingers fondly upon Ellen's white and jeweled hand. "Ah! not of the Banshee, dearest; for it's the forerunner of woe, and death, and parting! It's bad luck to be naming the Banshee's very name. God stand between us and harm! and keep her and her gift of broken hearts far enough from you and yours, Miss Ellen, darling!"

"Do not call me 'Miss Ellen' to-night, Rosa," said the fair girl, laying her head upon her companion's knee as she spoke, while the slow tears swelled unbidden into her sad eyes. "Somehow it sounds *cold* to me to-night. I would rather hear you call me by my pretty Irish name. Call me 'Nora,' as you used to do long ago, when I was a little child, and sat upon your knee. Ah! I can remember well when, though papa called me Ellen and Elinor, you and dear mamma al-

ways called me 'Little Nora.' Call me so to-night, Rosa. It seems to me, when you call me *that* name, you *love* me better. Oh! call me 'Nora' to-night, as dear mamma used to do."

"She *did* then!" said Rosa, speaking with strong Irish accent; "and do ye mind it *yet*, ma-vourneen? Look at that, now! And I thinking ye'd disremembered it long ago! And sure, it's ye have the good right to be called so, if ye choose it, darlint! for it was yer own blissed grandmither's name, dearie—Honor— and it's the pretty name it is!—(Honor, some calls it; but *we* always called it Nora.) And whin ye wor born yer mither wanted ye called for *her* mither, and why *wouldn't* she? Sure, she was the only mither she iver had in all her born days, and not a one daughter but jist herself to be kaping up the mither's name; and yer grandmither—she wor of the right sort too (Heavin rist and kape her!). Ah! she wor of the good old stock, yer grandmither was; and for the matter of *that*, then, why ye might go the wide world over, from aste to wist, where iver foot wint, and sail over its broad says, from the one end tull the t'other of 'um, and take yer pick of all the grandmithers that's in it, and ye'd find not a one *she'd* need to be behoulden to for the good word! Yes; and sure, wasn't it but *natheral* her own daughter *would* want to call her baby afther her? But, ye see, *yer pa*, he didn't like it; he wouldn't just go agin yer mither in *ony* thing—for she was his heart's delight, and the vary apple of his eye—but he didn't love any thing Irish, *but jist her*; and so, betune 'um, they kind of Englishified it off, and called ye Elinora, for his mither's name was Ellen, and they put the two together—Ellen-Nora; and so, ye see, yer pa he used to call you Ellen, but your ma and I *we* always called ye 'Little Nora'—it sounded more home-like to us. Sure, and do ye mind it *yet*, darlint?"

"Why, Rosa," said Miss Templeton suddenly, looking up with an amused smile into the face of her old companion, "why, nursie dear! do you know that you are talking as broad Irish as you can talk? What would papa say to *that*, I wonder?"

"I believe I *was*, then, Miss Ellen," said Rosa, joining good-humoredly in the laugh, though at her own enthusiasm, and speaking again in good, clear English. "I did not know it until you spoke; but I believe I *was*. And it is no great wonder if I did," she continued, with a quiet sigh; "for I had been sitting here all alone with my knitting, and just thinking—thinking—of the old times; of dear old Ireland, and of them that's dead and gone; and of your own dear grandmother most of all. And just then yourself came in, that's the very image of her, and speaking the dear home words; and what wonder if, for a moment, I lost all the long years that have come and gone, and forgot my fine English, and felt and talked once more as if I was still little Rosa Malone, playing in the dear old terraced gardens at Castle Mosney?"

But *do* you remember all that, my Little Nora? I thought you had forgotten it long ago—and do you remember it *yet*?"

"Remember it? yes, indeed, Rosa! I remember it perfectly. I think I never forget any thing concerning dear mamma. Ah! Rosa, if she had only lived! Oh, how much I need her *now*!" she said, as, drawing a small miniature from her bosom, she kissed it reverently, as a Catholic might kiss his *reliquaire*, while the long gathering tears rolled slowly down her young cheeks; and then, holding it up before her companion's eyes:

"Dear mamma!" she continued, in a low tone of almost plaintive tenderness. "Do you think, nursie, that I look like her?—papa thinks I *do*."

"Not to-night, Miss Ellen, certainly," said Rosa, regarding the picture with tender reverence in her turn. "*Sometimes* I think you do; but to-night I scarcely know you. To-night you are not like her; you are not like your grandmother; you are not like even yourself. What is it, Miss Ellen? Tell *me* the trouble, my Little Nora! Ah, there's many who love you, rich and poor; but no one that loves you better, or has loved you so *long*, as old Rosa!"

Again poor Ellen's heart and eye quailed before the point of Rosa's unintentional and random shaft; and this time the fondly-attached nurse saw and marked it. She looked at Ellen earnestly, and long affection had taught her to read every turn of that expressive face.

"I heard your voice, dear," she said, after a moment's pause, "as you came through the grove; but you were singing, not talking."

Ellen was busily adjusting the roses in her belt, and did not answer.

"Were you *alone*, darling?" continued Rosa, passing her hand caressingly over the shining curls which drooped over her lap.

"Quite alone," answered Ellen, but without looking up; and she added, in low tones, "Am I the less welcome to you, Rosa?"

"No, Miss Ellen, dear; not less welcome, surely. But you have taught me of late to expect another with you. And where is *he*, dearest?"

"If you mean Mr. Raimond," said Ellen, raising her head and looking proudly and defiantly in the face of the anxious inquirer, and speaking with affected coldness, "he has walked out in another direction, Rosa."

"Mr. Raimond!" repeated Rosa, musingly. "Last night it would have been 'dear Horace!' Miss Ellen, darling, this is not right. Why is he not with you?"

"Because we each preferred to walk alone. Is that so very strange, Rosa?"

"Ah! it is as I feared, then," said Rosa, sadly. "And you have parted in anger. Oh! my darling Miss Ellen, do not speak so coldly and scornfully. Ah! you know not what you are doing. Consider, dearest. He loves you—I know he does; and the slightest word of apology from you—"

"*Apology!* Rosa; and from *me?*" said Ellen, drawing herself up proudly. "You talk wildly, indeed! No, *my* part is to *forgive*; and the apology, like the offense, must come from *him*, not from *me!*"

"Nay, but, Miss Ellen, it is woman's place to yield, not man's; and if Mr. Raimond—"

"Rosa!" interrupted Miss Templeton, pettishly, "I think Mr. Raimond has usurped *my* place in your affection. The time *has been* when you would not have thought any one right who had grieved or offended me. Is Horace indeed so dear to you?"

"He *is* dear to me, Miss Ellen," said Rosa, firmly, but respectfully; "*very* dear. But I have not forgotten that I first learned to love him because he was dear to you. He *is* dear to me—deservedly dear, Miss Ellen; and I am sorry not to see him here to-night; but more, far more, for your sake than my own, for I feel you are persisting in wrong. Oh! my darling, if you only knew—"

"Rosa!" said Ellen, rising proudly, "I will spare us both a conversation so little agreeable. There are bounds even to the influence you have obtained over me, founded, as it was, in childish affection; and I can not submit to be thus harassed with reproof, even by you."

"Miss Ellen," said Rosa, meekly, while tears gathered in her mild blue eyes, "forgive me if my love has led me too far; forgive me if I have presumed too much upon *yours*; but do not speak your first unkind words to Rosa, now that her days are almost ended."

"It is *you* who are *unkind*, Rosa," said Ellen, resuming her seat, and hiding her tearful face on Rosa's lap. "I do not think you love me as you used to do. The time *has been* when in all my little troubles I came to you for advice and comfort, and *found* it, too; when, if vexed, you would soothe—if dull, amuse me—till the tears were turned to smiles, and my heavy heart was lightened. But to-night I came to you singing and happy, and you have roused me to tears and anger."

"Then you *were* happy, dear, to-night?" said Rosa, looking furtively in the face of her nursing. "When you came here, you *were* happy and light-hearted then?"

"We must part now," said Ellen, rising again; "we must part now, Rosa, but not in anger." And she held out her hand. "I do not know why it is, but I can not talk to you to-night. No, I was *not* happy when I came, Rosa, and I fear I shall never be happy again, since those in whose affection I have treasured up my whole heart can coldly turn traitors to the trust. Good-night, but not in anger, Rosa. I will see you again to-morrow. Good-night."

"Nay, Miss Ellen; leave me not, darling. Forgive me, and leave me not thus. Do not be vexed with one whose love has been yours from the hour of your birth. Stay, if it be only to prove you *have* forgiven me. Let us speak no more of Mr. Raimond—I have tales enough of days gone by. Yes, stay," she added, as the un-

usual cloud passed from Ellen's brow, and she re-seated herself, with a tearful smile, at Rosa's side; "yes, stay, Miss Ellen dear, my own Little Nora; and if you'll like to listen to the story of old Rosa's life, maybe it will not be told you in vain."

"*Your* life, dear Rosa? Do I not know it all? Have you not told me all about it a hundred times? How you came from your own dear Ireland with mamma, when she married, and lived with her until the day of her death; and do I not *know* how, from that hour to this, you have been to me the best and kindest of nurses? Oh! *more*, far more—my friend, my comforter! Surely, dear Rosa, I know it all."

"Not *all*, Miss Ellen, not *all*," repeated Rosa, solemnly, as she laid her trembling hand lightly on Ellen's clustering curls; "not *all*, my darling. You may have heard that, being your grandmother's foster-sister, I was much at Castle Mosney, and that she, my own dear young lady, shared with me the blessing of the good English education she received; and how, after her death, and the death of my own poor mother, I lived at the castle, and was your own sweet mother's attendant, and on her marriage left my own country to follow her to her new home here; and how upon her death-bed she gave you into my arms and bade me be true to her motherless little child, for the love of them that were gone. But ah! this is not *all*, Miss Ellen; and there are none now living who could tell you all but me. You have often heard *these* stories of old Rosa's life, and your loving heart will not let you forget them; but you do *not* know the sad story of her earlier years—of her sin and her repentance. Ah! woe is me that I live to be telling it!

"I was younger *then* (in the time of which I am about to tell you) than you are now, Miss Ellen, for I was but just sixteen, when I loved and was beloved again. You can hardly think of your old Rosa as having *ever* been young and gay, can you? But I *was*; and a more joyful creature treads not this fair earth than I was then. You are young, and gay, and *thoughtless* too, *sometimes*, darling; but you are gentle, even in your wildest moods, compared with what I was then. I was *more* wild, *more* gay, *more* thoughtless; and worse—oh! far worse—I had a restless pride of heart and stubbornness of temper which you have not—an evil passion which withered and consumed the better feelings of my nature. Alas! it was my destiny, my ruin, and my curse!

"You have often thought, I dare say, Miss Ellen, that no one ever loved like you. It is a natural thought. But your love is not deeper or more tender than mine was. I was but a child in years, and young in mind, but mature in heart. I loved with a tenderness a woman only can feel; but I trifled with that tenderness with the thoughtless folly of a child.

"I need not try to say to you what my Felix was. He was the son of your grandfather's steward, and of course a little above me in station, and, like me, he had had the advantages of

education; in my sight *then* he was all perfection; and even *now*, looking back through the long run of years which should, and I trust *have* brought me some wisdom and experience, I can recall in him but one fault; he had the same unbending stubbornness of will and purpose that I possessed. Alas! it was doomed to destroy our life's hopes!

"We had often had those little differences and disagreements which are so common to all who love (for we are all selfish beings at the best, and the very excess of our love renders us exacting, as if the gift of our whole hearts could only be repaid by total devotion); but upon the occasion of which I am now to tell you, our quarrel had reached a height to which it had never before attained; our subject of dispute (for I can never forget it) was a very trifle; yet from a cause too slight to name two fondly attached hearts were steeped in bitterness. It was an evening mild as this, but it was later, for the full moon was shining on us both as we stood at the gate of my mother's cottage. Yes! the bright moon was shining and the quiet stars; and the deep hush of nature should have taught us a lesson of quiet and repose, but our hearts were steeled against their blessed influences by deep and burning pride.

"I had promised to join some of my young friends in a party to the woods the next day, and I now proudly declined Felix's offer to go with me, and my own hand closed between us the little gate which had never parted us before without a loving, prolonged, and often repeated 'Good-night.'

"Surely, Rosa,' said Felix, proudly, as he drew up to his full height, and turned his flashing eyes full upon me, while his cheek crimsoned and his lip trembled, 'you do not mean to forbid my going with you to-morrow?'

"I have no power over you, Felix,' I answered, coldly and carelessly, 'I neither forbid nor bid you; and it's little you would mind my bidding if I did; but I think we shall be more like to find happiness if we seek it in different paths;' and oh! Miss Ellen dear! I said it with a bitterness which far outweighed the words.

"And we *will* seek it in different paths, if you think so,' he said; and turning suddenly from me he darted down the hill and was out of sight.

"Ah! *then*, in one moment I felt, for the first time, the whole extent of my folly and madness; my pride gave way, and I could have knelt to him for his forgiveness; I called him back—it was too late—he was beyond the reach of my voice. His home lay at a distance from mine, and I dared not follow him, for it was the hush of night, and I was alone, unprotected, and timid. Ah! would that I *had* dared all the dangers my fancy could call up before I stifled the warning voice which bade me follow, and forgive, and be forgiven! Better, far better to have met and braved them *all*, than the life-long repentance which neither time nor tears have had power to wear away. 'But I will see him to-morrow,'

I said to myself; 'I will seek him and tell him all; he shall not be thus vexed with me to-morrow.'

"I went at last to my room, to my bed; to my pillow I shed the contrite tears, and poured out the supplication which should have been made to him, and soothing myself with the thought of my intended reparation, I sunk at last in an uneasy sleep. But the shadows of night passed away, and with them passed my short-lived penitence. If the stillness and loneliness of night had taught me a thrilling lesson of humility and forgiveness, there was security in the broad eye of day, happiness in the glad sunbeams; and my proud heart rallied again. I now looked upon my alarm and my contrite tears but as a childish and midnight terror, and laughed at my own weakness; I could no longer brook the idea of asking forgiveness—to *grant* it was my part; had Felix not been as hasty and as much to blame as I? I would *not* seek *him*, I would wait until he sought *me*; he would surely come, there could be no doubt of it! Yet it was as much in doubt as in hope that I watched the path or listened for his well-known step. Two hours passed on, and still he came not; another, and there were footsteps hurrying on the path, but not his. It was the young party with whom I had promised to spend the day, and they came to claim my forgotten promise. It was with a heavy heart that I met them, and told them I could not go; but my excuses were in vain—they more than guessed the cause of my refusal, for they had been no strangers to the commencement of our quarrel.

"What's the use?' at last said Kate O'Neal, the youngest and gayest of the party. 'She will not go; ye might as well try to turn the tide! Jist say "Good-day" and be laving her; it's grieving for Felix she is; and more's the pity: and wud he do as much for her, think yeez? No, indeed! not to me own knowledge: and sure it's ye might learn to live widout seeing him one day at least, Rosa Malone; for it's not this day ye'll be seeing him!'

"And who told you that much, Katie?' I said.

"Faith, and if it wasn't *himself* I don't know who it was, any way. Don't open yer eyes so wide on me, Rosa; nobody didn't tell me, but did not I see him mesilf, wid the two eyes of me, and he going down to the beach wid Mike Daily and our Pat, and the three wid lines in their hands, and wouldn't I *know* it was they was going a fishing? It needed no ghost to tell me *that*, Rosa Malone.'

"You did now, Katie?'

"I *did* then.'

"Oh, no, Katie! you must be mistaken, or you are but joking.'

"Joking, is it? and it's no joke at all, but the ra'al thruth. Ah, sorrow then! but it's a poor joke to ye, Rosa, that puts such a pale face on ye; shame of ye, to be jist fretting yerself for an idle boy that way! Come out into the woods now, and we'll have the good day, and ye'll get

a red cheek to show him, and not that pale one to make him think ye cared more for him than he did for you.'

"Bad as this advice was, Miss Ellen—and I knew at the time that it *was* bad advice though kindly and thoughtlessly given—still I followed it, for I was stung with the thought that Felix was indifferent to my love; and the one hope of playing back upon his heart the cruel game he had played upon mine triumphed over every better feeling, and I went out with heavy heart but a gayer smile than any of the party. But ah! how can I tell you of the length, the agony of that long summer day, compared with which my past night of suffering had been nothing; for then my feelings were at least natural, and were freely indulged; but now they were unnatural, and driven into the course from which they most revolted.

"I dared not relax for one moment in my unholy and fearful mirth; for I felt the full tide of repentance would rush in and break down all the barriers I had so labored to raise against it, and during all that ill-omened day my song was the gayest, my laugh the readiest, and my mirth the wildest, of all that mirthful band.

"At length, fairly worn-out by my own wild and unnatural merriment, I proposed to return home; but my proposal was rejected by the merry party, whom my own mad folly had roused up to a degree of excitement unusual even to them. And when, having in vain exhausted all other arguments, I turned to point to the descending sun, I saw him sinking into a heavy mass of vapors. But I pointed to the threatening clouds in vain; they had not the same sickening dread to quicken their apprehensions that I had, and they saw in the heavens only the indications of a summer shower. But, kind hearted even in their wildest moods, their reluctance at last gave way before my earnest entreaties, and we turned our steps homeward.

"The day had been warm, but it was now *sultry*, almost to suffocation; the long grass lay unswaying at our feet, and there was no breath of air to lift the dark masses of clouds which hung lowering above our heads, as if sent to shut out the fair green earth from the blessed light of heaven. The slightest leaves hung motionless upon the branches, and the panting cattle stood, with outstretched necks, mute and still, amidst the universal hush. It seemed to my excited feelings as if Nature herself stood still in that dreadful silence, waiting, in breathless terror, her doom from the hand of the Almighty!

"Still we hurried on, and the first large heavy drops of the coming storm fell upon my forehead as we reached the hill which commanded a view of my home, and of the water where all my earthly hopes were floating. The little skiff was hovering upon the very outermost verge of the water. The sight broke upon all of us at once, and a wild cry told the horror of my companions. 'Felix! and the boys! Oh, Mother of Mercy! oh, Holy Saints! be pitiful to us!' and they hid their faces in their hands. They could not look

upon that sight, but *I* could; though heart and brain reeled my eye was steady, and it was fixed upon that little boat as if its gaze could send forth safety.

"It was evident that the hapless little crew had perceived their danger, and were making desperate efforts to reach the shore. The dark lake was calm and waveless as melted glass—there was no wind nor tide to bear them on, yet the little vessel sprung forward with giant speed. There were strong arms and stout hearts upon the water, for the quick, regular stroke of the oars came to my ear amidst that deathlike silence like the strong, deep beatings of a sleeper's pulse. Nearer they came, and nearer. I could see the little boat bound almost out of the water at each heave of the oars. Nearer, and nearer; and I could distinguish my Felix in the tall figure which guided her. Two moments more and the shore would be reached, and I flung my arms abroad in gratitude and joy. And then—then—*then* came the red bolt, searing both heart and eye!—the thunder!—and the fierce rushing of the whirlwind! It lashed the waters into fury; rocks shivered, trees bent before its might; and when I looked again the quiet lake was white with the foam of waves, and the lately sleeping waters heaving and writhing like the struggles of some dying monster."

"And Felix? Oh, Rosa! your Felix?" sobbed Ellen, convulsively clinging to the old woman's knees, and hiding her face upon them, as if to shut out the answer she sought yet dreaded to hear—"your Felix, Rosa?"

"My Felix"—solemnly replied Rosa, who in the brief pause had regained her habitual self-command—"my Felix was swept from my sight forever! He had found his grave beneath those troubled waters, and the two hearts that had loved each other best on earth had parted at variance! No forgiveness was asked or granted, and the awful seal of death was placed upon our childish quarrel! Yes, Miss Ellen, darling! we parted in sinful anger, and that parting was—forever!"

A deep sigh, echoing Ellen's convulsive sob, betrayed that Rosa had had another listener; and a young manly figure crossing the apartment, knelt at Ellen's side, and drew her tenderly toward him.

"My children," said Rosa, after a solemn pause, as she rested her withered hands fondly on the bright young heads which bent before her, "for your dear sakes—most of all for *yours*, 'my Little Nora,' child and grandchild of those I loved and honored—I have now recalled the story of my life's woe, which for more than fifty years has never passed my lips. I had hoped it would die with me; but if it shall serve to warn from sin and misery the two beings she loves best on earth, the story of old Rosa's life will not have been told you in vain."

The dear, silvery moonbeams had succeeded the brilliant sunset when Horace and Ellen returned from Rosa's cottage. Ellen's bounding step of pride was changed to a slow and loitering

pace; the wild laughter of her eyes had been quenched in tears, but the light that now shone in them was peaceful and calm. Instead of wild bursts of song the tones which trembled on her lip were low and plaintive, yet they were pleasant words, for they told the termination of the lovers' quarrel.

THE BLIND PREACHER.*

ON a bright summer afternoon, one-and-thirty years ago, a boy of five years was playing with a companion in his father's garden in Philadelphia. The slant sunbeams threw long bars of light and shade over grass-plot, flower-bed, and graveled walk. The air was filled with the balmy odors of the tall Lombardy poplars, whose stately pillars appeared to the child to reach to the sky. Very lovely seemed to him the evening then; more beautiful seems it to him now in memory: for it was the last time that the brave show of light, color, and form was to be manifested to him upon earth. A single blow was now to blot out the celestial beauty of the outer world from the sight of William Milburn.

He was standing unperceived behind his playmate, who was in the act of flinging a bit of glass or an oyster-shell. As he threw back his hand the sharp missile entered the left eye of young Milburn, cutting a deep gash just below the pupil. Then followed days and weeks during which the child lay with bandaged eyes in a darkened room where no one moved except with stealthy steps, or spoke except in subdued tones.

At length he was brought into a room where the sunlight streamed through the window; though it seemed dimmer than of old, he had never been so glad to see the light. Several men were present; all were strangers except the family physician, a tall, stern man, with a cold, clammy hand and unsympathetic voice, for whom the boy had always felt an instinctive fear and dislike. It was a consultation of surgeons who had been called in to examine the wounded eye. They said that the cut was healed, and that the scar must be removed by the application of caustic. The child could not then know what was implied in the words, nor will he describe how fearful was the fiery torture that followed the application.

Then came another long imprisonment in the darkened chamber, at the close of which he was again brought into the presence of the doctor. No wonder that the boy thought him an enemy come to torture him. He shrank from him, and shrieked to his father to save him. The doctor, irritated by his cries and opposition, caught him, held his body fast between his knees, forced his head roughly back, opened the eye, and rudely thrust the fiery caustic into the delicate organ. It was as though a live coal which could not be quenched had been deposited in the wounded

eye. Inflammation attacked the other eye, raging in spite of all that skill and kindness could do.

Two years of imprisonment in the darkened room, with perpetual dosing and drugging, with bleeding and leeching and cupping, followed. So sensitive was the child's system that the most rigid diet was prescribed. No animal food, nothing which could entice the appetite or stimulate the frame, was allowed. Plain boiled rice, varied by *mush* without milk, was the only food permitted. "Was not this a sad way," he writes, "for a child to spend his life between the years of five and seven?" Yet this dreary life had its alleviations. His faintest cry was never unheard by his mother, who watched him with such constant care that during those weary months the bandages about his temples never became dry. And after the sharpness of agony had given place to a dull, constant pain, there was every day a happy hour when his father, released from the toils of business, took him upon his knee and told him pleasant stories, or read to him from the Book of books. So the boy began to think of God as his friend and father, and the thought was as a great light shining in the thick darkness.

Two years passed, and the confinement came to an end. The boy could go out and stand under the free sky. But the outer world was scarcely more light than that darkened chamber had been. It seemed as though a curtain was drawn between him and the day. The delicate hues of flower and foliage, the brightness of stars, and the diviner light which shines from the human face, had faded away from him forever. The sight of the left eye had wholly gone—burned out by the fiery caustic so brutally thrust into it. The inflammation in the right eye had destroyed the transparency of the organ, except in one spot, hardly larger than the point of a pin, through which the light could enter. This transparent spot was so minute that it could be discovered only by a close examination. Yet the optic nerve which lay behind this opaque curtain was so keenly sensitive to the light that for many years the boy was obliged to shut himself up for weeks in his darkened chamber to avoid the glare of the sunlight in summer, or its dazzling reflection from the snows in winter.

The fragment of an eye which remained to him did noble service to its owner for twenty years, until, sadly overtaken, it at length gave way. The light which found its way through the minute transparent point was enough to show, in vague and shadowy outline, the general forms of surrounding objects. Before his accident Milburn had learned to read; now, shut out by his infirmity from the active sports of his fellows, he was forced to seek compensation in other directions. He found means to use the fraction of an eye for the purpose of reading. Placing a shade above, and pressing a finger beneath, so as to admit the due quantity of light, and bending over till the eye almost touched the page, a small space, not larger than one's nail,

* *Ten Years of Preacher Life; or, Chapters from an Autobiography.* By WILLIAM HENRY MILBURN. Published by Derby and Jackson.

was clearly visible in broad daylight. He was thus enabled, literally letter by letter, to bring the words within the range of his vision. By this process, slow, yet persistently followed up, the contents of many a precious volume—"the precious life-blood," as the greatest of all blind men writes, "of a master spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life"—was transferred to a most retentive memory, and in after years became materials to be wrought up by a vivid imagination into other forms.

The father of Milburn was a thriving trader in Philadelphia. In the great financial storm of 1837 his fortunes were wrecked, and he emigrated to "the West," which, twenty years ago, meant the State of Illinois. At Jacksonville, in that State, he took up his residence, and began life anew. The family residence was at first a small house originally intended to consist of two apartments—a room below and a loft above. The former was now divided into three parts by thin partitions. In that growing country female servants were not: the great German and Irish exodus had not begun, and native women were in too great demand for wives to be willing to engage as "helps" in other households. So each family was compelled to perform its own domestic labors. Whatever might be the aid given by husbands and sons, the main burden of these lay upon wives and daughters. Hence arose the sorrowful Western proverb: "It is a good country for men and horses, but it is a hard one for women and oxen."

Young Milburn was installed in the two-fold capacity of assistant to his mother in housekeeping, and to his father in trading. In the morning he rose before daylight, kindled the fire, put on the kettle, prepared the coffee, and set out the table; he then hurried to the store, lit the fire, swept and dusted the premises, then returned home to breakfast. During the day he performed by turns the duties of clerk and domestic: alternately making beds and measuring molasses; moulding candles and dusting rooms and dealing out sugar; compounding soft soap and counting out eggs. Yet there were precious moments of leisure, when, seated on the door-sill or by the window, or bending over the counter, he could patiently pore over some favorite volume. Books were not wanting, even in that new country; and whoever had them was glad to lend them to the half-blind student. One man in the village had personally known Irving and Paulding and Longfellow. This made him an object of almost reverence to the young enthusiast. He could not speak to him without stammering and blushing; and every word that he uttered seemed oracular.

The boy longed to know something of the master spirits who had spoken in other tongues. The elementary classic works were placed in his hands. The lessons were laboriously conned in the store and recited at school; and in time he was entered at the college. Here he had almost passed through the regular four years' course when his bodily strength gave way. The bent

posture in which alone he could read had so seriously affected his breast and spine, that the physicians declared that he must either forsake his books, mount a horse and live in the open air, or die. So he gave up his youthful dreams of a life of contemplation and scholastic seclusion, to enter upon the new career which had been silently shaping itself for him.

The house of the elder Milburn in Philadelphia had been a home for the Methodist preachers. Hither came the fathers of the denomination—venerable men in straight coats, long vests, white cravats, and broad-brimmed hats; grave in demeanor, as befitted those whose chief concern was with eternal things; yet kindly and cheerful, as becomed men who had found their proper work in life and had performed it manfully. The half-blind boy was never so happy as when listening to the stories, sometimes tragic, sometimes pathetic, sometimes humorous, of their labors and toils and perils. To his imagination they became—as indeed they were—heroes and paladins.

The family carried with them to the West this veneration and affection for the heroes of Methodism. As soon as they were able to take a house with a "spare room" this was set apart as the "prophets' chamber." Here were often seen the sturdy pioneers of Christianity in the West—the heroes of the "saddle-bags." When the history of our country comes to be truly written, these men will take rank with the heroes of the "rifle" and the "axe" as the founders of our great Western Empire. If the West has sprung at once into civilization without passing through a state of semi-barbarism, it is owing, more perhaps than to any other cause, to the labors and perils of these men. They laid hold of the luxuriant growth of humanity springing up so rankly from that rich soil, and ingrafted upon it the scions of civilization, culture, and religion.

Mr. Milburn, in this autobiography and elsewhere, has given a gallery of sketches of the Methodist worthies of the West. There is the famous Peter Cartwright, whom the Milburns heard on the first Sunday after their arrival at their new home. They saw a strange figure come striding up the church aisle. It was that of a man of medium height, with enormous bone and muscle, and though his iron-gray hair and furrowed brow spoke of years his step was yet firm and vigorous. His face was bronzed by exposure to the weather. He carried a white Quaker hat. In lieu of robe or surplice he wore a dressing gown of gaudy calico, the long unwadded skirts of which lifted to his armpits floated behind, disclosing nether garments and shirt dyed brown with copperas. Unclerical as he looked, he was a man worth seeing. He had been a backwoods preacher for forty years. He had traversed the country from the Gulf to the Great Lakes. He had made his bed in the marshes of the Mississippi, the canebrakes of Kentucky, and beneath the drifting snows of the prairie. He had encountered perils of every kind; cold and hunger, storm and tempest, the ambush

of Indians, and the assaults of white desperadoes still more savage. He had preached in the mansion of the planter, the cabin of the slave, the wigwam of the Indian, and the hut of the emigrant. He had stood on outskirts of civilization welcoming the tide of immigration to the woods and prairies, breathing hope into the ears of the dying, comforting the survivors, and taking their children into his arms. He had confronted wickedness, rebuked vice, preached holiness, and in every way leading the flock of which he had been appointed overseer by an authority which required confirmation by no imposition of episcopal hands. His knowledge of books, save one, might have been slight; yet he appreciated their value, and during his ministry, which, not yet closed, covers a period of sixty years, he introduced more books than any other man into the Western country. But he possessed qualities which, for a pioneer preacher, were worth more than all the learning of the schools—keen perception of human nature, a sagacity rarely at fault, unflinching courage, and a thorough devotion to his work. With a voice capable of every modulation, with quick sympathies, keen wit, and ready humor—with the poetic power to create his own vocabulary or to seize upon the genuine idiomatic words and phrases of the people, he was an orator fitted to rule the Western heart. The quaint and eccentric side of his character has been presented in an amusing volume, and many more might be made up from the anecdotes and incidents of his life; but those who know him best will hardly accept this as an adequate sketch of the famous Presiding Elder of Illinois.

He was the type of the Pioneer Preachers—graduates of the "Brush College," as Mr. Milburn styles the Methodist "circuit." Not a few men of profound culture have been graduated from those Brush Colleges.

"How is it," some one once inquired of Peter Cartwright, "that you Methodists take so many men from the plow, the forge, and the carpenter's bench, and in a few years make excellent preachers of them without sending them to a college or theological seminary?"

"We old ones," replied the veteran, "tell the young ones all we know, and they try to tell the people, and keep on trying till they can. That's our college course."

Among these Brush College graduates of whom Mr. Milburn makes grateful mention is Chauncey Hobart, whom he styles his "father in the Gospel." Born in Vermont, he emigrated to the West while a boy; became a backwoods farmer, was converted by the early pioneer preachers, joined the ministry; and amidst the toils of an itinerant life found time so far to make up for the defects of his early education, that he became well-read in books as well as in the deeper volume of human nature. Tall and stately, with a magnificent head and noble presence; with gifts and graces that would have rendered him eminent in a metropolitan pulpit, he chose to forego wealth and fame that he might be among

the foremost to preach in the cabins of the wilderness. "From him," says Mr. Milburn, "I received the first satisfactory instruction in the art of preaching."

Of a still higher intellectual type was one who began to preach at the age of sixteen years, having never received three months' schooling. A nobler man morally, intellectually, and physically, never trod this continent. Such was his rare personal beauty that he was known as the Apollo of the West. His noble presence and graceful movements so set off the homeliest garb, that the brethren shook their heads gravely, saying that "it wasn't in him to be a preacher, he looked so much like a dandy."

"Henry, my son," said an old Methodist, "why don't you try to be like a preacher, and look like a preacher? You'll never be worth shucks while you live."

"I don't mean any thing by it. I can't help the way I look. I am just the way God made me," was the modest reply.

"No you ain't. You *can* help it. Dress better, and don't look so much like a fop."

"I have to wear the clothes that are given to me. You know I have no money to buy new ones."

"If that's all," responded the senior, "it can be soon fixed. Will you wear a suit of clothes I'll have made for you?"

"Any thing in the world."

"Then I'll make you look like a preacher."

In due time the suit was made, of material and shape homely enough to satisfy the donor. They were placed in a thicket of bushes, which the young divine was instructed to use as a dressing-room; and the old man awaited with high anticipations the appearance of the youth, clothed modestly as befitted his office. At length he appeared. The old man could not trust his eyes. Was this magnificently attired man, who came up with noble stride, the one who was to be transformed by tailor's skill into his ideal of a Methodist preacher? Were those the garments that were to work the change? He looked again. It was even so. There was the coat of copperas-colored homespun, cut in the most orthodox, straight-collared, shadbelly style, with vest of due length, and nether garments of proper fullness to match. The tailor had done his part, but it passed his skill to make the young Apollo look ill-dressed. Turning on his heel, the old man muttered in disgust,

"Tut, tut, boy! There's no use in the world of trying to do any thing with you. You look more like a dandy than ever you did in your life."

We need not detail the subsequent life of this man: how he was sent to the wildest and rudest fields; how bravely he bore hardship and endured peril; how, for example, in a single twelvemonth he traveled 4000 miles, preached 400 sermons, and how at the end of the year he found that his whole salary, in cash and kind, amounted to just twelve dollars and ten cents: how, moreover, during these years he was a dili-

gent student, poring over books of theology and science, of literature and philosophy, in his own and other tongues—studying in the woods by day, and in the night by the pine knots flickering on the settler's hearth; how in time he became a Bishop of his Church and President of a University, and was pronounced by Henry Clay the most eloquent man whom he had ever heard. Such was the career of Henry Biddleford Bascom.

Of one more Western Methodist preacher we must make mention; partly because Mr. Milburn, in his *Autobiography*, gracefully acknowledges his own great obligations to him; and partly because to his pen our readers are indebted for many of the most thoughtful, eloquent, and suggestive papers that have graced the pages of this Magazine. Of him it hardly becomes us to speak except in the words of Mr. Milburn. We must premise, that at the age of five-and-twenty, the blind preacher having enjoyed an amount of popular applause that might well have turned the head of a young man, had been stationed at Montgomery, Alabama. Here, eking out his own defects of vision by the aid of his wife, who patiently read aloud to him hour after hour, he had plunged into a sea of transcendentalism "and mysticism."

"Zoroaster and Aristotle," he says, "Plato and Bruno, Thomas Aquinas and Duns Scotus, Des Cartes and Leibnitz, Kant and Fichte were honored as the greater luminaries of my firmament. I adopted Germany as my Fatherland, discarded cigars, smoked a meerschaum, talked learnedly about Goethe, and became a thorough Teuton in every thing but lager beer. I was disposed to believe that, excepting Shakspeare and one or two other books which had been favorably noticed by the German critics, the English language contained very little worth a scholar's regard. . . . I became a transcendentalist of the supra-nebulous order, and yet I was a Methodist preacher, whose one business it was, or should have been, to teach the people righteousness. . . . I was as severe as my candor would permit upon priestcraft and hollow symbols, and waxed awfully eloquent upon cant and shams, but I was particularly profound when I reached the regions of the subjective and objective, the 'me' and the 'not me,' and no doubt Sir William Hamilton would have been charmed could he have listened to my subtle distinctions between the reason and the understanding. . . . I claimed fellowship with Homer, Dante, and Shakspeare, and became great by talking about their greatness. I studied books on architecture, painting, and music, and dilated much upon æsthetics and the dynamic forces of the divine idea which reproduced themselves in the terrestrial forms of art. My poor parishioners loved their wives and children, their neighbors and friends, horses and cattle, with a hearty and homely love, and thus our spheres were wide apart as the planets. Alas! alas! for the blatant, the worse than Pharisaic egotism of transcendental shallowness and sophistry. All this while I thought myself an idealist, and folded the mantle of my superiority about me as I looked with ineffable indifference upon the mundane cares and joys of society; yet was I nothing better than a babbling fool, deluded with self-conceit and intoxicated with weak tea, made by steeping the leaves of a so-called ecumenical philosophy in the liquid of a high-sounding and oracular vocabulary. One comfort grows out of this 'Phase of Faith' (?), to wit: 'the burned child dreads the fire.'"

Carlyle became his prophet, and *Sartor Resartus* his Bible. He had gone through the "baphometric fire-baptism." The "Everlasting Nay," the "Centre of Indifference," and the "Everlasting Yea," were as familiar to him as

the commonest everyday object. If a man had read *Sartor*, and enjoyed it, he was his friend; if not, they were strangers. Since then he has learned to read Carlyle with a less feverish enthusiasm, but with a more genuine appreciation. "He did me harm," says Milburn, "but he has helped me to far more good. With all his defects, to me he stands first among the men of his generation."

"About a year and a half after my removal to Montgomery," writes Mr. Milburn, "it happened that I was invited to attend the funeral of a prominent citizen. A discourse was to be delivered by one of my brother ministers, whose name I had often heard, but with whom I had no acquaintance. He belonged to the Methodist Protestant Church, between which and our own there was little or no intercourse. Besides performing the duties as pastor of a small congregation he was the principal of a large female school. I had heard it incidentally said that he was a man of considerable cleverness, and withal of a poetical temperament. Nothing, however, that I had heard concerning him had excited the slightest interest, or awakened the desire to form his acquaintance. I therefore entered the church to attend the funeral service with no feeling save that of sympathy for the bereaved family. The minister announced his text, and in a rather tremulous manner proceeded with his introduction. The language was accurate, the style chaste, the thought striking and profound. 'Borrowed!' said I to myself, 'and no credit given; but he will find his own level presently.' The critic sat intrenched in his indifference, awaiting the catastrophe which must terminate this Icarian flight. But the catastrophe did not come, and the critic was driven out of his strong position, and admiring wonder soon gave place to tears and a heart suffused with the glow of a religious emotion such as had not been experienced for many a month. As I left the church I felt that I had never listened to so wonderful a preacher, and I think so still, after having heard most of the renowned pulpit orators in England and America. It was as if upon the copious diction, the calm, elevated philosophic thought of Channing had been ingrafted the vital energy and evangelical fervor of John Wesley. Yet it is hard to say wherein his special power lies; there is such a harmonious blending of gifts and grace. Allowance must be made for a bad voice, the result of a diseased throat; and for a self-distrust which amounts to the shrinking timidity of a girl. His strength is in the tongue, for he speaks incomparably better than he writes—the magnetism of a listener is essential to his full inspiration. His intellect is athletic as it is subtle, delicate as it is strong. But for me the charm of the man lay in his genuine, unaffected piety, his rich experience of the deep things of God. In him reverence was profound as the source of life, yet without the slightest shadow of superstition. Faith seemed to have wrought its highest results in his character, and to have become the evidence of things not seen, the substance of things hoped for. His love toward God and man showed itself in unflinching obedience to the divine law, and in a tender regard for his fellow-beings, which took all the shapes of compassion, forbearance, toleration, courtesy, sympathy, benignity, as personal relations required. But I am anticipating, for I did not come to all this knowledge of the man at once. After the discourse in question I inquired of a number of persons if this was his usual style of preaching; for, notwithstanding that my doubts as to the genuineness of the production had been laid, my surprise could not but vent itself in an occasional query. I was answered that he always preached as well, and usually better. Thereupon I fell into a great disgust toward the people of Montgomery; for they did not appear to have discovered that they had one of the greatest living preachers among them. As I lay weltering in my chaos, it looked as if God had sent an angel to succor me. I therefore went to him at once, and said, 'If thy heart is as my heart, give me thy hand.' From that time until I quitted Montgomery a part of almost every day was spent in his society. Such was the commencement of my acquaintance with Andrew A. Lipscomb, whose influence over me, together with that of Chauncey Hobart and

Thomas Carlyle, forms the most significant and important chapter of my mental history during these ten years."

For the sake of presenting together some characteristic types of Western Preachers, we have anticipated the order of events. We return to the time when the blind boy—for he was scarcely eighteen—broken in health and dispirited in heart, with great fear and trembling accepted the responsibility laid upon him by his Presiding Elder, and joined the ranks of the Methodist ministry.

He was provided with a fine horse—for a Methodist circuit-rider, whatever he may lack, must be well-mounted. His canonicals consisted of a stout suit of blue jeans, with leggings and a skin cap. A pair of saddle-bags, filled with books and clothing, and an umbrella were strapped behind the saddle. A heavy rain set in on the first day; the preacher raised his umbrella; the horse, thinking perhaps that a man who was too effeminate to endure a rain-storm was not fit to be his rider, set off at a furious gallop. Away went umbrella and away went the horse. When he was disposed to slacken his gait his rider flogged him to the top of his speed; seldom away from the race-course has five miles been more quickly accomplished. The young exhorter lost his umbrella, and never attempted to use one again while riding the circuit; but his horse had found a master, with whom he never again attempted to run away.

After due trial as an exhorter, Mr. Milburn was received as a preacher, and appointed to a circuit containing thirty "preaching places," mostly the log cabins of the settlers. Four weeks, involving a ride of three hundred miles, were required to make the round. Besides preaching every day he was expected to visit each member of the society for the purpose of conversation upon spiritual matters. Here began our young preacher's training in the "Brush College." Let us look at the course of study:

He rises early, and after devotions with the family, breakfasts usually by the light of the pine-knots blazing upon the hearth, and at sunrise is ready for the labors of the day. Having fed and groomed his horse, he has an hour or two for study before starting for the next station, five, ten, or twenty miles distant. During the busy season the week-day congregations are composed mainly of the aged sisters. As he approaches the station he overtakes a group of these, knitting and smoking as they walk. Greetings are interchanged, and they proceed together, talking of the concerns of the neighborhood, the affairs of the church, and the spiritual experience of each. The preacher "puts up" his horse, and, saddle-bags on arm, approaches the house, where the good-wife is ready to welcome him. The hour for service arrives. The hymns and prayers are gone through in due form, as punctiliously as though the audience consisted of a thousand persons instead of perhaps half a dozen aged women. His morning's study and the ride have given him opportunity for thought and reflection, and standing by the fire-place,

with a chair for a pulpit, he proceeds with the sermon. If, as not unfrequently happens, he has warmed with his theme, he can hear one good sister, seated with her pipe in the corner, after the close of the services, saying to another, "Our young preacher is a powerful peart little fellow, isn't he?" This backwoods criticism, translated into more euphonic phraseology, is equivalent to "An eloquent sermon," "A profound discourse," "An able and masterly argument."

While dinner is preparing, the good dame produces a dish of berries or a tin cup filled with nicely frosted persimmons for the delectation of her guest. Then follows the meal of "hog, hominy, and pone," or fried chicken and biscuit yellow with saleratus, and a cup of "seed-tick coffee." The remainder of the day is passed by the preacher in study, meditation, or pastoral visits. As evening draws on the men and boys return from their labors in the field, and after a substantial supper, a general talk, and evening prayers, all prepare themselves for bed. Mattresses are spread upon the floor, and all—men, women, children, and preacher—stow themselves in some mysterious manner in one room. Sometimes, indeed, there is a kind of loft, where, among odds and ends, broken tools, piles of potatoes, and strings of onions, a bed is made up for the exclusive accommodation of the guest. Mr. Milburn learned, however, to prefer the common room, for in his upper chamber he not unfrequently found himself drenched with rain or covered with snow which had found way through the crevices in the roof.

The course of study in "Brush College" embraced a great variety of subjects. The student had to become familiar with all the landmarks, roads, and "short cuts" from one station to another; to make himself acquainted with the names, circumstances, and characters of every man, woman, and child in his circuit; to learn to eat any thing, and upon occasion nothing; to sleep wherever night found him; to ride all day in the rain, and preach in the evening without changing his clothes. "Billy, my son," said an old preacher, who might be considered one of the Faculty of the institution, "never miss an appointment. Ride all day in any storm, or all night if necessary; ford creeks, swim rivers, run the risk of breaking your neck or getting drowned; but never miss an appointment, and never be behind the time."

Whole days were sometimes passed in a solitude as deep as that of the African deserts. Yet the student found no lack of subjects for study. The voice was to be trained and cultivated. Large portions of the Bible and Hymn-Book were to be committed to memory, for, blind as he was, his public reading was really a recitation of passages learned by heart. As he rode along through the forests or over the prairies, he would check his horse, and slowly con over a text or a verse, to be repeated aloud until it was firmly fixed in the memory. Then there were sermons to be thought out; and many a discourse was at

first preached to no other audience than his faithful horse, who apparently listened with unflagging interest, laying back his ears to catch the words of doctrine.

At the end of the year the young preacher had traveled on his circuit nearly 3000 miles, most of the distance on horseback; but during the summer, when the Illinois bottom was overflowed, his appointments were reached by canoe, over a temporary lake nine miles wide, the water standing ten feet above the road over which he had been accustomed to trot. He had received his full salary of one hundred dollars, besides sundry presents of shirts and stockings from the good sisters.

He now visited St. Louis to obtain medical advice respecting his eye, which was rapidly growing worse, notwithstanding the general improvement of his health. He had but fifteen dollars, just enough to pay his board for five weeks. Unable to read at night, and with scarcely an acquaintance in the city, the time passed heavily. Many a time he wandered out into the rain and darkness, and listened to the sound of pleasant voices and merry laughter from cheerful homes. He had come to his last dollar, and was sitting in his chill, bare apartment, wondering what was to come next, when an invitation was brought to him to take tea with the family of a distinguished lawyer. After an evening passed in pleasant discourse, he was rising to take his leave, when his hostess, with genuine Virginian warmth, asked him where he was going.

"To my lodgings," was the reply.

"These are your lodgings," said the lady; while the host, taking both hands in his, added, "This house is your home as long as you will stay in it. Yonder is your room; your trunk is already there."

Nine months were passed under that friendly roof. Its owner was a man of varied culture, and an accomplished reader as well as brilliant converser; and he took delight in reading to his blind guest the words of the great masters of our English tongue. The darkness which fell thicker and thicker upon him after some painful operation, was lit up by the light shed from their immortal pages. But cupping and leeching and puncturing and probing were of no avail. After a stay of ten months, Mr. Milburn returned to his Conference, reported himself as effective for service, but more nearly blind than ever.

That ecclesiastical body had in charge a College, and wished to found a Female Seminary; or rather, they wished to induce the people of other sections to support these two institutions. Mr. Milburn was selected as an agent to induce the people of the East to furnish the funds. At Cincinnati, where the experiment was begun, the results were far from flattering. The people were not nearly as well convinced as was the agent of the necessity of a College and Seminary in Illinois; or, at all events, if they were so necessary, they were clearly of opinion that the inhabitants of that State should support them.

After three weeks of constant preaching, the agent had not collected enough to meet his own expenses. He must go to some more promising field, or at least to one whose promise would be more productive.

Paying his last cent for his fare, he set out for Wheeling. Among the passengers on the boat were a number of Members of Congress, on their way to Washington. Many of them were men with whose names the young preacher had long been familiar. To his surprise and indignation he found that not a few of these Congressmen swore like pirates, played cards day and night, and drank incredible quantities of villainous whisky. Sunday came, and a deputation of the passengers requested Milburn to preach in the cabin. He gladly consented; for he had a message which must be delivered. The three hundred passengers were assembled. The chairs nearest to the preacher on either hand were filled by the honorable gentlemen whose profanity, drunkenness, and gambling had so stirred his spirit. At the close of the discourse came a "practical application" for their special benefit to this effect:

"I understand that you are members of the Congress of the United States, and as such you are, or should be, the representatives not only of the political opinions, but also of the intellectual, moral, and religious condition of the people of this country. As I had rarely seen men of your class, I felt, on coming aboard this boat, a natural interest to hear your conversation and to observe your habits. If I am to judge the nation by you, I can come to no other conclusion than that it is composed of profane swearers, card-players, and drunkards. Suppose there should be an intelligent foreigner on this boat, traveling through the country with the intent of forming a well-considered and unbiased opinion as to the practical working of our free institutions—seeing you and learning your position, what would be his conclusion? Inevitably, that our experiment is a failure, and our country is hastening to destruction. Consider the influence of your example upon the young men of the nation—what a school of vice are you establishing! If you insist upon the right of ruining yourselves, do not by your example corrupt and debauch those who are the hope of the land. I must tell you that, as an American citizen, I feel disgraced by your behavior; as a preacher of the Gospel, I am commissioned to tell you that unless you renounce your evil courses, repent of your sins, and believe upon the Lord Jesus Christ with hearts unto righteousness, you will certainly be damned."

The preacher retired to his state-room to ponder over what he had said. He came to the conclusion that every word was true, and was demanded by the occasion. Come what might, he would stand by what he had said, and abide the consequences. He was aroused by a knock at his door. A gentleman entered.

"I have been requested," he said, "to wait upon you by the Members of Congress on board, who have had a meeting since the close of the religious exercises. They desire me to present you with this purse of money, as a token of their appreciation of your sincerity and fearlessness in reproving them for their misconduct. They have also desired me to ask if you will allow your name to be used at the coming election of Chaplain for Congress. If you will consent to this, they are ready to assure you of an honorable election."

Mr. Milburn consented to the proposal. The Members of Congress went on to Washington. He remained at Wheeling to preach. But the sermon on the boat was far more remunerative than all his labors at Cincinnati or Wheeling. He was chosen Chaplain, and the money which had been presented to him paid the expenses of his journey to the capital.

The two years of Mr. Milburn's chaplainship were an important period of his life. His official duties were light. The two chaplains have merely to open the Houses with a brief prayer every day, and preach one sermon in the Representative Chamber on Sunday. He had leisure for reading, observation, and intercourse with the great men and noble women who, notwithstanding all that is said to the contrary, are found in our national capital. Of the great men who for a generation had been most conspicuous in the Senate, all save one still filled their seats. Mr. Dallas presided over this august body with rare dignity and grace. Of his high-bred courtesy Mr. Milburn gives a characteristic anecdote. The two Senators from Arkansas pronounced the name of their State differently. In recognizing them upon the floor Mr. Dallas never failed to say, "The Senator from Arkansas," or "The Senator from Arkansaw," according to each Senator's mode of pronunciation. Benton yet sauntered about the Capitol, every now and then delivering one of his characteristic speeches, bristling with facts and statistics; M'Duffie, bearing in his body the bullet which, received in a duel, had consigned him to a life of suffering, tottered wearily along the Chamber. But of the great "triumvirate" one had taken his final leave of the Senate. Clay had resigned his seat, disgusted with the chicanery and intrigue which had substituted Harrison for himself as the Presidential candidate of his party, losing for him the last chance of attaining the honorable goal for which he had so long and worthily striven. The great head of Webster, however, with the massive brow beetling over the dark, cavernous eyes, still dominated from his accustomed seat; and he yet occasionally vindicated his old renown by one of his speeches, weighty in thought and majestic in expression, or charmed all listeners in private circles by his boundless stores of learning, wit, and humor. Calhoun yet paced the corridors, engaged in earnest converse or buried in thought, or standing in one of the narrow aisles, grasping a desk on either side, poured forth his Cassandra-like vaticinations. Of these, and of the worthies of a still earlier date—Randolph, Macon, and Jackson—Mr. Milburn has recorded some striking anecdotes, current in the capital, but hitherto unrecorded.

Of the rising men in Congress two—both young, and both at that time members of the House—seemed to the young Chaplain worthy of special note. These were Stephen A. Douglas, of Illinois, and Alexander H. Stephens, of Georgia. No two men could offer a more striking physical and mental contrast. The member

from Illinois presents a massive head, mounted, with scarcely any visible neck, upon a stout, ungraceful trunk. The ponderous brow, sunken eye, and firm set jaw, betoken determination and courage; but when in repose his features give little promise of the fiery declamation, dexterous logic, and readiness in debate which he has at command. As he sits, one supposes him to be of fully medium height; when he rises, his stature hardly reaches that of a woman. The epithet "Little Giant" precisely describes his appearance. He looks like a man of six feet cut down to five feet four. Ten years before his first election to Congress he had walked into the town of Winchester, Illinois, a slender youth of twenty, with just three "York shillings" in his pocket. In three days he earned six dollars by acting as clerk at an auction sale, and made himself so popular that he found no difficulty in opening a school within a week. He had previously read a little law; now by day he taught his "forty pupils, at three dollars a quarter;" in the evenings he read a few borrowed law-books, or talked politics in the village store. His Saturday's half-holiday was usually spent in pleading some case before the justice of the peace. In four months he received his license, began the practice of his profession, and entered at once upon his public career. At twenty-one he was appointed States Attorney; at twenty-three he was a member of the State Legislature; at twenty-four, Register of the Land-office. Before he had reached twenty-five he was nominated for Congress, and failed of election by five votes. This was his first and, thus far, his only defeat. At twenty-eight he was elected Judge of the Supreme Court. At thirty he was again nominated, against his wish, for Congress, and succeeded by a majority of 700; and was twice re-elected by majorities of 1900 and 2900. He did not, however, take his seat in the House at this last term, having been in the mean while elected to the Senate.

Some years since Mr. Douglas, for the first time, revisited his native State of Vermont, and attended a Commencement at Middlebury College, to enter which as a student was the summit of his youthful ambition as he worked in a mechanic's shop within sight of its halls. He was called on for a speech. "Vermont," said he, "is my native State. I am proud of having been born there. It is a noble State [cheers]—one of the noblest States in which a man could be born [renewed cheers]—one of the noblest States in which a man can be born, I repeat, provided [tremendous cheers]—provided that he leaves it soon enough."

The enthusiasm of the cheering was somewhat diminished by this proviso; but it embodies a weighty truth. To give a man his highest development there is nothing like transplanting him to new scenes, and bringing him in contact with new men. It is a curious subject of study what manner of men Douglas, or Webster, or Clay would have been had they remained in their native States; or what Calhoun or

Randolph would have been had they emigrated to the West, and there found their political career.

Mentally and physically Mr. Stephens presents a marked contrast to Mr. Douglas. No one looking for the first time upon his slender, shambling figure, with the long, ungainly limbs, of full medium height while standing, but while sitting looking like that of a boy of fourteen—with the pale face showing the traces of life-long disease—or listening to his shrill voice—would dream that they belonged to the “most eloquent man in Congress;” a man of the most keen and decisive intellect, broad in comprehension, firm in grasp, and quick in perception, fortified by the most untiring industry. But when he rises to speak there is a hush of attention in the hall which shows that a man recognized as of no common order has the floor. The thin, almost feminine squeak with which he commences swells into a clear, ringing tone which fills the spacious apartment; the slight form seems to swell and dilate; the whole outward semblance appears transformed by the working of the mighty intellect.

Many have attempted to draw a parallel between Mr. Stephens and John Randolph of Roanoke. But the likeness is merely physical and external, reaching not beyond the feeble figure marked by disease, and the sharp, shrill voice. “Bodily infirmity,” says Mr. Milburn, “if it did not master Mr. Randolph’s will, soured his temper, and gave to his perfect diction the poison of wormwood, and to his spirit the gall of bitterness that verged upon insanity. Mr. Stephens has conquered suffering, and keeps himself strong and noble by entering heartily into the sweet charities of life. Randolph had scarcely a friend; Stephens has scarcely an enemy.” Mr. Randolph never omitted to speak when there was a chance for a sneer or a sarcasm; but it would be difficult to point out in any speech of his any thing which marks him as a statesman. “Mr. Stephens,” continues Milburn, “rarely speaks except upon an occasion which demands all his powers, and then after mature deliberation and a careful survey of his own position and that of those opposed to him; so that he is like a great general leading disciplined and well-concentrated forces to the attack; and so admirable are at once his instinctive and reflective powers that he seldom makes a mistake or suffers a defeat. He is a born leader of men, because his comprehensive intellectual nature is seconded and animated by his yet finer social nature.”

Mr. Milburn’s term as Chaplain having expired, he married the wife to whom he dedicates his *Autobiography* as “To one who for thirteen years hath been to me as a light shining in a dark place—my wife: through whose eyes I have been enabled to enjoy the world of nature, and with whose tongue I have kept company with the great and good of all ages.”

The account of his wedding-tour to the West, and of his subsequent numerous journeyings, abounds with anecdote and incident. He has

often been asked how he, a blind man, managed to travel alone. He answers this question as follows:

“I therefore set to work to educate my senses, thinking that if an Arab, an Indian, or a half-savage backwoodsman, could bring his perceptions to such precision, keenness, and delicacy, why might not I? It became a matter of pride to conceal my defective vision, to make up for the want of eyesight by the superior activity of the other faculties. The foot became almost as delicate as the hand, and the cheek well-nigh as sensitive to atmospheric impressions as the ear is to acoustic vibrations. By reason of the difficulties which encompassed it, traveling became an art, involving in its practice many elements of science. If I preserved the air and seeming of a man with two good eyes, my step had to be as cautious and well-considered as an Indian’s on the war-path; and my dislike of being recognized by strangers as partially blind was almost as great as his dread of detection by an enemy. Self-dependence delighted in obstacles. There was a pleasure in scouring strange regions alone; and although I have often had my face severely cut by thorny branches while riding through the woods, and was frequently obliged to hold my right hand in front of my face, the elbow extended to the right and the riding-whip to the left, for hours together, as a protection to the upper part of the person, fatigue and wounds were alike accepted as a part of the salutary discipline. Boarding a steamer in the middle of the river after night, by means of a yawl, or having descended a steep, slippery bank, with no assistance but from a cane, gave me quiet satisfaction. To roam about a strange city, and make myself master of its sidewalks, gutters, and crossings, and become familiar with all its localities, thus qualifying myself to become a guide to others, was a favorite pastime. There was hardly a large town of the country in which I did not know the shortest way between any two given points. Self-conceit was gratified when, on being introduced to people who had heard of me, they exclaimed, ‘Why, I thought you could not see very well!’ Mere walking was an intellectual exercise, and the mind found constant amusement in solving the physical problems which were ever demanding instant settlement; as, for example, given the sound of a footfall, to find the nature and distance of the object from which it is reverberated; or the space betwixt yourself and the gutter you are approaching; or, amidst the Babel of a crowded thoroughfare, to ascertain by your ear when it will be safe for you to cross, and how long a time the rush of hurrying vehicles will allow you.”

We have no space to follow Mr. Milburn, who had become almost totally blind, during his six years’ residence at the South. We have already adverted to that interesting episode in his spiritual history, his “Progress through Rationalism.” “Dubious questioning,” says Coleridge, “is a much better evidence than the senseless deadness which most men take for believing. Men that know nothing in sciences have no doubts. He never truly believed who was not first made sensible and convinced of unbelief.” He was arraigned before the Alabama Conference for heresy. His associates treated him not only with gentleness, but with marked wisdom. Time and experience, they said, would work the best cure. They were true prophets; and in due time he came back to a deeper and firmer, because thoughtful, trust in those truths of Christianity which he had learned at his mother’s knees.

His health gave way, and after various efforts to regain it, he was told by his physicians, in the summer of 1853, that he must go to the North or die. He obeyed, with a sad and heavy heart;

and leaving his adopted home, set out for New York. He closes this *Autobiography* with the following extract from his Journal:

"September 26, 1853.—This is the thirtieth anniversary of my birthday, and it closes the first ten years of my life as a Methodist preacher. The cry of a new-born babe, my fourth child, is heard in the house, and I feel myself almost as weak and helpless as an infant. In that sea of waters which threatens to engulf me there is nothing to which I can cling but the word of Him who hath said, Behold the fowls of the air. . . . Consider the lilies of the field. . . . Wherefore, if God so clothe the grass of the field, which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven, shall he not much more clothe you? . . . Take therefore no thought for the morrow; for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself."

And so it proved. With recovered health—but with constantly increasing blindness, which at length became almost total—he began that brilliant career as a preacher and lecturer which has made him known in every part of our country. There are few lyceum platforms upon which his slight, erect form has not been seen—from which his clear, melodious voice has not been heard. His training has been that of the speaker rather than that of the writer. His special study has been to train his mind so that it should work freely on the spur of the moment, and in the presence of an audience; to exercise the voice so that it should become the fit vehicle for conveying the thought and feeling of the moment; to discipline the body so that gesture and attitude should not offend those who possessed the sense of which he was deprived. Few who

were present at the "Publishers' Festival," held at the Crystal Palace in New York, in 1855, will forget the emotion which thrilled through the great audience when, turning to Irving and Bryant, who, though unseen by him, sat on either side, he tore from his forehead the green shade, and waved it aloft as though it were a triumphal banner, as he said:

"Could I have written the *Sketch Book*, almost every word of which I had by heart before I was eight years old, or could I have sung that ode commencing '*The groves were God's first temples*,' which I committed to memory in a saddle on a Western prairie—cheerfully would I go through life binding this badge of infirmity on my brow, to wear it as a crown; or groping in the unbroken darkness, so it were my Father's will, for the three-score years and ten of man's appointed time. But what though the sage's pen and the poet's song be not ours to utter and to wield? Is not the man greater than the author? Nor is theirs any ignoble lot who are called to learn, and to show that 'They also serve, who only stand and wait.'"

It is even so. What a true man *is* is worth more than what he *does*. The discourses of the Blind Preacher are eloquent; his *Autobiography* is admirable, even in point of form and expression; but its highest value consists in showing how bravely and nobly a man may endure a deprivation of the noblest of the senses; how by a resolute determination he may make the apparent loss a real gain; how he may grow wise, though wisdom be at "one entrance quite shut out;" and how he may be cheerful and hopeful even in darkness.

THE TEACHING OF DEATH.

I SAW my darling in calm slumber lying,
His still, pale face so beautiful in death;
So like sweet sleep, that, hushed from tears and sighing,
I looked and listened for his gentle breath.

His little hands, so white and thin, were folded,
Clasping the purest flowers that love could bring;
Never was marble in such beauty moulded—
God and Death only make so fair a thing!

I felt, in awe, that God and Death were present;
I felt the presence of the world unseen:
This life so poor, so vain, so evanescent,
And *that* so grand, so holy and serene.

I thought how God rejoiceth in his creatures,
How He must love the beauty He hath made!
Why should He suffer death to touch those features?
Why let such graces in the dust be laid?

Nay, but what affluence of power creating
Must be the Maker's on His kingly throne;
What consciousness of right, thus calmly waiting
For His own time to let His ways be known!

Yea, all the ills which in this life we suffer,
Yea, all the clouds which our sad hearts do raise
In those calm moments, only seemed to offer
Fresh reason for our confidence and praise:

Because He seemed so high, so wise, so holy,
 And we so ignorant of our own needs,
 Mistaking good for ill; I *thanked* Him solely,
 That so above us were His ways and deeds!

And in that room of death my soul drew nearer
 To the great presence of the things unseen;
 The deep, dark mystery of life grew clearer,
 Until on life and death I looked serene.

And looked serene upon that lovely sleeper;
 Kissed the pale face, which silently had taught
 That death and sorrow bring us knowledge deeper,
 And deeper joy than his dear life had brought.

So I gave up my babe's sweet, warm caresses,
 And laid him from my breast beneath the sod;
 My arms are empty, but my soul he blesses,
 And when I long for him I trust in God.

TWO MEN AND A WOMAN.

"One handful of their golden chaff exceeds our hoards
 of careful grain;
 Because their love breaks through their laugh, while
 ours is fraught with tender pain.
 The world that knows itself too sad, is proud to keep
 some faces glad." OWEN MEREDITH.

I.

ON a recent visit to a friend in the county of — for the purpose of making some historical investigations, I discovered, and obtained possession of, the following MS. It was accidentally disinterred from the depths of an iron-bound trunk, which contained numerous unpublished letters of Washington, Henry, Pendleton, Adams, and others; and I was at some loss to understand how it ever came there.

My host readily explained all. The author of the MS., whom I have called Henry Beauclerk from a disinclination to use real names, was a collateral ancestor of my friend; and from the window of the manor-house he pointed out to me the roof of a little mansion which had been the abode of the writer.

"That is 'Lebanon,' which you will find referred to in this paper, my dear friend," said the hospitable antiquarian. "I had completely lost sight of the MS., but remember its contents very well; and I think it will interest you. The writer was a gentleman of some distinction in his day, and is said to have been noted for great resolution and determination, masked under a singular gentleness and calmness of manner. The events here recorded occurred, I fancy, about the middle of the last century. The author was afterward a political and military leader in the Revolution, and enjoyed the warm friendship, I have heard, of many distinguished persons of his epoch. If you desire to make use in any way of the MS., pray do so, with simply a change of names and suppression of locality."

I gladly embraced this permission. The old yellow MS., on crumbling paper and in faded ink, seemed to me to present a real phase of life

and passion. Of this the reader may judge for himself.

.....Last night I had the heartache. 'Tis a terrible disease. Even to-day, when the sun is shining brightly, and the first birds of spring are singing from the lawn, an indefinable shadow—a sorrowful longing, as it were—possesses me.

It was in seeking for some old title-deeds in my private escritoire that I suddenly came upon a woman's silken belt—the sole tangible memorial which remains to me of one who changed the entire current of my life. I gazed at the worn and age-discolored ribbon with a sinking heart. This morning I am still oppressed. Shall I record the history which I refer to? It will be a bitter pleasure—a dangerous test of my strength. But I shall make the attempt. Perhaps some member of my house may derive benefit from the narrative when I am gone. Until that time no eye but mine shall rest upon it. So I begin:

My father died before I was born, and left my mother only the small manor-house of "Lebanon" here, with barely enough of land to supply the daily wants of our little household. I grew to early manhood almost without ever leaving home; nor did I wish to wander away. I managed our poor estate to the best of my ability; and thus reached the age of twenty-three without experiencing any desire to change my mode of life, content to be by my dearest mother in our country home. I had but one associate, a young gentleman of the neighborhood whose name was Charles Gateville. It was somewhat singular that I should have chosen him, or he myself, for a friend. He was three or four years older than myself, wealthy, and of the gayest and liveliest disposition. I, on the other hand, had a very decided inclination toward "seriousness"—an organization rather thoughtful than gay and buoyant. At times a continuous sadness possessed me, and drove away all smiles.

In spite of this diversity of character, however, Gateville and myself were close friends, and saw each other very frequently. He would ride over from his fine mansion, where, since the death of his parents, he had reigned as lord of the manor; and these visits, which were often made two or three times a week, were very pleasant, for Gateville was excellent company, and his merry laugh would cheer and enliven me.

This was my mode of life, and these my surroundings, when I made the acquaintance of Laura Denby. Our first meeting was under singular circumstances, though the incident was simple and not unusual.

A favorite preacher was traveling in the region, and it had been announced that on a certain Sunday he would fill the pulpit of our little country church. The announcement attracted an immense concourse of curiosity-mongers—indeed, personages of every class—and, among the rest, my mother and myself. The church was jammed, and the heat oppressive, for the month was July. The clergyman had nearly finished his striking discourse, when I observed a young lady, who occupied the first seat in the pew immediately opposite to me, rise from her place and turn to leave the church. She had taken but two steps when, hastily raising her hand to her head, she tottered like a flower in the wind, and would have fallen had I not risen quickly and caught her in my arms. Her head fell upon my shoulder, and she fainted.

Without any ceremony, which the occasion would have rendered ridiculous, I drew her toward the door as quickly as possible; and, from her almost inanimate condition, I was compelled to absolutely bear her in my arms. With the contact of the fresh air upon her brow and cheeks she quickly revived; and I drew back, leaving her in the hands of a lady who seemed to be her relative, and who had hastily followed us.

I pass over the remainder of the scene—the thanks I received—the entire recovery of the young lady. They entered their small, poor-looking carriage, and so departed, according to permission, with smiles and thanks, to call at "Briar Cottage" and inquire how Miss Denby felt after her accident. As the "Cottage" was not more than five or six miles from my mother's, I went over on the very next morning.

And thus commenced my acquaintance with Laura Denby. She was the daughter of a reduced gentleman, who had died some years before, and was soon followed by his wife. Laura had thus been intrusted to the care of her father's sister, a maiden lady, who possessed a small estate, just sufficient to supply daily bread for herself and her niece. Their poverty had kept them quite out of society—indeed, they were almost recluses—and thus it had happened that I never encountered them.

From this meeting with Laura Denby commenced a new life for me. I soon came to love her with the whole strength of my nature. You,

too, my far-away friend or descendant who read these lines, would have loved her as I did. She was rarely beautiful; but form and feature were a portion only of her attractions. Her figure was exquisitely moulded, all the bloom and splendor of seventeen shone in her rosy cheeks, and the brilliant eyes, which peeped out from a profusion of dark curls, haunted the memory of all who looked into them. But it was the spirit which dwelt in this lovely frame to whose fascinations the heart yielded. The young girl possessed the most sympathetic organization imaginable; but whatever her mood she was always charming. Her heart was as tender as a child's; and I always now recall her smiling through tears—an April day of the glad year's early youth, where rain and sunshine struggle for the mastery, and make the time more beautiful and enthralling than the grandest hours of the languid, flower-crowned summer.

Our first meeting, as I have said, was in July. At the end of autumn I was her betrothed lover. My mother and Mrs. Denby, as the good maiden lady was courteously called, had expressed the greatest pleasure at the match; and thus holding the plighted faith of the woman whom I loved with all the passionate fervor of an earnest nature, I lived in a dream, almost an ecstasy, of happiness. Almost every day I was at the "Cottage;" and while my heart continues to beat I shall have before me—living, breathing, real as it were, even now—the hours which I spent with the queenly girl who had given me the treasure of her love.

For she loved me with her whole heart then; and even afterward I knew—Alas! how I writhe again! The old wound stings and burns. The scar has not closed. But let me try and proceed with my narrative in a rational and collected manner.

II.

One morning my friend Gateville rode over to see me, just as I was mounting my horse to go to the "Cottage."

"Why, my dear Beauclerk," he said, "you are really radiant! Where are you going?"

"I am going to see a friend of mine, a young lady," I replied, smiling. "Won't you come and make her acquaintance?"

"A young lady? Certainly—I'm as idle as a drone this morning, and will pay fifty pounds sterling to any body who kills the morning."

"Get your purse out, then," I said, "for I shall win the money."

And thus commenced *his* acquaintance with Laura Denby.

I saw from the first moment that she had produced a deep impression upon him. With a vague fear I saw as well that the gay and sparkling conversation, full of wit and epigram, of the handsome visitor, brought a novel and more brilliant light to the eyes of Laura. The bloom of her cheeks became richer and fresher; she scarcely removed her eyes from Gateville's countenance; and even when answering my

questions, or noticing my observations, her gaze would wander toward *him*; her lips answered me, but her mind was occupied by the new acquaintance. We remained for some hours, and I saw with continually increasing disquiet that a species of intimacy was ripening, even in this brief time, between the young girl and Gateville. When we departed he took away with him her most radiant smile; a pressure of the exquisite hand much more lengthened and familiar than I liked; and an invitation to come again very soon.

All the way home Gateville preserved a moody silence, except when he burst forth into some jovial encomium upon my good luck—for I had told him of my engagement; but I think he was not wholly at his ease. He left me at the gate, declining to come in, and I saw him set out for his own house at a rapid gallop. All that night I lay awake, reflecting. Had I committed one of those terrible blunders which change an entire life, in thus introducing Gateville to Laura? Might he not wile away from me her impressible heart? The very thought made me shudder! Then I smiled. What folly! Must I distrust friendship, love, all that was true and noble in life? The suspicion was shameful!

And I fell asleep smiling.

III.

A month after the visit with Gateville to the "Cottage," I was sitting, at eleven o'clock in the morning, in the small parlor there, awaiting Laura, with whom I had come to have a last interview.

That month is one of the periods in my existence which I look back to with a sort of shudder. In thirty days it seems to me that I exhausted the capacity of human suffering. Most bitter and cruel passions which tear the human bosom had preyed upon me—love, jealousy, suspicion, rage, despair, had by turns plunged into my breast their torturing talons. I lived in a nightmare, I thought, from which I could not awake.

Gateville had become a regular visitor at the "Cottage." He rarely came to see *me*. He had fallen passionately in love with Laura. These three sentences contain, in brief summary, the explanation of the attitude which three persons sustained toward each other, though not wholly. How Laura looked upon her new friend and visitor was still a mystery—if not to herself, at least to me and to Gateville.

I seldom encountered him at the "Cottage." He seemed to have learned in some way my habits, and so timed his visits when the coast was clear. I had my duties at home in the morning generally, and the evening only was left. Gateville, I chanced to discover, spent all his evenings at home, and almost every morning at the "Cottage." Sometimes I would meet him on the high-road in the afternoon, coming from the "Cottage." At such times a cold and constrained salute would be exchanged. Neither was deceived. He saw the studied cer-

emony of my manner; I the affected joviality of his bearing in their true light—we were rivals.

Two weeks before the morning when I sat in the drawing-room of the "Cottage" waiting to have my private interview with Laura, I had gone to Gateville's house, and held a grave interview with *him*. Securely closing the door of the library, and standing up before the owner of the mansion, who was seated, I had said:

"Are you paying your addresses to Laura Denby, Gateville? I came here to-day to ask you."

A sudden color came to his cheek, which was already somewhat ruddy from wine, and his eye lowered at me.

"Do you mean to insult me, Beauclerk?" he said; "that is a strange question to ask me—if I am paying my addresses to a young lady whom I know to be engaged."

"I knew the question would be disagreeable to you," I replied; "but in this world a man has to do a great many disagreeable things. You ask me if I mean to insult you—I reply that I do not. I simply wish to know if you are paying your addresses to Miss Laura. I have the right to know, and I request you to reply to my question."

I set my lips together and riveted my eyes upon his countenance. I had come to find out exactly the state of things, and I did not intend to leave the house until I was satisfied. Gateville was not at all wanting in willfulness himself—and certainly not in courage. I saw him hesitate—a lurid sort of light blazed for a moment from his eyes—he evidently doubted what to do. His doubts soon terminated. Gradually the anger in his countenance disappeared—his furrowed brow became smooth—with an easy and most crafty smile he leaned back in his chair and stretched himself.

I did not move my position or my eyes from his face.

"Oh, hang it, Beauclerk!" he said, in a tone of friendly annoyance, "what's the use of standing there as if you were the Grand Inquisitor with orders from head-quarters not to move until the rack made me speak! You look as solemn as a judge and as severe as a New Light parson. Come, sit down and taste this Madeira."

And he poured out a glass of the ruby liquid and pointed to it.

"You have not answered my question," I said, calmly, gazing immovably into his face.

"Your question?—oh, hang it!—am I paying my addresses to Miss Laura? Is that it? Why, certainly not. You must be bewitched. Isn't she engaged to you, you lucky dog? We're only friends, myself and Miss Laura; and I suppose a man can call on his friends without having his throat cut, can't he? Take my advice, old fellow, and don't be so ridiculously jealous; it's a devilish disagreeable quality to a man, and his friends to boot. Is there any sin in Miss Laura's occasionally having an opportunity to laugh at my witticisms? I believe she regards me pretty

much in the light of a buffoon, or educated monkey; you see I haven't got your lordship's grave and stately air, your dignity and imposing courtliness. That's the sort of thing that a woman respects, my dear fellow; and women generally marry men whom they respect. We light, gay butterflies—we mere jokers play around them, and we amuse them; they laugh at us, applaud us, repeat our smart speeches, and cry, 'Wasn't that witty!' even in our presence; but do you suppose that there is any thing in all that? No, Sir. If we presume to grow serious, and offer our hands and hearts, the laughter is worse than before! Marry such a monkey? never! And straightway the fair damsel goes off and surrenders at discretion to the first long-faced, serious, solemn, earnest, parson-like fellow she meets. Fifthly, and in conclusion, dearly beloved, I make the statement that I am *not* paying my addresses to Miss Denby, having little hope of ever exciting in her fair bosom any thing more than an extremely lukewarm friendship; and now, brethren, the congregation is dismissed."

Was he telling me the truth? I watched him narrowly while he was speaking, and for the life of me could not determine. He spoke with an air of the utmost candor almost throughout; and it would have been silly to have shown any disbelief even if I had felt it. The interview soon afterward terminated and I went home.

On the next day I rode over to the "Cottage" in the morning. There were no visitors, and Laura and I were the sole occupants of the parlor. She was dressed in an elegant costume which fitted her pliant and delicately rounded figure to perfection. The roses in her cheeks and on her lips were dazzling.

Did I observe a sudden change in her expression when she entered, as though she had expected to find some one else and was disappointed? It might have been my feverish imagination; but I could have sworn that an expression of radiant pleasure disappeared from her eyes upon the threshold of the apartment, giving place to the air of simple politeness, not unmixed with annoyance, with which she greeted me. She soon became more animated, however; and going quickly to an *étagère* in the corner brought back a case of exquisite jewels, bracelets, necklace, breast-pin, and pearls.

"Look, how lovely!" she said, with her former expression of radiant pleasure; "did you ever see any thing more perfectly beautiful than this necklace?"

A vague uneasiness took possession of me; but I replied, calmly,

"It is indeed extremely handsome, Laura. I did not know that your mother possessed such costly jewels."

"Oh!" she said, with some constraint, "they are not my mother's."

"Not your mother's! Whose then?"

"Mine, Sir!" she replied, with a smile and a little toss of the head. And encircling her neck with the sparkling jewels, which added to the dazzling beauty of her snowy shoulders, the

lovely young creature made me a courtesy, smiling.

I must have trembled and turned pale, for she glanced at me curiously. My agitation arose from the simple fact that a sudden instinct, rapid as lightning, told me that the jewels were from Gateville. Made utterly wretched by the thought, but concealing my unhappiness completely, I said, with great gentleness,

"Yours, did you say, Laura?"

"Certainly—see these exquisite bracelets!" and she clasped them around her beautiful white arms.

"I did not know that you possessed such magnificent jewels, Laura," I said, still very gently.

"Oh, no wonder! They only came yesterday!"

The words were easy and careless, but I saw a quick glance directed at my countenance; that glance made me turn pale.

"Who sent them—if I may ask?" I said.

"That is the strangest part of the business. They were left at the gate by a servant who immediately rode off, and there was no possible clew to the donor."

"Well, I can give you that clew," I said, painfully; "they were sent by Mr.—"

"Oh no, no! not for the world!" cried the young girl, running and covering my mouth with her hand in the most playful way imaginable. "Don't breathe his name; for then, you know, I'll have to send them back."

"If I desired you to do so, would you think me very exacting, Laura?" I said, gently and softly.

She closed the box, in which she had replaced the necklace and bracelets, and pouted, but said nothing. Throwing herself into an easy-chair, she beat the floor hastily with her little slippers.

"Is my request unreasonable, Laura?" I repeated, as before, in the gentlest tone. "I would not be unreasonable, and I fear there is too much probability of my being so. You know, Laura, that I love you with all my heart and soul—that you are dearer to me than all else besides my mother in the world. I think I would die for you—yes, I think I would; and you know all this, and love me, do you not, Laura?"

She held her head down and gazed at the carpet with contracted brows.

"Do you not love me, Laura?" I repeated, in a tone gentler than before.

"Yes," she murmured, without changing her position.

"I knew that you loved me," I said, "and it is my treasure—almost my only treasure in the world. You have given me your faithful troth, and you will not think it strange that I am a little pained when Mr. Gateville sends you costly presents, knowing our engagement?"

"Mr. Gateville! How do you know he sent them?"

"His servant, whom I know, took the short cut by my mother's gate yesterday afternoon, with a small box under his arm, and returned without it in two hours."

The young lady's face colored violently, and she struck the floor more irritably than before with her foot.

"Well," she said, pouting, "suppose Mr. Gateville did send them. I wonder if I can not receive little presents from friends! I do declare! you are a perfect tyrant!"

A smile accompanied the words; but I saw clearly that she was in earnest. She *did* think me unreasonable.

"Laura," I said, softly and kindly, "you wound me to the heart by saying that I am tyrannical—in thinking, as I see you do, that I am too exacting. Indeed I would not be—and am I so, Laura? There can surely be no ground of objection to those little presents between friends which you speak of; they display kindly feeling, and should be always received. But are these jewels such little presents? They must have cost at least three hundred pounds, and a brother could select nothing finer for his favorite sister. Will you think me unreasonable if I add that my relations with Mr. Gateville are not such as to moderate my pain at your acceptance of these jewels?"

"Your relations with Mr. Gateville!" she cried; "why, I thought you were friends."

"We were friends; but—" and I paused.

"What has happened?"

"Nothing," I replied, guardedly.

Suddenly the young girl raised her head, and eagerly fixed her eyes upon my countenance.

"You have—you have seen Mr. Gateville, have you not?"

"Yes," I replied, quietly.

"And a quarrel took place! Something has happened! Henry, you have had a quarrel—you are both fiery—!"

I smiled. It was rather a bitter smile; for the demon of jealousy made me think that her anxiety was all about my rival, of whom I began, as the interview proceeded, to experience a vague but increasing dread.

"Fiery!" I said; "*I* fiery! Why, I'm as calm and cold as a block of wood. I thought my fault was a *want* of fire, Laura."

"You understand me," she replied, hastily. "I mean that you are determined and resolute if you think you are right—and that you both are swordsmen. You have quarreled!"

"No, Laura, we have not."

"But you have seen him—you have spoken of—of—his—visits!"

"Yes," I said, "as it is no longer possible to conceal the fact. I did not intend to mention it, as it only concerned myself—but it is unimportant. I did visit Mr. Gateville, and we spoke upon the subject of his visits; that is to say, I asked him if he was paying his addresses to you."

"You asked him that!"

"Yes, Laura, I thought it my duty to do so; and to let him know, without designing any insult, that his very frequent visits here, and the attentions which he was paying you, were disagreeable to me."

"And he replied?"

There was an eagerness in the voice and eye of the young girl as she asked this question which made my heart fill with black and bitter feeling.

"That he certainly was not—"I must be bewitched to think so:" that was his reply, Laura."

Her head sank and she colored violently, but nothing issued from the compressed lips. I saw that there was little use in prolonging the interview; I had said all that I desired, and I rose.

"A last word before I go, Laura," I said, with a gentleness greater than before. "I beseech you do not think me unreasonable or intrusive in speaking as I have done to-day. Again—for the hundredth time—I say that I love you with all the powers of my being, with my life, my heart, my soul. You are so inexpressibly dear to me that I scarcely realize that I could have lived before I saw you; my future good or bad depends upon you, for you are my fate. My happiness, you see, is in your power; 'tis a dangerous assurance, believe me, from a man to a woman, but I confide in you supremely. Farewell, Laura!" and I took in my own hand of the young lady. "I love you so much that I shall die, I think, if you cease to love me!"

With a long look fixed upon her agitated countenance I slowly left the apartment, and, mounting my horse, returned home.

A secret instinct told me that a gigantic cloud was hanging over my future—that a thunder-bolt would fall. I only clenched my teeth and summoned, as well as I could, my faculties for the trial.

IV.

I shall not pause in my narrative to calmly analyze and describe my feelings after this interview with Laura. I think that at first I had no distinct and definite emotion of any sort—I was stunned, as it were. Still one incessantly recurring thought possessed me and tortured me: Laura had changed.

That much was certain. Beyond this I knew nothing. I was at sea. Did she even now love Gateville? Had she in reality broken her plighted troth, in her heart if not with her lips? Had my rival, under the cover of friendship, committed the dishonorable and revolting action of willing away from me the heart of the woman whom I loved with all the strength of my reason and my heart?

I was standing in front of a mirror, my riding-whip still in my hand. I glanced into the mirror, and shall never forget the face which I beheld. A more deathlike pallor than I have ever seen on any other human countenance riveted my gaze; and set, as it were, in this white mask, the eyes into which I looked resembled coals of fire. I turned away, and in doing so, found myself opposite my father's portrait. The serene, noble countenance calmed me. I thought that the firm lips opened, and I heard the words, "Beware, my son, of unfounded suspicion; beware of rashness; do not act hastily or without proper grounds. Test every thing—rely upon the faith of a true-hearted girl—do not place

yourself, thoughtlessly, in an attitude of hostility toward your friend, who may have been only imprudent, not intentionally criminal. Act coolly; if you take the sword, let the ground of the quarrel be defined with accuracy, nothing be left in doubt. If blood is shed, have a conscience clear from its stain. Be cool."

I seemed to hear the words. I had intended to ride to Gateville's on the moment. Instead of doing so, I now had my horse put away. On the next morning I went again to see Laura.

Gateville's horse was at the rack. I found him seated upon the sofa at Laura's side turning over the leaves of a magnificent volume of engravings. The two heads were almost touching. My entrance was plainly unexpected. The young girl hastily drew away from her companion's side, and Gateville was visibly confounded. My lurid glance dwelt for a moment upon his countenance, then I remembered myself. By a mighty effort I resumed my calmness and bowed.

"Mr. Gateville was showing me these pictures," Laura said, with some confusion, and a deprecating expression in her eyes, which seemed to anticipate an outburst. Of any such thing to her or in her presence there was no danger at all. My tone, when I spoke, was kind and simple.

"The volume is 'The Gallery of Paintings,' is it not?" I said.

"Yes," replied Gateville, recovering his easy air; "and Miss Laura was so much interested that your step was not heard. Why, you enter like a spectre, Beauclerk! You must own the 'shoes of silence.'"

"I can understand how you did not hear my approach, Sir," I said, calmly, refusing to adopt his tone of affected cordiality. "Those pictures are wonderfully fine."

"Beautiful!" said Laura, quickly. "Mr. Gateville brought them—to show me."

A rapid glance toward Gateville seemed intended to warn him that he should not say the volume was intended as a present. This covert look sent a thrill of wretchedness through my heart, but I summoned all my calmness to my aid.

Gateville curled his mustache, and said, easily,

"The fact is, I was as idle as possible to-day, my dear Miss Laura, and it just occurred to me that I would come and get your opinion of that 'Death on the Pale Horse.' Horrible-looking fellow, isn't he?—decidedly unpleasant."

And a ready laugh accompanied the words.

"You see I don't like your pale, cadaverous-looking figures and faces," he continued; "something jolly and lively for me—like this 'Dance of the Peasants.'"

And Gateville pointed with his small jeweled finger at the volume. I could not determine whether his speech was a covert sneer at myself or not, but it was evidently understood by Laura. I saw her glance wander from my pale, calm face to the laughing and bright-colored countenance of my rival. His dark hair was arranged in

glossy curls—a slender, silken mustache fringed his handsome but inexpressive lips—and he wore the finest and most fashionable costume, all velvet, lace, and embroidery. In my dark and well-worn suit, with my grave, white face, I presented a very powerful contrast to the young heir; and I saw that Laura realized the contrast fully.

I need not pursue this interview further. I preserved my calmness, and deliberately remained until Gateville departed. He plainly intended, I saw, to "sit me out;" but finding me persist, took his leave with many gallant speeches. He would leave the volume for Mrs. Denby to look at, he said; and so, mounting his splendid bay, he cantered off, the model of a "gallant cavalier."

Laura followed him with her eyes, and then turned with a sort of pouting constraint to me. Her manner would have induced a third person to suppose that I was a disagreeable, wearisome stranger and intruder, who had driven away a favorite friend and welcome visitor. Laura said nothing, but her air conveyed that impression.

I shall not enter into the details of this interview either. It differed very slightly at first from the one which I have already described, except that I was, if any thing, gentler than before. I easily perceived, from one or two allusions which the young girl suffered to escape her, that Gateville had made my visit to him the topic of conversation, and doubtless of satirical comment. Years afterward I learned every thing. He had basely falsified the whole affair—had placed me in the ludicrous light of a lover who had come to *beg* his more successful rival not to make him unhappy—and declared that I had appealed to his friendship in the most piteous way, until he "really felt for me." I say that this was what Gateville told Laura, having first exacted from her a solemn promise not to mention a word of it to me. She kept her promise. As I have said, all this came to my knowledge many long years afterward.

Had I dreamed of the real fact, my interview with Laura would have doubtless terminated differently. As it was, the end, you will think, was almost ludicrous. And yet let me not do her injustice. No! When we parted on that morning all the pure and tender portion of her being had regained the mastery. She loved me then—I know, I feel it! I had spoken as an honest gentleman—as every one who truly loves a woman should address her—and the young girl's sympathetic tears flowed freely.

"Farewell, Laura!" I said, rising. "I must leave you now. Indeed I love you with my whole heart and soul—with honest, faithful, changeless love. I know that I am not gay and amusing, but my affection for you is, perhaps, more deep. Farewell. May God preserve and bless you!"

She took the hand which I held out and pressed it to her eyes; they were wet with tears. A smile broke through them, and never shall I forget that face. Thus charged with tender feel-

ing, sadness, and regret—with the swimming eyes, the gently parted lips, the cheeks tinted with a faint, soft rose—the young girl's countenance was so inexpressibly lovely that it haunted me for years and years. It comes before me now as of old—the memory, as it were, of something brighter than this world—of an angel who is dead—whom I loved, oh! so dearly—whom I shall love forever, and meet, I trust, in heaven!

Beautiful, noble, feeble heart! In the loneliness of my apartment here I see you as I saw you in the years before; I salute you with my hand and heart; I feel that at that moment you still loved me dearly, and my wounded pride shall prompt no bitter words of you. Bitter? Oh no! I loved you always—you are sacred to me. When you went away the flowers and sunshine bloomed and shone less brightly, and the world grew, somehow, commonplace and sad.

... These are idle tears!

V.

Three days after the visit of which I have just spoken, there was a great party at the house of a wealthy gentleman in the neighborhood. Laura declared her intention not to go, and as on that morning I was suffering from severe indisposition I did not urge her.

Toward evening I grew better, and just at nightfall rode over to the "Cottage" to spend an hour with Laura. I was informed that she had accompanied Mr. Gateville to the party.

The announcement struck me like a blow. I stood for a moment looking at the servant with blank amazement, then my face flushed crimson. I mounted my horse again, and turned his head in the direction of Colonel C——'s, where the party was to take place.

I need scarcely say that the fact of Laura's accompanying Gateville under the circumstances wounded me cruelly; and when I thought of him, my hand instinctively wandered to my side as though seeking for some weapon. But I would control myself. I would not yield to anger. I would bridle my mood with a bit of iron, and give way to nothing hasty. Pushing my horse to headlong speed, I soon reached Colonel C——'s.

The entertainment was a brilliant one; and all the beauties and gallants of the region had come in their richest costumes, and with their brightest smiles. I penetrated the joyous crowd just as the fiddlers commenced playing a minuet—then, with a sudden pallor, I drew back. Laura took her place to dance with Gateville, and she wore the breast-pin, pearl necklace, and bracelets which he had presented to her. The box had disappeared from the *etagère* at the "Cottage" after the scene which I have narrated in preceding pages. I had supposed that Laura had returned it. I now saw that she had disregarded my wishes, my remonstrance. She had not only kept the jewels, but now publicly exhibited them upon her arms and bosom.

I think my head turned for a moment. A sort of vertigo seized me. The brilliant assem-

bly swam before my eyes—then with clenched teeth I was calm again. I had sworn in my heart to put to death the man who had caused my misery. Once resolved thereon, I became as cold and immovable as ice.

When the minuet had terminated I passed through the crowd to Laura's side. She had not suspected my presence, and when my calm salute sounded in her ears she started as if a viper had stung her. The look which encountered my own was such as I do not wish ever again to see upon a human face. It was a look of terror and pain. All the roses had vanished from her cheeks; she was as pale as death.

"Good-evening, Mr. Gateville," I said, with a sarcastic smile; "I was just admiring your grace in the minuet."

As I turned my back upon him his face flushed, and a menacing fire flashed from his eyes. That flash filled me with fierce pleasure; it defined our position, and made all easy.

For a moment I gazed into Laura's eyes. Her pale cheeks and startled look paralyzed my sneers. All anger died away toward her. My heart bled as I looked at her. A word about the heat of the crowd—would she take my arm?—and we issued from the dense assemblage upon the cool portico, followed by Gateville's furious eyes.

Two hours afterward I was galloping home with rage, agony, despair rioting in my bosom. She had met my kindness and gentleness with disdain—from fright she had passed to anger. She would no longer be subjected to my persecutions. I might thenceforth consider our engagement at an end.

That was the result of the interview.

VI.

Such were the events of the month succeeding the day when I introduced Gateville to Laura. On the morning after the party I was sitting in the little parlor of the "Cottage," waiting to hold that last interview of which I have spoken.

In a few moments the young girl appeared upon the threshold. I had never seen her look more beautiful. Her bearing was queenly, and there was something defiant in her manner, which added to the superb attractions of her person.

I had designed recording as far as memory would permit the details of this last interview—the words spoken—the varying emotions of the two hearts thus brought clearly to the issue. But I can not. I recoil from the attempt. I can only briefly allude to the character of the scene.

I came to the "Cottage" with a perfect knowledge of my position. I had been discarded by the woman who had declared that she loved me, and had promised to marry me, and who threw me overboard, I might conclude almost certainly, for a wealthier and more agreeable rival. That was true undoubtedly, and could not be gainsayed; but there were other circumstances. I had received my dismissal in a moment of

mortification and anger—scarce three days after that parting when I read through her smiles and tears that she loved me. I had spoken at the party with bitter sneers to her escort. I had really wounded her. I owed it to myself and to Laura that I should see her again. In other words—oh! woeful weakness of the human heart!—I loved and could not leave her. I came now, ready to do any thing but descend to base dishonor to reclaim her love. My anger had all gone, and I only felt that the young girl, on whose love my very life depended, was about to leave me.

It is a strange and piteous picture to behold—a strong man humbling himself before a woman—as I did that morning. I turn from the recollection—my cheeks flush red—it was pitiful!

My protestations only wearied her—the frown never relaxed for a moment—in the hard, cold eye, once so tender and melting, I read only a persistent, immovable indifference. Her words were brief, but unmistakable. I did her honor by my preference, she said; my regard for her was very flattering, but she must decline to discuss the subject in any way. She had thought, at one time—this much she would say—that her feelings were interested; but reflection had convinced her that this was a mistake. There was no congeniality between our characters. She was light and gay, I serious and grave. She was fond of bright faces and smiles, I of solemn, earnest sedateness. She was convinced that a marriage between such persons would be quite ridiculous; and here she must request that our interview should end.

She rose and slightly inclined her queenly head. As she did so, her falling sleeve drifted aside—she wore his bracelets. As my eyes fell upon the glittering bauble a deadly chill invaded my heart—my brain seemed bursting—I felt my cheeks blanch. Without a word, I bowed low, and went toward the door. On the threshold I turned for an instant. Her cheeks had grown as pale as my own, but the red under lip was clenched between the pearly teeth, with an expression of resolute defiance. I read in her countenance unrelenting coldness, immovable repulsion. All was thenceforth at an end between us.

I mounted my horse with a strange fire burning in my breast it seemed. Digging the spur into the animal's side, and shouting hoarsely, I set out at full speed for Gateville's.

VII.

Pride is a terrible trait of the human heart. Once wounded to the quick it cries aloud for blood—nothing less will satisfy it. If the deepest love is outraged equally in one of these disdainful natures the recoil is dangerous. One element alone can curb the aroused devil—piety, a heart purified by faith and trust in Him, the supreme Lord of all.

I had not then this faith and trust. I hesitated not one moment. I sought only for a fa-

vorable pretext on which to fix a quarrel with Gateville—I would kill him, but the world should not lay the blame of the encounter upon Laura.

The following slip from the old forgotten *Provincial Gazette* will adequately convey what followed:

“We have just seen a gentleman from — county who informs us that an unfortunate encounter recently occurred in his neighborhood between Henry Beauclerk, Esquire, of ‘Lebanon,’ and Charles Gateville, Esquire, of ‘Gateville Hall,’ in which the latter was killed. It seems that a political discussion at the Court-house of the county was the occasion of the misunderstanding. Mr. Gateville was indulging, in presence of a considerable concourse of the gentry, in denunciation of the candidate of the opposite party, when Mr. Beauclerk gave him the lie direct, and but for the interposition of by-standers a collision would have ensued upon the spot. It was only deferred, however, until the succeeding day. The parties then met, attended by their respective friends, and armed with short swords, on the boundary line between their estates. The combat is represented as having been desperate, and indicative of rooted hostility. Mr. Beauclerk's superior coolness, however, decided the event. At the third or fourth encounter—which the parties insisted on, against the remonstrance of their friends—Mr. Gateville was run through the body, his adversary escaping with a slight wound in the sword arm. By this unfortunate event the county of — has lost one of its wealthiest and most prominent gentlemen.”

Such was the paragraph in the *Gazette*. It was as true as newspaper accounts generally are. Gateville was run through the body, certainly; but in three months he was riding about as if nothing had happened. In six months he had a companion at the Hall—Mrs. Gateville, once Laura Denby.

And I? In a distant part of the land I read the announcement in the very newspaper which informed the public of his death. I had gone away from the region where my heart had been broken—my mother had even urged it—“Lebanon” had become the home of the stranger.

So terminated the tragedy of my youth. It left, I need scarcely say, upon my mind and heart an ineffaceable impression; but it did not break down and destroy me. I pass over the succeeding years—ten years fled away. I was married happily; my mother's health was good; my life had not been unprosperous; I was content.

Shall I end my story here? I hesitate, and reflect. Perhaps it will be as well to add a few brief words. They will chiefly concern her whom I loved so faithfully and well—the poor, dear girl who had cast such a shadow upon my youth.

VIII.

One day I read in the *Gazette*, which I continued to receive, that my alienated patrimony,

"Lebanon," was for sale. I had long been homesick—the advertisement brought my sickness to a crisis. I formed my resolution quickly, and sought my wife and mother. On the same evening every thing was determined upon—six months afterward I had again become the owner and occupant of my father's house. I shall never leave it more until I go from it forever.

And what of my neighbors of Gateville—Laura?—Alas! That supreme utterance of human pain expresses all. Half a dozen years before he had terminated a career of ruinous extravagance by conveying the whole property to his creditors—had become an abandoned sot—and gone with his wife, whither no one knew. Mrs. Denby was dead.

I sat down in my study and leaned my head upon my hand and cried like a child. There are those who are ashamed of weeping. I am glad to know that, when approaching the hard middle age of life, I could find some tears for the misery of the poor, dear child whom I had loved. I think we men are far more faithful sometimes than women think. It was the merciful decree of Him who rules us all that I should have the opportunity of soothing, for a few sad moments, the poor wounded dove still so dear to me.

I shall relate the rest very briefly. One beautiful morning I was driving by the old parish church, where I had first seen Laura, when I thought I heard a sob from the opposite side of the wall encircling the grave-yard. Mastered by a vague impression of something familiar in the tone, I descended and entered the gate. A woman, clad in wretched apparel, was kneeling, or rather lying, upon one of the graves. She raised her head. It was Laura!

An electric shock passed through my bosom—in an instant I was at her side. She rose, startled and trembling to her feet; her dark, swollen eyes, set in her white, haggard face, surveyed me with an expression which made my heart ache and my cheeks flush.

"Laura!"

It was all I could say. In an instant the poor thing was lying upon my breast, sobbing hysterically; in another instant I had placed her in my carriage, and we were hastening toward "Lebanon." The shock had brought on a terrible fit of coughing. I saw before me the early victim of the most aggravated species of consumption.

In ten days she was lying by the side of her mother, whose grave she had come to visit once more before her death. Alone, in her last moments, we had spoken with open hearts, sacred from all other eyes and ears. I had heard her whole history. Her husband had died some years before in miserable poverty, aggravated by more miserable intemperance. Her only child had perished, literally from want. All joy and hope had left her then. She had wandered as a beggar on the highway—her only aim was to come and die upon her mother's grave.

She died in my arms—her precious head reclining on my breast. Her last words blessed

me. They asked me to pardon her; with the poor thin hand in mine, I could only reply with tears.

"I loved you always," she murmured in a broken voice. "I loved you more than words can tell when I had wounded and insulted you. I married—God forgive me!—to distract my miserable mind from what was preying on it. I say this, Henry, as I am about to die. God has forgiven me, and you—you'll forgive me too, will you not?—your poor, weak Laura!"

The words were her last. As the shades of evening fell she passed away, her thin hands clasped upon her pure white bosom—her eyes fixed on some vision far away.

So she left me. I retained only the worn silken belt which had encircled the dear waist. It was this which I chanced to discover last night which gave me that terrible sickness of the heart. The stains of tears are on it—such tears as I have wept so often at her grave. I go there sometimes in the bright spring days and think of her, and as I look upon the flowers planted by my wife there I fancy that they typify, in their tender bloom and beauty, the poor child who loved me once so dearly—whom I loved as fondly—and shall love as faithfully, until I die.

THE ROMANCE OF LIFE-INSURANCE.

IN the month of May, 1857, M. Philippe Barraud, a gentleman of property, and well-connected in the town and neighborhood of Limoges, France, wrote to M. Samson, at Paris, an inspector in France for some of the prominent Life-Insurance companies of London, to the effect that he desired the appointment of sub-agent of those companies for his district. His references being unexceptionable, he was immediately appointed, no one suspecting the deep-laid plot at whose head he stood. Shortly after his appointment Barraud accepted insurances, for four different companies, on the life of Mathurin Tandeaud, to the total amount of 215,000 francs, and for the benefit of Henry Barbou Descourieres. The insurances were effected in June, 1857. Tandeaud, who was certified by the resident examining physician, Dr. Meilhac, to be of sound constitution and in robust health, died in December of the same year. Barraud immediately forwarded the necessary papers, certifying to a sudden death, and claimed the money on behalf of M. Descourieres. So large an amount falling due so shortly after the effecting of an insurance operated as an "eye-opener" to the four companies involved, who sent out an agent to examine into matters. This agent, Mr. Walden, succeeded, after some effort, in unvailing a precious mess of rascality as ever was hatched. He ascertained that Tandeaud, who had insured his life for so considerable an amount, was a poor farm-laborer, the son of Barraud's brother's farm-bailiff; that he had been for two years suffering from consump-

tion, and was in June, when the insurances were effected, in the last stages of the disease, and actually given up by the doctors; that, so far from being accessory to the insurance of his life, his family were left in the most necessitous circumstances—Mr. Walden getting these main facts from the poorer neighbors, among whom, on his arrival, a subscription was being gathered to help them in their destitution.

Mr. Walden demanded that Barraud and Descourieres should give up the policies on Tandeaud's life. Had they done so the other exposures might not have been made. But, relying on family influences—which, indeed, did on the trial nearly clear them, in the face of the most positive proof of guilt—they declined to give up any thing. Thereupon Mr. Walden made a statement of the affair before the Procureur-Imperial, and demanded an investigation, which resulted in the following disclosure:

M. David, inspector for the Gresham Life Company of London, arrived in Limoges in January, 1857. He there made the acquaintance of Barbou Descourieres, a man of wealth, and Feval, an officer in the local hospital, whom he (David) appointed agent for the Company in Limoges.

On the 20th of February, 1857, Feval announced a proposal to insure the life of Louis Felix, in favor of Barbou Descourieres, for 25,000 francs. The necessary medical certificates being produced, the insurance was effected. On the 31st of May, 1857, just forty days after, Louis Felix died. Suddenly—unexpectedly, of course? Two physicians certified that death was caused by a terrible and sudden attack of brain fever. The Company, without hesitation, paid to Descourieres 25,000 francs.

What was the true state of the case? Louis Felix was a beggar in a neighboring commune; ill since his fifteenth year, and so helpless that, on the 18th of February—two days before the insurance was effected on his life—he was admitted to the hospital of Limoges, where the physicians pronounced him incurably ill. His speedy death was certain. When he died Feval made a false declaration before the public registrar, by which the place of decease remained unknown; by adroit juggling, made two honest physicians unsuspectingly sign a declaration that death was caused by brain fever; and thereupon Descourieres claimed and received the money.

Meantime, on the 12th of March, 1857, an insurance was effected for a considerable amount, also in the Gresham, on the life of one Antoine Voisin, in favor of M. Bourdas, another confederate. Dr. Boulland, the Company's resident physician, had certified to the sound health of the consumptive Felix without seeing him, merely upon the representations of M. David. In Voisin's case he was deceived by a robust young farmer being presented to him instead of the real Voisin, who was a soldier, discharged because suffering from an incurable disease, and at that moment in the hospital. On the 12th

of March Voisin's life was insured. On the 9th of April he was dead! This death coming so near in time to that of Felix, it was thought unsafe to claim the money; and instead of announcing it at all, Bourdas neglected to pay the next accruing premium, whereupon the Company unsuspectingly declared the policy forfeited.

A third insurance was made on the life of one Guinant, and a fourth on the life of one Gardelle—the latter for 100,000 francs—each for the benefit of one of the clique. These two men were still living at the time of the trial, in the early part of the present year, but were daily expected to die of diseases which were known to be incurable at the time of effecting the insurance. In Gardelle's case an ingenious "dodge" was used to procure the necessary health certificate. Philippe Barraud persuaded poor Gardelle that if he could but obtain a certificate of good health he could join a benevolent society and get relief from it. He therefore, after some difficulties and entreaties, persuaded his medical adviser to give him such a certificate; and on the faith of this—used by David and Barraud, without Gardelle's knowledge—Dr. Boulland made his confidential report to the Company, recommending Gardelle's life as a safe one, without having ever seen the man!

Here Boulland stopped, and, proving refractory, it became necessary for these gentlemen to obtain a more tractable physician. Also, at this time, Barraud found it more convenient to have himself appointed agent of the Company, which was no sooner done than he proposed two insurances, amounting altogether to 150,000 francs, upon the life of one Bourdarias, a hawker. Dr. Meilhac, who furnished the health certificate for this case, had for a long time treated Bourdarias for a cancer in his neck. The case was a desperate one. The proposals were made on the 4th and 24th of April, 1858, and on the 28th, before the papers could be made out, Bourdarias died! They lost this insurance, of course. But their shrewdness did not desert them. Instead of arousing suspicions by communicating news of the death, Barraud informed his principals that Bourdarias felt annoyed at inquiries having been made concerning his respectability, and declined to insure his life.

Then came the case of Mathurin Tandeaud. Dr. Meilhac, who had treated him for an incurable consumption, and knew that he had but a few months to live, certified that he was in robust health, and of sound constitution. When Mr. Walden began to expose the intrigues of this clique, Dr. Meilhac shot himself. The others braved it out. The Government Prosecutor did not dare to bring the case before a jury, feeling, as was openly said in court, that so great was the influence of the families of these criminals that no jury would have convicted them. "How great that family influence was, and still is," writes Mr. Walden, in his report, "may be judged from the fact that the local newspaper, in giving an account of the trial, did not dare to

give the names of the accused in full; and though they are all well known to every person in the town (where this matter had been the chief subject of talk for more than a year), their initials only are to be found in the reporter's account of the trial and conviction." A footman in livery daily carried Descourieres' dinner to the prison, and during the trial this haughty swindler drove to and from the court and prison—a distance of but three hundred yards—in his private carriage, driven by a coachman in livery, the guards following at a respectful distance behind!

Whatever may be said of American justice, we may congratulate ourselves that no such distinctions have been accorded to wealthy or well-connected swindlers in this country.

The court sentenced Barbou Descourieres and Barraud to two years, Feval and David to fifteen months, and Laporte to one year, in the House of Correction—a very mild sentence indeed.

If we could know the secrets of the Life-Insurance offices, we should see that this singularly audacious fraud is but one of many thousands. Beneficent as the principle is, rogues have in all times sought to use it for purposes of rascality; and no little ingenuity has been brought to the devising of plans for this purpose, instances of which will be found in their proper places, below.

The possibility by small stated payments during life to secure a considerable sum to the family or creditors of the insurer after his death, is one of the grandest benefits which has accrued from our progress in civilization. Life-insurance needs the security of the highest social culture to make it profitable, or even possible. No premium will pay for the risk in a state of society where a man is like to be murdered on the highway for his money, or burned at the stake for his opinions; where, as in England three centuries ago or in Turkey now, the small-pox and plague decimate the population at frequent intervals, or where filthy living exposes and predisposes the human body to the attacks of deadly fevers, as was the case all over Europe in the days of Erasmus, who says of the houses of the *better* class of English people: "As to the floors, they are usually made of clay, covered with rushes that grew in the fens, which are so slightly removed, now and then, that the lower part remains sometimes for twenty years together, and in it a collection of spittle, vomit, urine of dogs and men, beer, scraps of fish, and other filthiness not to be named. Hence, upon change of weather, a vapor is exhaled very pernicious, in my opinion, to the human body."

Thus it is not strange that, though the Emperor Claudius, according to Pliny, was an insurer of corn imported into Rome, and though Cicero speaks distinctly of insuring a remittance of money from Laodicea, though the old Saxon *quilds* were of the nature of mutual insurance societies, though marine insurance was already common in Europe in the fourteenth century, and the trade in annuities—the exact converse

of life-insurance—was well known and largely extended even so early as the sixteenth century, yet the earliest life company in England was the Mercers', established in 1698, and this shortly failed. Before this, however, individuals of wealth had been in the habit of making contracts in the nature of life-insurances. The earliest instances of this occur among the Crusaders of the Middle Ages. To the Knight of the Cross the danger most feared was captivity; and though the romantic ballads of those days make frequent mention of gallant soldiers released by fair Saracens, like Lord Bateman by the Soldan's daughter, it was sufficiently plain that such good luck could scarce be counted on with any satisfactory degree of certainty. A personal insurance was therefore not unfrequently entered on, by which, in consideration of a certain payment, the insurer, generally a Jew, agreed to ransom his client, who thus went on his way with a lighter heart. Another method was often practiced by shipmasters and others departing on long and dangerous voyages, by which a specific amount was deposited in the hands of a money-broker, on condition that if the insured returned he should receive double or treble the amount he had paid, while in the event of his non-return the Jew kept the deposit.

"Life Tables," from which may be deduced the average duration of life in any given locality, are of the first necessity to the proper carrying on of life-insurance. At present these tables are sufficiently numerous to afford to the actuary very correct data upon which to found his calculations. But it was not until 1536 that parish registers of births and deaths were first established in England, and not till after the plague of 1593 had carried off thirty thousand inhabitants of London that they were regularly kept. John Graunt, "Citizen of London," was the first who made use of these registers to form tables from which to calculate the average duration of life in England. In his "Natural and Political Observations," published 1662, he states that "seven per cent. dieth of age; that some diseases and casualties keep a constant proportion, whereas some others are very irregular; that not above one in four thousand are starved; that not one in two thousand are murdered in London; that not one in fifteen hundred dies lunatick; that the stone increases (1662), the scurvy decreases, and the gout stands at a stay." Graunt was the first to commit the heinous sin of "numbering the people" of London, and his fellow-citizens, of whom there proved to be but 384,000, instead of the millions they boasted, never forgave him for his unpatriotic heresy. So exaggerated were the reports of London's vast population before this, that it was commonly believed no less than a million souls died there annually; while Sir William Petty, who succeeded Graunt, asserted that the city doubled itself in forty years, and would entirely stop growing before the year 1800. But he also believed that the world would be fully peopled in two thousand years from the time he wrote.

The first legal record of a Life-Insurance case occurs in 1698. Sir William Howard insured his life with a merchant for one year from the 3d September, 1697. He died on the 3d September, 1698; and the underwriter refused to pay the insurance. The Court held that "from the day of the date" excluded the day itself, and that therefore the underwriter was liable.

Shortly after this the principle of assurance began to be misused for betting purposes. A mania for insuring any and every thing seized the public mind. In 1694 £30 were paid to insure £100 provided Namur were captured before September 1 of that year. For five shillings per quarter, paid by an association, each member was insured the payment of £120 per annum to his survivors. A marriage portion of £200 was offered to any one who should contribute two shillings per quarter till he himself married; and it is recorded that two persons, on the opening of the company, subscribed two shillings each, married each other, and claimed a double share of £400. By another, a mutual scheme, each member was to contribute 2s. 6d. toward each baptized infant of his co-assurers until he had one of his own, when he was entitled to £200, "the interest of which is sufficient to give the child a good education, and the principal reserved until it comes to maturity." So numerous were companies, and so fierce the competition, that all manner of advertising dodges were resorted to to attract attention. As Warren, the blacking man of London, afterward kept his *bard*, and some of our New York tailors even now find their account in sartorial rhymes, the insurance companies of their days also employed the muse. But the real poets of the day turned all into ridicule, and their epigrams had no little share in bringing the mania to a crisis. Of a Life Company was written:

"Come all ye generous husbands with your wives,
Insure round sums on your precarious lives,
That, to your comfort, when you're dead and rotten,
Your widows may be rich when you're forgotten."

A company was formed, with a paper capital of £2,000,000, to insure horses, whereupon this squib followed:

"You that keep horses to preserve your ease,
And pads to please your wives and mistresses,
Insure their lives, and if they die we'll make
Full satisfaction, or be bound to break."

So pertinacious were the agents who solicited custom for these companies, that an outraged poetaster of the day complains:

"By fire and life insurers next
I'm intercepted, pestered, vexed
Almost beyond endurance;
And though the schemes appear unsound,
Their advocates are seldom found
Deficient in assurance."

Among the numerous bubble companies were the following, whose titles seem even to our speculative generation sufficiently absurd:

A company for insuring and increasing children's fortunes.

An insurance office for horses dying natural

deaths, stolen or disabled, Crown Tavern, Smithfield.

William Helmes, Exchange Alley, Assurance of Female Chastity.

Insurance from housebreakers.

Insurance from highwaymen.

Assurance from lying.

Plummer and Petty's Insurance from death by drinking Geneva.

Rum Insurance.

But the worst was not yet. In a few years "Insurance wagers" became the rage. Policies were openly laid on the lives of all public men. When George II. fought at Dettingen, 25 per cent. was paid against his safe return. When in 1745 the Pretender was defeated, thousands of pounds were laid upon his capture, his death, even his whereabouts. When Lord Nithsdale escaped from the tower by his wife taking his place, the wretches who had periled money on his life, and to whom his impending execution would have been a profit, were noisy in their complaints and execrations. But no sooner was it known that he was really free than they turned about and wagered upon his recapture. Sir Robert Walpole's life was insured for many thousands, and at periods of political excitement, when his person seemed in danger, the *odds* were proportionately enlarged by the speculators. When Wilkes was committed to the tower policies were granted at 10 per cent. that he would remain there a specified time. King George, when he was ill, and Lord North, when he was unpopular, were both good objects on the brokers' schedules. When Minorca was lost, and the Duke of Newcastle "began to tremble for his place, and the only thing which was dearer to him than his place—his neck," there were plenty to open policies on his life. Insurances were made on the life of the Regent of Orleans; and when he was succeeded by Louis XV., they insured, not his life indeed, but the continuance of his mistresses in the royal favor. Lord March made a wager with "young Mr. Pigot," that Sir William Codrington would die before old Mr. Pigot; but as the latter happened to be dead when the wager was made, the profligate son refused to pay. Whereupon Lord March compelled him by process of law. To such a degree was public sentiment perverted by this iniquitous betting that the *London Chronicle*, the "eminently respectable" paper of its day, remarks in 1768, in what would now be called its *money article*:

"The introduction and amazing progress of illicit gaming at Lloyd's coffee-house is, among others, a powerful and very melancholy proof of the degeneracy of the times. Though gaming in any degree is perverting the original and useful design of that coffee-house, it may be in some measure excusable to speculate on the following subjects: Mr. Wilkes being elected member for London; which was done from 5 to 50 guineas per cent. Mr. Wilkes being elected member for Middlesex, from 20 to 70 guineas per cent. Alderman Bond's life for one year, now doing

at 7 per cent. On Sir J. H. being turned out in one year, now doing at 12 guineas per cent. On John Wilkes's life for one year, now doing at 5 per cent. N.B.—Warranted to remain in prison during that period! On a declaration of war with France or Spain in one year, 8 guineas per cent. But when policies come to be opened on two of the first peers in Britain losing their heads, at 10s. 6d. per cent., or on the dissolution of the present Parliament within one year, at 5 guineas per cent., which are now actually doing, and underwritten chiefly by Scotsmen, it is surely high time to interfere."

Ministers were not above speculating on their private advices; it was a well-known fact that a certain Ambassador insured £30,000 on Minorca when he had in his pocket at the time news that it was taken. A common subject for insurance was the duration of the lives of persons believed to be on their death-beds. The leading newspaper in 1771 was obliged to announce, "from the most undoubted authority, that the repeated accounts of her Royal Highness the Princess Dowager of Wales being very ill, and her life in great danger, are entirely false; such reports being only calculated to promote the shameful spirit of gambling by insurances on lives." The author of "Every Man his own Brother" declared that the decease of persons was hastened when they saw themselves insured in the public papers at 90 per cent. Large sums were lost by "insurers" who had speculated upon the failure of a young gentleman who had gone to Lapland to bring back two rein-deer and two Lapland females. He brought them all! And finally the entire public risked money on the sex of the notorious Chevalier D'Eon, who was reputed a woman in masculine attire. Hundreds of thousands of pounds were insured—for and against—when it became a question how to ascertain the fact. Hereupon a new issue was raised, and the brokers took risks that by a certain day the Chevalier's sex would or would not be placed beyond doubt. It was publicly advertised that on payment of fifteen guineas one hundred should be returned whenever he was proved to be a woman. Hereupon he professed to grow indignant, and gave notice in the public papers that on a certain day and hour, at a city coffee-house, he would satisfy all whom it concerned. The betting immediately increased to a furious extent; and on the appointed day the rendezvous was crowded with bankers, underwriters, and brokers. Presently the Chevalier approached, clad in the uniform of a French officer, and decorated with the order of St. Louis. He rose to address the assembly. A dead silence took the place of the busy hum and wrangle of insurers. Bowing politely to the anxious crowd, he said "he came to prove that he belonged to that sex whose dress he wore, and challenged any one there to disprove his manhood with sword or with cudgel." Bankers, brokers, and underwriters, gaped at one another aghast, but no one took up the challenge, and the Chevalier departed in triumph, leaving some pleased with

the audacity of his speech, but more disgusted at the result. But they got no nearer his secret, although it was known that an aggregate of £30,000 was offered him to make the disclosure which should enable insurers to come to a settlement.

No sooner did the principle of Life-Insurance begin to find favor than ingenious knaves found here a field for their operations. The first known fraud occurred in 1730. In that year, in an obscure part of London, lived a man, tall, middle-aged, with a semi-military bearing, with a young woman of about twenty, reputed to be his daughter. They lived respectably, though poorly; and being very quiet, made few acquaintance and no friends. Suddenly, one night, the woman was taken ill. A physician was called; thought it a slight attack, and left a prescription. But almost immediately afterward the patient grew rapidly worse, and, before the doctor could be recalled, expired in great agony. He came; felt her pulse, placed his hand on her heart, shook his head, and intimated that all was over. She was buried in due form. The sorrowing father presently claimed and received a considerable sum which had been insured upon the life of his daughter, and shortly disappeared.

Not very long thereafter an old gentleman and his daughter took possession of a respectable house in the neighborhood of Queen Square, where they soon attracted attention by receiving much company, keeping a generous table, and opening their parlors to somewhat high play—at which it was afterward remembered that, though the old man did not engage, no one ever won of the young woman. But a stop was soon put to these amusements. The lady was taken suddenly ill; spasms at the heart convulsed her frame; several physicians were hastily sent for, while the man hung over his supposed daughter in apparent agony of spirit. One physician only arrived in time to see her again imitate the appearance of death; the others, satisfied that life had fled, gave their certificates and pocketed their fees. The coffin was again put under ground, and again the bereaved father received many thousand pounds from the various underwriters, merchants, and companies with whom he had insured the life of the departed.

Again—this time a few years later—these two able actors reappeared upon the same stage. This time the scene was Liverpool; the man a ship-owner of reputed wealth, with whom lived his niece, an unmarried lady, owning considerable landed property in her own right. This was the report insidiously spread, and generally believed on 'Change, where he came to be much respected by those who dealt with him. His house was open, and his niece dispensed its hospitalities in a most graceful manner. Presently it was rumored that unsuccessful ventures had occurred, to which he frankly owned, mentioning gradually that his affairs demanded some ready money, which he would be forced to borrow. To do so on the security of his niece's property, it became necessary that he should in-

sure her life for about £2000. As this was a regular transaction, he found no difficulty in getting underwriters. To save his credit, he asked that the matter be kept secret; and under cover of this secrecy he succeeded in effecting insurance with no less than ten different merchants and companies in London and elsewhere. Once more the game was in his hands. In a few weeks the lady was taken ill. The physician summoned found her in convulsions, administered a specific, was recalled during the night, but came too late; death had apparently set in; and in the morning all Liverpool knew that the merchant's niece had died suddenly.

This time no haste was made with the funeral. The lady almost lay in state for several days, and was visited by numbers; the physician certified that she had died of a complaint he could hardly name; the grave received the coffin; and the sorrowing uncle went about his business. He seemed to suffer much, was careless about his affairs, and in no haste at all to claim the insurances, most of which stood over for months after they became due. He had selected his men with care, and knew that they would pay. Finally, conceiving a distaste for the place where he had suffered so much, he removed for change of air, and was heard from no more. Some time after his final disappearance suspicions were aroused; and on comparing notes and descriptions, the various life-insurers were forced to the conclusion that they had been victimized by the shrewdest and most audacious of villains. He was never more heard from, and no doubt prudently enjoyed in some distant country the fruits of his successful swindles. It is difficult to account for the repeated success of so bold a fraud; and it is generally thought that the young woman possessed the power of simulating death, of which we read remarkable cases in the records of various times.

Shortly after the establishment of the "Equitable," which is now the oldest on the list of English Life-Insurance Companies, a man named Innes insured the life of his step-daughter for £1000. She died shortly after, under tragical and suspicious circumstances; and Innes produced a will, apparently executed by her, declaring him executor and legatee. Its validity was contested by the Company, and he brought two witnesses who swore boldly to all the required formalities. They had convinced the jury, when Innes, to make assurance doubly sure, insisted on calling a third witness, to prove that he was present at the signature and attestation of the will. This man's courage failed, or his conscience troubled him. Wan and ghastly he entered the witness-box, where his first words were, "My Lord, my name is Borthwick; I am brother to the witness of the same name who has been examined. The will was not made in the Bridgegate of Glasgow; it was forged by a schoolmaster in the Maze, in the Borough."

"There is a screw loose," muttered Innes, on the instant endeavoring to glide out of court. But too late. He was taken, tried, and hung.

In 1780 occurred a fraud which has since been often repeated. A lady's life was insured for £2000. She was apparently in vigorous health. Six months after a claim was made for the money. All the forms were regular; the disease was certified to be of the lungs—one which the company's physician should have more easily discovered. The directors felt disagreeably toward their secretary and physician, but as all seemed right, honorably paid up. Presently a rumor came to them. On examination it was found that one sister being ill and utterly given over to death, the other brought a certificate of the invalid's birth, personated her at the office, deceived every body, afterward sent in the certificate of her sister's death, obtained the money, and prudently disappeared.

An important and just decision was made in 1803, in the case of Godsoll and Co., coachmakers to William Pitt, against the Pelican Company. Pitt was known to be extravagant and never to pay his debts. Godsoll and Co., unwilling to lose his custom, whenever his bill with them reached £1000 insured his life for the sum—a practice which has since become very general, and is now counted one of the great commercial advantages of Life-Insurance. Pitt died in their debt and insolvent. But the State determined to pay his creditors. Nevertheless, the coachmakers made claim also for their insurance money. The Company urged that the insurance was made to pay a special debt, which debt having been discharged by the nation, Godsoll and Co. had no insurable interest in Pitt's life; and the judges righteously sustained this point. Had they done otherwise, the law previously passed to prevent gambling in lives would have been practically annulled. The Company, however, were made to return the premiums paid. It is not amiss here to state another decision, made in 1830, to the effect that a Life-Insurance contract was void because the insurer had failed to state *material* facts in the case—though he answered all the questions which were asked by the company.

In 1809 the British Government undertook to grant annuities at certain rates which were thought fair to both sides. But shrewd capitalists quickly perceived that, while on young lives the rates were somewhat low, on healthy old lives they were too liberal. In fact the Government had taken for the basis of its calculations the tables used by the Life-Insurance Companies, forgetting that, though these were beyond doubt correct, the *selection* of lives which made the Insurance operation doubly safe worked fatally against the reversed calculation of annuities. From 1809 to 1819 Government annuities were objects of speculative interest. Capitalists sent agents all over the country to hunt up hale old men, on whose lives their principals immediately bought annuities, often to large amounts. Quiet country places were astounded at the sudden attentions received from utter strangers by poor old men who had for years been living neglected and friendless. Physicians were procured for them

when they were ill; the clergyman of their parish had orders to supply them with food of good quality; they were comfortably clothed, and all by some person who generously preferred to remain unknown. And all this was the work of annuity-mongers, among whom were to be found men of all the moneyed classes, from highest to lowest. The Marquis of Hertford was known to be largely engaged in this jobbing; the commissioners of Greenwich Hospital bought annuities on the lives of the most healthy of their pensioners; it was calculated that the nation lost £400,000 per year by its imprudent bargain, which it so obstinately stuck to. A man of ninety, by paying £100 was guaranteed a semi-annual payment of £62 per year for the balance of his life. The first half-yearly payment was made to him three months after purchase. It follows that if he lived one year and a quarter after buying his annuity, he received back all his purchase-money and interest at eight per cent.; and every half year he lived after this was a clear loss to the Government and gain to the annuitant of £31. No wonder that lawyers spent their vacations, ladies their summer tour, noblemen their spare cash, in hunting up hale old men upon whose lives to make profitable investments.

We have not space to recount the various frauds which are on record as having been attempted on Life-Insurance Companies—many of which have the tragic element of death freely intermixed. In not a few instances has poison been used by impatient insurers to expedite a wished-for death; and it is curious that, in the majority of such cases recorded, women have been the poisoners of husbands, sisters, or dependents. Space fails us even for a detail of the scandalous crimes of that arch scamp Thomas Griffith Wainwright, some time a successful London magazinist, the friend of Hazlitt, Allan Cunningham, and the gentle Elia. "Kind, light-hearted Janus Weathercock," wrote Charles Lamb, speaking of him under his *nom de plume*, and little suspecting the desperate villainy which lurked beneath his easy, dashing manner. The smallest of his crimes seems to have been the insuring of his wife's step-sister's life, in various offices, to the amount of £18,000, and afterward poisoning her. The girl was "buxom, handsome, and twenty-one," and there was no difficulty in making insurances. She was induced to assign the policies to her brother-in-law; and from this moment her fate was sealed. On the 14th of December she made her will; on the 21st she was dead. The companies on whom he called for the insurance money asked him to prove an insurable interest. He brought suit. The jury were unable to agree on a verdict. The judge said a criminal and not a civil court should have taken cognizance of the case which had been developed on the trial. Wainwright fled. "From this time," says one who watched his course, "it was death to stand in his path, death to be his friend, death to occupy the very house with him. Well might his associates join in that portion of the Litany which prays to be

delivered 'from battle, from murder, and from sudden death,' for sudden death was ever by his side." At last, living in Boulogne, he made the acquaintance of a retired officer, insured his life, and death presently ensued. He came to London to claim the insurance, shut himself into a room at his hotel, pulled down the blinds, and thought himself safe from observation. A loud noise in the street induced him for a moment to look out; a man passing looked up, cried out, "That is Wainwright!" and he was immediately apprehended. After consultation, the Home Secretary determined to prosecute him on a charge of forgery, fearing that no witnesses could be obtained to prove his more serious crimes, and he was transported for life. When he was placed in irons on board the transport ship, and forced to take his share of the hardships of criminals there, his gay spirits, which had never forsaken him, at last broke down. Bulwer has described this final scene in the life of him who figures in "Lucretia" as Gabriel Varney. "Pale, abject, cowering, all the bravery rent from his garb, all the gay insolence vanished from his brow—can that hollow-eyed, haggard wretch be the same man whose senses opened on every joy, whose nerves mocked at every peril?"

In the time when Napoleon the Great was scouring victoriously over Europe it was known that stock operators, who, by their speculations, were vitally interested in his continuance, commonly insured the life of the great conqueror. In these cases private persons usually acted as insurers. In 1809 Sir Mark Sykes entertained a dinner-party, at which, over the wine, the conversation turned on Napoleon's constant danger. Excited by wine and loyalty the host offered, on receipt of one hundred guineas, to pay any one a guinea a day so long as the French Emperor should live. A clergyman present closed with the offer, sent the Baronet the sum, and for three years thereafter Sir Mark Sykes paid away 365 guineas per annum. Then, becoming disgusted, he refused to pay, and the matter was carried through all the courts, and finally decided in his favor; the English law lords being little inclined to give any one a life-interest in Napoleon to the extent of 365 guineas a year.

Coming down to the present day, we find the principle of Life-Insurance gaining wide and wider application, and enjoying more and more the public confidence. In England, the total amount for which the Life-Insurance Companies are now responsible is estimated at no less than \$750,000,000, on which \$25,000,000 are paid yearly as premiums. In this country, the amount insured is estimated at \$150,000,000; but every year increases it largely. In England there are at this day in operation companies which assure against losses by debt—a department which our "Mercantile agencies" might profitably unite with their present business—for guaranteeing against loss by the dishonesty of clerks; for insuring rent; for insuring against railway accidents; against accidental deaths in general; and

there was lately a company which appealed, with a certain success, to the superstitions of a portion of the community by insuring against *Purgatory*! For threepence per week paid in, the company guaranteed to have a certain number of masses said for the insurer's soul after death sufficient to release it from its durance vile! The first Life-Insurance Company formed in the United States was the Massachusetts Hospital Life-Insurance Company, incorporation perfected 1818, but there are now over fifty Life-Insurance Companies in our country.

It is not the purpose of this paper to argue the respective merits of Stock and Mutual Life Companies. It is established that no company can insure safely much below a certain average rate, and that, prudently conducted with those rates, a Life Company is probably as firm and stable as any moneyed corporation in the world. There is thus no need to fear for future instability if insurance is made in a respectable company, and we may hope to see the benefits of this great principle much farther extended among us than they are at present; and more generally used by the farmer, the mechanic, and the laborer—for whose benefit it might not prove unprofitable for our Life Companies to introduce a system of quarterly, monthly, and even weekly payments. We conclude in the words of Mr. John Francis, whose work we have largely availed ourselves of in the present article: "The simple fact that the payment of a small yearly sum will secure the family of the insured from want, even should he die the day after the first premium is paid, is sufficiently singular to the uninitiated; but it is more so that very few avail themselves of an opportunity within the reach of all."

TWO BIRDS WITH ONE STONE.

I.

IT moaned, it wailed, it screamed, it filled the night with dismal lamentations, it pierced the ear like amatory feline shrieks, it wrung the heart and jarred the brain.

"The devil take that fiddle!" said Mr. X., in despair.

It moaned, it wailed, it screamed, a longer and a louder strain, in shrill defiance.

For sixty minutes Mr. X. had suffered silently. He sat alone in his snug room, conveniently remote from Broadway, surrounded by manuscripts from his own hand, his cherished musical and literary offspring. It was in August, 1857, the weather was warm, and the window remained unclosed. He had been dotting swift notes upon a close-ruled sheet. He had grasped a lyric inspiration as it flitted by. His melodies were all secure, but while he was fitting in the harmonies, dovetailing the ingredients of his score, a diabolical din had arisen, before which all his soft and delicate fancies fled scattered and confused. In vain he struggled to resist the interruption. It seemed as if the air were thronged with maniac goblins reveling in

crazy glee. Indignant, but deeming it his duty as a composer and an editor to preserve a thorough equanimity, he set aside his score, and turned to less absorbing labors. He attempted the opening lines of a disquisition on the Tariff.

Vainly, vainly; for still it moaned, and wailed, and screamed.

With sudden superb assumption of indifference, Mr. X. inserted his pen, like a bit, between his teeth, with the possible view of bridling his irritation lest it should carry him away; probed with his hands the uttermost recesses of his trowsers' pockets; unfolded and shot out his legs until they became curiously involved with those of the table; settled his frame; inclined his head and gazed intently at the lowermost button of his vest, which hung precariously by an emaciated thread, and appeared to calculate the chances of its future usefulness. Thus he awaited the termination of his tortures.

There was no peace for him. Now perched away up at the topmost heights of the E string; now rumbling and grumbling down among the hollow depths of the G; now gasping for impracticable harmonies; now rushing wildly up two cords at once in dissonant fifths; now plunging over the bridge and squeaking insanely at the unexpected mishap; now breathlessly bolting back again, and tumbling helter-skelter down the scale in a manner that would have broken the neck or otherwise fatally injured and brought to a violent end any less vigorously constituted tune, but which had no perceptible effect upon this one, except to cause it to recover itself with a prolonged shake, and to start off in revived spirits upon a new career of delirious frenzy; now pausing for an instant to permit a petulant pizzicato to have its word; now clambering up once more to dizzy elevations, to do it all over again—ever rising and falling in cacophonous cadences, worked the busy bow. Such a bow! Such mad pranks! Such furious writhings and such tireless zeal! It was as if a band of mischievous and unmelodious sprites had got possession of it, and were gamboling in see-saw upon it, over the anguished catgut. Out of tune, out of time; no tune, no time; up and down, up and down; screech, screech, screech!

"The devil take that fiddle!" said Mr. X., who at length, after an unrelieved hour of wretchedness, concluded that editorial dignity might properly be dispensed with.

Still it moaned and wailed and screamed. Its allegro was madness, and its adagio was desolation. Its lower tones brought misery to the mind, its higher ones acute inflammation to the temper. Its arpeggio was agony, its trill was tribulation, its chromatics were a blistering burden to the soul, and its staccatos stung the intellectual senses as the sharp tattoo of the South Sea Islander stings the cuticle. And Mr. X. winced.

"The devil take that fiddle!" exploded he again; and, as the operation afforded him much comfort in a profane way, and tended somewhat

to calm his excited nerves, he repeated, with peculiar and solemn emphasis,

"The devil (pause) take (pause) that FIDDLE!"

Mr. X. was not wholly certain that the devil had not had it for some time; but his exhortation was of a conventional character, such as adapts itself readily to any occasion or circumstance or state of mind—grave or gay, lively or severe—irrespective of any particular applicability.

As nothing came of it, he finally extricated his legs from their entanglement, and his hands from their retreat, and rescued from his mouth his pen, the handle of which had been forever shorn of its fair proportions by the energetic action of his teeth thereupon. He then rose, walked to the window, and took an observation.

Affluence and poverty are often near neighbors in New York. Though Mr. X. was no Croesus he was very comfortably situated in every respect, as an editor should be, of course. And yet from his cozy rear window he beheld, almost within easy conversation range, the heavy wall of a vast tenement building, from a garret window of which streamed a light and the sounds that did not charm him.

"I say, old fellow!" shouted he, at a venture, "I'll give you a dollar and seven cents to stop that infernal fiddle!"

This reasonable and liberal proposition was not responded to, probably by reason of its not having been heard, although in making it Mr. X. had appeared anxious to avoid secrecy.

"Ecstatically absorbed in his rapturous rasping," said Mr. X. to Mr. X.

His own occupations effectually upset, he was disposed to investigate the causes of the disturbance. Ascending roofward he secured a favorable point of sight, and brought an opera-glass to bear on the hive of humanity over the way. When he had passed two minutes in silent contemplation his wrath had quite subsided. In two more he had settled himself for a long sitting, and in the next two he became deeply interested.

He saw:

A garret so narrow and contracted that it seemed rather a small closet, or a magnified mouse-trap, than a habitable apartment. Yet this man-coop contained human beings, furniture, and certain necessary appliances of humble comfort. A bed, of dimensions so limited as to suggest the necessity of the occupants folding themselves together like carpenters' rules, and resting upon one of those frame-works of cheap ingenuity which are supported by legs crossed like capital X's, was discernible, nestling in an angle of the roof. Upon this bed sat the fiddler, gathered up compactly, his lower limbs disposed according to the fashion of the Sublime Porte, and his head reclining against the bare and broken plastering of the wall. The distance could not disguise the self-possessed and contented serenity that rested upon his unmis-

takably Hibernian countenance. In a cot upon the floor were three little lumps of innocence, who every moment half rose in their thin clothes, wagged their heads gleefully, and sawed the air with their arms in impotent imitation of the Performer. Sitting down among them—for a chair in that place would have been a useless vanity and a vexation, and a decent respect for the Artist demanded that his sphere should not be invaded—was a woman, the evident matron of the apartment, who, as she looked around her, glowed with pride and satisfaction. Through the open door were dimly seen peering three or four faces, motionless and attentive. The rare extravagance of a sperm candle rose proudly from a primitive candlestick, formed by cutting a hole through a potato, and flickered with an up and down rollicking movement, as if determined to share, in its quiet way, the general jubilation.

The picture was complete. Mr. X. forgot the violated sanctity of his studies, and gazed delighted. He no longer heard the cries of the Eumenides, but only the happy expression of rude and simple joy. The bungling achievements of the unskillful fingers might offend the ear of one, but they gladdened the hearts of many. He did not stir until the treacherous candle, having exhausted all its vitality by long-continued splutterings, suddenly jumped up in a final paroxysm of ecstasy, and then went out, and left them all in darkness.

A shout of noisy laughter came over to Mr. X. as he screwed down his lorgnette and returned to his chamber. He glanced ruefully for a moment at his unfinished manuscripts.

"Art is divine," said he, "but Nature is eternal! I'll go to bed."

II.

Murty Donahoo had been a famous fiddler in Ireland. For six years or more ne'er a leg had been shaken in Ballaghadireen excepting in response to his blithe call. In an Irish village a fiddler is as good as a king. Murty had every thing his own way. He had his pick of the prettiest maids for ten miles around, and he chose Pecksheen Madden because she never cared much to dance, but always best liked to stand near him watching his nimble fingers with her pleasant eyes, and because she mixed him the nicest mugs of whisky while he swung the bow, and because she was an orphan with no one to look after her except an old uncle who taught the town lads their letters and took his pay in pigs. So Murty and Pecksheen took up the burden of life together, and carried it happily and easily for a while; and as Murty was an Irishman right through, and Pecksheen was another, they didn't long have it all to themselves alone. But—the old sorrowful story—famine, hard times, suffering—good-by to the fiddle, good-by to the baby, good-by to home. In New York for a while it was worse—it always is—but then it grew better. As a porter in a drug store in Greenwich Street Murty found himself not

only able to sustain heavy weights, but also his wife and little brood. A lofty garret in a well-stocked tenement house—two hundred occupants at least—came well within his scanty means, and he was content.

No, not content; since in the dire distress at home his joy and comfort, the fiddle, had gone from him. In his heart he silently cherished the hope that some time—in a few years, perhaps, though that was almost looking for too much—by careful saving he might accumulate a sum sufficient to replace this means of blissful recreation. For a double reason he withheld his plan from Pecksheen's knowledge. He feared that she might frown upon it as too superb an aspiration; and he wished, if it ever should be realized, to gratify her with a bright surprise.

And it came about sooner than he had dared to expect. His duties put him in the way of many little perquisites, to which, by rigorous economy, he was, before a year had expired, able to add enough of his earnings to accomplish his design.

He had had his eye upon a beauty—a shining red beauty, with a back like a mirror and a neck like a swan's—as near to the fiddle he had played upon in Ballaghadireen as its own brother. It hung in a window of a Jew's shop, which he passed every day, and in front of which he used to linger longingly as his fund grew to its culmination. He had had his eye upon it for months, and he thought of it so much that at last he dreaded each morning, as he approached, to look up at the window for fear it should be gone. But it always hung there—waiting for him, he began to think.

The night before he bought it Pecksheen had said,

“Oh! Murty, only for a jig from the old fiddle now!”

Murty's heart jumped into his throat, and he opened his mouth to let it out—not the heart, but the secret; but he thought better of it, the rogue! and stifled his impatience. He did more. He said, in a tone of remonstrance and admonition,

“Ah! Pecksheen, don't talk of the old fiddle. How would we have a fiddle? Whisht, Pecksheen!”

Pecksheen admitted that it was a wild folly to think of it, and gave her attention to something else. But Murty, who seemed unable to get over the absurdity of the notion, kept repeating, “How would we have a fiddle? Whisht, Pecksheen!” until Pecksheen became exasperated, and showed signs of breaking out tempestuously.

In the middle of the night Mr. Donahoo, who had invited sleep without being able to secure that coy charmer, pertinaciously nudged Mrs. Donahoo, who awoke and sat erect in bed.

“Whisht, Pecksheen,” said Mr. Donahoo, “how would we have a fiddle?”

Mrs. D. made a sinful remark, punched her pillow with impetuosity, and endeavored to collect the fragments of her shattered dream.

III.

Murty's purchase was not effected without severe struggles. The Hebrew vender put him into a passion by asking him what *he* wanted of a fiddle; and when Murty expressed a natural resentment thereat, manifested an indifference to the sale which was most mortifying. Moreover, he charged a heavy extra price for the bow after the fiddle had passed into the new owner's hands. Murty felt indignant at this breach of faith, for it had been understood that fiddle and bow were to be sold together, and meditated various plans by which to cleverly revenge himself. He examined some strings, and selected four that suited him. Turning to an assistant salesman, he asked, politely,

“Was it you that gave me these strings?”

“No, I gave them to you,” interposed the surly Hebrew.

“Thank you, Sir, for giving them to me; much obliged, Sir; I thought I would have to buy them; good-by, Sir!”

And Murty moved rapidly off, smiling as the dawn, and leaving the Hebrew gentleman in consequent bitterness, wailing and gnashing his teeth.

You should have seen Murty get over the mile and a half that lay between that shop and his home!

“Whisht, Pecksheen,” said he, as he burst into the garret, waving the instrument like a triumphant shillelah before her amazed eyes; “whisht, Pecksheen, how would we have a fiddle?”

Such shouting, and such dancing, and such clapping of hands—such hilarious demonstrations generally—were never before known in a tenement garret, where mostly misery kills mirth, and joy is strangled by despair. But here was, indeed, for once, a tolerably happy family in the midst of circumjacent woes unnumbered. The two oldest of the children went out in a state of uncontrollable excitement to spread the glad tidings around, while the youngest, unobserved, obtained possession of the bow and sucked it vigorously. Failing to procure the wished-for nourishment, he repudiated it in disgust. Pecksheen, forgetting that the Irish poor have no emotions, began to cry.

Then Murty put his big brawny arm about her, and they sat down together on the little bed and talked of dear old times. The brightness was not yet quite gone from Pecksheen's eye, though it had been dimmed by many sorrows; and now it beamed with the light of pleasant memories. They talked of their lost home, and the hopes that had died with little Pecksheen. Their joined hands were rough and scarred with labor, but their pressure told of a firm faith and an honest trust. As they sat their hearts grew very young, and beat as warmly as ever in the brighter days at Ballaghadireen; and fondly—oh! fondly, and tenderly too—did this toiling twain, in their poor little cockloft, exchange in simple fashion their words of comfort and good cheer.

It is difficult to understand how this could have happened; for we all of us know that there never was, and never can by any possibility be, any romance about Irish laborers, and that in a cramped tenement garret there is no room for sentiment, which always finds its abiding place 'midst pleasures and palaces, and so forth, and can only be detected swelling in those bosoms which the luxurious license of the delicate toilet so unrestrainedly reveals. Yet somehow it did happen.

But the fiddle.

The news that Mr. Donahoo had introduced a musical instrument into his quarters circulated rapidly, and a deputation of the most æsthetically-inclined of his neighbors waited upon him and did him honor. As it was growing dark, they brought tribute, in the shape of a sperm candle, which was purchased by voluntary contributions from several public-spirited denizens of adjoining garrets. How the interested auditors deferentially refrained from entering the room, lest they might embarrass the preparations; how Murty took up his position on the bed, and, with serious visage, set to work adjusting the strings, ever keeping one eye upon the visitors to note the effect of his mysterious manipulations; how Pecksheen, by a speedy process, disposed of the youthful Donahoos for the night; how the excitement was screwed up with the last string, and was held for a few minutes at a painful pitch while the Performer wantonly dallied with the fiddle-stick; with what profound content the operation of tuning was listened to, and how it was prodigiously applauded, under the mistaken notion that it was a medley of purest ray serene—it is hardly worth while to relate. Neither is it necessary to tell of the affectation of humility with which Murty announced that it was so long since his stiffened fingers had handled a fiddle that he feared he should not be able to satisfy the expectations of the company; nor of the shout of derisive incredulity which followed this deprecatory observation; nor of the breathless quiet which attended the sounding of the first note. It is all better imagined than written. You have the poverty-stricken family, over whose way of life no gleam of joy had shone for years, now animated by a sudden spark of delight; you have the group of vagrants rising, for a brief space, above the recollection of their miserable destiny, seeking a grain of comfort in the midst of their wretchedness—arrange them for yourself.

When matters had arrived at a satisfactory point, Murty held aloft his bow, glanced around to signify that he was about to begin, and started off with a rattling reel. In fact his music did lack spirituality, and would probably have failed to awaken gentle sensations among the refined audiences of Irving Place; but here there was no critical constraint, and the enthusiasm was without bounds. Stolid faces lighted with something like intelligence, and stolid senses vibrated, like the strings, with real animation. A score of feet patted a timid echo. Then Mur-

ty struck off into a doleful strain, which every one knew as a familiar Irish love-ditty; and some heavy-headed fellows in the passage, already under the subduing influences of deleterious fluids, began to snort and snuffle, observing which, Murty scampered into a jolly jig that made the women laugh and the men whistle. So it went nimbly along, Murty often offering to desist, but always urged on again by some importunate and ardent auditor, until the treacherous candle, as before recorded, spluttered itself away, and enforced an adjournment.

Night after night Mr. and Mrs. Donahoo continued to hold assemblies in the small garret. Murty became popular, and received the homage of his neighbors with graceful suavity. Mr. X., having seen and understood, bore it with good-natured calmness, and abandoned his scores.

IV.

This was in 1857—year of the money panic.

It spread every where, high and low. For every rich man prostrated a hundred poor were crushed.

One day in October, at the drug-store in Greenwich Street, Murty's wages were paid, and he was recommended to depart in peace. He sought another situation, but in that time of distress could find none. Down he went rapidly enough, until a few weeks after, in November, he was notified that as his rent had not appeared, his absence from his lodgings was desired.

That night there was no fiddle. Mr. X. was amazed and overjoyed. He resumed his scores.

The next day he walked with two friends—Mr. Y. and Mr. Z., musical amateurs, who possessed a reputation for artistic taste on the strength of much wealth and unlimited assurance. They were accustomed to extract musical lore from Mr. X.'s conversation, and to retail it as their own.

They chanced to pass the tenement house from the garret of which had issued the nightly causes of Mr. X.'s disquietude. In the door-way stood a disconsolate party which that gentleman had no difficulty in remembering. Materfamilias, looking very ill, was bearing up womanfully under bedding and a baby—a new one. Paterfamilias was loaded with a varied assortment of baskets and bundles, surmounted by the fiddle. To a person of keen perceptions the affair was plain enough.

Mr. X.'s companions waited on the edge-stone while he accosted the disturber of his peace. He learned that the family had for two weeks subsisted on six cents a day.

"Bless me," said Mr. X. to Murty, "you must be the Columbus of Starvation. But why didn't you sell your fiddle?"

Ah! why indeed? Murty looked at the fiddle, and then at his interrogator, in a manner that rendered a verbal reply quite needless.

Mr. X. fished in his pockets, and drew up loose coins. "Here," said he, "wait a minute."

He asked Mr. Y. for ten dollars to relieve a

poor devil of a pauper with a suffering wife and a starving family. Mr. Y. yielded his compassion, but pleaded impecuniosity. Likewise Mr. Z.

Mr. X.'s countenance betrayed disgust, but he turned to the proprietor of the fiddle.

"I'll give you," said he, rather loudly, "twenty dollars for that violin."

Mr. Donahoo was stupefied, and Mrs. Donahoo indignant; she thought the stranger was chaffing them. Messrs. Y. and Z. elevated their noses as if scenting some game.

"What do you mean, X.?" said Mr. Z.

"Never mind," said Mr. X., "you don't often get a genuine Straduarius nowadays."

"A Straduarius!" said the two amateurs, together.

"What's this?" said Mr. Z., confidentially, to Mr. Y. "X. doesn't play the violin, does he?"

"I don't know, but I guess there's nothing X. can't do. Did you ever hear him sing?"

"Never."

"A voice to astonish you, Sir. S—— offered him as good as a thousand dollars to sing one song, once, at the Academy. Of course he wouldn't do it. Did you ever hear him talk in public?"

"No."

"Never was such a fellow to carry an audience with him, Sir. To be sure he can play the violin if he wants to. I never knew him to, but I tell you he can. But he sha'n't have that Straduarius."

Mr. Y. went to Murty, and insisted on purchasing the instrument at twenty-five dollars.

Mr. Z. took it in his hands, and, passing his thumb over the strings, sounded the G major chord, then the G minor, and seemed alike satisfied with himself and the violin. Every fourth-rate amateur strikes these two chords, because they are the easiest, requiring only the stopping of the two upper strings. After the major is given, it is only necessary to drop one finger half an inch to produce the minor.

For this lesson fifth-rate amateurs will please be thankful.

"I shall take it at thirty dollars," said Mr. Z.

"Forty, forty," said Mr. Y. "I offer forty."

"I give fifty," said Mr. Z., and as no higher bid came from the other side, the bargain was concluded.

Murty Donahoo was astounded, but by strenuous exertions he retained possession of his wits. When, however, the money was handed over to him, the struggle was fearful, and he felt himself in danger. Pecksheen turned right about and went up to the garret, taking the children with her.

The two gentlemen amateurs began to jeer at Mr. X., and to say cutting things to him. "Aha! X. Aha! old boy. Aha! old fellow; lost your Straduarius," and they laughed quite heartily.

"You paid too much," said Mr. X. "I don't think it is a Straduarius."

"Oh! no," said Mr. Z., "I should think not; no indeed. I ought to know something about a Straduarius by this time, I guess. You're deep, X., but it won't do."

"I don't think it will," said Mr. X., "but your money is well spent. Good-morning."

Mr. Z. discovered, much too early for his convenience, that his dearly purchased violin was worth about one dollar and a half. He rent it in twain. For many weeks he forsook the society of Mr. X., and even the companionship of Mr. Y. he found superfluous. Last year he went to Europe on an art tour. But for his absence I should not dare to tell the story now.

Mr. X. by his expedient not only succeeded in relieving the distress of a poor family without injury to his own exchequer, but also relieved his own, in getting the obnoxious fiddle comfortably out of the way. Having thus killed two birds with one stone, he attacked his scores with freshened energies.

UP THE SPOUT.

NEVER mind how it happened; let the fact suffice, that one dull November morning I found myself walking up Broadway in that condition of impecuniosity more graphically than classically denoted by the words, "hard up." Not to put too fine a point upon it, I had just paid away my last cent for my breakfast, and my prospects of a dinner and lodgings were contingent upon the transmutation of certain valuables into current coin. My situation was, after all, rather embarrassing than distressing. In a few days probably, in a few weeks certainly, I should again be in funds. But how to meet the wants of those few days or weeks was the problem to solve which I had set out that morning.

I can hardly tell how it happened, but my attention was all at once attracted by an old man strangely attired in garments which might have been the fashion half a century ago. He was tall and spare; bald, with iron-gray whiskers, of the style and shape vulgarly termed leg-o'-mutton, and mustache having a melancholy declination; his body was encased in a bottle-green, long-tailed, short-waisted coat, with brazen buttons; a figured velvet vest, very wide open, exposed a rich lace and embroidered under-garment, which might have been an heir-loom, while his extremities rejoiced, respectively, in yellow nankeen pantaloons and a Panama hat, although the weather was cold and pedestrians indulged in overcoats.

Clasped tightly to his breast, with one hand the old man held what seemed to be a very fine microscope, while in the other he carried a small brass rod. This strange appearing creature led my mind from the contemplation of my own woes, and I determined to follow him, the more especially as he constantly muttered to himself in a foreign language, and clasped his burden more closely in his arms; while once I thought I saw a tear trickling slowly down his yellow, seamed, and cadaverous face.

Suddenly he turned a corner, and proceeding eastward, soon entered upon another great thoroughfare. He walked rapidly on, closely followed by me, until he reached the door of a lofty building, which occupied a corner. Here he stopped.

Turning my eyes upward I saw, suspended in mid-air, and creaking in the wind, the emblematic *three golden balls*. A sign, extending over the whole building, informed me that the institution was conducted under the rule and supervision of *Messrs. Timpson and Co., Pawnbrokers*.

The old man had seated himself upon the door-step, and amused himself by alternately polishing the shining brass of the instrument with his coat-tail, and anon hiding it behind a door, and peeping furtively through a window into the interior. Every moment a spring-door swung upon its hinges, and men, women, and children passed in, or mingled with, the kaleidoscopic procession which thronged the street. Old men and young girls, gayly dressed and jeweled bucks and gray-headed women, laughing, cursing, and weeping—the picture changed each moment.

Meanwhile the old man with the microscope waited upon the door-step, but he did not rest quietly. Every moment he peered through the window, but did not venture in, apparently frightened by the crowd. Once or twice he seized the microscope and tried to run, but the memory perhaps of something at home pulled him back.

At last the place was nearly empty, and, seizing the opportunity, he pushed the swinging door and entered. I followed him. It was a large room with whitewashed walls, scrawled over with names, songs, and rude drawings; one side was occupied by a long counter, well worn by the clutchings of many hands; the other by a row of small boxes, which concealed the modest borrower from the vulgar gaze. The rough board floor was smooth and polished by the tread of many thousand feet; the air seemed reeking with the foul breathings, and echoed the hoarse cursings that had filled the room so often. You could seem to hear the ring of money, as it was sent forth on its errands of good or evil—money that could not stifle heart-throbs, or dry tears—money that would not pay for old memories crushed out, old ties severed, yet money that bought virtue, honor, happiness.

Gay young clerks sat at the desks and wrote, whistling as they noted down—here a heart broken, there a soul ruined. The smoke curled up from their cigars—capital *Cabargas*, cost eight cents—and they laughed and joked, as they had a right to do. What was it to them? It would be all the same one hundred years hence; and if every hole in that old dress is burned through by a tear, what is it to them? “Where ignorance is bliss,” etc.—quotations come in finely. And the old man stood before the counter, and as he shuffled uneasily about I knew the floor was getting smoother, and the counter was being worn away little by little, and the old heart inside the lace and embroidered heir-loom was

throbbing less loudly. A stout, unhealthy-looking Hebrew, jeweled and perfumed, came up, quick and sharp as his trade forced him to be. The old man spoke only Spanish; the clerk did not understand it; fortunately I did, and offered my services as interpreter. It did not take long to conclude his business; the microscope was appraised; a few dollars rung on the counter; there was a heavy sigh, and a single tear. The old man had separated from an old friend, and unsteadily he groped for the door, which I opened for him, and he was gone. Turning to me the clerk inquired, in an insinuating manner, if he could “transact a little beesnessh” with me. The idea was a new one, but I did not feel competent to consider it in all its bearings at that time; I merely muttered something about “called for curiosity,” and turning to one of the boxes, I seated myself on a stool, and prepared to see whatever should be presented to my notice.

The temporary respite which the shop had enjoyed was at an end, and the door swung again on its hinges. An old man, with thin white hair, miserable torn and soiled garments, and yet with a bearing above his condition, presented himself. He offered a handsome inlaid work-box to the clerk. “Five dollars,” said that individual; the old man nodded, the money was produced and he vanished, giving room to a stout Hibernian female, who offered a “comforter” and got fifty cents, doubtless to apply to “comforting” herself inwardly. A mechanic pawned his box of tools; a wood-sawyer his wood-horse and saw; then a dingy-looking scholar exhibited a bundle of worn books, and was surprised at the little value set upon his treasures by the clerk. At last a carriage stopped just below the door, and a liveried servant came in, stepped to one of the boxes, and offered a jewel-case; it took some time to settle this business, and I judged from the clear sharp ring of the metal, and the time it took to tell it, that the payment was in gold, and to a considerable amount. A moment more and a slight, graceful female form occupied the box next me; she was closely veiled, and I did not see her face; she seemed to plead some time with the broker, and from her slow and painful step when she left, and a furtive movement of her hand to her head, I judged with little success.

Again the question was presented to my mind, and this time I determined not to evade it. To pawn, or not to pawn, that was the question; whether ’twere any improvement to the stomach or brains to suffer the stings and harrows of an outrageous appetite; and whether, having the means, I had not better apply them to the end, and obtain some dinner.

Thus said appetite; but, then, *to pawn!*—to degrade myself to association with such vile creatures as I had just seen. Still I knew it could be but temporary, this necessity; and I began to call to mind all the distinguished personages I had ever heard or read of who, overtaken by vile misfortune, had been forced to pawn.

There was Shelley, who, like my ancient friend

in the nankeens, pawned his microscope when a boy; but it was to relieve misfortune, which rather injures the similitude.

Then Tasso pawned his father's waistcoat with "Signor Abraham Levi," for "venticinqe liri," in 1570, and the author of "Gierusalemme Liberata" never suffered in reputation, as I heard.

History records that even monarchs have pawned in their day, and curious matters have come therefrom. Charles the Bold, when in the Netherlands, pawned a diamond noted as being the largest in Europe. Some time afterwards he found himself in funds, and sent a page with the money to redeem the diamond. On his way home with it the page met with the misfortune of being murdered; which Charles hearing, he ordered the boy's body to be carefully preserved until he could see it. On his arrival at the scene of the assassination Charles ordered the body to be cut open, when the diamond was found securely hidden away in a snug corner of the viscera.

Christian, King of Denmark—as I remember reading in the "Notes and Queries"—pawned the Orkney Islands to King James III. of Scotland, for fifty thousand florins, being the balance due on the dowry of his fair-haired daughter, married to that King; that happened four hundred years ago. And I remember, too, reading somewhere of an English king who, on his way home from Palestine, became short of cash, and having a batch of Paynim prisoners with him, pawned the whole for money to take him home. History does not mention whether he ever reclaimed them or not.

The ancient Egyptians had a law which forced every borrower to pawn the body of his father or nearest relation deceased, as security for the debt. And the worst of the matter was, that if he did not redeem the pawn he was disgraced, could not bury anybody of his family if they died, and could not be buried himself in case of the same contingency occurring, as the creditor held *bona fide* possession of the tomb.

Still I was not satisfied. I wanted a precedent nearer home, and by the merest accident in the world I obtained it.

I noticed that the clerk aforementioned was casting suspicious glances at me, and as I neither wished to seem embarrassed nor to leave, I quietly took a newspaper from my pocket and proceeded to read. While carelessly glancing over the paper, my attention was arrested by the following item:

"A. Gavard, a pawnbroker of Sacramento, has in pawn a gold watch made in 1769, which was presented, in 1781, by Washington to Lafayette. It bears inside the case the following inscription: 'G. Washington to Gilbert Motier de la Fayette. Lord Cornwallis's capitulation, Yorktown, Dec. 17, 1781.'"

Here was the very thing I wanted. If a watch presented by WASHINGTON to LAFAYETTE had got into the pawnbroker's, there could be no disgrace in one like me pawning a jewel with no such associations to trammel it. I was now decided; and rising from my seat, addressed myself to a stout, quiet-looking personage of the

Hebrew persuasion. Taking from my finger a costly topaz ring, I offered it for his examination; he took it to a jet of gas, and proceeded to criticise it through a glass. A moment sufficed to satisfy him as to its value, and he made me an offer fully equal to my expectations. I accepted it at once, and the check was made out and the money delivered in five minutes.

I was equally satisfied with the manners of the pawnbroker, and was indeed agreeably surprised at his politeness.

Appetite had now an opportunity of being satisfied; but my pride, disgusted at its defeat in the topaz ring matter, took its revenge by standing out in another affair of some consequence, and thus forced me to become quite a constant visitor at my friend the pawnbroker's. As I had no reason for apprehending any serious discomfort as a final result, and was, besides, of an inquiring turn of mind, I frequently employed my leisure moments in questioning the person who waited upon me (who I found to be one of the partners in the house) concerning the manner in which it was carried on, the various incidents which daily occurred, and other matters.

I learned considerable concerning the history and statistics of pawnbroking. Thus I found that in the Paris "*Mont de Piété*," which is nothing but a gigantic Government pawnbroker's shop, there were deposited, in 1826, 1,200,000 pledges, on which was lent the sum of 25,000,000 francs. I was of course interested in my ancestors the Dutch, and was charmed to discover that in Holland there are 108 pawnbrokers' shops, Amsterdam furnishing 60; having an eye to their sundry pecuniary emoluments, they charge the snug little interest of 56 per cent.

I was not much interested in the Hibernian culture of pawnbrokers, but was yet pleased to learn that in eight months the establishment of Limerick loaned £13,000 on 70,000 pledges. Also, in 1786, five years after the establishment of the Paris "*Mont de Piété*," there lay in its vaults no less than 40,000 watches. I could not help making a fearful pun when I heard this piece of information, to the effect that it must be a pretty safe bank, being so well *watched*. And after all this Mr. Sol. Solomons, my friend, informed me that at the Glasgow pawnbrokers' shops, in 1836, there were pawned 539 coats, 355 vests, 288 pants, 1980 dresses, 540 petti— Here my modesty broke down, and I incontinently gave up my questioning for that occasion.

At last, like Charles the Bold, I was again in funds, and joyfully presenting myself one fine morning before Mr. Solomons, I redeemed my various offerings at the shrine. Mr. Solomons, on this auspicious occasion, thought it would not be inappropriate to offer his congratulations on my happy release from my temporary pecuniary embarrassments; this he did in the following language:

"Without incivility, Sir, I can hope that you may never be forced to visit us again; but as I see you have some curiosity concerning us, and as there is much here to see that is interesting

to strangers, I should be happy to exhibit our establishment to you at your convenience." Of course I grasped at the opportunity, and naming a day and hour to suit both, we separated.

"Good-morning, Sir," said Mr. Sol. Solomons about a week later, as I exhibited myself at my accustomed window. "I knew you would come. From seeing so many faces we get to study human nature here, and I was certain you wanted to know more about us." Thus saying, he opened a side door and admitted me to the office, very much to the surprise of the poverty-stricken company who stood by the counter.

We passed down a flight of stairs, and found ourselves in a large, well-lighted room, filled with rows of shelves, for which partitions extended the entire length of the building. These shelves overflowed with mechanics' tools, musical instruments, clocks, guns, and all the heavier articles of household furniture. "This," said my guide, "is the mechanics' dépôt; here the poor carpenter pawns the tool he is not using to enable him to hire others, and thus finish whatever job he is engaged upon. He redeems them when the work is done.

"Or, perhaps, he falls sick, and his wife brings tools, furniture, and every thing else, to get money for the doctor, or to pay the rent. I suppose the poor fellow dies, for they are seldom redeemed in such cases. Very often, too, his wife drinks, and when he is off at work she pawns his tools to buy rum. Then he generally redeems them, and begs us not to loan on them again; but what difference is it to us? or, indeed, for that matter, to him either; if she don't pawn them in one place, she can in another."

Mr. Solomons paused, and regarding intently a key-bugle which lay on one of the shelves, delivered himself oracularly of the following:

"Now, in all my experience, I have always found that people make the most fuss when they pawn musical instruments. Perhaps a family will send here every day or two for months, and, finally, they'll be bringing rags of cravats, and old boots, and bits of carpet; when, all at once, they'll come in some day with a splendid accordion or guitar, and get enough to last them a week; and that is generally the last we see of that family.

"I know that most people would think they had stolen it; but I know better. They have pawned every thing else in the world, and kept that to the last—it's a family relic maybe, or a love-token; and they'll bring it in and take it out again, and come back, and sob, and finally they must come to it, and up it goes.

"And another strange fact is, that while they'll stand and beg for a few more pennies on an old tea-kettle, when this comes they take any thing that is offered, and only seem glad to get out into the air again. And do you know," said Mr. Solomons, warming as he considered the subject, "I think I've got a reason for it all. You see," and he laid his finger on my coat sleeve, "when they have the relic, or love-token, or whatever it is, back, they have something to

save, and every penny counts; but when that's gone, they get desperate, and don't care."

I praised Mr. Solomons for his philosophical view of things; and after looking about for a few moments longer, we ascended to the office again. "Now, Sir," said he, taking a large key from his desk, "I am going to show you our valuables;" and so speaking, he opened an iron door in one side of the room, and we entered a large vault, built entirely of iron, and lit with gas. Around the sides were small, shallow drawers, similar to those seen in a jeweler's safe; while bundles, large and small, were ticketed and piled in bins in one corner. Opening the drawers, one by one, he showed me their contents, and I noted them on the spot. First, I counted nearly a thousand watches, gold and silver, on which had been loaned sums varying from one dollar to one hundred each. These were contained in fifty drawers. Twenty-five drawers were filled with finger-rings, bracelets, ear-rings, and such smaller matters, while the bundles consisted of silver cups, ladles, forks, and about five hundred dozen of silver spoons.

Opening a packing-case which stood in one corner I discovered a collection of new plated ware, which I was informed had been sent on and pawned by a Southern merchant. I expressed my astonishment at this information. "Why, Sir," said he, "we have frequently to loan on whole storesful of stock of various kinds, belonging to extensive merchants in this city, as well as elsewhere." As we turned to go out, I asked Mr. Solomons if he ever was deceived by false jewelry? "Not often," he replied, "but I did get dreadfully sold once. I was not as sharp then as I am now; and this was how it occurred:

"One morning a respectable-looking young man, a German, brought in a diamond to get an advance, and he wanted five hundred dollars on it. He announced himself as a diamond merchant, and gave me his card, No. —, Maiden Lane. I examined the stone, and being a good judge, knew I could not be deceived. It was worth full seven hundred dollars, and I willingly advanced the amount he wished. The man went away, but returned in about a week and redeemed it. The next week he pawned it again, and this time let it remain three weeks; and so for about six months he pawned it every two or three weeks.

"For the first few months I always examined the stone carefully each time it was offered; but I discovered a peculiarity in it I had never seen before, and which easily enabled me to identify it at a glance, so after that I was less careful. One day he brought it in, and being in a hurry, I merely noted this mark, and gave him the money, depositing the stone in the safe. The man left, and I thought no more of the matter, until one day, a week after, my partner happened to take up the stone, and examining it closely, called me and desired me to look at it. I did so, and, to my utter astonishment and no small dismay, found it to be a paste imitation. Of course I

made for his office at once, and equally, of course, I didn't find him; the bird had flown the day after leaving the stone. I lost five hundred dollars by that speculation, but I gained, what five years could not have given me, *sharpness*. I have never been *done* since."

We now proceeded to ascend to the second story, which I found to be a room extending the whole length and breadth of the building, and divided into large bins, each filled with bundles of clothes, all ticketed and packed nicely away. "This floor," said Mr. Solomons, "is the bed-clothes and clothing floor; and we have more of these matters than any other."

Having a taste for figures, I proceeded to count, and made out about two thousand bins, each containing on an average twenty-five lots, including, perhaps, one hundred thousand articles of bed-clothing, all kinds of wearing apparel, and, in fact, every thing of cloth material. The average loan on each lot I found to be one dollar. The conveniences for transacting the business of the establishment were precise and systematic. Dumb waiters connected the different floors of the building, and speaking tubes announced to the clerks on each floor the number wanted.

We now passed to the third floor, and found a motley collection. Guns, pistols, books, swords, drums, boots and shoes, work-boxes—a complete museum. I wandered about bewildered, and could make no calculation either of the value or quantity contained in this curiosity shop. After remaining a few moments, we descended and soon found ourselves in the office.

Here Mr. Solomons gave me a chair, and producing some capital cigars, seated himself and proceeded to unburden himself of his troubles and doubts, commencing in this strain:

"The fact of the business is," said he, folding his arms and looking mournfully at the toes of his boots, "pawnbrokers don't get their deserts in this world." I was convinced of the truth of this remark in a general way, and did not hesitate to concur with him; venturing a hope that they might accomplish that laudable end in the next sphere. Charmed with my acquiescence to his first proposition, Mr. Solomons proceeded to enlighten me with regard to some of the law and equity of pawnbroking. So I discovered that, if the brokers charge twenty-five per cent. on all sums under twenty-five dollars, they only receive legal interest on larger amounts, and the trouble and risk in loaning such small sums certainly seem to deserve better payment. The risks they run of being deceived are great, and their sales of unclaimed pawns, being frequently badly attended, produce often less than the advance.

I learned, however, that the greater number of pawns are redeemed; that the average number of loans is two hundred and fifty per day; that more loans are made on Mondays and Tuesdays, and more redemptions on Saturdays, than any other days. This latter is partially owing to the fact that mechanics and others often pawn their best suits at the beginning of the week, and redeem them on Saturday nights for Sun-

day wear. I was told, with what truth I know not, that the rule generally followed in making a loan is to give two-thirds of what the article would probably bring at auction. Thus a watch which retails for fifty dollars, would probably bring thirty at auction, and the broker will lend upon it twenty dollars. The sales take place by law, not less than a year and a day after the loan has been made; but the brokers prefer to have articles redeemed, and thus frequently keep them for even a longer time. Mr. Solomons very kindly permitted me to see the books of the establishment, and I was enabled to verify many of his statements by my own observation. I had now apparently posted myself completely on the arrangement of the establishment. Thanking Mr. Solomons for his politeness and attention to all my queries, I was on my way to the door when, hearing something fall upon the floor, I stooped and picked up a small French gilt ring, such as were then very fashionable as fastenings for cravats. Seeing the article in my hand, Mr. Solomons said: "By-the-way, there is quite a curious little incident connected with that ring, and as it may serve to give you an idea of the romance of pawnbroking, you shall have it for what it is worth.

"A few months ago I became accustomed to see in the shop, at about the middle of the afternoon, when there were few callers, a little creature scarcely the height of the counter, who peered up at me with a strange, witch look, and laying her package on the table, demanded in a sharp tone, 'How much for them?' One day I went round the counter and looked at her. She was about three feet high, always wore a little black petticoat falling to the knees, beneath which trembled blue mites of legs and poor thin feet, that fairly made you shiver with cold to look at them. She brought sometimes small articles of gentlemen's wear, little bits of French jewelry, odds and ends of various kinds, and all new. Of course I was suspicious. I asked the child where she got the goods, and received for an answer that her father was a peddler, had fallen sick, and was selling his stock to keep himself alive.

"A very reasonable story, and I didn't doubt it was true; she was as honest, straightforward a little thing as I ever saw in appearance, and I would as soon have doubted my head clerk as her; such a poor, white-faced, puny thing, she couldn't cheat a fool.

"Well, so it went on. She came and went; and whenever I could throw in an extra penny or two I did it.

"One day missy came in, and offered me about twenty-five rings, one of which is that which I wear, and you just picked up. It happened that I had been caught that day, and had lost the advance on a watch pawned by a thief; and the consequence was, I was not in the best of humor. Something in her movements, connected with the value of the pawn, made me suspect her, and when she left I sent a clerk after her.

"The clerk followed her up and down for half an hour, when at some corner she met a boy about sixteen years of age, gave him the money, and—they were both cleverly arrested by a policeman at the request of my clerk.

"Marched to the Tombs, I was sent for; and after close questioning and some threatening, the boy owned that he stole the rings from the store where he was engaged. On sending to his employer the goods were identified. The little girl, on being told she would have to stay in the Tombs, became so violent that it was impossible to make her listen to reason. She swore like a burglar, stamped her feet, screamed, and tore her hair. She finally went into such a torrent of passion that the physician of the Tombs considered it would be dangerous to keep her there. In consideration of her extreme youth and unmistakable terror of the prison, she was permitted to go; she flew out of the gates like a cat, and was off. I never saw any thing of her again. As for the boy, he was sent up to the Island, and died there a few weeks after from some cause or other."

As I stepped into the street I found the lamps were lit; people were hurrying up and down, up and down—to the theatre, the home, to the bar-room—and the door of the pawnbroker's shop swung on its hinges—creak, creak—and the old men and the young children crept in and darted out, and I thought of the old Spaniard with his microscope, and the little girl with the blue feet, and the counter worn and eaten with thousands of thin hands, and the floor with its rough boards smoothed by the tread of thousands of restless feet. And so I made one among the crowd surging over toward Broadway.

THE VIRGINIANS. BY W. M. THACKERAY.



CHAPTER LXXXVII.

THE LAST OF GOD SAVE THE KING.

WHAT perverse law of Fate is it that ever places me in a minority? Should a law be proposed to hand over this realm to the Pretender of Rome, or the Grand Turk, and submit

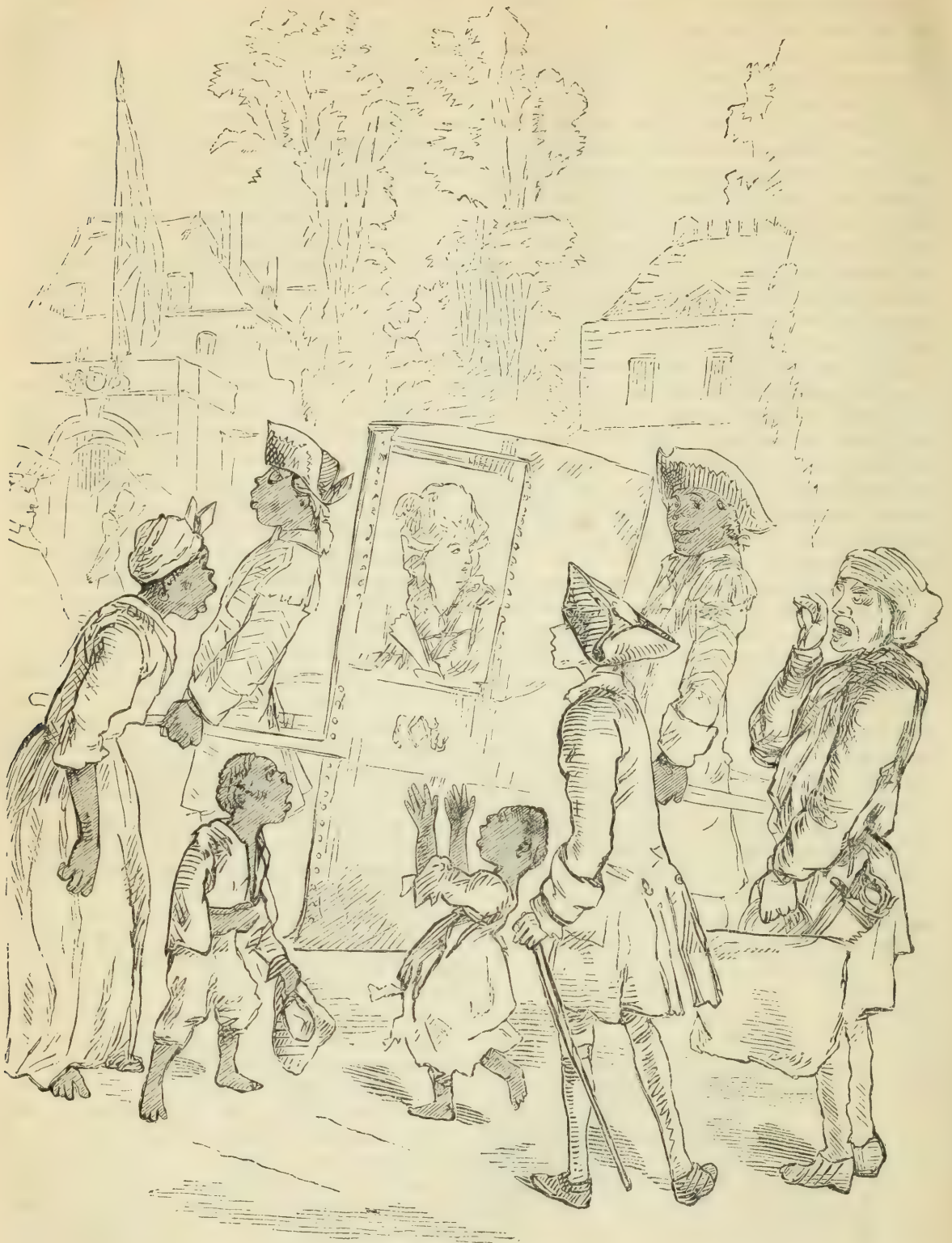
it to the new sovereign's religion, it might pass, as I should certainly be voting against it. At home in Virginia, I found myself disagreeing with everybody as usual. By the Patriots I was voted (as indeed I professed myself to be) a Tory; by the Tories I was presently declared to be a dangerous Republican. The time was utterly out of joint. O cursed spite! Ere I had been a year in Virginia, how I wished myself back by the banks of Waveney! But the aspect of affairs was so troublous that I could not leave my mother, a lone lady, to face possible war and disaster, nor would she quit the country at such a juncture, nor should a man of spirit leave it. At his Excellency's table, and over his Excellency's plentiful claret that point was agreed on by numbers of the well affected, that vow was vowed over countless brimming bumpers. No: it was *statue signum, signifer!* We Cavaliers would all rally round it; and at these times our Governor talked like the bravest of the brave.

Now, I will say, of all my Virginian acquaintance, Madam Esmond was the most consistent. Our gentlefolks had come in numbers to Williamsburg; and a great number of them proposed to treat her Excellency, the Governor's lady, to a ball when the news reached us of the Boston Port Bill. Straightway the House of Burgesses adopts an indignant protest against this measure of the British Parliament, and decrees a solemn day of fast and humiliation throughout the country, and of solemn prayer to Heaven to avert the calamity of Civil War. Meanwhile, the invitation to my Lady Dunmore having been already given and accepted, the gentlemen agreed that their ball should take place on the appointed evening, and then sackcloth and ashes should be assumed some days afterward.

"A ball!" says Madam Esmond. "I go to a ball which is given by a set of rebels who are going publicly to insult His Majesty a week afterward! I will die sooner!" And she wrote to the gentlemen who were stewards for the occasion to say, that viewing the dangerous state of the country, she, for her part, could not think of attending a ball.

What was her surprise then, the next time she went abroad in her chair, to be cheered by a hundred persons, white and black, and shouts of "Huzzah, Madam!" "Heaven bless your Ladyship!" They evidently thought her patriotism had caused her determination not to go to the ball.

Madam, that there should be no mistake, puts her head out of the chair, and cries out God save the King, as loud as she can. The people cried God save the King, too. Every body cried God save the King in those days. On the night of that entertainment my poor Harry, as a Burgess of the House, and one of the givers of the feast, donned his uniform red coat of Wolfe's (which he so soon was to exchange for another color) and went off with Madam Fanny to the ball. My Lady Warrington and her humble servant, as being strangers in the country, and English people as it were, were permitted by Madam to



ARBITRIUM POPULARIS AURÆ.

attend the assembly from which she of course absented herself. I had the honor to dance a country dance with the lady of Mount Vernon, whom I found a most lively, pretty, and amiable partner; but am bound to say that my wife's praises of her were received with a very grim acceptance by my mother, when Lady Warrington came to recount the events of the evening. Could not Sir George Warrington have danced with my Lady Dunmore or her daughters, or with any body but Mrs. Washington; to be sure the Colonel thought so well of himself and his wife that

no doubt he considered her the grandest lady in the room; and she who remembered him a road surveyor at a guinea a day! Well, indeed! there was no measuring the pride of these provincial upstarts, and as for this gentleman, my Lord Dunmore's partiality for him had evidently turned his head. I do not know about Mr. Washington's pride; I know that my good mother never could be got to love him or any thing that was his.

She was no better pleased with him for going to the ball than with his conduct three days aft-

erward. When the day of fast and humiliation was appointed, and when he attended the service which our new clergyman performed. She invited Mr. Belman to dinner that day, and sundry colonial authorities. The clergyman excused himself. Madam Esmond tossed up her head, and said he might do as he liked. She made a parade of a dinner; she lighted her house up at night, when all the rest of the city was in darkness and gloom; she begged Mr. Hardy, one of his Excellency's aids-de-camp, to sing "God save the King," to which the people in the street outside listened, thinking that it might be a part of some religious service which Madam was celebrating; but then she called for "Britons, strike home!" which the simple young gentleman just from Europe began to perform, when a great yell arose in the street, and a large stone, flung from some rebellious hand, plumped into the punch-bowl before me, and scattered it and its contents about our dining-room.

My mother went to the window, nothing daunted. I can see her rigid little figure now, as she stands with a tossed-up head, outstretched, frilled arms, and the twinkling stars for a back-ground, and sings in chorus, "Britons, strike home! strike home!" The crowd in front of the palings shout and roar, "Silence! for shame! go back!" but she will not go back, not she. "Fling more stones, if you dare!" says the brave little lady; and more might have come, but some gentlemen issuing out of the Raley Tavern interpose with the crowd. "You mustn't insult a lady," says a voice I think I know. "Huzza, Colonel! Hurrah, Captain! "God bless your honor!" say the people in the street. And thus the enemies are pacified.

My mother protesting that the whole disturbance was over, would have had Mr. Hardy sing another song; but he gave a sickly grin, and said "he really did not like to sing to such accompaniments," and the concert for that evening was ended; though I am bound to say that some scoundrels returned at night, frightened my poor wife almost out of wits, and broke every single window in the front of our tenement. "Britons, strike home!" was a little too much. Madam should have contented herself with "God save the King!" Militia was drilled, bullets were cast, supplies of ammunition got ready, cunning plans for disappointing the royal ordinances devised and carried out, but, to be sure, "God save the King" was the cry every where; and in reply to my objections to the gentlemen-patriots, "Why, you are scheming for a separation; you are bringing down upon you the inevitable wrath of the greatest power in the world!" the answer to me always was, "We mean no separation at all; we yield to no men in loyalty; we glory in the name of Britons," and so forth, and so forth. The powder-barrels were heaped in the cellar, the train was laid, but Mr. Fawkes was persistent in his dutiful petitions to King and Parliament, and meant no harm, not he! 'Tis true when I spoke of the power of our country I imagined she would exert it; that she

would not expect to overcome three millions of fellow-Britons on their own soil with a few battalions, a half-dozen generals from Bond Street, and a few thousand bravos hired out of Germany. As if we wanted to insult the thirteen colonies as well as to subdue them, we must set upon them these hordes of Hessians, and the murderers out of the Indian wigwams. Was our great quarrel not to be fought without *tali auxilio* and *istis defensoribus*? Ah! 'tis easy, now we are worsted, to look over the map of the great empire wrested from us, and show how we ought not to have lost it. Long Island ought to have exterminated Washington's army; he ought never to have come out of Valley Forge except as a prisoner. The South was ours after the battle of Camden, but for the inconceivable meddling of the Commander-in-Chief at New York, who paralyzed the exertions of the only capable British General who appeared during the war, and sent him into that miserable *cul-de-sac* at York Town, whence he could only issue defeated and a prisoner. Oh for a week more! a day more, an hour more of darkness or light! In reading over our American campaigns, from their unhappy commencement to their inglorious end, now that we are able to see the enemy's movements and conditions as well as our own, I fancy we can see how an advance, a march, might have put enemies into our power who had no means to withstand it, and changed the entire issue of the struggle. But it was ordained by Heaven, and for the good, as we can now have no doubt, of both empires, that the great Western Republic should separate from us: and the gallant soldiers who fought on her side, their indomitable and heroic Chief above all, had the glory of facing and overcoming, not only veteran soldiers amply provided and inured to war, but wretchedness, cold, hunger, dissensions, treason within their own camp, where all must have gone to rack, but for the pure, unquenchable flame of patriotism that was forever burning in the bosom of the heroic leader. What a constancy, what a magnanimity, what a surprising persistence against fortune! Washington before the enemy was no better nor braver than hundreds that fought with him or against him (who has not heard the repeated sneers against "Fabius" in which his factious captains were accustomed to indulge?): but Washington, the Chief of a nation in arms, doing battle with distracted parties; calm in the midst of conspiracy; serene against the open foe before him and the darker enemies at his back; Washington, inspiring order and spirit into troops hungry and in rags; stung by ingratitude, but betraying no anger, and ever ready to forgive; in defeat invincible, magnanimous in conquest, and never so sublime as on that day when he laid down his victorious sword and sought his noble retirement—here indeed is a character to admire and revere; a life without a stain, a fame without a flaw. *Quando invenies parem*? In that more extensive work which I have planned and partly written on the subject of this great war, I hope

I have done justice to the character of its greatest leader.* And this from the sheer force of respect which his eminent virtues extorted. With the young Mr. Washington of my own early days I had not the honor to enjoy much sympathy: though my brother, whose character is much more frank and affectionate than mine, was always his fast friend in early times, when they were equals, as in latter days when the General, as I do own and think, was all mankind's superior.

I have mentioned that contrariety in my disposition, and, perhaps, in my brother's, which somehow placed us on wrong sides in the quarrel which ensued, and which from this time forth raged for five years, until the mother country was fain to acknowledge her defeat. Harry should have been the Tory, and I the Whig. Theoretically my opinions were very much more liberal than those of my brother, who, especially after his marriage, became what our Indian nabobs call a Bahadoor—a person ceremonious, stately, and exacting respect. When my Lord Dunmore, for instance, talked about liberating the negroes, so as to induce them to join the king's standard, Hal was for hanging the Governor and the Black Guards (as he called them) whom his Excellency had crimped. "If you gentlemen are fighting for freedom," says I, "sure the negroes may fight too." On which Harry roars out, shaking his fist, "Infernal villains, if I meet any of 'em, they shall die by this hand!" And my mother agreed that this idea of a negro insurrection was the most abominable and parricidal notion which had ever sprung up in her unhappy country. She at least was more consistent than Brother Hal. She would have black and white obedient to the powers that be: whereas Hal only could admit that freedom was the right of the latter color.

As a proof of her argument, Madam Esmond and Harry too would point to an instance in our own family in the person of Mr. Gumbo. Having got his freedom from me, as a reward for his admirable love and fidelity to me when times were hard, Gumbo, on his return to Virginia, was scarce a welcome guest in his old quarters, among my mother's servants. He was free, and they were not: he was as it were a centre of insurrection. He gave himself no small airs of protection and consequence among them; bragging of his friends in Europe ("at home," as he called it) and his doings there; and for a while bringing the household round about him to listen to him and admire him, like the monkey who

had seen the world. Now Sady, Hal's boy, who went to America of his own desire, was not free. Hence jealousies between him and Mr. Gumbo: and battles in which they both practiced the noble art of boxing and butting, which they had learned at Marybone Gardens and Hockley-in-the-Hole. Nor was Sady the only jealous person: almost all my mother's servants hated Signor Gumbo for the airs which he gave himself; and I am sorry to say that our faithful Molly, his wife, was as jealous as his old fellow-servants. The blacks could not pardon her for having demeaned herself so far as to marry one of their kind. She met with no respect; could exercise no authority: came to her mistress with ceaseless complaints of the idleness, knavery, lies, stealing of the black people, and finally with a story of jealousy against a certain Dinah, or Diana, who I heartily trust was as innocent as her namesake the moonlight visitant of Endymion. Now on the article of morality Madam Esmond was a very Draconess; and a person accused was a person guilty. She made charges against Mr. Gumbo, to which he replied with asperity. Forgetting that he was a free gentleman, my mother now ordered Gumbo to be whipped, on which Molly flew at her ladyship, all her wrath at her husband's infidelity vanishing at the idea of the indignity put upon him; there was a rebellion in our house at Castlewood. A quarrel took place between me and my mother, as I took my man's side. Hal and Fanny sided with her, on the contrary; and in so far the difference did good, as it brought about some little intimacy between Madam and her younger children. This little difference was speedily healed; but it was clear that the Standard of Insurrection must be removed out of our house; and we determined that Mr. Gumbo and his lady should return to Europe.

My wife and I would willingly have gone with them, God wot, for our boy sickened and lost his strength, and caught the fever in our swampy country; but at this time she was expecting to lie in (of our son Henry), and she knew, too, that I had promised to stay in Virginia. It was agreed that we should send the two back; but when I offered Theo to go, she said her place was with her husband—her father and Hetty at home would take care of our children; and she scarce would allow me to see a tear in her eyes while she was making her preparations for the departure of her little ones. Dost thou remember the time, Madam, and the silence round the work-tables, as the piles of little shirts are made ready for the voyage? and the stealthy visits to the children's chambers while they are asleep and yet with you? and the terrible time of parting, as our barge with the servants and children rows to the ship, and you stand on the shore? Had the Prince of Wales been going on that voyage, he could not have been better provided. Where, sirrah, is the Tompion watch your grandmother gave you? and how did you survive the boxes of cakes which the good lady stowed away in your cabin?

* And I trust that, in the opinions I have recorded regarding him, I have shown that I also can be just and magnanimous toward those who view me personally with no favor. For my brother Hal being at Mount Vernon, and always eager to bring me and his beloved Chief on good terms, showed his Excellency some of the early sheets of my History. General Washington (who read but few books, and had not the slightest pretensions to literary taste) remarked, "If you *will* have my opinion, my dear General, I think Sir George's projected work, from the specimen I have of it, is certain to offend both parties."—G. E. W.

The ship which took out my poor Theo's children returned with the Reverend Mr. Hagan and my Lady Maria on board, who meekly chose to resign her rank, and was known in the colony (which was not to be a colony very long) only as Mrs. Hagan. At the time when I was in favor with my Lord Dunmore, a living falling vacant in Westmoreland County, he gave it to our kinsman, who arrived in Virginia time enough to christen our boy Henry, and to preach some sermons on the then gloomy state of affairs, which Madam Esmond pronounced to be prodigious fine. I think my Lady Maria won Madam's heart by insisting on going out of the room after her. "My father, your brother, was an earl, 'tis true," says she, "but you know your ladyship is a marquis's daughter, and I never can think of taking precedence of you!" So fond did Madam become of her niece, that she even allowed Hagan to read plays—my own humble compositions among others; and was fairly forced to own that there was merit in the tragedy of Pocahontas, which our parson delivered with uncommon energy and fire.

Hal and his wife came but rarely to Castlewood and Richmond when the chaplain and his lady were with us. Fanny was very curt and rude with Maria, used to giggle and laugh strangely in her company, and repeatedly remind her of her age, to our mother's astonishment, who would often ask, was there any cause of quarrel between her niece and her daughter-in-law? I kept my own counsel on these occasions, and was often not a little touched by the meekness with which the elder lady bore her persecutions. Fanny loved to torture her in her husband's presence (who, poor fellow! was also in a happy ignorance about his wife's early history), and the other bore her agony, wincing as little as might be. I sometimes would remonstrate with Madam Harry, and ask her was she a red Indian, that she tortured her victims so? "Have not I had torture enough in my time?" says the young lady, and looked as though she was determined to pay back the injuries inflicted on her.

"Nay," says I, "you were bred in our wigwam, and I don't remember any thing but kindness!"

"Kindness!" cries she. "No slave was ever treated as I was. The blows which wound most, often are those which never are aimed. The people who hate us are not those we have injured."

I thought of little Fanny in our early days, silent, smiling, willing to run and do all our biddings for us. I grieved for my poor brother, who had taken this sly creature into his bosom.

CHAPTER LXXXVIII.

YANKEE DOODLE COMES TO TOWN.

ONE of the uses to which we put America in the days of our British dominion was to make it a refuge for our sinners. Besides convicts and assigned servants whom we transported to our



colonies, we discharged on their shores scapegraces and younger sons, for whom dissipation, despair, and bailiffs made the old country uninhabitable. And as Mr. Cook, in his voyages, made his newly-discovered islanders presents of English animals (and other specimens of European civilization), we used to take care to send samples of our *black sheep* over to the colonies, there to browse as best they might, and propagate their precious breed. I myself was perhaps a little guilty in this matter, in busying myself to find a living in America for the worthy Hagan, husband of my kinswoman—at least, was guilty in so far as this, that as we could get him no employment in England, we were glad to ship him to Virginia, and give him a colonial pulpit-cushion to thump. He demeaned himself there as a brave honest gentleman, to be sure; he did his duty thoroughly by his congregation, and his king too; and in so far did credit to my small patronage. Madam Theo used to urge this when I confided to her my scruples of conscience on this subject, and show, as her custom was and is, that my conduct in this, as in all other matters, was dictated by the highest principle of morality and honor. But would I have given Hagan our living at home, and selected him and his wife to minister to our parish? I fear not. I never had a doubt of our cousin's sincere repentance; but I think I was secretly glad when she went to work it out in the wilderness. And I say this, acknowledging my pride and my error. Twice, when I wanted them most, this kind Maria aided me with her sympathy and friendship. She bore

her own distresses courageously, and soothed those of others with admirable affection and devotion. And yet I, and some of mine (not Theo), *would* look down upon her. Oh, for shame, for shame on our pride!

My poor Lady Maria was not the only one of our family who was to be sent out of the way to American wildernesses. Having borrowed, stolen, cheated at home, until he could cheat, borrow, and steal no more, the Honorable William Esmond, Esquire, was accommodated with a place at New York; and his noble brother and royal master heartily desired that they might see him no more. When the troubles began, we heard of the fellow and his doings in his new habitation. Lies and mischief were his *avant couriers* wherever he traveled. My Lord Dunmore informed me that Mr. Will declared publicly, that our estate of Castlewood was only ours during his brother's pleasure; that his father, out of consideration for Madam Esmond, his lordship's half-sister, had given her the place for life, and that he, William, was in negotiation with his brother, the present Lord Castlewood, for the purchase of the reversion of the estate! We had the deed of gift in our strong room at Castlewood, and it was furthermore registered in due form at Williamsburg; so that we were easy on that score. But the intention was every thing; and Hal and I promised, as soon as ever we met Mr. William, to get from him a confirmation of this pretty story. What Madam Esmond's feelings and expressions were when she heard it, I need scarcely here particularize. "What! my father, the Marquis of Esmond was a liar, and I am a cheat, am I?" cries my mother. "He will take my son's property at my death, will he!" And she was for writing, not only to Lord Castlewood in England, but to His Majesty himself at St. James's, and was only prevented by my assurances that Mr. Will's lies were notorious among all his acquaintance, and that we could not expect, in our own case, that he should be so inconsistent as to tell the truth. We heard of him presently as one of the loudest among the Loyalists in New York, as Captain, and presently Major of a corps of volunteers who were sending their addresses to the well-disposed in all the other colonies, and announcing their perfect readiness to die for the mother country.

We could not lie in a house without a whole window, and closing the shutters of that unlucky mansion we had hired at Williamsburg, Madam Esmond left our little capital, and my family returned to Richmond, which also was deserted by the members of the (dissolved) Assembly. Captain Hal and his wife returned pretty early to their plantation; and I, not a little annoyed at the course which events were taking, divided my time pretty much between my own family and that of our Governor, who professed himself very eager to have my advice and company. There were the strongest political differences, but as yet no actual personal quarrel. Even after the dissolution of our House of Assembly, the members of which adjourned to a tavern, and there

held that famous meeting where, I believe, the idea of a congress of all the colonies was first proposed, the gentlemen who were strongest in opposition remained good friends with his Excellency, partook of his hospitality, and joined him in excursions of pleasure. The session over, the gentry went home and had meetings in their respective counties; and the Assemblies in most of the other provinces having been also abruptly dissolved, it was agreed every where that a general congress should be held. Philadelphia, as the largest and most important city on our continent, was selected as the place of meeting; and those celebrated conferences began, which were but the angry preface of war. We were still at God save the King; we were still presenting our humble petitions to the throne; but when I went to visit my brother Harry at Fanny's Mount (his new plantation lay not far from ours, but with Rappahannock between us, and toward Mattaponi River), he rode out on business one morning, and I in the afternoon happened to ride too, and was told by one of the grooms that Master was gone toward Willis's Ordinary; in which direction, thinking no harm, I followed. And upon a clear place not far from Willis's, as I advance out of the wood, I come on Captain Hal on horseback, with three or four-and-thirty countrymen round about him, armed with every sort of weapon, pike, scythe, fowling-piece, and musket; and the Captain, with two or three likely young fellows as officers under him, putting the men through their exercise. As I rode up a queer expression comes over Hal's face. "Present arms!" says he (and the army tries to perform the salute as well as they could), "Captain Cade, this is my brother, Sir George Warrington."

"As a relation of yours, *Colonel*," says the individual addressed as captain, "the gentleman is welcome," and he holds out a hand accordingly.

"And — and a true friend to Virginia," says Hal, with a reddening face.

"Yes, please God! gentlemen," say I, on which the regiment gives a hearty huzzay for the Colonel and his brother. The drill over, the officers, and the men too, were for adjourning to Willis's and taking some refreshment, but Colonel Hal said he could not drink with them that afternoon, and we trotted homeward together.

"So, Hal, the cat's out of the bag!" I said.

He gave me a hard look. "I guess there's wilder cats in it. It must come to this, George. I say, you mustn't tell Madam," he adds.

"Good God!" I cried, "do you mean that with fellows such as those I saw yonder, you and your friends are going to make fight against the greatest nation and the best army in the world?"

"I guess we shall get an awful whipping," says Hal, "and that's the fact. But then, George," he added, with his sweet kind smile, "we are young, and a whipping or two may do us good. Won't it do us good, Dolly, you old slut?" and he gives a playful touch with his whip to an old dog of *all trades* that was running by him.



A REHEARSAL.

I did not try to urge upon him (I had done so in vain many times previously) our British side of the question, the side which appears to me to be the best. He was accustomed to put off my reasons by saying, "All mighty well, brother; you speak as an Englishman, and have cast in your lot with your country, as I have with mine." To this argument I own there is no answer, and all that remains for the disputants is to fight the matter out, when the strongest is in the right. Which had the right in the wars of the last century? The king or the parliament? The side that was uppermost was the

right, and, on the whole, much more humane in their victory than the Cavaliers would have been had they won. Nay, suppose we Tories had won the day in America, how frightful and bloody that triumph would have been! What ropes and scaffolds one imagines; what noble heads laid low! A strange feeling this I own—I was on the Loyalist side, and yet wanted the Whigs to win. My brother Hal, on the other hand, who distinguished himself greatly with his regiment, never allowed a word of disrespect against the enemy whom he opposed. "The officers of the British army," he used to say, "are

gentlemen: at least, I have not heard that they are very much changed since my time. There may be scoundrels and ruffians among the enemy's troops; I dare say we could find some such among our own. Our business is to beat His Majesty's forces, not call them names; any rascal can do that." And from a name which Mr. Lee gave my brother, and many of his rough horsemen did not understand, Harry was often called "Chevaleer Baird" in the Continental army. He was a knight, indeed, without fear and without reproach.

As for the argument, "What could such people as those you were drilling do against the British army?" Hal had as confident answer:

"They can beat them," says he; "Mr. George, that's what they can do."

"Great Heavens!" I cry, "do you mean with your company of Wolfe's you would hesitate to attack five hundred such?"

"With my company of the 67th I would go any where. And, agreed with you, that at this present moment I know more of soldiering than they; but place me on that open ground where you found us, armed as you please, and half a dozen of my friends, with rifles, in the woods round about me; which would get the better? You know best, Mr. Braddock's aid-de-camp!"

There was no arguing with such a determination as this. "Thou knowest my way of thinking, Hal," I said; "and having surprised you at your work, I must tell my lord what I have seen."

"Tell him, of course. You have seen our county militia exercising. You will see as much in every colony from here to the Saint Lawrence or Georgia. As I am an old soldier, they have elected me Colonel. What more natural? Come, brother, let us trot on; dinner will be ready, and Mrs. Fan does not like me to keep it waiting." And so we made for his house, which was open like all the houses of our Virginian gentlemen, and where not only every friend and neighbor, but every stranger and traveler, was sure to find a welcome.

"So, Mrs. Fan," I said, "I have found out what game my brother has been playing."

"I trust the Colonel will have plenty of sport ere long," says she, with a toss of her head.

My wife thought Harry had been hunting, and I did not care to undeceive her, though what I had seen and he had told me made me naturally very anxious.

CHAPTER LXXXIX.

A COLONEL WITHOUT A REGIMENT.

WHEN my visit to my brother was concluded, and my wife and young child had returned to our maternal house at Richmond, I made it my business to go over to our Governor, then at his country-house, near Williamsburg, and confer with him regarding these open preparations for



war, which were being made not only in our own province, but in every one of the colonies, as far as we could learn. Gentlemen, with whose names history has since made all the world familiar, were appointed from Virginia as Delegates to the General Congress about to be held in Philadelphia. In Massachusetts the people and the Royal troops were facing each other almost in open hostility: in Maryland and Pennsylvania we flattered ourselves that a much more loyal spirit was prevalent: in the Carolinas and Georgia the mother country could reckon upon staunch adherents, and a great majority of the inhabitants: and it never was to be supposed that our own Virginia would forego its ancient loyalty. We had but few troops in the province, but its gentry were proud of their descent from the Cavaliers of the old times; and round about our Governor were swarms of loud and confident Loyalists, who were only eager for the moment when they might draw the sword, and scatter the rascally rebels before them. Of course, in these meetings I was forced to hear many a hard word against my poor Harry. His wife, all agreed (and not without good reason, perhaps), had led him to adopt these extreme anti-British opinions which he had of late declared; and he was infatuated by his attachment to the gentleman of Mount Vernon, it was farther said, whose opinions my brother always followed, and who, day by day, was committing himself farther in the dreadful and desperate course of resistance. "This is your friend," the people about his Excellency said; "this is the man you favored, who has had your special confidence, and who has repeatedly shared your hospitality!" It could not but be owned much of this was true: though what some of our eager Loyalists called treachery was indeed rather a proof of the longing desire Mr. Washington and other gentlemen had not to withdraw from their allegiance to the

Crown, but to remain faithful, and exhaust the very last chance of reconciliation, before they risked the other terrible alternative of revolt and separation. Let traitors arm, and villains draw the parricidal sword! We at least would remain faithful; the unconquerable power of England would be exerted, and the misguided and ungrateful provinces punished and brought back to their obedience. With what cheers we drank his Majesty's health after our banquets! We would die in defense of his rights; we would have a Prince of his Royal house to come and govern his ancient dominions! In consideration of my own and my excellent mother's loyalty, my brother's benighted conduct should be forgiven. Was it yet too late to secure him by offering him a good command? Would I not intercede with him, who, it was known, had a great influence over him? In our Williamsburg councils we were alternately in every state of exaltation and triumph, of hope, of fury against the rebels, of anxious expectancy of home succor, of doubt, distrust, and gloom.

I promised to intercede with my brother; and wrote to him, I own, with but little hope of success, repeating, and trying to strengthen the arguments which I had many a time used in our conversations. My mother too, used her authority; but from this, I own, I expected little advantage. She assailed him, as her habit was, with such texts of Scripture as she thought bore out her own opinion, and threatened punishment to him. She menaced him with the penalties which must fall upon those who were disobedient to the powers that be. She pointed to his elder brother's example; and hinted, I fear, at his subjection to his wife, the very worst argument she could use in such a controversy. She did not show me her own letter to him; possibly she knew I might find fault with the energy of some of the expressions she thought proper to employ; but she showed me his answer, from which I gathered what the style and tenor of her argument had been. And if Madam Esmond brought Scripture to her aid, Mr. Hal, to my surprise, brought scores of texts to bear upon her in reply, and addressed her in a very neat, temperate, and even elegant composition, which I thought his wife herself was scarcely capable of penning. Indeed, I found he had enlisted the services of Mr. Belman, the New Richmond clergyman, who had lately taken up strong opinions on the Whig side, and who preached and printed sermons against Hagan, who, as I have said, was of our faction, in which I fear Belman had the best of the dispute.

My exhortations to Hal had no more success than our mother's. He did not answer my letters. Being still farther pressed by the friends of the Government, I wrote over most imprudently to say I would visit him at the end of the week at Fanny's Mount; but, on arriving, I only found my sister, who received me with perfect cordiality, but informed me that Hal was gone into the country, ever so far toward the Blue Mountains, to look at some horses, and was to

be away—she did not know how long he was to be away!

I knew then there was no hope. "My dear," I said, "as far as I can judge from the signs of the times, the train that has been laid these years must have a match put to it before long. Harry is riding away. God knows to what end."

"The Lord prosper the righteous cause, Sir George!" says she.

"Amen! with all my heart. You and he speak as Americans; I as an Englishman. Tell him from me, that when any thing in the course of nature shall happen to our mother, I have enough for me and mine in England, and shall resign all our land here in Virginia to him."

"You don't mean that, George?" she cries, with brightening eyes. "Well, to be sure, it is but right and fair," she presently added. "Why should you, who are the eldest but by an hour, have every thing? a palace and lands in England—the plantation here—the title—and children—and my poor Harry none? But 'tis generous of you all the same—leastwise handsome and proper, and I didn't expect it of you: and you don't take after your mother in this, Sir George, that you don't, nohow. Give my love to sister Theo!" And she offers me a cheek to kiss ere I ride away from her door. With such a woman as Fanny to guide him, how could I hope to make a convert of my brother?

Having met with this poor success in my enterprise, I rode back to our Governor, with whom I agreed that it was time to arm in earnest, and prepare ourselves against the shock that certainly was at hand. He and his whole Court of Officials were not a little agitated and excited; needlessly savage, I thought, in their abuse of the wicked Whigs, and loud in their shouts of Old England forever; but they were all eager for the day when the contending parties could meet hand to hand, and they could have an opportunity of riding those wicked Whigs down. And I left my lord, having received the thanks of His Excellency in Council, and engaged to do my best endeavors to raise a body of men in defense of the Crown. Hence the corps, called afterward the Westmoreland Defenders, had its rise, of which I had the honor to be appointed Colonel, and which I was to command when it appeared in the field. And that fortunate event must straightway take place so soon as the county knew that a gentleman of my station and name would take the command of the force. The announcement was duly made in the Government Gazette, and we filled in our officers readily enough; but the recruits, it must be owned, were slow to come in, and quick to disappear. Nevertheless, friend Hagan eagerly came forward to offer himself as chaplain. Madam Esmond gave us our colors, and progressed about the country engaging volunteers; but the most eager recruiter of all was my good old tutor, little Mr. Dempster, who had been out as a boy on the Jacobite side in Scotland, and who went specially into the Carolinas, among the children of his banished old comrades, who had worn the

white cockade of Prince Charles, and whom most of all showed themselves in this contest still loyal to the Crown.

Hal's expedition in search of horses led him not only so far as the Blue Mountains in our colony, but thence on a long journey to Annapolis and Baltimore; and from Baltimore to Philadelphia, to be sure; where a second General Congress was now sitting, attended by our Virginian gentlemen of the last year. Meanwhile, all the almanacs tell what had happened. Lexington had happened, and the first shots were fired in the war which was to end in the independence of our native country. We still protested of our loyalty to his Majesty; but we stated our determination to die or be free; and some twenty thousand of our loyal petitioners assembled round about Boston with arms in their hands and cannon, to which they had helped themselves out of the government stores. Mr. Arnold had begun that career which was to end so brilliantly, by the daring and burglarious capture of two forts, of which he forced the doors. Three generals from Bond Street, with a large reinforcement, were on their way to help Mr. Gage out of his ugly position at Boston. Presently the armies were actually engaged; and our British generals commenced their career of conquest and pacification in the colonies by the glorious blunder of Breed's Hill. Here they fortified themselves, feeling themselves not strong enough for the moment to win any more glorious victories over the rebels; and the two armies lay watching each other while Congress was deliberating at Philadelphia who should command the forces of the confederated colonies.

We all know on whom the most fortunate choice of the nation fell. Of the Virginian regiments which marched to join the new General-in-Chief, one was commanded by Henry Esmond Warrington, Esq., late a Captain in his Majesty's service; and by his side rode his little wife, of whose bravery we often subsequently heard. I was glad, for one, that she had quitted Virginia; for, had she remained after her husband's departure, our mother would infallibly have gone over to give her battle; and I was thankful, at least, that that terrific incident of civil war was spared to our family and history.

The rush of our farmers and country-folk was almost all directed toward the new Northern army; and our people were not a little flattered at the selection of a Virginian gentleman for the principal command. With a thrill of wrath and fury the provinces heard of the blood drawn at Lexington; and men yelled denunciations against the cruelty and wantonness of the bloody British invader. The invader was but doing his duty, and was met and resisted by men in arms, who wished to prevent him from helping himself to his own; but people do not stay to weigh their words when they mean to be angry; the Colonists had taken their side; and, with what I own to be a natural spirit and ardor, were determined to have a trial of strength with the braggard domineering mother country. Breed's

Hill became a mountain, as it were, which all men of the American Continent might behold, with Liberty, Victory, Glory, on its flaming summit. These dreaded troops could be withstood, then, by farmers and plowmen! These famous officers could be out-generaled by Doctors, Lawyers, and Civilians! Granted that Britons could conquer all the world—here were their children who could match and conquer Britons! Indeed, I don't know which of the two deserves the palm, either for bravery or vain-glory. We are in the habit of laughing at our French neighbors for boasting, gasconading, and so forth; but for a steady self-esteem, and indomitable confidence in our own courage, greatness, magnanimity—who can compare with Britons, except their children across the Atlantic?

The people round about us took the people's side for the most part in the struggle, and, truth to say, Sir George Warrington found his regiment of Westmoreland Defenders but very thinly manned at the commencement, and woefully diminished in numbers presently, not only after the news of battle from the North, but in consequence of the behavior of my lord our Governor, whose conduct enraged no one more than his own immediate partisans, and the loyal adherents of the Crown throughout the colony. That he would plant the King's standard, and summon all loyal gentlemen to rally round it, had been a measure agreed in countless meetings, and applauded over thousands of bumpers. I have a pretty good memory, and could mention the name of many a gentleman, now a smug officer of the United States Government, whom I have heard hiccup out a prayer that he might be allowed to perish under the folds of his country's flag; or roar a challenge to the bloody traitors absent with the rebel army. But let by-gones be by-gones. This, however, is matter of public history that his Lordship, our Governor, a peer of Scotland, the Sovereign's representative in his Old Dominion, who so loudly invited all the lieges to join the King's standard, was the first to put it in his pocket, and fly to his ships out of reach of danger. He would not leave them, save as a pirate at midnight to burn and destroy. Meanwhile we loyal gentry remained on shore, committed to our cause, and only subject to greater danger in consequence of the weakness and cruelty of him who ought to have been our leader. It was the beginning of June, our orchards and gardens were all blooming with plenty and summer; a week before I had been over at Williamsburg, exchanging compliments with his Excellency, devising plans for future movements by which we should be able to make good head against rebellion, shaking hands heartily at parting, and *vincere aut mori* the very last words upon all our lips. Our little family was gathered at Richmond, talking over, as we did daily, the prospect of affairs in the North, the quarrels between our own Assembly and his Excellency, by whom they had been afresh convened, when our ghastly Hagan rushes into our parlor

and asks, "Have we heard the news of the Governor?"

"Has he dissolved the Assembly again, and put that scoundrel Patrick Henry in irons?" asks Madam Esmond.

"No such thing! His lordship, with his lady and family, have left their palace privately at night. They are on board a man-of-war off York, whence my lord has sent a dispatch to the Assembly, begging them to continue their sitting, and announcing that he himself had only quitted his government house out of fear of the fury of the people."

What was to become of the sheep now the shepherd had run away? No entreaties could be more pathetic than those of the gentlemen of the House of Assembly, who guaranteed their Governor security if he would but land, and implored him to appear among them, if but to pass bills and transact the necessary business. No: the man-of-war was his seat of Government, and my lord desired his House of Commons to wait upon him there. This was erecting the King's standard with a vengeance. Our Governor had left us; our Assembly perforce ruled in his stead; a rabble of people followed the fugitive Viceroy on board his ships. A mob of negroes deserted out of the plantations to join this other deserter. He and his black allies landed here and there in darkness, and emulated the most lawless of our opponents in their alacrity at seizing and burning. He not only invited runaway negroes, but he sent an ambassador to Indians with entreaties to join his standard. When he came on shore it was to burn and destroy: when the people resisted, as at Norfolk and Hampton, he retreated and betook himself to his ships again.

Even my mother, after that miserable flight of our chief, was scared at the aspect of affairs, and doubted of the speedy putting down of the rebellion. The arming of the negroes was, in her opinion, the most cowardly blow of all. The loyal gentry were ruined, and robbed, many of them, of their only property. A score of our worst hands deserted from Richmond and Castlewood, and fled to our courageous Governor's fleet; not all of them, though some of them, were slain, and a couple hung by the enemy for plunder and robbery perpetrated while with his lordship's precious army. Because her property was wantonly injured, and His Majesty's chief officer an imbecile, would Madam Esmond desert the cause of Royalty and Honor? My good mother was never so prodigiously dignified, and loudly and enthusiastically loyal, as after she heard of our Governor's lamentable defection. The people round about her, though most of them of quite a different way of thinking, listened to her speeches without unkindness. Her oddities were known far and wide through our province; where, I am afraid, many of the wags among our young men were accustomed to smoke her, as the phrase then was, and draw out her stories about the Marquis her father, about the splendor of her family, and so forth.

But along with her oddities, her charities and kindness were remembered, and many a rebel, as she called them, had a sneaking regard for the pompous little Tory lady.

As for the Colonel of the Westmoreland Defenders, though that gentleman's command dwindled utterly away after the outrageous conduct of his chief, yet I escaped from some very serious danger which might have befallen me and mine in consequence of some disputes which I was known to have had with my Lord Dunmore. Going on board his ship after he had burned the stores at Hampton, and issued the proclamation calling the negroes to his standard, I made so free as to remonstrate with him in regard to both measures; I implored him to return to Williamsburg, where hundreds of us, thousands I hoped, would be ready to defend him to the last extremity; and in my remonstrance used terms so free, or rather, as I suspect, indicated my contempt for his conduct so clearly by my behavior, that his lordship flew into a rage, said I was a — rebel, like all the rest of them, and ordered me under arrest there on board his own ship. In my quality of militia officer (since the breaking out of the troubles I commonly used a red coat, to show that I wore the King's color) I begged for a court-martial immediately; and turning round to two officers who had been present during our altercation, desired them to remember all that had passed between his lordship and me. These gentlemen were no doubt of my way of thinking as to the chief's behavior, and our interview ended in my going ashore unaccompanied by a guard. The story got wind among the Whig gentry, and was improved in the telling. I had spoken out my mind manfully to the Governor; no Whig could have uttered sentiments more liberal. When riots took place in Richmond, and of the Loyalists remaining there many were in peril of life, and betook themselves to the ships, my mother's property and house were never endangered, nor her family insulted. We were still at the stage when a reconciliation was fondly thought possible. "Ah! if all the Tories were like you," a distinguished Whig has said to me, "we and the people at home should soon come together again." This of course was before the famous Fourth of July, and that Declaration which rendered reconciliation impossible. Afterward, when parties grew more rancorous, motives much less creditable were assigned for my conduct, and it was said I chose to be a Liberal Tory because I was a cunning fox, and wished to keep my estate whatever way things went. And this I am bound to say is the opinion regarding my humble self which has obtained in very high quarters at home, where a profound regard for my own interest has been supposed not uncommonly to have occasioned my conduct during the late unhappy troubles.

There were two or three persons in the world (for I had not told my mother how I was resolved to cede to my brother all my life-interest in our American property) who knew that I had

no mercenary motives in regard to the conduct I pursued. It was not worth while to undeceive others; what were life worth, if a man were forced to feel himself *à la piste* of all the calumnies uttered against him? And I do not quite know to this present day how it happened that my mother, that notorious Loyalist, was left for several years quite undisturbed in her house at Castlewood, a stray troop or company of Continentals being occasionally quartered upon her. I do not know for certain, I say, how this piece of good fortune happened, though I can give a pretty shrewd guess as to the cause of it. Madam Fanny, after a campaign before Boston, came back to Fanny's Mount, leaving her Colonel. My modest Hal, until the conclusion of the war, would accept no higher rank, believing that in command of a regiment he could be more useful than in charge of a division. Madam Fanny, I say, came back, and it was remarkable, after her return, how her old asperity toward my mother seemed to be removed, and what an affection she showed for her and all the property. She was great friends with the Governor and some of the most influential gentlemen of the new Assembly: Madam Esmond was harmless, and for her son's sake, who was bravely battling for his country, her errors should be lightly visited: I know not how it was, but for years she remained unharmed, except in respect of heavy government requisitions, which of course she had to pay; and it was not until the red coats appeared about our house that much serious evil came to it.

CHAPTER XC.

IN WHICH WE BOTH FIGHT AND RUN AWAY.

WHAT was the use of a Colonel without a regiment? The Governor and Council who had made such a parade of thanks in endowing me with mine, were away out of sight, skulking on board ships, with an occasional piracy and arson on shore. My Lord Dunmore's black allies frightened away those of his own blood; and besides these negroes whom he had summoned round him in arms, we heard that he had sent an envoy among the Indians of the South, and that they were to come down in numbers and tomahawk our people into good behavior. "And these are to be our allies!" I say to my mother, exchanging ominous looks with her, and remembering, with a ghastly distinctness, that savage whose face glared over mine, and whose knife was at my throat when Florac struck him down on Braddock's Field. We put our house of Castlewood into as good a state of defense as we could devise; but, in truth, it was more of the red men and the blacks than of the rebels we were afraid. I never saw my mother lose courage but once, and then when she was recounting to us the particulars of our father's death in a foray of Indians more than forty years ago. Seeing some figures one night moving in front of our house, nothing could persuade the good lady but that they were savages, and she



sank on her knees crying out, "The Lord have mercy upon us! The Indians—the Indians!"

My Lord's negro allies vanished on board his ships, or where they could find pay and plunder; but the painted heroes from the South never made their appearance, though I own to have looked at my mother's gray head, my wife's brown hair, and our little one's golden ringlets, with a horrible pang of doubt lest these should fall the victims of ruffian war. And it was we who fought with such weapons, and enlisted these allies! But that I *dare* not (so to speak) be setting myself up as interpreter of Providence and pointing out the special finger of Heaven (as many people are wont to do), I would say our employment of these Indians, and of the German mercenaries, brought their own retribution with them in this war. In the field, where the mercenaries were attacked by the Provincials, they yielded, and it was triumphing over them that so raised the spirit of the Continental army; and the murder of one woman (Miss M'Crea) by a half-dozen drunken Indians did more harm to the Royal cause than the loss of a battle or the destruction of regiments.

Now the Indian panic over, Madam Esmond's courage returned; and she began to be seriously, and not unjustly, uneasy at the danger which I ran myself, and which I brought upon others by remaining in Virginia.

"What harm can they do me," says she, "a poor woman? If I have one son a colonel without a regiment, I have another with a couple of hundred Continentals behind him in Mr. Washington's camp. If the Royalists come, they will let me off for your sake; if the rebels appear, I shall have Harry's passport. I don't wish, Sir, I don't like that your delicate wife and this dear little baby should be here, and only increase the

risk of all of us! We must have them away to Boston or New York. Don't talk about defending me! Who will think of hurting a poor, harmless, old woman? If the rebels come, I shall shelter behind Mrs. Fanny's petticoats, and shall be much safer without you in the house than in it." This she said, in part, perhaps, because 'twas reasonable; more so because she would have me and my family out of the danger: and danger or not, for her part felt that she was determined to remain in the land where her father was buried and she was born. She was living *backward*, so to speak. She had seen the new generation, and blessed them, and bade them farewell. She belonged to the past, and old days and memories.

While we were debating about the Boston scheme comes the news that the British have evacuated that luckless city altogether, never having ventured to attack Mr. Washington in his camp at Cambridge, though he lay there for many months without powder at our mercy; but waiting until he procured ammunition, and seized and fortified Dorchester Heights, which commanded the town, out of which the whole British army and colony was obliged to beat a retreat. That the King's troops won the battle at Bunker's Hill there is no more doubt than that they beat the French at Blenheim; but through the war their chiefs seem constantly to have been afraid of assaulting intrenched Continentals afterward; else why, from July to March, hesitate to strike an almost defenseless enemy? Why the hesitation at Long Island, when the Continental army was in our hand? Why that astonishing timorousness of Howe before Valley Forge; where the relics of a force starving, sickening, and in rags, could scarcely man the lines, which they held before a great, victorious, and perfectly appointed army?

As the hopes and fears of the contending parties rose and fell, it was curious to mark the altered tone of the partisans of either. When the news came to us in the country of the evacuation of Boston every little Whig in the neighborhood made his bow to Madam, and advised her to a speedy submission. She did not carry her loyalty quite so openly as heretofore, and flaunt her flag in the faces of the public, but she never swerved. Every night and morning, in private, poor Hagan prayed for the Royal Family in our own household, and on Sundays any neighbors were welcome to attend the service, where my mother acted as a very emphatic clerk, and the prayer for the High Court of Parliament under our most religious and gracious King was very stoutly delivered. The brave Hagan was a parson without a living, as I was a Militia Colonel without a regiment. Hagan had continued to pray stoutly for King George in Williamsburg, long after his Excellency our Governor had run away; but on coming to church one Sunday to perform his duty, he found a corporal's guard at the church door, who told him that the Committee of Safety had put another divine in his place, and he was requested to keep a quiet tongue in

his head. He told the men to "lead him before their chiefs" (our honest friend always loved tall words and tragic attitudes); and accordingly was marched through the streets to the Capitol, with a chorus of white and colored blackguards at the skirts of his gown; and had an interview with Messrs. Henry and the new State officers, and confronted the robbers, as he said, in their den. Of course he was for making a heroic speech before these gentlemen (and was one of many men who perhaps would have no objection to be made martyrs, so that they might be roasted *coram populo*, or tortured in a full house). But Mr. Henry was determined to give him no such chance. After keeping Hagan three or four hours waiting in an ante-room in the company of negroes; when the worthy divine entered the new chief magistrate's room with an undaunted mien, and began a prepared speech with, "Sir, by what authority am I, a minister of the—" "Mr. Hagan," says the other, interrupting him, "I am too busy to listen to speeches. And as for King George, he has henceforth no more authority in this country than King Nebuchadnezzar. Mind you that, and hold your tongue, if you please! Stick to King John, Sir, and King Macbeth; and if you will send round your benefit-tickets, all the Assembly shall come and hear you. Did you ever see Mr. Hagan on the boards when you was in London, General?" And so saying, Henry turns round upon Mr. Washington's second in command, General Lee, who was now come into Virginia upon State affairs, and our shamefaced good Hagan was hustled out of the room, reddening, and almost crying with shame. After this event we thought that Hagan's ministrations were best confined to us in the country, and removed the worthy pastor from his restive lambs in the city.

The selection of Virginians to the very highest civil and military appointments of the new government bribed and flattered many of our leading people who, otherwise, and but for the outrageous conduct of our government, might have remained faithful to the Crown, and made good head against the rising rebellion. But, although we loyalists were gagged and muzzled, though the Capitol was in the hands of the Whigs, and our vaunted levies of loyal recruits so many Falstaff's regiments for the most part, the faithful still kept intelligences with one another in the colony, and with our neighbors; and though we did not rise, and though we ran away, and though in examination before committees, trustees, and so forth, some of our frightened people gave themselves Republican airs, and vowed perdition to kings and nobles; yet we knew each other pretty well, and—according as the chances were more or less favorable to us, the master more or less hard—we concealed our colors, showed our colors, half showed our colors, or downright apostatized for the nonce, and cried "Down with King George!" Our negroes bore about, from house to house, all sorts of messages and tokens. Endless underhand plots and schemes were engaged in by those who could not

afford the light. The battle over, the neutrals come and join the winning side, and shout as loudly as the patriots. The runaways are not counted. Will any man tell me that the signers and ardent well-wishers of the Declaration of Independence were not in a minority of the nation, and that the minority did not win? We knew that a part of the defeated army of Massachusetts was about to make an important expedition Southward, upon the success of which the very greatest hopes were founded; and I, for one, being anxious to make a movement as soon as there was any chance of activity, had put myself in communication with the ex-Governor Martin, of North Carolina, whom I proposed to join, with three or four of our Virginian gentlemen, officers of that notable corps of which we only wanted privates. We made no particular mystery about our departure from Castlewood; the affairs of Congress were not going so well yet that the new government could afford to lay any particular stress or tyranny upon persons of a doubtful way of thinking. Gentlemen's houses were still open; and in our Southern fashion we would visit our friends for months at a time. My wife and I, with our infant and a fitting suite of servants, took leave of Madam Esmond on a visit to a neighboring plantation. We went thence to another friend's house, and then to another; till finally we reached Wilmington, in North Carolina, which was the point at which we expected to stretch a hand to the succors which were coming to meet us.

Ere our arrival, our brother Carolinian Royalists had shown themselves in some force. Their encounters with the Whigs had been unlucky. The poor Highlanders had been no more fortunate in their present contest in favor of King George than when they had drawn their swords against him in their own country. We did not reach Wilmington until the end of May, by which time we found Admiral Parker's squadron there, with General Clinton and five British regiments on board, whose object was a descent upon Charleston.

The General, to whom I immediately made myself known, seeing that my regiment consisted of Lady Warrington, our infant, whom she was nursing, and three negro servants, received us at first with a very grim welcome. But Captain Horner, of the *Sphinx* frigate, who had been on the Jamaica station, and received, like all the rest of the world, many kindnesses from our dear Governor there, when he heard that my wife was General Lambert's daughter, eagerly received her on board, and gave up his best cabin to our service; and so we were refugees, too, like my Lord Dunmore, having waved our flag, to be sure, and pocketed it, and slipped out at the back door. From Wilmington we bore away quickly to Charleston, and in the course of the voyage and our delay in the river, previous to our assault on the place, I made some acquaintance with Mr. Clinton, which increased to a further intimacy. It was the King's birthday when we appeared in the river: we determined it was a

glorious day for commencement of the expedition.

It did not take place for some days after, and I leave out, purposely, all descriptions of my Penelope parting from her Hector, going forth on this expedition. In the first place, Hector is perfectly well (though a little gouty), nor has any rascal of a Pyrrhus made a prize of his widow: and in times of war and commotion, are not such scenes of woe and terror, and parting, occurring every hour? I can see the gentle face yet over the bulwark as we descend the ship's side into the boats, and the smile of the infant on her arm. What old stories, to be sure! Captain Miles, having no natural taste for poetry, you have forgot the verses, no doubt, in Mr. Pope's Homer, in which you are described as parting with your heroic father; but your mother often read them to you as a boy, and keeps the gorget I wore on that day somewhere among her dressing-boxes now.

My second venture at fighting was no more lucky than my first. We came back to our ships that evening thoroughly beaten. The madcap Lee, whom Clinton had faced at Boston, now met him at Charleston. Lee and the gallant garrison there made a brilliant and most successful resistance. The fort on Sullivan's Island, which we attacked, was a nut we could not crack. The fire of all our frigates was not strong enough to pound its shell; the passage by which we moved up to the assault of the place was not fordable, as those officers found—Sir Henry at the head of them, who was always the first to charge—who attempted to wade it. Death by shot, by drowning, by catching my death of cold, I had braved before I returned to my wife; and our frigate being aground for a time and got off with difficulty, was agreeably cannonaded by the enemy until she got off her bank.

A small incident in the midst of this unlucky struggle was the occasion of a subsequent intimacy which arose between me and Sir Harry Clinton, and bound me to that most gallant officer during the period in which it was my fortune to follow the war. Of his qualifications as a leader there may be many opinions, I fear to say: regarding a man I heartily respect and admire there ought only to be one. Of his personal bearing and his courage there can be no doubt; he was always eager to show it; and whether at the final charge on Breed's Hill, when at the head of the rallied troops he carried the Continental lines, or here before Sullivan's Fort, or a year later at Fort Washington, when, standard in hand, he swept up the height, and entered the fort at the head of the storming column, Clinton was always foremost in the race of battle, and the King's service knew no more admirable soldier.

We were taking to the water from our boats, with the intention of forcing a column to the fort, through a way which our own guns had rendered practicable, when a shot struck a boat alongside of us, so well aimed as actually to put three-fourths of the boat's crew *hors de combat*,

and knock down the officer steering, and the flag behind him. I could not help crying out, "Bravo! well aimed!" for no ninepins ever went down more helplessly than these poor fellows before the round shot. Then the General, turning round to me, says, rather grimly, "Sir, the behavior of the enemy seems to please you!" "I am pleased, Sir," says I, "that my countrymen yonder should fight as becomes our nation." We floundered on toward the fort in the midst of the same amiable attentions from small arms and great, until we found the water was up to our breasts and deepening at every step, when we were fain to take to our boats again and pull out of harm's way. Sir Henry waited upon my Lady Warrington on board the *Sphinx* after this, and was very gracious to her, and mighty face-tious regarding the character of the humble writer of the present memoir, whom his Excellency always described as a rebel at heart. I pray my children may live to see or engage in no great revolutions—such as that, for instance, raging in the country of our miserable French neighbors. Save a very, very few indeed, the actors in those great tragedies do not bear to be scanned too closely; the chiefs are often no better than ranting quacks; the heroes ignoble puppets; the heroines any thing but pure. The prize is not always to the brave. In our revolution it certainly did fall, for once and for a wonder, to the most deserving; but who knows his enemies now? His great and surprising triumphs were not in those rare engagements with the enemy where he obtained a trifling mastery; but over Congress; over hunger and disease; over lukewarm friends, or smiling foes in his own camp, whom his great spirit had to meet and master. When the struggle was over, and our impotent chiefs who had conducted it began to squabble and accuse each other in their own defense before the nation—what charges and counter-charges were brought; what pretexts of delay were urged; what piteous excuses were put forward that this fleet arrived too late; that that regiment mistook its orders; that these cannon-balls would not fit those guns; and so to the end of the chapter! Here was a general who beat us with *no* shot at times; and no powder; and no money; and *he* never thought of a convention; *his* courage never capitulated! Through all the doubt and darkness, the danger and long tempest of the war, I think it was only the American leader's indomitable soul that remained entirely steady.

Of course our Charleston Expedition was made the most of, and pronounced a prodigious victory by the enemy, who had learned (from their parents, perhaps) to cry victory if a corporal's guard were surprised, as loud as if we had won a pitched battle. Mr. Lee rushed back to New York, the conqueror of conquerors, trumpeting his glory, and by no man received with more eager delight than by the Commander-in-Chief of the American army. It was my dear Lee and my dear General between them, then; and it hath always touched me in the history of our

early Revolution to note that simple confidence and admiration with which the General-in-Chief was wont to regard officers under him who had happened previously to serve with the King's army. So the Mexicans of old looked and wondered when they first saw an armed Spanish horseman! And this mad, flashy braggart (and another Continental general, whose name and whose luck afterward were sufficiently notorious), you may be sure took advantage of the modesty of the Commander-in-Chief, and advised, and blustered, and sneered, and disobeyed orders; daily presenting fresh obstacles (as if he had not enough otherwise!) in the path over which only Mr. Washington's astonishing endurance could have enabled him to march.

While we were away on our South Carolina Expedition the famous Fourth of July had taken place, and we and the thirteen United States were parted forever. My own native State of Virginia had also distinguished itself by announcing that all men are equally free; that all power is vested in the people, who have an inalienable right to alter, reform, or abolish their form of government *at pleasure*, and that the idea of a hereditary first magistrate is unnatural and absurd! Our General presented me with this document fresh from Williamsburg, as we were sailing Northward by the Virginia capes, and, amidst not a little amusement and laughter, pointed out to me the faith to which, from the Fourth instant, inclusive, I was bound. There was no help for it; I was a Virginian—my godfathers had promised and vowed, in my name, that all men were equally free (including, of course, the race of poor Gumbo), that the idea of a monarchy is absurd, and that I had the right to alter my form of government *at pleasure*. I thought of Madam Esmond at home, and how she would look when these articles of faith were brought her to subscribe; how would Hagan receive them? He demolished them in a sermon, in which all the logic was on his side, but the United States Government has not, somehow, been affected by the discourse; and when he came to touch upon the point that all men being free, therefore Gumbo, and Sady, and Nathan had assuredly a right to go to Congress, "Tut, tut! my good Mr. Hagan," says my mother, "let us hear no more of this nonsense; but leave such wickedness and folly to the rebels!"

By the middle of August we were before New York, whither Mr. Howe had brought his army that had betaken itself to Halifax after its inglorious expulsion from Boston. The American Commander-in-Chief was at New York, and a great battle inevitable; and I looked forward to it with an inexpressible feeling of doubt and anxiety, knowing that my dearest brother and his regiment formed part of the troops whom we must attack and could not but overpower. Almost the whole of the American army came over to fight on a small island, where every officer on both sides knew that they were to be beaten, and whence they had not a chance of es-

cape. Two frigates, out of a hundred we had placed so as to command the enemy's intrenched camp and point of retreat across East River to New York, would have destroyed every bark in which he sought to fly, and compelled him to lay down his arms on shore. He fought; his hasty levies were utterly overthrown; some of his generals, his best troops, his artillery taken; the remnant huddled into their intrenched camp after their rout, the pursuers entering it with them. The victors were called back; the enemy was then pent up in a corner of the island and could not escape. "They are at our mercy, and are ours to-morrow," says the gentle General. Not a ship was set to watch the American force; not a sentinel of ours could see a movement in their camp. A whole army crossed under our eyes in one single night to the main land without the loss of a single man; and General Howe was suffered to remain in command after this feat, and to complete his glories of Long Island and Breed's Hill at Philadelphia! A friend, to be sure, crossed in the night to say the enemy's army was being ferried over, but he fell upon a picket of Germans; they could not understand him: their commander was boozing or asleep. In the morning, when the spy was brought to some one who could comprehend the American language, the whole Continental force had crossed the East River, and the empire over thirteen colonies had slipped away.

The opinions I had about our chief were by no means uncommon in the army; though, perhaps, wisely kept secret by gentlemen under Mr. Howe's immediate command. Am I more unlucky than other folks, I wonder? or why are my imprudent sayings carried about more than my neighbors'? My rage that such a use was made of such a victory was no greater than that of scores of gentlemen with the army. Why must my name forsooth be given up to the Commander-in-Chief as that of the most guilty of the grumblers? Personally, General Howe was perfectly brave, amiable, and good-humored.

"So, Sir George," says he, "you find fault with me, as a military man, because there was a fog after the battle on Long Island, and your friends, the Continentals, gave me the slip! Surely we took and killed enough of them; but there is no satisfying you gentlemen amateurs!" and he turned his back on me, and shrugged his shoulders, and talked to some one else. Amateur I might be, and he the most amiable of men; but if King George had said to him, "Never more be officer of mine," yonder agreeable and pleasant Cassio would most certainly have had his desert.

I soon found how our Chief had come in possession of his information regarding myself. My admirable cousin, Mr. William Esmond—who, of course, had forsook New York and his post when all the Royal authorities fled out of the place and Washington occupied it—returned along with our troops and fleets; and, being a gentleman of good birth and name, and well acquainted with the city, made himself agreeable to

the new-comers of the Royal army, the young bloods, merry fellows, and macaronis, by introducing them to play-tables, taverns, and yet worse places, with which the worthy gentleman continued to be familiar in the Old World as in the New. *Cælum non animum*. However Will had changed his air, or whithersoever he transported his carcass, he carried a rascal in his skin.

I had heard a dozen stories of his sayings regarding my family, and was determined neither to avoid him nor seek him; but to call him to account whensoever we met; and chancing one day to be at a coffee-house in a friend's company, my worthy kinsman swaggered in with a couple of young lads of the army, whom he found it was his pleasure and profit now to lead into every kind of dissipation. I happened to know one of Mr. Will's young companions, an aid-de-camp of General Clinton's, who had been in my close company both at Charlestown, before Sullivan's Island, and in the action of Brooklyn, where our General gloriously led the right wing of the English army. They took a box without noticing us at first, though I heard my name three or four times mentioned by my brawling kinsman, who ended some drunken speech he was making by slapping his fist on the table and swearing, "By —, I will do for him, and the bloody rebel, his brother!"

"Ah! Mr. Esmond," says I, coming forward with my hat on. (He looked a little pale behind his punch-bowl.) "I have long wanted to see you, to set some little matters right about which there has been a difference between us."

"And what may those be, Sir?" says he, with a volley of oaths.

"You have chosen to cast a doubt upon my courage, and say that I shirked a meeting with you when we were young men. Our relationship and our age ought to prevent us from having recourse to such murderous follies." (Mr. Will started up looking fierce and relieved.) "But I give you notice, that though I can afford to overlook lies against myself, if I hear from you a word in disparagement of my brother, Colonel Warrington, of the Continental Army, I will hold you accountable."

"Indeed, gentlemen. Mighty fine, indeed. You take notice of Sir George Warrington's words!" cries Mr. Will over his punch-bowl.

"You have been pleased to say," I continued, growing angry as I spoke, and being a fool therefore for my pains, "that the very estates we hold in this country are not ours, but of right revert to your family!"

"So they are ours! By George, they're ours! I've heard my brother Castlewood say so a score of times!" swears Mr. Will.

"In that case, Sir," says I, hotly, "your brother, my Lord Castlewood, tells no more truth than yourself. We have the titles at home in Virginia. They are registered in the courts there; and if ever I hear one word more of this impertinence, I shall call you to account where no constables will be at hand to interfere!"

"I wonder," cries Will, in a choking voice, "that I don't cut him into twenty thousand pieces as he stands there before me with his confounded yellow face. It was my brother Castlewood won his money—no, it was his brother; d—you, which are you, the rebel or the other? I hate the ugly faces of both of you, and, hic!—if you are for the King, show you are for the King, and drink his health!" and he sank down into his box with a hiccup and a wild laugh, which he repeated a dozen times, with a hundred more oaths and vociferous outcries that I should drink the King's health.

To reason with a creature in this condition, or ask explanations or apologies from him, was absurd. I left Mr. Will to reel to his lodgings under the care of his young friends, who were surprised to find an old toper so suddenly affected and so utterly prostrated by liquor; and limped home to my wife, whom I found happy in possession of a brief letter from Hal, which a countryman had brought in; and who said not a word about the affairs of the Continentals with whom he was engaged, but wrote a couple of pages of rapturous eulogiums upon his brother's behavior in the field, which my dear Hal was pleased to admire, as he admired every thing I said and did.

I rather looked for a messenger from my amiable kinsman in consequence of the speeches which had passed between us the night before, and did not know but that I might be called by Will to make my words good; and when accordingly Mr. Lacy, our companion of the previous evening, made his appearance at an early hour of the forenoon, I was beckoning my Lady Warrington to leave us, when, with a laugh and a cry of "Oh dear no!" Mr. Lacy begged her ladyship not to disturb herself.

"I have seen," says he, "a gentleman who begs to send you his apologies, if he uttered a word last night which could offend you."

"What apologies? what words?" asks the anxious wife.

I explained that roaring Will Esmond had met me in a coffee-house on the previous evening, and quarreled with me, as he had done with hundreds before. "It appears the fellow is constantly abusive, and invariably pleads drunkenness, and apologizes the next morning, unless he is caned over-night," remarked Captain Lacy. And my lady, I dare say, makes a little sermon, and asks why we gentlemen will go to idle coffee-houses and run the risk of meeting roaring, roistering Will Esmonds?

Our sojourn in New York was enlivened by a project for burning the city which some ardent patriots entertained and partially executed. Several such schemes were laid in the course of the war, and each one of the principal cities was doomed to fire; though, in the interests of peace and good-will, I hope it will be remembered that these plans never originated with the cruel government of a tyrant King, but were always proposed by gentlemen on the Continental side, who vowed that, rather than remain under the igno-

minious despotism of the ruffian of Brunswick, the fairest towns of America should burn. I presume that the sages who were for burning down Boston were not actual proprietors in that place, and the New York burners might come from other parts of the country—from Philadelphia, or what not. Howbeit, the British spared you, gentlemen, and we pray you give us credit for this act of moderation.

I had not the fortune to be present in the action on the White Plains, being detained by the hurt which I had received at Long Island, and which broke out again and again, and took some time in the healing. The tenderest of nurses watched me through my tedious malady, and was eager for the day when I should doff my militia-coat and return to the quiet English home where Hetty and our good General were tending our children. Indeed, I don't know that I have yet forgiven myself for the pains and terrors that I must have caused my poor wife, by keeping her separate from her young ones, and away from her home, because, forsooth, I wished to see a little more of the war then going on. Our grand tour in Europe had been all very well. We had beheld St. Peter's at Rome, and the Bishop thereof; the Dauphiness of France (alas, to think that glorious head should ever have been brought so low!) at Paris; and the rightful King of England at Florence. I had dipped my gout in a half-dozen baths and spas, and played cards in a hundred courts, as my "*Travels in Europe*" (which I propose to publish after my completion of the *History of the American War*) will testify.* And, during our peregrinations, my hypochondria diminished (which plagued me woefully at home), and my health and spirits visibly improved. Perhaps it was because she saw the evident benefit I had from excitement and change that my wife was reconciled to my continuing to enjoy them; and though secretly suffering pangs at being away from her nursery and her eldest boy (for whom she ever has had an absurd infatuation), the dear hypocrite scarce allowed a look of anxiety to appear on her face; encouraged me with smiles; professed herself eager to follow me; asked why it should be a sin in me to covet honor? and, in a word, was ready to stay, to go, to smile, to be sad; to scale mountains, or to go down to the sea in ships; to say that cold was pleasant, heat tolerable, hunger good sport, dirty lodgings delightful; though she is a wretched sailor, very delicate about the little she eats, and an extreme sufferer both of cold and heat. Hence, as I willed to stay on yet a while on my native continent, she was certain nothing was so good for me; and when I was minded to return home—oh, how she brightened, and kissed her infant, and told him how he should see the beautiful gardens at home, and Aunt Hetty, and grandpapa, and his sister, and Miles! "Miles!" cries the little parrot, mocking its mother—and crowing; as if there was any mighty privilege in see-

* Neither of these two projected works of Sir George Warrington were brought, as it appears, to a completion.

ing Mr. Miles, forsooth, who was under Doctor Sumner's care at Harrow-on-the-Hill, where, to do the gentleman justice, he showed that he could eat more tarts than any boy in the school, and took most creditable prizes at foot-ball and hare-and-hounds.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

UNITED STATES.

ELECTIONS have been held in 27 out of the 33 States. These are sufficient to determine the political character of the next Congress, as it is not probable that there will be any change in the six States from which members are yet to be chosen. In the following table these States are designated by an asterisk. The next House of Representatives will be composed of 236 members, who may be classified as follows :

	Republ.	Dem.	Ind. Dem.	South. Op.
Arkansas.....	..	2
Alabama.....	..	7
California*.....	..	1	1	..
Connecticut....	4
Delaware.....	..	1
Florida.....	..	1
Georgia*.....	..	6	..	2
Illinois.....	4	5
Indiana.....	7	3	1	..
Iowa.....	2
Kentucky.....	..	4	..	6
Louisiana*.....	..	3	..	1
Maine.....	6
Maryland*.....	..	3	..	3
Massachusetts..	11
Michigan.....	3	1
Minnesota*.....	2
Mississippi*.....	..	5
Missouri.....	..	7
New Hampshire..	3
New Jersey.....	3	..	2	..
New York.....	26	4	3	..
North Carolina..	..	4	..	4
Ohio.....	15	6
Oregon.....	..	1
Pennsylvania...	20	2	3	..
Rhode Island...	2
South Carolina..	..	6
Tennessee.....	..	3	..	7
Texas.....	..	2
Vermont.....	3
Virginia.....	..	12	..	1
Wisconsin.....	2	1
Total.....	113	89	10	24

As 119 votes will be required in a full House to constitute a majority, and the Republicans lack six of that number, neither of the leading parties will have the control of the House, but the balance of power will be in the hands of the Opposition members elected from the South.—The Hon. Sam Houston has been elected Governor of *Texas* by a large majority ; although a Democrat, he ran in opposition to the candidate regularly nominated by the Convention of the party. Taken in connection with his letter respecting the African Slave-trade, his election indicates the sentiments of the State respecting the re-opening of this trade.—In *Alabama* the Democratic candidates for Congress were elected almost without opposition.—In *Vermont* the Hon. Hiland Hall, Republican, was re-elected Governor by something more than the usual large majority which that party has usually had in the State.

The Hon. Jefferson Davis recently delivered an elaborate address before the Democratic State Convention of Mississippi, which claims analysis as an exponent of the views of the section of which he is the acknowledged representative. The prominent feature of this address is the manner in which the Slavery question, in its various bearings, is treated.

He says that, “however well it may serve to fan the flame of local excitement, and to promote the personal ambition of a political aspirant, the idea of incompatibility for the purposes of our Union because of different systems of labor is palpably absurd, and would be suicidal, if the purpose avowed were attainable.” Our territory has now become so expanded that all the necessities, and almost all the luxuries of life are produced within its limits ; and he “hoped the day was not distant when, by the acquisition of tropical territory, the arch would be completed.” Within the last ten years, he says that great progress has been made in respect to public sentiment as to the abstract right of holding the African in bondage—a right universally admitted at the South, and not unfrequently at the North.—Mr. Davis discusses at length, and in various aspects, the question of the re-opening of the African Slave-trade. In respect to the law of 1820, which pronounces the trade to be piracy, he says that, while he does not deny that considerations of safety and public interest might have warranted the prohibition of the traffic, “they could not justify the Government in branding as infamous the source from which the chief part of the laboring population of the South is derived.” Upon this ground, and also because it has greatly increased the horrors of the “middle passage,” he urges the repeal of this law ; he also suggests that the penalties of fine and imprisonment imposed by the law of 1818 upon those engaged in the slave-trade are excessive. He would prefer that the whole subject of the importation of Africans should be left to the respective States of the Union. As far as Mississippi is concerned, he was in favor of her existing laws designed to prevent such importation. He approved them, however, not on the ground of the alleged wrongfulness of the traffic ; “not for the interest of the African, but for that of Mississippi,” whose place in history depended upon the “free, intelligent, high-minded sons of the governing race. Her arm was strengthened by the presence of a due proportion of the servile caste ; but it might be paralyzed by such an influx as would probably follow if the gates of the African Slave-trade were thrown open to the present wealth, enterprise, and staples of the State.” This conclusion, he adds, is based upon the present condition of his own State, and is not applicable to Texas, New Mexico, or any new acquisitions to be made south of the Rio Grande. The increasing demand for cotton requires an increase of production, which can only be met by an additional supply of laborers ; and, says he, “if negrophilism seeks to substitute the Chinaman or the Indian for the African, it will neglect all the lessons of experience.” The negro race, he affirms, has not here or in Liberia shown the capacity of governing itself, and “the good of society requires that they should be kept in their normal condition of servitude.”—Mr. Davis discusses at length the question of slavery in the Territories, maintaining that the right of property in slaves is recognized by the Constitution, and that Congress should pass laws, if such are needed, to protect this right in the Territories.—He also advocates the ac-

quisition of Cuba, as advantageous to the Union as it is, and as especially necessary in the event of the formation of a Southern Confederacy. He concludes by expressing a wish for the dissolution of the Union in case a President is elected on the platform of Mr. Seward's famous Rochester speech.

The Republican State Convention of *New York* convened at Syracuse on the 7th of September for the purpose of nominating State officers. The resolutions adopted by the Convention reiterate the doctrines of the party, as laid down in the Philadelphia National Convention of 1856. They also declare that slavery is local, and not general; that Congress has the right of making all needful laws for the government of the Territories, and that it is its duty to preserve them from all social nuisances, and particularly "from the infamous and debasing institution of domestic slavery;" they pledge the party to oppose the revival of the African Slave-trade; denounce the present Federal Administration as reckless and extravagant; advocate the bill of Mr. Grow setting apart a portion of the public lands for emigrants; demand that American citizens, whether native or naturalized, should be protected, when abroad, against enrollment in foreign armies; advocate the enlargement of the canals of the State, and deprecate the sale of them; and urge a new loan to pay the floating debt of the State.—No action was taken in respect to the nomination of a Presidential candidate.—It has been the custom for members of Congress to delegate to others the authority to sign their names in franking political documents. The Postmaster at Washington, sanctioned by the Department, has decided that this practice is illegal; and that all franks must be actually written by the person whose name they bear. A large number of Republican documents, thus franked by deputy, were detained at the Post-office.—In running the line between the British and American possessions upon the Pacific, a misunderstanding arose in respect to the interpretation of the Oregon treaty. Both parties claimed possession of certain islands in Puget's Sound. The question of right has never been decided. In 1855 Mr. Marcy, then Secretary of State, wrote to Governor Stevens, of Washington Territory, instructing him to abstain from all acts on the disputed ground which were calculated to provoke any conflict, so far as it could be done without implying the concession to the authority of Great Britain of an exclusive right over the premises. In the mean while a considerable number of Americans had established themselves on San Juan, one of these islands. It seems that they were molested by the Indians, and applied to General Harney, the commander of the military district, for protection. He dispatched a company of soldiers, under command of Captain Pickett, with orders to establish a military post on the island. The Captain issued an order, claiming the island as belonging to the United States, and forbidding the execution there of any laws except those of the United States, or the holding of any courts except those created by these laws. Mr. Douglass, the Governor of the British Colony of Vancouver's Island, thereupon issued a protest against this action, declaring that the Island of San Juan belonged to the British Crown; he also sent a body of troops to the island. At the latest dates there was no prospect of any collision between the British and American troops.—Reports have been widely circulated that large numbers of Africans have been recently landed on the coast of Florida. The United States Marshal of that district reports to

the Department of the Interior that he has made a full examination of all points of the coast, and is convinced that no such persons have been landed. The Government has resolved upon more energetic measures to suppress the foreign slave-trade; for this purpose our squadron on the coast of Africa is to be largely increased. By the treaty with England we agree to maintain a force of eighty guns on the African coast; these, under the new arrangements of the Administration, are to be increased to 116. The naval dépôt of the African squadron is to be removed from Porto Praya to San Paul de Loando, a point much nearer to the main seat of the traffic. Four steamers are also to cruise off the coast of Cuba, for the purpose of capturing any slavers that may have escaped the African squadron.

In *New Mexico* the Mohave Indians have again broken out into open hostilities. Some months ago an expedition was sent into their country, when the Indians made earnest protestations of a desire for peace, and a treaty was entered into. Several surrendered themselves as hostages at Fort Yuma; but afterward ran away. Nine of them were killed by the guard while making their escape. They soon began to attack the overland trains, plundering the goods and driving off the cattle. On the 4th of August Major Armistead left Fort Mohave, and marched toward a lagoon some miles distant, near which was the head-quarters of the Indians. A fight ensued, the Mohaves charging with desperate bravery to within ten or fifteen yards of the soldiers; they were received by a volley of rifle-balls, which checked their advance. Major Armistead then ordered his troops to charge, when the Indians broke and fled in every direction. It is supposed that fifty or sixty of the Mohaves were killed. Of the Americans only three were injured, these being but slightly wounded.

SOUTHERN AMERICA.

At no period has the condition of the majority of the republics of Southern America been more deplorable. In *Mexico* little actual change has within the last three months taken place in the positions of the rival governments of Juarez and Miramon. The former holds a large majority of the States and all the sea-ports upon the Gulf and the Pacific, while the latter possesses the capital and the more wealthy Central States. Juarez has issued decrees appropriating to the State the property of the Church; and his party has been excommunicated by the Archbishop of Mexico. General Miramon has issued a long manifesto, in which he sets forth the evils under which the country labors. "The state of the nation," he says, "in all its departments, could not be more deplorable. The civil employés have no need to discharge their duties, for it is seldom they can hope to recover even a miserable *pro rata* of their pay. The widows and wives who discount their pensions and allowances, and who throng the public places every day, are met with the denial that there is any money to meet their just debt. The consolidated debt of the nation remains unpaid; and, worse still, the contracts made to-day to meet the most pressing wants of the Government are left unpaid. In a word, the nation is bankrupt to meet the most urgent necessities of the hour. Thus straitened, it is impossible for the republic to extend the slightest aid to the cause of industry, agriculture, or commerce. Large territories of the public domain are barren of human habitations. The supply of laborers is exhausted. Trade and traffic are obstructed because the public highways are infested by robbers and assassins; and the

decay of the nation has become a proverb with foreigners. The administration of justice provokes a universal cry of condemnation, not only for its feebleness and inactivity, but for its corruption. Respect for the text of the law is unknown in the courts, and the delays attendant upon a prosecution are such as to dismay the citizen from bringing his grievances before the tribunals." He says that while the country is so unprepared for defense, its "internal commotions are constantly raising questions upon which even a friendly nation might found a war. At the same time our traditional policy should make us exercise the utmost caution in our relations with the United States, whose latest official acts are of a nature to alarm us much." He hopes, however, that when the American Government becomes correctly informed of his principles and measures it will assume a friendly attitude. In the mean while the forces of the Liberals in the north, under the command of Generals Degollado and Vidaurri, are concentrating, with the design of soon marching upon the capital. Our Minister, Mr. McLane, has returned, and it is reported that he has succeeded in negotiating the basis of a treaty with Juarez, by which important advantages are secured to the United States. Among these are a perpetual secure route across the Isthmus of Tehuantepec; a free port on the Gulf of California, and a route from thence to Arizona; the payment of all claims of American citizens. For these concessions our Government is to pay five millions of dollars, one half of which is to be reserved to meet American claims. The treaty has not been formally concluded on account, it is said, of a difference of opinion as to the protection to be given to the right of way across the Isthmus.

In *Venezuela* the overthrow of the Monagas dynasty has failed to produce tranquillity. General Paez, who was recalled from his long exile, has returned to the United States, convinced that his stay in his own country would produce no benefit. Early in August a rising took place at Caracas against President Castro, who was imprisoned in his own house, and finally compelled to resign his office into the hands of Vice-President Tovar. The change of the Government has been officially recognized by the representatives of the foreign powers.

The hostilities so long threatened between *Buenos Ayres* and General Urquiza have at last commenced. About the 1st of July Buenos Ayres sent two steamers up the River Parana. A cannonade was opened upon them by the Argentine army, encamped near Rosario, but no damage was done beyond a slight injury to one of the funnels. The steamers passed the encampment without returning the fire. The next day another steamer was seen attempting to enter the port of Rosario. The Argentine gunners opened fire upon her, supposing her to be another vessel of the Buenos Ayres squadron. She proved, however, to be the American steamer *Asuncion*, having on board our Minister, Mr. Yancey. The mistake was discovered before any damage had been done, and proper explanations were given. The Buenos Ayres steamers captured a schooner laden with arms for Urquiza, and took up a station above Rosario. But before long the crew of one of them mutinied, seized the vessel, and delivered it up to Urquiza. The other steamer was saved with difficulty, and returned down the river to Buenos Ayres.

In *New Granada* a revolutionary movement which broke out some months since in Cartagena, has now spread into the neighboring States. The so-

called "Liberals," under the lead of Senor Nieto, rose against Calvas, the Governor of the State, removed him and his subordinates from office, and appointed Nieto in his place. The new Governor has organized an administration, and raised a military force to defend it. The movement appears to be directed wholly against the State authorities, and not against the Federal Government of the Republic, as the National Custom-house officers have not been displaced.

In *Peru* the long-expected declaration of war against Ecuador, which has been postponed on account of difficulties at home, has been made. President Castilla, in a preliminary circular dated August 10, enumerates a long list of grievances inflicted by Ecuador. Among these are constant evasions, under the most frivolous prettexts, of the settlement of the boundary question, and the disposing to foreigners of large portions of the disputed territory. Guayaquil, the principal port of Ecuador, has been for some months blockaded by a Peruvian steamer, the commander of which has repeatedly threatened to bombard the town. On the 19th of August a fire broke out in Guayaquil, which destroyed the entire square of the cathedral. The United States steamer *Saranac* lying in the harbor, her crew were sent ashore to aid in arresting the conflagration. The authorities offered public thanks to the commander of the *Saranac*. "This act of philanthropy," they say, "will eternally remain engraved on our hearts, and will ever remind us that the vessels of war of the great American nation have, on our coasts, a more Christian and civilizing mission than that of making war—that of succoring the afflicted."

On the Isthmus considerable excitement has been occasioned by recent discoveries of large quantities of gold, chiefly wrought in the form of ornaments and rude representations of animals, found in the *huacos* or graves of the ancient inhabitants. The discoveries have been principally in the province of Chiriqui; but those who have the best means of information are confident that these *huacos* are spread over a large tract of country, and that they will be found to contain a very considerable amount of treasure.

EUROPE.

Public opinion in Europe has hardly settled upon any definite view of the peace between France and Austria. In Great Britain it was at first considered as portending hostile designs on the part of the Emperor Napoleon, whose great army, it was supposed, would be at liberty to menace the British Empire. It is certain, however, that the Emperor has done nothing to warrant the belief that he entertains any hostile designs; and his subsequent orders for reducing the army and navy to a peace footing have tended to allay the apprehensions that had been aroused.—Parliament was prorogued on the 13th of August. The Queen's Speech, which was read by Commission, referred to the peace, and said that overtures had been made with a view to ascertain, if conferences should be held by the great Powers of Europe for the purpose of settling arrangements connected with the present state and future condition of Italy, whether a plenipotentiary would be sent by the British Government. Her Majesty would rejoice to contribute to arrangements calculated to establish a permanent peace; but as yet no information had been received which would enable her to decide whether it would be advisable to take part in the proposed negotiations. She had given her assent to the bills which had been presented for the forma-

tion of a naval and military reserve force, since "a complete and permanent system of national defense must at all times be an object of pre-eminent importance." The Chancellor of the Exchequer estimates the entire income for the ensuing year at £64,340,000, and the expenditures (of which £28,600,000 are on account of the National Debt) at £69,207,000, showing a deficiency of £4,867,000. The greater portion of this—something more than £4,000,000—he proposed to raise by an augmentation of the income tax. The present rate is five-pence upon the pound; he proposed to raise this to ninepence on all incomes greater than £150, and sixpence half-penny on all below this sum. This augmentation he estimated would add £4,340,000 to the revenue. The Indian finances also present an unfavorable aspect. To suppress the mutiny cost £24,000,000; the expenses of the current year will exceed the revenue by £12,500,000; and it is estimated that an additional sum of £10,000,000 will be required during 1860-'61. Then the Indian debt will amount to £100,000,000. The army of India now numbers 110,320 Europeans, 207,765 native soldiers, and 89,829 native police-officers, forming a total of 431,600 men receiving pay from the Indian exchequer. Before the mutiny the Indian army cost £12,000,000; it now costs £20,000,000. The Government proposes to supply the deficiency in the Indian revenues by a loan; apropos to which a leading English newspaper says: "If there be one thing clear in the mind and temper of the British public, it is this—India must support itself by its own resources or its credit, or the British people will endeavor to rid themselves of it altogether."—The mammoth steamer, the *Great Eastern*, is now nearly ready for sea, and will soon be dispatched upon her first ocean voyage. Portland, Maine, appears to be definitely fixed upon as the place to which she will be dispatched.—The operative builders of London have undertaken a *strike* upon an unusually extensive scale. They demand, mainly, that the time of labor shall be reduced from ten to nine hours per day, the rate of weekly payments remaining unchanged. The master-builders and contractors refuse to agree to this, and the principal establishments have been closed.

The Emperor Napoleon has returned to Paris. One of his first measures was to announce that the French army would at once be placed upon a peace footing. This was followed by a decree proclaiming a "full and entire amnesty to all persons sentenced for political crimes and offenses, or those who have been the objects of any measures taken for public security." This decree applies to Blanqui, Raspail, Louis Blanc, Albert, and others, who were condemned for invading the Constituent Assembly, May 15, 1848; to Felix Pyatt, and others, condemned for the insurrection of June, 1849; to the representatives ordered to transportation to Guiana, on account of the insurrection against Louis Napoleon, President of the Republic; to Victor Hugo, and sixty-three other Representatives of the Legislative Assembly, expelled for an indefinite period from France, Algeria and the Colonies; to Generals Lamorcière, Changarnier, and others, expelled for a limited period, many of whom have already been allowed to return to France: and to all persons arrested in consequence of the attempted assassination of the Emperor on the 14th of January, 1858. Victor Hugo and Louis Blanc have published letters refusing to take advantage of the amnesty. The former says: "No one will expect, so far as I am per-

sonally concerned, that I shall give a moment's attention to the thing called an amnesty. While the state of France remains what it is, my duty will be to protest against it, absolutely, inflexibly, earnestly. Faithful to the engagement I have made with my conscience, I shall share to the last the exile of liberty. When liberty returns, I will return." Louis Blanc says: "Judging from a mere practical point of view, Louis Bonaparte could hardly do more for us than he has done." . . . "We are permitted to return to France. So long as she is kept in bondage why should we go? To complete the victory of might over right; to render Imperial absolutism still more absolutely unopposed; to be slaves among slaves?" . . . "So long as France is forced into silence and darkness, I take it to be necessary that some of her faithful sons should, by living abroad, retain the power of representing true genius, of making known her sorrows, denouncing her wrongs, invoking her most glorious recollections, vindicating her stifled aspirations after freedom, and championing in her name the eternal principles of justice and the rights of reason."—The portion of the French army which was brought back from Italy was formed into an encampment near Paris. On Sunday and Monday, August 14 and 15, the double festival of the triumphal entry of the Army of Italy into Paris and the Fête Napoleon was celebrated. The army, to the number of nearly 70,000 men, marched through the streets, and were greeted with unbounded enthusiasm by the citizens. At the banquet held on Sunday evening, the Emperor, after alluding to the approaching dissolution of the formidable force which had been organized, urged the officers not to forget the lessons that they had learned in Italy.

The Zurich Conference between the representatives of France, Austria, and Sardinia commenced its sessions on the 7th of August. No reliable accounts of its proceedings has been given to the public. The agreement at Villafranca provided that the Dukes of Tuscany and Modena should return to their States. But it is evident that this can be carried into effect only by force. According to the Austrian view, force is to be employed, if necessary; while Napoleon is reported to be indisposed to use any forcible measures himself, or to permit them to be used by others. The Mayor of Parma had an interview with the French Emperor in Paris, and upon his return declared that Napoleon directed him to "tell the populations that have sent you to me that my army shall never do violence to their wishes, and that I will not permit any other foreign force to commit violence against you." These words, said the Mayor, in his proclamation to the citizens, "make you the arbiters of your own destinies. The Duchies of Tuscany and Modena have solemnly pronounced the deposition of their former rulers, and have declared in favor of a union with Sardinia. The revolted States of the Church show no disposition to return to their subjection to the Papal Government. An army of Central Italy has been formed, the command of which has been confided to General Garibaldi. King Victor Emanuel meanwhile hesitates to assume the sovereignty of the Duchies which has been offered to him. The Council of Ministers at Turin, at which the King presided, decided that before accepting, even provisionally, the provinces that wish to be united with Sardinia, it was proper to consult the other powers of Europe, particularly France. A French *corps d'armée* of 50,000 men, under the command of Prince Jerome Napoleon, is to remain for the present in Italy.

Literary Notices.

The History of the Religious Movement of the Eighteenth Century, called Methodism, by ABEL STEVENS, LL.D. Vol. II. (Published by Carlton and Porter.) In the present volume of his great historical work Dr. Stevens has concluded the life and times of the founder of Methodism, presenting the most complete biography of the devoted apostle of the eighteenth century which has yet been given to the world. The character and career of John Wesley challenge an interest far beyond the limits of the religious denomination with which his name is identified. In an age of materialistic philosophy and ecclesiastical formality he uttered a burning protest against the spiritual deadness of his contemporaries. The slumbers of the Church were disturbed by his indignant eloquence. Without attaching importance to purely speculative dogmas, he appealed directly to the religious instincts of humanity, touched the torpid conscience as with a coal of living fire, displayed the terrors of divine retribution before men hardened in impenitence and unbelief, proclaimed the promises of the Gospel to the awakened sinner, and never desisted from his sacred mission for the salvation of the soul till his glowing lips were made dumb by the chills of death. No man was ever impelled by more earnest convictions than John Wesley. What he saw, he saw in the clearness of noonday light. What he believed, he believed with all the strength of his ardent nature. His work was his passion; his life, one long act of consecration. The fruits of such devotedness could not be of a temporary character. His influence changed the religious aspect of his own age, and is still deeply imprinted on this second half of the nineteenth century.

The delineation of his course has been a congenial task to the author of this work. He has spared no pains in its elaboration. Never weary with the exhausting research on which his narrative is founded, he has spread over it the glow of his own spirit, and depicted the subject of his biography with the fresh and radiant vitality which was the most striking characteristic of the original. The portraiture of John Wesley in his old age presents a wonderful example of the triumph of the soul over the decays of nature. At the age of threescore and ten his gray hairs were the only sign of declining life. His brow was as smooth, his eye as brilliant and piercing, his complexion as ruddy, and his voice as strong, as when he first heralded the truths of the Gospel to a former generation. For more than fifty years he had constantly risen at four o'clock in the morning, and commenced preaching at five—an exercise which he always found eminently favorable to health. Not a year, during that period, had passed without his traveling, by sea or land, not less than four thousand five hundred miles. For the greater part of the time, this unintermitted traveling—equal to the circumnavigation of the globe in less than every six years, was performed on horseback. His labors were extended to the remotest corners of the British Islands. In Ireland, he not only visited the chief centres of the Methodistic fields, but penetrated to the obscure villages and mountain regions, preaching in the market-places, the streets, and on the hill-sides. Scotland was the scene of his repeated labors, and the mountain defiles of Wales echoed to his persuasive appeals.

Arrived at the age of eighty-two, he still exhibited no signs of mental or bodily decay. His writings were never more fresh and vigorous. For eleven years he had felt no "such thing as weariness." In spite of his manifold labors, he was "perfectly easy from head to foot." His mind seemed to recover the simple vivacity of childhood. His daily life was illuminated by a purer and brighter light. He was singularly susceptible, even in those years which are usually marked by "labor and sorrow," to all the beauties of nature and all the charms of literature. He makes frequent records of his impressions of books; compares and criticises Ariosto and Tasso; indulges occasionally in dramatic reading and criticism; discusses the question of Ossian's poetry, which was then a great topic in literary circles; and notes, in brief, picturesque passages, the scenery of his outdoor preaching and the landscapes of his travels. He was delighted with the gardens of the nobility, the ruins of old cathedrals, and fine music; and rejoiced in the approach of spring and the return of the singing birds. His conversation still fascinated the Christian households which entertained him in his rapid movements. He cherished the delicacy and fervid sentiment toward woman which is always entertained by the noblest minds. Children flocked around him with fondness, always with reverence, but never with fear, for the bland old man. For them he always had a peculiar tenderness. His demeanor was marked by cheerfulness, mingled with gravity; he had an unusual flow of spirits, but tempered ever by the most serene tranquillity. His dress was a pattern of neatness and simplicity. He wore a narrow, plaited stock, a coat with a small upright collar, no buckles at the knees, no silk or velvet in any part of his apparel, while his snow-white head suggested an idea of something primitive and apostolic.

It was not till Wesley entered on his eighty-fifth year that he began to be conscious of the infirmities of age. Then he acknowledges that he is not as agile as formerly. His sight is a little decayed; his left eye has grown dim, and hardly serves him to read; he can not walk as fast as he did; his memory for recent events is somewhat impaired; but he feels no weariness, either in traveling or preaching, and writes his sermons as readily and as correctly as ever. Decay, however, was now coming on apace. He presided at his Conference for the last time in the summer of 1790. He was then in the eighty-eighth year of his age. His sight was so dim that he could not see to read the hymns in public worship. His limbs were too weak to ascend the pulpit or to walk the streets without support. His memory was too feeble to recall readily the divisions of his sermons; and yet the tottering evangelist pursued his course of daily travel and daily preaching. His last sermon was preached on Wednesday, February 23, 1791. On the next Saturday he wrote his final letter. This was addressed to Wilberforce, urging him to perseverance in his parliamentary labors against the African slave-trade. On the Sunday morning after his last sermon he rose with apparently improved health; but attempting to converse, he was quickly exhausted, and was obliged to lie upon his bed. The next day he was lethargic. On Tuesday, March 1, he sank rapidly, and after attempting to sing some

of his favorite hymns his voice failed, and though his lips continued to move his meaning could not be understood. He rose no more from his bed. Prayer and praise still lingered on his dying lips. The next morning the scene closed, and while many of his old friends were prostrate in prayer around him, the spirit of John Wesley took its flight, without a struggle or a sigh.

The character of this extraordinary man is portrayed by Dr. Stevens in a singularly felicitous sketch, which forms an appropriate close to the present volume. We may cordially congratulate him on the success with which he has thus far accomplished his work, which needs no commendation of ours to enhance its favor with the religious public.

The Student's Hume (published by Harper and Brothers) is an abridged popular history of England from the earliest times to the year 1858. It is founded on the work of the celebrated English historian, retaining his language so far as was practicable in the portions of the history that are common to both, but introducing into the text numerous corrections and additions, and continuing the narrative nearly to the present year. The labors of modern writers have been diligently made use of, and the results of their researches incorporated with the materials of elder authorities. The Anglo-Saxon period especially, which was treated in such an imperfect manner by Hume, both on account of his indifference to the annals of a semi-barbarous people, and the want of authentic sources of information, is illustrated by the discoveries, as they may be called, of Turner, Palgrave, Lappenberg, and Kemble, and its history has been almost entirely rewritten by the editor of this volume. Lord Mahon's authority has been chiefly employed for the continuation from the reign of James II., and although the narrative is condensed within a narrow compass, the principal events are related with clearness and precision. The convenient size of this work, as well as the evident care which has been bestowed on its preparation, makes it a convenient manual of reference for the great mass of readers.

Germany, by MADAME DE STAËL-HOLSTEIN, edited by O. W. WIGHT, A.M. (Published by Derby and Jackson.) The new world of thought which was revealed to such a numerous class of readers, who were imbued only with English culture, by the original publication of this work, has since that time been widely explored, and its treasures been made the common property of scholars every where. Few books have ever given such an impulse to the study of a foreign literature. It derived its power not only from its vigor of thought and eloquence of expression, but from the insight with which it penetrated into the significance of unaccustomed conceptions, and its catholic and profound estimate of a philosophy and poetry whose novelty had kept them from a just appreciation beyond the land of their birth. Errors of detail, it is true, have been pointed out in Madame de Staël's representation of the German mind and character, as developed in the first decade of the present century; but her fidelity to the essential spirit of the great intellectual movement of that day is no less remarkable than the clearness of statement and vividness of illustration with which its masterly productions are expounded. Even at the present time, after the profound critical interpretations of Carlyle, and the labors of a host of translators and imitators, with more or less ability, the stu-

dent of German literature can scarcely find a better guide to its attractive mazes than this work, which Sir James Mackintosh was, perhaps, not far out of the way in pronouncing "the greatest production of feminine genius." Its eloquence, though of a rare order, is one of the least of its charms. The sympathy which it betrays with the noblest forms of beauty, the poetic fervor, as well as the philosophic taste, with which it judges of the master-pieces of poetry, the fine sense of humanity and the exquisite appreciation of character which temper its discussion of speculative themes, combine to render it a work of enduring interest, and one which will always command the admiration of cultivated readers. The American editor has performed his task with the same thoroughness and sound judgment which are exhibited in the previous volumes of the series. He has made a careful revision of the translation, and corrected it in many important points—has given a new version of the extracts from German originals, and, by his judicious notices and sketches, has, in a great measure, brought down the literary history to the present date.

The Use and Abuse of Tobacco, by JOHN LIZARS, and *Alcohol: its Place and Power*, by JAMES MILLER, are reprints, by Lindsay and Blakiston, of two Scottish treatises, giving an intelligent exposition of the physiological effects of those favorite luxuries, accompanied by illustrations of their action by examples drawn from medical experience and observation. The conclusions of the authors are by no means favorable to the habitual use of either article, though they are stated with scientific coolness, unmingled with fanatical zeal. It is not probable that their statements will produce any noticeable change in the social customs of the community, but the information they impart may throw some new light on their tendency and their consequences.

Harper and Brothers have issued *A Life for a Life*, a novel by Miss MULOCK, which well sustains the interest of her previous productions, and can be warmly commended for its brilliant sketches of character and its natural flow of expression.

Shelley Memorials, edited by Lady SHELLEY. (Published by Ticknor and Fields.) Every new memorial of the poet, around whose history cling such mysterious and romantic associations, is seized with avidity by the constantly increasing circle of his admirers, who recognize not only the weird beauty and profound significance of his writings, but the peculiar charm of his childlike, unworldly character. In this little volume, which has been compiled from materials in possession of Sir Percy Shelley, the son of the gifted poet, many interesting details are given of the biography of the latter which have not before appeared in print, and which throw additional light on his remarkable career.

The Mississippi Bubble, a Memoir of John Law, translated from the French of ADOLPHE THIERS, by FRANK S. FISKE. (Published by W. A. Townsend and Co.) The history of the great speculator of the eighteenth century, whose financial projects brought sudden fortune and consequent ruin to so many infatuated Parisians, is here set down in lucid order and in a graphic style. The work originally appeared in a French review about thirty years ago, and has not before been published in a separate volume. It is now reproduced in an elegant and faithful translation, with the last touches of the author's hand, by whom it has been corrected while passing through the press.

Editor's Table.

THE CULTIVATION OF THE IDEAL.—Every man is more or less conscious that the objects surrounding him have a power to awaken thoughts and feelings within his mind distinct from the plain, literal impressions which their nature and uses suggest. None of these objects exhaust themselves by transferring their specific images through the sense to the intellect. But after they have given their outward and palpable form to the spirit, the higher and purer idea of their abstract character, and its close connections with the well-being of our better life, communicate their deeper meaning to the soul. The world can not be degraded into a mere material thing. Air and water, mountains and meadows, sunshine and cloud, are not content to be simply and solely what their earthly names import. They bear about them something more than appears to the eye; they are ever striving to glorify themselves to our thoughts, and to persuade us that they are worthier and nobler than they seem. No one has lived much with Nature and not felt that she is always yearning to exalt herself in his appreciation. What lessons—her mechanical routine accomplished—does she teach in humility and reverence! How many sanctuaries, Sabbaths, ministries, she has, where the common eye and the common ear detect nothing but her ordinary aspects! A man of true sympathy can not lay his hand on a weed and not feel a divine pulse throbbing in it.

Nature will be idealized. She is not Nature unless idealized. And whether by poetry or devotion, whether by the art peculiar to genius or by those means which are in the hands of all, she is idealized whenever her real offices are apprehended. Every man who finds companionship and joy in natural objects is an idealist. He becomes an idealist by the act that raises nature above the barren idea of machinery, and conforms it to a spiritual purpose. The hidden nurture of nature provided for the heart is thus obtained; and the pictured image of the world, as conveyed to the senses, is refined by the intellect, until it is sufficiently pure to blend with our most spiritual feelings. It is a process of thought to which all mind has an instinctive tendency. Children show it: every period of life is full of it. For at no age can the literal forms of nature satisfy the wants of the spirit. If the child's toy were a toy only, it would be thrown scornfully away. If the romance over which that enraptured youth pores were nothing but a romance, it would soon be cast aside. True to its own laws, the creative mind uses all things as materials for constructing its handiwork; improves what it acquires; ennobles as it gathers from the vast open fields that spread around it. Nor is there a wider difference between the coarse food taken into the stomach and the blood and bone elaborated from its mass than exists between the first crude impressions of nature on the senses and the final shapes of truth, beauty, grandeur, into which they are developed.

Within certain limitations nature acts mechanically on us. It is not in our power to resist the force of its impressions. So far as regards gravitation we are no better off than stones. The law takes effect by necessity, and no appeal stands against it. And the same fact holds good in many other physical relations. But we never advance far into the realms of Nature without perceiving that we

are her freemen in all the higher aspects of our being. Stern laws may enslave us, and yet how soon we escape into a region where the supremacy of will is acknowledged! Seated on this hard rock we feel that nature rules us and the rock in the same spirit and on equal terms; but the next moment, assured of our prerogatives, we enjoy the rights of royalty: we command, and are obeyed; we wish, and are gratified. The whole landscape is our property. The very heavens are a part of ourselves. Sending forth the free mind among the magnificent objects that adorn the universe, we realize a sense of strength, manliness, victory, just in proportion as we are in contact with sublimity and majesty. We are more than on a footing with them. The consciousness of enthroned superiority thrills us, and all nature performs for us the glad services of inspiration and devotion. If, in our lowest range of sensation, the mind is subordinated to the body, how quickly the inherent and incomparable excellence of spiritual life is shown in the fact that all our finest and purest sensations require the stimulating and directive presence of will, imagination, and sensibility, to make them trust-worthy and valuable? Then, too, we soon learn that we bring more power to nature than nature brings to us. We cultivate the very senses that are her handmaids; passive impressibility ceases; a voluntary power is infused into them; and in a great degree we see, hear, feel, as thought and fancy determine. As this thralldom to external nature lessens the soul awakens to a sense of ideality. Penetrating to the heart of things, we find a divineness in them that feeds the soul; and this divineness constitutes their ideal. It is not known to the unaided organs of sense. The cold, calculating intellect of science can not grasp its subtle elements. But to the spiritual mind, yearning to enjoy truth more than fact, and prizing beauty above service, it is an open vision, radiant in the light of heaven.

Is this ideality the birth-right of the poet only? Is it the chosen heritage of the few who are honored with the selectest gifts of genius? Let us not so think. Ideality has its seat in the soul. Its expression is through the intellect in its rarer forms; but as a pervading, ethereal power it abides in the great common attributes of our nature. The spirit of ideality, therefore, is not to be confounded with its accidental forms in the intellectual structure of men. Viewed in its connections with the intellect, it differs widely in individuals. But its most important uses are independent of the degree and scope of imaginative activity. A man may be an idealist and yet never write a poem. A man may be destitute of genius and even of talent, and, notwithstanding, have a soul full of beauty and blessedness. If his temperament be susceptible to the genial influences around him; if his sensibilities have been kept tender and true to the manifold objects that encompass him; if he has preserved the freshness of his childhood's heart and the green memory of youthful love; if he has held his nature aloof from the hardening effects of trade and subdued his selfishness into obedience to the law of love, and then, drawing strength from these primal sources of life, quickened his intellect by the vigor which they accumulate for thought and imagination, he has all the essential constituents of a genuine ideality that real manhood

can ever need. The object of ideality is not poetry nor art. God's purpose in its bestowment is the elevation of the common mind. If not a positive virtue of character, it is, nevertheless, an invaluable adjunct to character. It consummates excellence by associating the highest offices of the intellect and heart with its spirit, temper, and action. It deepens all true enjoyment. It widens sympathy, and makes the brotherhood of universal being known to the affections. Wiser than scholastic lore, profounder than argument, sharper than logic, and more sagacious than tact, it sees and grasps the pearl in deep waters while others are sporting on the sparkling surface. It listens to the undertone in which Nature breathes her most sacred melodies, heedless of those strains that captivate the grosser ears of the multitude. And, above all, it appropriates to the finer refreshment of the heart those more delicate and subtle elements of wisdom and knowledge which the daily drudgery of the intellect so often unfits it to realize. Hence it is not to be regarded as a select gift, but as a common means of culture, improvement, and happiness. All men need it, and therefore every one should feel that it is a vital part of moral and social cultivation to call out and discipline this quality of his nature. To be destitute of it is to lose the aroma of life.

Contemplated from this point of view, ideality is an endowment that we can not value too highly. For it is synonymous with the best form of excellence, and its aim is not merely to present the purer aspects of intellectual and spiritual existence, but to reach the loftiest heights of truth and wisdom as they stand related to beauty and blessedness. The conception of the ideal in any thing is an effort of the mind to exalt itself to the companionship of the vast, the permanent, the infinite. It is the instinct of fellowship turning away from humbler associations and seeking for such communion as suits its holiest sympathies. Hence, its exercise involves the action of our whole nature; intellect and heart, taste and feeling, work together; and the fair images which enter the mind reflect all the features of our being. To attain a just ideal of any thing is to comprehend the measure of its intrinsic worth—to see it in the light of the Divine Mind—to embrace its connections with the universe. Now this is surely a great task. It summons all our faculties of perception, analysis, combination; and calling out the deepest sympathies of our nature, bids them co-operate with the thinking intellect. But ideality is closely connected with our moral sensibilities, and it makes an earnest appeal to our convictions of duty. Although the sense of duty is distinct from the love of the beautiful and rests on its own deeply-laid foundations in the sterner qualities of our character, yet the habit of mind that converses with the most refined forms of thought and assimilates the purest essence of things, is most admirably fitted to intensify our moral sentiments and elevate our feeling of obligation into an inspiring life. Goodness loses half its charms if it is the goodness of mere duty. The consenting will, rejoicing in a free, glad service—the outgoing affections, yielding themselves to a “yoke” felt to be “easy” and to a “burden” that is “light”—the whole inner nature, in hearty concurrence with the true and the right, are necessary to the experience of spiritual blessedness. Nor is this attainable but by one who looks beyond the law to the love that ordained it, and whose serene fellowship with its divine spirit moves his soul to cordial, thorough obedience. The mere formalist may go through his routine of duties, and the consci-

entious man may observe the commandments; but it is the privilege of him who enters into the ideal of Christian excellence to read the Sermon on the Mount and the Farewell Discourse of Christ as they were written, and to take the broad compass of their meaning to his awakened heart. Who but he catches their universal application to all modes of thought, emotion, manner—detects their most delicate shade of expression, and realizes the emphasis of the God-head in their minutest utterance? Moral power does not primarily depend on reason or imagination. Nevertheless, every man is far stronger, wiser, and nobler who appreciates its intellectual and spiritual aspects in their true relations, and seizes the archetype of which they are the typical embodiments. We owe it to religion to love it for its own sake. But no one can do this unless his intellect and heart have contemplated its sublime ideal and enthroned it within his soul.

Let us not suppose, then, that artists and poets are the only persons interested in the cultivation of the ideal. It is the want of our common nature. It is that demand for something more than everyday facts which engross the senses and the understanding and place such a commercial premium on the virtues of sagacity, prudence, and skill. Into all honest, loving hearts is this spirit breathed, and according to a man's taste and temperament it moulds the cast of his hopes and aspirations. Every one must idealize something. The conditions of his inward being imply it, and if he were to lose the capacity for its exercise he would instantly become more or less than man. Reduce life to the estimates of logic, and what were its worth? All of us must have a better world than the actual world around us, and hence the kindness of nature provides the far-reaching avenues of thought and fancy, through which the spirit makes its escape and luxuriates in the boundlessness of its power. The reality within is stronger than the reality without, and by its creative energy the bright visions of ideality rise on our firmament. Ideality, then, is no dreamy, impracticable thing. Tried by a just standard, it is the most practical element in human experience; for it is nothing less than the immortal mind adjusting itself to those objects which lie above the vicissitudes of circumstance. Every hour of observation attests its supreme value. Take the man of business, and suppose that his mind is limited to the worldly idea of his pursuit. What are all his gains? They are confined to his purse. The soul shares none of the accumulated heaps of gold. Neither heart nor life is enriched, and the richer the outside the poorer the inside. But select a man who carries an ideal into his business: it is a part of his character to devise fruitful schemes, and whatever he acquires enters into the permanent elements of his existence. Trade cultivates his geniality and binds him closer to his brother-man. Economy, thrift, success are qualities of his moral and social being. In proportion as he accumulates money he accumulates manhood, and his ledger is the diary of a daily growth in the genuineness of intelligence and goodness. Not only does he acquire fortune, but he acquires the wisdom to use and the sensibility to enjoy it. To him money is no dead thing, but a means of life, a part of his stewardship, a recognized trust from Heaven. In daily existence it is auxiliary to intellectual and moral growth, cultivating within him the virtues of restraint, moderation, and sacrifice, teaching him that the material world is more potent over the soul than over the body, and training him to that rare

skill which employs the material instruments of nature for spiritual ends.

A man who is alive to this ideal spirit feels its inspiring influence in his domestic relations. Free from the morbid sentimentalism which alternates between the excesses of fictitious joy and sorrow, he is keenly susceptible to the transcendent bliss which is embosomed in friendship and love. The aids of a delusive fancy are not necessary to his happiness, nor has he to fly to the extravagance of romantic dreams for a refuge from the sharp contact with the world's realities. A divine light shines upon his home; a divine music is in its psalmody of thanksgiving; and a divine presence, serene as heaven, is in its companionships. The beautiful ideal of its purity and peace, surpassing the visions of poetry, dwells in his heart. Nor is this a mere sentiment. The active energies of his nature are blended with it; and day by day the power of this hallowed image transforms his feelings and habits into its spiritual loveliness. Marriage is a means of high and holy culture; the fireside, the table, and household intercourse call out his best affections, and endear to his faith and hope the offices of domestic piety. By means of these affections the profoundest depths of consciousness are opened to his experience; thought finds its highest wonder in love; and every hour that the kind and gentle heart reveals its growing life there are new ties formed between the soul and the unfolding mysteries of an eternal being. The tender images of wife and children, losing their earthliness, put on a heavenlier charm; and in their spiritualizing beauty outline the fellowship, true and fervent, of angelic sympathy. It is only in these sacred moments, bringing their Sabbath pauses to the struggling soul, that the full meaning of home, wife, and children is

"Felt in the blood, and felt along the heart;"

and then, too, in its "tranquil restoration," the reclaimed dignity of our nature is vividly apprehended, and the heart unclasps the form, so long concealed in its embrace, of the future being.

Home is not home unless this ideal spirit dwells in its midst. Look at it as an earthly abode, and it may, indeed, have a certain economic beauty, attractive to the senses, and not without power over the heart. But nothing suffers so much from low views and worldly feelings. It is specially consecrated to thoughts not of this "visible, diurnal sphere;" to services not selfish, but pure and disinterested; to aims and aspirations enkindled by a ministry that no priesthood can rival. And only as the ideal mind enters into this large and blessed sentiment can domestic life answer its true end.

Human life, in its capacity for growth and expansion, in its far-reaching connections, in its wondrous possibilities, is as yet dimly seen and feebly felt. We are aliens to ourselves, knowing not the language to which we were born; and vainly striving to interpret, by foreign signs, the mystical meaning of our birth-right and being. But a better day awaits us. Slowly, but surely, the Divine work of Christianity is progressing. It is the inspired teacher of what we are and what we can become. Its prophecies to the heart are self-fulfilling; its hopes, self-attaining. Under its guidance we can make our life both beautiful and blessed; and exalted to the sublime height on which its throne of splendor has been erected, we can command the resources of the universe and enjoy the fellowship of Infinite Perfection.

Editor's Easy Chair.

THERE has been a great deal of quiet reading and discussion around our Chair of Michelet's celebrated book, called "Love." That an old gentleman, a French scholar, historian, and Professor, should address himself, after the heyday of emotion may be supposed to have passed, to the treatment of so delicate and complex a theme, was a phenomenon only to be expected in France—where, indeed, there are no phenomena, because every thing is surprising.

Upon the whole, this Easy Chair has never heard a book so savagely condemned as this. It has seemed, indeed, to be a question with some of the disputants whether the book was to be mentioned at all, whether a lady who should confess that she had read it ought not to suffer in reputation as much as if she had confessed to have read "Tom Jones." So strong and peculiar is the feeling, that we doubt if Selina sitting upon the piazza at the "United States" at Saratoga, or the "Bellevue" or "Fillmore" at Newport, would have cared to answer, when Edward asked her what book she was reading, "Michelet's *L'Amour*."

On the other hand, many sensible men, who are competent to judge the work, do not hesitate to say that it will do a great deal of good, although there are many things in it which are the private opinions of the author, and very absurd in themselves and very injurious to a generous estimate of women. One gentleman said, in the hearing of the Easy Chair, "I like the book; and I should give it to my sons to read, but not to my daughters."

"Indeed!" replied Belinda, whom, if Michelet had known, he had surely modified his work; "but do you not see that you condemn the book in praising it? Is it not the worst thing you can say of a book that you would not read it aloud in your family?"

The gentleman smiled and thought not; and was not Belinda too hasty? Is it the test of the value of a work that it can or can not be read aloud in the family circle? It is a remark so frequently made that it is worth a moment's consideration.

Who would not feel a little suspicious of the effect of reading every thing in the Old Testament aloud in the family circle, if there happened to be a very clever and inquisitive child of ten or twelve sitting by? Why is it that there is an "expurgated" Family Shakespeare? How many medical works are there for sale publicly which nobody would care to read aloud by the evening lamp, or to lay upon the table for family reading!

There are, thus, parts of the best books and works of the most serious and important science that are not "fit for family reading," as we generally understand that phrase. It by no means follows that they are improper works. It only follows that there are certain canons of propriety which it is not worth while to offend.

Unquestionably Michelet's book falls within this rubric. But for all that it is the loyal work of an honest man who has a very ludicrous and contemptible idea of women, but a very profound and just conviction that by the laws of nature they are made the subjects of a suffering which ought to consecrate them in the minds of all loyal men. Even this view, however, he makes absurd by assuming that illness is their normal condition, and by representing marriage as a laughably unequal relation, in which the husband fulfills the function of educator of his wife, even to the point of personal chastisement. The wonder inevitably is, what kind of women M. Michelet has been in the habit of seeing.

The most interesting view of the book is as a contribution to French social literature, revealing the real estimate in which women are held in that debonnaire country. The later French novels, of which the Easy Chair reads only representative specimens, for only ladies of extreme fashion have time to keep abreast of the stream, betray a most lamentable state of things in the lower empire. The stories of George Sand were fiery protests. They painted dismal scenes, but they were full of indignation with them, and of impetuous recoil from an utterly factitious and corrupt state of society. Balzac, with the unshrinking nerve of the most accomplished surgeon, and the airy elegance of the most courtly man of the world, depicted the same society, with less poetic fervor, but more scientific and artistic completeness. Eugene Sue, Paul De Kock, and Alexandre Dumas made up the circle of fictitious painters of life, which includes many admirable names, but of rather less note than these five; Victor Hugo being ranked as an independent and eccentric literary power.

The point is, that in all the novels of all these authors, so far as known to the Easy Chair, which treat French life in every degree, there is not one heroine who is a really satisfactory woman. They are witty, brilliant, learned, romantic, passionate, but they are all of low morality. Consuelo is, perhaps, the best. She is a character conceived by the spirit of an artist in the realm of art. She is invested with romance and interest, but even in Consuelo the same want is felt.

If this is evident every where in the French novel, it is an indication of two different things: *first*, the fidelity of French authors to the spirit of French society; and, *second*, the tone of that society. Now it is just that tone in which Michelet has lived his life, and which has moulded the feelings and opinions of the young Frenchmen with whom he is brought in constant contact, which has inspired his book. He burns to protest. He seizes his scholars by the hand and cries, "A woman is not a toy made for your pleasure; she is formed to love you as you love her; but nature, kinder to you who are of coarser fibre, has imposed suffering upon her as the condition of love. Let that suffering then sanctify her in your imagination!"

But when he proceeds to indicate the natural history of the married relation, he shows that his own conception of the sex is radically tainted by the society in which he lives, and which the novelists have painted. His first cry is seen to be only the expression of a good impulse, and when you have finished the book he has himself helped to make the respect and sanctity he enjoins much more difficult.

But the tone of the work is too simple and honest to be dangerous. Books are not written for the weak altogether. The strong have their rights also. Morbid people may delight in Hamlet, and grow even more morbid for reading it, but that would be a poor reason to regret that Hamlet was ever written. There is many a man who will read Michelet's Love, and take out the pearl from it, leaving the oyster behind. It is not necessary to like the whole of it, nor to believe the whole of it. It is only a conversation, like every other book of the kind, in which the author says some true things and some that are untrue.

As for blushing about it—is it always modesty that makes us blush?

As a rule people want to live upon easy terms

with each other. But the history of the world seems to show that they have very indifferent success. In this country, where we can say and print what we choose, where we all talk politics with fury, and discuss politicians with the aid of the most stringent adjectives, there is manifestly a good deal of interference with the plan of living upon easy terms with each other. In fact it may be doubted whether our chief orators, in alluding to each other, do always speak the truth in love.

How far personal motives may be questioned in political or religious debates is a very interesting question. And yet we need not grow maudlin in the matter. There probably are designing rogues, and designing men who are not rogues—men whose interest warps their judgment—and other men who have no other principle than interest in all political and religious bodies. When a man thinks this of another man, it is his duty to say so. For, of course, he says it at his own risk. If he mistakes, he must pay for the mistake either by personal chastisement, which is sometimes the penalty, or by a libel suit, or by loss of reputation, or of his own self-respect.

We have a free and easy way of saying that we must not question motives—that we must consider questions upon their own merits, and so forth. But if a man finds a notorious burglar trying his windows at midnight, are not the character and antecedents of the man a very substantial part of the merits of the question?

This is an extreme case; but it tries the principle. If a man in political life, who is a politician by profession, finds himself in a community chiefly composed of our emerald fellow-citizens, and incessantly praises the rich brogue of the land of Curran and Burke, of Goldsmith and Grattan, of Sheridan and Emmet, is it fair to suppose that he praises it because he loves it, or because he wants the emerald votes? And if his opponent, thinking so, says so openly, is it not absurd to try to silence him by insisting that he has no right to question motives?

Or again, whenever a man says something repugnant to the universal moral sense, and persists in saying it, and that assertion has a direct bearing upon his success in some particular circle of people whose interest is involved in its assertion, may not such a man be called a time-server, a trimmer, and a sneak? Or are sneaks never to be called sneaks for fear of questioning their motives?

What right have we to question the motives of Benedict Arnold? He betrayed a cause. But what if he thought it rebellion? Is it a crime to help punish rebels? And what if he had been a rebel himself? Are the gates of repentance to be closed at any time? What right has any historian to assume that Arnold, upon a prayerful consideration of all the circumstances, had not reached the conclusion that he was aiding and abetting a heinous crime in resisting the constituted authorities even unto blood? What right has any historian to assume that he was disappointed, ambitious, selfish, and embittered? Did he say so? Why, then, does any body presume to question his motives, although what he did, from our point of view—an inimical point—seems very much like the basest treachery? Historians may differ from him, as they may dissent from the policy of Tamerlane or Ghengis Khan, but they have no right to question motives.

If this is an unsatisfactory style of reasoning, it is equally so in the cases to which it is perpetually applied. A man's whole career lies before us. We see it as distinctly as it is possible to see any thing.

We say he is an inconsistent, squirming, selfish, cunning schemer; and out thunders some body with his "Don't question motives." Certainly, when we cease to explain phenomena by gravity and cohesion, we will cease to explain actions by personal motives so far as we know them.

A man who is attracted to the career of politics, for instance, may be attracted as Algernon Sidney was—as Andrew Fletcher of Saltoun was, who said, "I will lose my life to serve my country, but I will do nothing *base* to *save* it"—scorning the jealousy which casts a suspicion of self-seeking upon his public career, he may devote himself with all his heart, and mind, and strength, to what he believes to be the welfare of his country. His motives you may question if you will. His monument he builds in the greater freedom of his fellow-citizens. He will not escape aspersion, of course. Those who believe that a private self-interest is the secret of all human action will believe that he is personally selfish. But still to question his motives is despicable, because, in his case, it is a confession that argument is at an end, and that no resource remains but the appeal to prejudice; because the aspersion of motives when unattended by any evidence in the career of the individual, is nothing but an effort to excite prejudice, which is always unreasonable.

On the other hand, a man may adopt politics merely as a profession—a profession in which he means to practice, and to succeed at all hazards. Year by year his course is conspicuous in the eyes of all men; and every thing which proves personal selfishness and want of moral principle in any man proves it in his career. But a man who practices politics as a trade is a man who may be fatally dangerous to the very existence of a country, because such a man has no faith in the ideas upon which that country rests. To defeat his ambition is the duty of every good citizen; and each of those good citizens, when he is making a speech, will not hesitate to fortify his eloquence by showing that it is fair to question and suspect the motives of the person in question. Thus it was perfectly fair for Lamartine, in the Legislative Assembly of France in 1848-'49, to question the sincerity of Louis Napoleon. But it was very unfair to assert that Henry Clay had made a bargain with John Quincy Adams in 1825, because, while it could not be disproved to the minds of those who were determined to disbelieve, it was entirely unsupported by any known facts in the previous careers of either.

The danger of questioning motives is in this, that when you have begotten a suspicion of a man's honesty in the mind of other men, you have weakened all his appeals to principle, which are the strongest parts of every argument. Now to do this thoughtlessly is to do the greatest injury. To refute an argument in a particular cause is dangerous to the cause. But to beget suspicion of the advocate's sincerity is to injure every cause he touches.

But, on the other hand, that is one of the incentives to honesty, and the great penalty of dishonesty. As when a man tells one falsehood he not only makes it harder for him to tell the truth, but harder for other people to believe him; so when, in public life, a mean motive has once betrayed itself, meanness is always suspected.

It is a miserable adage, but, upon the whole, perhaps true, that honesty is the best policy. It is essential in life that we have honesty; and if it can not be compassed by the presentation of the higher motives, we must be willing to have people honest

upon the lower. It doesn't help the man's character, but it keeps the peace.

No man has a right, therefore, to injure another so sadly as by impeaching his motives until he is very sure of what he is doing. Even then he does it at his own risk. But if he be well convinced, why should he shrink though people howl? When a famous statesman died and his country was draped in the externals of woe, a famous clergyman preached a discourse upon his life and character, in which he said he was an ambitious and able, but not an honest, man. The burst of public indignation that followed threatened to blow him out of his pulpit. But one of the profoundest admirers of the statesman, speaking to the Easy Chair of the sermon, said quaintly—"It was an outrage, that sermon; and the worst of it was, that it was true!"

A LETTER which comes to the Easy Chair, and which is evidently an honest letter, suggests some further discussion of a subject to which these columns are not altogether strangers. The letter speaks for a great many more than the individual who writes it; and comes from a point of the country the most remote from that in which the Easy Chair stretches its four legs. But such wishes and questions and statements are of no particular place or period.

"My husband was unfortunately raised a *gentleman*," the letter says, "and when fortune fled he was left without a trade or even a profession on which to rely. He has battled, and is still battling, bravely for the comforts which he thinks necessary for wife and child, and no doubt will conquer; but at what a cost, when thirty writes him comparatively an old man!"

It is his wife who writes the letter, and she wishes to help her husband's efforts by writing; "because," she says, "in more prosperous days I have written stories for different papers for which I have been thanked, always adding that they hoped to hear from me again."

Now, madam, do you think an American of thirty working for his living and that of his wife and child is a hopeless or discouraging spectacle? Of course it is not pleasant to lose money. Of course, having lost money and being obliged to make one's own way, it is very disagreeable to have no profession or trade, especially with a wife and child, and more especially if the wife be an encumbrance rather than a helpmeet. A very famous sculptor once said to the Easy Chair, "When I was married I was hardly making a living, and my wife had nothing. But we were both literally 'better off' for being married." He meant that his wife saved a great deal of money that hitherto had been a necessary expense for him. There comes a limit to this. As a man's family increases so do his expenses; until presently the family begins to help the common exchequer. Probably every young settler in the West thinks it is the best economy to be married, not to speak of any higher and sweeter consideration.

The lady who writes this letter evidently understands that, and she wants to be a helpmeet to her husband. She will therefore take in good part all that the Easy Chair has to say.

To be acceptable and *paid* in these days of active literary competition a story must be very good. It is the present policy of magazines and papers to employ the best talent and to pay the highest prices. A popular author has lately been paid five thousand dollars for a production that would not occupy more than twice the space of the Easy Chair in this Maga-

zine. Such prices are rare. But the lines are getting very sharply drawn between periodicals that pay nothing and those that pay profusely.

When, therefore, any one proposes to enter the field he must be sure that he can command some elements of success, or the result will be disastrous. But who shall describe what the conditions of popular success are? The worthiest and the worthless equally prosper. Charles Dickens is popular, and so is, or was, Martin Farquhar Tupper. Martin Farquhar Tupper's career is instructive. He deluged the public with dish-water, and the public rolled up eyes of delight, and murmured "nectar." There were people who seriously believed, nay, the public at large believed, unto the thirtieth edition of *Proverbial Philosophy*, that Martin Farquhar Tupper was a poet. But the same public which has now found him out, has not yet discovered that Robert Browning is one of the true singers. It buys more of Tennyson's "Idyls of the King" than of any poem he has ever published, and yet for nearly twenty years it resolutely ignored Tennyson.

No man, therefore, need try to define positively the conditions of popular success. But he may attempt it negatively. He may safely say that the aspirant must not hit too high or too low, but what is too high or low he can only ascertain by experiment. And the final answer to our correspondent, to every one who is in doubt, is, *Try it!* If you want to make money by writing stories or poetry, write a story or a poem; send it to some reputable Journal or Magazine, and such always carefully examine every MS. (How, does any one suppose, could the immense work of the editorial department of this Magazine be managed without the most accurate method? and any method which is sufficient must necessarily take proper notice of every thing sent to the office.) If your offering be accepted, it will be paid for. If not, it will usually be returned at your request.

By writing occasionally in that way you will make a little money. But it will not be very much unless you make a great hit, and create both a demand for your work and a willingness to pay well for it. If, then, you have decided talent, and can pursue the literary profession, you may do well. But if your literary labor be subordinate to other things—if it be the employment of your leisure—if it be play, and not work—you can hardly expect the wages of work.

Of course the money any wife does so earn will be sweeter than the bread it buys.

The Easy Chair's correspondent will not understand him as dissuading, but only as reminding her that the chances are very doubtful, and the reward, in her case, probably very small. By implication he asks whether she could not devote the same time to some more fruitful service?

Whenever it is a man who asks the question, the first thing to say is, as before, *Try it*; but the second is, Don't relinquish any certain profession for the chances of an uncertain one, unless you have made up your mind literally to live or die by literature. This is the unanimous advice of all literary men, even the most successful. It is not that in their case it is not well paid, but that in all cases it is hard work and uncertain work. It draws directly and incessantly upon the vital force; and it is only occasionally that a man can acquire a vested interest in it, as in a business, by the sale of his works already written. But in that it is like other professions. In this country it has at last risen to a

separate distinction. The profession of literature exists among us.

WHAT is a Bohemian? It is a name for a gipsy. But what is the Bohemia of Paris? It is the Bohemia of London or New York. That is to say, it is the name of the guild of literary and artistic vagabonds. Privat D'Anglemont, who lately died in a Paris hospital, is gravely announced as the chief of literary Bohemia since the death of Gerard de Nerval.

Bohemia is the realm of vagabondage. It is the modern sphere of the spirit that formerly coursed the world for adventure—but now prefers to explore the universe in a microcosm, and finds a metropolis the best of all. Men of an indomitable irregularity and indolence, who live by their wits and for self-indulgence, are Bohemians. They are a genial, generous fraternity, in whom you may securely look for the kindly, but not so surely for the stern and heroic, virtues. They are the great company of "good fellows," who have a secret contempt for the processes by which money is acquired, but a profound enjoyment of the pleasures it purchases. In the history of literature there are famous names which illustrate the Bohemian spirit. But it was not until literature became a profession that Bohemians were a guild. Sir Richard Steele was as perfect a specimen as could be produced of the literary Bohemian. Oliver Goldsmith was one of the fair fraternity. But the great Samuel Johnson, the keen Alexander Pope, the cold Joseph Addison, were not. They were literary men—they lived by literature—but they had not the divine contempt of tomorrow which marks the Bohemian.

It is not indispensably necessary that a Bohemian should be arrested for debt, nor be often tipsy, as that gallant knight, Sir Richard Steele, was sometimes known to be. Yet it may be safely averred that a Bohemian, as such, is not a member of the Temperance Society, and that Bohemia at large has rarely a balance at its banker's. It dislikes bills and bores.

Bohemia is a roving kingdom—a realm in the air, like Arthur's England. Wherever a true Bohemian goes Bohemia goes with him. It is a universal and not a local church, and perpetually sends its emissaries *in partibus infidelium*. It sometimes happens that, as a gipsy's child turns out to be a prince's child, who naturally dwells in a palace, so the Bohemian is found in fine houses and high society. Yet, like a knight of Arthur, his heart is still loyal to the Round Table, and through the gilded bars of the ceremonies which fence him in he catches glimpses of the free fields of Bohemia. He longs to escape. His heart yearns to tread the turf, moist with heaven's dew of laziness and dreams. Seeing, he sings: and all Bohemia hails and re-echoes the song.

Bohemia is a fairy land upon the hard earth. It is Arcadia in New York or London, in Paris or Rome. Hereabouts you may find it in painters' studios, and in the rooms of authors. Often enough its denizens are clad loosely—seedily, in the vulgate—and they are shaggy as to the head, with abounding hair. Whatever is not "respectable" they are. Respectability is the converse of the Bohemian idea. There are plenty of men among them worthy of respect—but none who are technically respectable. If they are the lees of society, as has been injuriously urged, then they are the richness which settles at the bottom of the cup. Respectability is the pale, thin,

emasculated liquor that floats upon the surface and is easily seen through. Bohemia is the nimble essence, the fat substantiality, which "ascends me into the brain," and begets there glorious phantasies.

It is with the Bohemians as with the races. Men die, but man survives. So the Bohemian passes, but Bohemia is immortal. The line of succession is not hereditary. One Bohemian dies—no son of his succeeding—but the fair fraternity is forever enriched by the accession of the lazy, the genial, the careless, and witty. The citizens are removed by various fates. Sometimes it is death. Sometimes a sudden fortune, falling from some unexpected uncle, sweeps them away into regular habits of life. Sometimes matrimony with a golden jointure chains them to the dull routine of society. Sometimes public appointments force them into the decorum of the citizen. But though they fall, the ranks are full. "Close up!" is the word that rings along the line.

Epicurus might be the tutelary genius of Bohemia. But if he be, what shall we do with Charles Lamb? Can that light be spared from its shining history? No: and always no. And since he is dear in all Bohemian hearts forever, it follows that the finest forms of heroism are not inconsonant with the true spirit, though they be rare, and that the indolence is of the temperament, and not of the heart or conscience.

Besides, why shall there not be degrees, as in all hierarchies, even the angelic? If Alfred de Musset and Gerard de Nerval and Privat d'Anglemont—if Couture and Leopold Robert and Gavarni—if Steele and Goldsmith, and Fielding and Thackeray are Bohemians, does it follow that Lamb was not, because he was so different a man? Nay, does it follow that Shakespeare was not, because he is solitary in literature? No, no; Bohemia has Shakespeare without the sheep-stealing. It has Ben Jonson, with his laureate canary. It has old Chaucer, surely, and Marlowe. Suckling, Herrick, and Gay are Bohemians all. Not Milton, indeed, nor Spenser, nor Sidney, nor Donne: nor Bunyan, nor Defoe. But by all sympathy Charles Lamb was a Bohemian.

How many a youth on the verge of college and of manhood looks wistfully into Bohemia! How alluring it hangs before him! How it sings to him, like a soft landscape of Claude! It is all festival to his eye, all dancing and singing; all reclining by purling brooks and telling tales and weaving rhymes. It seems all listening to the far-off sound of praise—for the ocean of the world, of the great public, laves its limits, and the hum of fame, like the music of the sea, seems to him the only sound the soft Bohemians hear.

O wistful youth, to whom Bohemia is that Lotus land "wherein it seemed always afternoon," read Goldsmith's Life, or Lamb's, and ask yourself "Can I be equally heroic, equally pure?" If sincerely you believe you can, then you may say sincerely, "I, too, am a Bohemian."

THE voice of the American rooster crying to the nations, "Ha! ha! Yankee-doodle-doo!" shall be suppressed in the mouth of this Easy Chair as much as possible.

For instance, during the last few months two new periodicals have been started in England—and both, of course, in London. They both sprang, unhappily, out of a difference in which famous men took part. Mr. Dickens quarreled with his old publish-

ers, and commenced "All the Year Round," a weekly literary journal, on the plan and of the appearance of "Household Words." He took with him a great many clever writers, as each number has shown. But his old publishers—who had not hesitated to state their case to the public, when they were compelled to; and not without a strong show in their favor—immediately took the field with a rival periodical, which was to be illustrated.

Upon unrolling their list they revealed a very brilliant spectacle. Thackeray, Tennyson, Charles Reade, Harriet Martineau, Tom Taylor, Leech, Mil-lais, and others, were a host of which even the unshrinking Dickens, with his world of lovers at his back, might be a little in fear. But there has been no sign of faltering or dismay on either side. The knights and dames have put quill in rest, and rushed to the charge. Dickens is writing a clear, picturesque, and forcible story in his most melodramatic manner, which appears weekly, and is simultaneously reproduced in *Harper's Weekly*, with the advantage of a series of original and admirable illustrations by Mr. McLenan. On the other hand, Charles Reade is writing an intensely interesting love-story of three or four centuries ago, which appears in "Once a Week," with the quaintest illustrations, in the style of the wood-cuts at the period of the story. This also is regularly reproduced in *Harper's Weekly*. Tennyson has written an exquisite poem in the vein of feeling to which his "May Queen" and "New-Year's Eve" belong; and there have been a great variety of most excellent papers.

Unquestionably the rivalry puts Dickens at bay. It is a grand literary tournament; and it is one in which we most sincerely hope that both may win.

But how rich and how available the literary resources of England are, when two such periodicals may be simultaneously commenced! The weekly numbers show the vigor, the variety, the raciness of the English genius. If in this country we get up a good number of a Magazine once a month, or of a paper once a week, we think we do well. And unquestionably we do a great deal better for our own tastes. These English periodicals would not altogether suit our public. But in point of mere literary merit—of the exhibition of literary power—are we superior to all the world? Of course, at this point, every patriotic and right-minded American will (if he will pardon a little slang to the Easy Chair) immediately fly off the handle, and declare that he must be a — and an —, and a most extraordinary kind of — who undervalues the productions of his own country, and deliberately asserts that in any other land there can be any thing to compare with the things of the great and glorious, the free and happy, et cetera, et cetera!

The patriotic citizen having thus relieved himself of the customary Yankee-doodle-doo, we may proceed calmly together, and say—what?

Simply this: that if literary excellence be a legitimate cause of pride to a people, every sensible and patriotic people will do what they can to foster their own literature by the most generous and kindly support. If the public sympathy will authorize publishers to develop the literary talent of the country—so far as it depends upon them—they will not be found wanting. Every number of every literary periodical in this country inevitably suggests the question, "Since what is done is so good, why is there not more and better?"

Editor's Drawer.

SELDOM, if ever, since the Drawer was opened, has the attention of its friends and contributors been more constant, generous, and happy than in the month past. Long since we ceased to draw from any other sources than the original fountains of humor opened by our correspondents; and the monthly Drawer is now looked upon as the real American repository of all the good things going in the length and breadth of the land.

Harper and Brothers have recently issued a fifty-cent volume of Wit and Humor, with illustrations by McLennan—a book that every relisher of the Drawer will be glad to get. The publishers send it by mail all the land over.

AN address of the Hon. J. M. Porter, of Easton, Pennsylvania, on "Northampton County and its Folks," furnishes the following capital specimen of the humors of the bar:

In the year 1814 there was living in Allentown, Lehigh County, Pennsylvania, a testy old lawyer, and a bachelor withal, named Frederick John Haller. The Prothonotary of the Court was John Mulhollan, Esq., formerly one of the Associate Judges of Northampton County, from which Lehigh County had shortly before been erected. Mr. Haller was of German extraction, and a warm Federalist. Judge Mulhollan was an Irishman, and an ardent Democrat. They got to talking politics in the Prothonotary's office, and from words came to blows. We believe Mr. Haller called the Judge a liar, and the Judge struck him, for which Mr. Haller prosecuted him. As the Court was coming on at which the matter was to be tried, Mr. John Ewing, a member of the bar, full of fun and mischief, persuaded Mr. Haller that it would be very improper to submit the dispute of officers of the Court to vulgar observation, and advised him to leave this controversy to an arbitration of lawyers, adding that he could depend upon his Federal friends of the bar under any circumstances, and as arbitrators generally leaned to the side which chose them, he had better choose the Democratic lawyers as his arbitrators. To all which Mr. Haller assented; and Judge Mulhollan, on being consulted, agreed to it also. Mr. Haller then chose Frederick Smith, George Wolf, and John Ross. Mr. Mulhollan said, "Then I have no choice but to take Samuel Sitgreaves, Charles Evans, and John Ewing. They met and heard the parties, but by previous concert agreed not to agree until they had called in Henry Wilson, Esq., the only remaining lawyer of the Court, as an umpire, when they made the following report, which is understood to be the production of Mr. Sitgreaves, one of the ablest men and best lawyers of his day:

"We, the arbitrators, mutually appointed to settle and adjust the controversy between Frederick John Haller, Esq., prosecutor, and John Mulhollan, Esq., prosecuted, having called to our assistance, conformably to the agreement of the said parties, Henry Wilson, Esq., by reason of previous diversity of opinion among us; And we the said arbitrators, together with the said Henry Wilson, Esq., having attentively heard the said parties and their witnesses, and deliberately considered the allegations and the evidence, do, with unanimous consent, make this our award upon the whole matter:

"We are of opinion that Mr. Haller *duriter verba exposuit*, and that Mr. Mulhollan *molliter manus imposuit*—that Mr. Haller has offended *in verbis*, and

Mr. Mulhollan in *verberibus*, or, rather, that he is guilty *de pulsatione*, but not *de verberatione*; we think that Mr. Mulhollan has sinned a little against the law, and Mr. Haller much against good manners; and that both the said parties have more zeal than discretion; that one of them has more courage than patience, and the other more forbearance than courage. We think that about the subject-matter on which they disputed Mr. Haller manifested himself to be a tough Federalist, and Mr. Mulhollan proved himself to be an unyielding Democrat; that both of them were right, and both of them wrong; that each of them told as much as suited his argument, and suppressed what was unfavorable to it; and that both of them were incorrect as well in argument as in conduct. We think that each owes an atonement to the other, but that the debt will be soonest paid by exacting nothing on either side. We award, therefore, that the expenses of the arbitration be paid equally between them; and we recommend to them to avoid the discussion of politics hereafter, or to discuss them with better temper; and always to remember that *neither hard words nor hard blows are the best possible expedients for the conversion of adversaries*.

"Done *after supper*, under our hands, this 2d of May, 1814.

"S. SITGREAVES,	} Arbitrators.
"JOHN ROSS,	
"C. EVANS,	
"FREDERICK SMITH,	
"GEORGE WOLF,	
"JOHN EWING,	
"H. WILSON, <i>Umpire</i> ."	

THIS story will be recognized by many, even if we suppress the names. It is true to the life:

For many years the University had to struggle under the pressure of a load of debt. This state of things could not fail to produce great annoyance and anxiety to the professors, and the meetings of the Faculty were not always harmonious. The President was distinguished for his piety and moderation. Among the professors who most frequently contributed to the discord which often prevailed was the well-known Professor M—, and the labors of the President as presiding officer were greatly increased thereby. One evening the President returned from a Faculty meeting much fatigued and greatly discomposed by his labors, and as the conversation naturally turned that way, he soon began to express himself more freely than was his wont, or was, in fact, quite charitable respecting Professor M— and the course he had pursued; and gave utterance to some wishes more severe than Christian. At this point his wife, with that gentleness of spirit that was one of her chief characteristics, and always seeking to smooth matters over, interposed as follows:

"But, my dear, I'm afraid it is not right for you to feel so; the Bible tells us to love even our enemies."

The President paused a moment, as if rather taken aback by this direct appeal, when suddenly a grim smile, not unmingled with good humor, flashed across his countenance as he exclaimed,

"Well, wife, I *do* love his *soul*, but I declare I'd like to thrash his *body*!"

"OLD Squire M—," now dead, lived, some few years since, in one of the numerous pleasant villages of the "land of steady habits," and had in his em-

ploy one of the most complete specimens of an Irishman ever produced by the "jim o' the say." At the same time one Deacon Tinker held the post of town miller; and the grist for miles around all came to his mill, the Deacon taking his "toll" out of every bag of meal in payment for the grinding, as is the New England custom, but to which our "broth of a boy," Mike, was an entire stranger.

One day the old Squire sent Mike with a horse and wagon to the mill, to bring home some grain which had been sent to the Deacon to grind. Mike performed his task with tolerable dispatch; but when he got back an air of mystery, not unmixed with satisfaction, hung round him, and he evidently had something on his mind. Noticing his manner, the Squire began to question him, whereupon, after some show of reluctance, Mike "propels" in "the manner following, that is to say:"

"Well, thin, Squire, what soort av a man is that Daycon Tinker, at all, at all?"

"Why, Mike, he's a most excellent, worthy man in every way; as honest a man as there is in the country. Why do you ask?"

"Well thin, it's the quare kind av an honest man he is intirely," says Mike. "So, here's how it was. I dhruv up, an' I hicht the harse, an' I wint into the mill, an' I axed him which was the Squire's male? an' shure he pinte it out wid the finger av 'im, an' sez he to me, sez he, Go out, Mickey boy, an' let doon the tail-piece to the wagin', sez he, an' I'll be afther helpin' ye in wid the bags, sez he. Many thanks, Mither Tinker, sez I to him; an' wid that, throth, I wint out as he bid me, an' be-gorrah! jist as I was afther lettin' doon the tail-piece I look't over me shouldher, an' bedad av I didn't mind the ould spalpeen goin' to aych av the bags and takin' three quarts av male out av ivry blissed wan av 'em, an' puttin' it in a bag av his own that stud forninst him in the corner! Ho, ho! is it there ye are, ye ould thafe o' the world! sez I to meself; I'll be aven wid ye, sez I. An' wid that I wint back, an', sez I to him, don't be afther throublin' yersel' fur the likes av me, sez I; shure it's not weighty they are at all, at all—more's the pity! sez I. I'll pit 'em in meself, an' ye'll be wantin' to mind the mill, sez I. Well, wid that thin, he jist turned round and goes up stairs agin to the chamber above, an' wid that I jist wint to his thavin' ould bag in the corner beyant, an' *it's six quarts apace I put back agin fur ivry three the ould villain tuck out!* Ho, ho, thin, it's aven wid ye I am, now thin, sez I, an' that's how it was. Throth, it's the quare soort av an honest man is that Daycon Tinker intirely!"

The story was too good to keep, and Mike became the village lion for some time to come.

"COLONEL" BRACKETT, the butcher, is well known to the denizens of Watertown and Cambridge, Massachusetts, as a man who has made his plum, and although with sturdy independence he still drives his cart, as in days of yore, withal entitled to some degree of consideration. And he receives it.

Among his numerous customers was James Russell Lowell, the poet. One morning the poet happened to be strolling beneath the giant trees that line the avenue of Elmwood, as his place is called, when the Colonel drove up in his cart. As the horse slackened his pace, the poet being in a cheery frame of mind, passed the customary salutation, "Good-morning, Colonel!" to which our worthy friend replied. After a word or two by way of something to say, Mr. Lowell remarked, "How glorious the nights

now are, Colonel! I think I never saw the moon shine so brilliantly as last night."

"Wa'll, yis, Mister Lowell," says the Colonel, "that are's so, an' no mistake. I was just remarkin' that same to Miss Brackett this mornin'. 'Miss Brackett,' says I, 'how very fine the nights now is!' says I; '*what a tip-top moon for slarterin'!*'" says I."

In the cemetery of a village in central Michigan may be found on a tombstone the following inscription:

CORA, WIFE OF THOMAS BILL,

DIED JUNE 5, 1857, IN THE 25TH YEAR OF HER AGE.

She lived beloved, Died lamented by all who new her.

Through insanity she from her own husband did creep leaving him in bed fast asleep
And to another room did go
And with a Razor caused her own blood to flow.

"It is doubtless known to yourself, and very many old-time travelers to the West, that the National road, in its palmy days, was the finest Macadamized road in the country, though of late years it has gone sadly out of repair. The cast iron mile-stones were, in its day, a 'feature' in that portion of the road between Cumberland and Wheeling. Occupying, as they did, a prominent position by the roadside, of a triangular form, painted in white and the indented lettering in black, they served as well to remind the traveler of his mortal journey and final resting-place as to point the distances of travel.

"Now 'your relator,' while waiting for a boat at Wheeling during the month of February last, embraced the opportunity to mingle his patriotism with that of the citizens of that very patriotic town in the celebration of the anniversary of 'the glorious twenty-second.'

"Standing upon the steps of the 'M'Lure' late in the afternoon, he observed two travelers of apparent *decided* Hibernian persuasion wending their way up the steep ascent of what is known as the 'Wheeling hill.' Both had evidently toasted somewhat too often 'The Day we celebrate' in recent distillations of 'Man-ni-gi-hail,' and had apparently contracted what a companion was pleased to designate 'an economical drunk.'

"Upon the summit of the hill stands prominently out from the road one of the before-described mile-stones, which the elder of the twain espying, he slowly swung his hickory from the 'slope' to the 'trail-arms' position and approached nearer. Reverently lifting his battered 'head-piece,' he restrained his companion's careless progress with 'Trid lightly, Dinnis! it's on hooly ground ye air, boy!' Advancing still nearer he slowly spelled out, 'm-i-l-e-s—131—Cumberland,' and exclaimed, in a subdued and compassionate voice, '*It's Miles, dear, from Cumberland, a handard an' thurty-wan! He was an ould felly that!*'"

At a small inn in one of our sea-port towns, a party of men were assembled one sultry evening amusing themselves after their day's labor in telling stories, cracking jokes, etc. After a goodly number of stories had been told and appreciated, an old tar, who looked as if he had seen some pretty rough service, spun a ripper that took the gloss from all the rest of them. He commenced,

"When I sailed on a viage of diskivry along of Cap'n Perkins, after cruizing round for some time, we teched on one purty large island, and a party of

us chaps thought as how we would like to go off and have a little fun. So, after gittin' leave of the Cap'n, we set out on our adventur'. Well, we traveled 'bout six or seven miles. Passin' through groves of orange and cocoa-nut trees (I tell ye 'twas a beautiful place), when we cum in sight of a purty high stone wall, which astonished us purty considerable much, seein' as how thar warn't any inhabtants no war to be seed. Well, two or three of the boys war kind o' curus to know what war on the other side of that thar same stone wall. So we begun to look round for suthin in shape of a ladder. Well, we cum acrost a tall young tree, which we soon cut down and whipped up against the wall; and I bein' smartist chap, was axed to go up; and while the boys held on to the tree down at the bottom, up I started and soon reached the top, and looked over, and my hearties, what ye think I saw over thar?"

"How can we tell?" spoke up two or three of his excited listeners.

"Well, I'll tell ye then: I looked over and saw Abram, Isaac, and Jacob, the twelve 'Postles, and all the rest of the old Patriarks, in thar shirt-sleeves cutting up the old moons and making stars out of 'em!"

A STORY is told of a very eminent lawyer in this city receiving a severe reprimand from a witness on the stand whom he was trying to browbeat. It was an important issue, and in order to save his cause from defeat it was necessary that Mr. A—— should impeach the witness. He endeavored to do it on the ground of age. The following dialogue ensued:

LAWYER. "How old are you?"

WITNESS. "Seventy-two years."

LAWYER. "Your memory, of course, is not so brilliant and vivid as it was twenty years ago, is it?"

WITNESS. "I do not know but it is."

LAWYER. "State some circumstance which occurred, say twelve years ago, and we shall be able to see how well you can remember."

WITNESS. "I appeal to your Honor if I am to be interrogated in this manner; it is insolent!"

JUDGE. "You had better answer the question."

LAWYER. "Yes, Sir; state it!"

WITNESS. "Well, Sir, if you compel me to do it, I will. About twelve years ago you studied in Judge B——'s office, did you not?"

LAWYER. "Yes."

WITNESS. "Well, Sir, I remember your father coming into my office and saying to me, 'Mr. D——, my son is to be examined to-morrow, and I wish you would lend me fifteen dollars to buy him a suit of clothes.' I remember also, Sir, that from that day to this he has never paid me that sum. That, Sir, I remember as though it was yesterday."

LAWYER (*considerably abashed*). "That will do, Sir."

WITNESS. "I presume it will."

A WESTERN correspondent says:

"Strongly suspecting my friend, Joseph Hennen, Esq., of having 'put me in' the August number of your Drawer, I take my revenge by giving you the following fact in regard to him:

"Several years ago, while the Hon. T. L. J—— represented this District in Congress, the Democracy nominated Joe Hennen as their candidate against him. The rivals were not more unlike politically than in appearance, habits, and manners. The one was tall, sedate, dressy; while Joe was short, indifferent to 'store clothes,' unstudied in manner, and full of fun.

"During the canvass, Joe happening to be in Cincinnati, discovered from the morning papers that his rival had also paid the city a visit, and was at the old Broadway House. Desiring to do the polite, Hennen called to see him, without paying much attention to his toilet—looking rather seedy for a Congressional candidate. Stepping up to the bar he looked over the register, and remarked to Captain Cromwell, the proprietor, who happened to be behind it, 'I see, Sir, that my friend, Hon. T. L. J——, is stopping with you. Is he in, Sir?'

"'Y-a-a-s, Sir, I believe so,' answered the landlord, slowly, eying Joe from head to foot.

"'I should like to see him, Sir. Will you be good enough to direct me to his room?'

"'Yes, Sir,' said the Captain, still looking hard at him. 'I will send one of the servants to show you up;' and he took hold of a bell-pull.

"'No, no, Sir! don't put yourself to the trouble. Give me the number of his room and direction, and I can find it myself.'

"'Number 71, Sir, third floor; turn to the left at the landing.' And so furnished with direction, he leisurely strolled off to find his friend in No. 71.

"At the landing on third floor, not used to speaking tubes, he was startled by a mysterious voice, unintelligible to him, which seemed to well up from the floor of the hall. A strapping big Irishman, who was sweeping near by, sprang to a tin tube protruding from the wall, and placing his mouth to it, bawled out,

"'Ay, ay, Sir! what is it?'

"Joe listened in wonder, and this time picked out the words from the thickened and deadened answer which rolled up from the bar-room:

"'L-o-a-f-er on third floor! w-a-t-c-h h-i-m!'

"Joe immediately prosecuted his search for No. 71, the big Irishman's broom touching his heels at every step, and the big Irishman's eyes fastened on him like a cat's upon a devoted mouse. No. 71 was found, but the gentleman was not in; and Joe and the Irishman, maintaining their relative positions, returned down stairs, through the sitting-room, bar-room, and into the street—our friend being literally swept out of the Broadway."

"HERE, in Pennsylvania," says a recent correspondent, "the public auctioneer is appointed by the Governor of the State. A young man wishing to oust the present incumbent of this district, and obtain the office for himself, got up a petition to that effect, and forwarded it to his Excellency a few days ago. Of course a counter-petition was soon in circulation, and sent to the Governor also; and a day was appointed for a hearing, before a Justice, of the arguments pro and con as to the truth of the allegations made by the new aspirant, that the old official was in the habit of getting drunk, etc., etc.

"Old Billy P—— having been put on the witness-stand, and his evidence given, the defendant's counsel commenced the following cross-examination:

"COUNSEL. 'Mr. P——, you say Mr. L——, the defendant, gets drunk. Now, Sir, when did you see him intoxicated last?'

"WITNESS. 'Well, Sir, I've seen him drunk any quantity of times.'

"COUNSEL. 'But when, Sir? but when?'

"WITNESS. 'Oh! the other day, Sir; I saw him as drunk as a fool.'

"COUNSEL. 'What day, Sir? what day?'

"WITNESS. 'Last Monday morning, Sir; as drunk as an owl he was.'

"COUNSEL. 'Whereabouts was he, Mr. P——, last Monday, when you saw him as drunk as you say?'"

"WITNESS. 'Why, Sir, it was front of Smith's Hotel, just opposite your office.'"

"COUNSEL. 'Was any one with him at the time you mention?'"

"WITNESS. 'Yes, Sir; I saw another man with him, and *he* was pretty mighty drunk too.'"

"COUNSEL. 'Who was this other man, Mr. P——; who was *he*?'"

"WITNESS. 'Yourself, Sir! and I don't know, on the whole, but that you were a leetle bit the drunk-est man of the two!'"

"It is needless for us to say that the evidence was considered as conclusive by the Governor, and the young man gained his suit."

"DEAR DRAWER,—The anecdote of Rev. Dr. H——, in the August *Harper*, reminds me of an anecdote with a similar termination, which, with your permission, I will relate:

"Rev. Dr. S——, now pastor of a prominent church in New York, was some years ago settled over a small parish in this village. Among the 'pillars' of his church was one Mr. F——, a very worthy and estimable citizen, but who occasionally was one of the 'sleepers' as well. One Sabbath afternoon he prepared a notice to be read at the close of the sermon, and having given it to Dr. S——, took his seat. The services commenced; and under the influence of the heat of the day, no doubt, it was not long before good Mr. F—— had lost himself in sleep. The sermon was concluded, and the notice read; and through the house a little rustle went as the good people bowed their heads in expectation of the prayer. Suddenly Brother F—— awoke, and springing to his feet, mildly suggested,

"'Brother S——, you—you have—omitted to—read that notice!'"

"'Brother F——,' as mildly came the answer, 'I have just read the notice. Let us pray!'"

"A REMEDY for scolding wives would be hailed with delight throughout the world. I heard one suggested the other day, which, if generally adopted, would cause an immense reduction in the species. My friend Shavings is a house-carpenter by profession. He has been for some time repairing a dwelling whose mistress is a reputed termagant. Listening, a day or two since, to the manner in which she vented her temper on her good-natured spouse, Shavings turned to me, and seriously said,

"'If I had such a wife as that, I'd 'point her fun'ral to-morrow 't two o'clock, and *the corpse would be ready!*'"

"At a meeting of the Take-a-Horn Association of Hamilton College, some evenings since, it was resolved to visit in a body the neighboring pasture-grounds, for the purpose of adding to their collection of curiosities. They succeeded in capturing a couple of horns with the cow on, which they conveyed up three pairs of stairs, around corners, and between glass skeleton-cases, to the Philosophical Chamber, where they left them for the night. Next morning the Freshmen—some of whom, by-the-by, appeared to be well 'posted' on the proceedings of the Association a few hours before—thronged to the Chamber for their daily lecture.

"The Professor at length caught up to them, and found them clustered about the door. None of them had yet entered the room.

"'Why, boys! what's up?' he exclaimed, wondering at their long standing outside. A voice disguisedly uttered,

"'A *cow* is up, Sir!'"

"'And that is why I find so many *calves* at the door!' was his answer."

THERE is a whole sermon, and a capital good one too, in the incident below, which comes to the Drawer from Indiana.

Did you ever hear of "Preacher Collard," "stationed" at Clinton a few years ago? Well, he *was* a genius. Bluff, hearty, outspoken, and talented, he became quite a favorite with a large portion of the community.

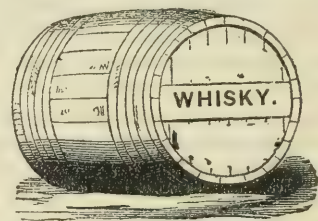
Once upon a time the Church was holding "quarterly meeting," and Brother Collard was in attendance. During "love-feast" a rich farmer, noted for his penuriousness, was called on to "give his experience." He did so, thanking Providence that he lived in a land of religious and civil freedom, a land of free speech, free schools, free churches, and free salvation; winding up with, "I have belonged to the Church seven years, and thank God it has never cost me but a quarter of a dollar!"

"*And may the Lord have mercy on your poor stingy soul!*" immediately responded Collard.

A broad smile swept over the faces of the whole congregation, while an audible "*Amen!*" rose up in the hearts and found utterance at the lips of many of them.

An Arkansas correspondent says: One of our editors condenses the sayings of his contemporaries in this State, and gives it under a standing head of "The Spirit of the Arkansas Press." An envious editor, just over the line in Texas, carries the condensing process a little beyond our man, and takes him off in this wise:

THE SPIRIT OF THE ARKANSAS PRESS.



It is an old saying that a "*mistake is not a beef-steak;*" but this saw could never have come to the knowledge of the Arkansas lady who, on being informed that her lover could not be considered a "gambler," since he only played for dinners, suppers, and *small stakes*, declared she was rejoiced to hear that he never played except for *something to eat!*

An Arkansas editor appends to his announcement of the death of an infant daughter of Mrs. *Cabbedge* the following suggestive lines:

"Sweet bud of innocence, so soon decayed;
So soon lopped off in tenderest vegetation!"

HERE is a reminiscence of former times, narrated by Colonel B——, who is full to overflowing with good stories:

"In ancient times, that is some twenty years ago, shortly after the State House in Indianapolis was built, it was proposed by one of the representatives that a thermometer should be got for the Hall,

at an expense not exceeding three dollars. This motion brought the distinguished representative of ——— County to his feet, who eloquently inveighed against 'spendin' the hard arnins of the people in that ar way;' and 'besides, Mr. Speaker, if we had that *ther-ther-momicron*, I don't believe thar's one man har who knows how to wind the cussed thing up!"

THE following *juvenility* occurred at one of the watering-places some years ago, before hairy muzzles were as common as they are now. Mrs. O—— was sitting at dinner with her little boy of four or five years old, when a bewhiskered foreigner came in and took his seat at the opposite side of the table. The child stared at him for a good while with astonishment, till the mystery was solved, when suddenly, in rather too loud a voice, he cried out to his mother, "Ma! ma! he *has* got a mouth; I saw him put a *tater* in."

THERE are some hard stories told of the Hard-shell Baptists. Here is one that has not yet been immortalized by types:

"Some years ago, when there was a good deal said by Baptists about the propriety of always using the word 'immerse' instead of 'baptize,' one of the brethren, a deacon, we believe, but who sometimes did a little in the preaching line, told the writer that they had come to the conclusion, in their meetings, that they 'oughtn't to use any *big words that wasn't used in Scripter*,' and that some of them objected to the word 'immerse,' as it 'wasn't *Scripter*,' and appealing to me, asked if it wasn't found in the Bible. My reply was, that I was not sure, but thought not. 'Well,' said he, 'I kin tell you it is. Jest look in Jeuteronomy, twenty-third chapter and nineteenth verse.' I looked, and read, and stood corrected—'And they shall *amerce* him in an hundred shekels of silver,' etc.

JUDGE WARE was a member of the "Old Bar" in Vermont; when in his prime a good lawyer, but a fast liver. As old age and the effects of his fast living came on his practice fell off, and in the same ratio that his circumstances became straitened his practice became crooked; but through sympathy he was occasionally elected to some petty office, such as Justice of Peace (and before the abolition in that State of imprisonment for debt), Commissioner of Jail Delivery, etc., etc. While acting in the capacity of Commissioner one Locke made application for discharge by taking the "poor debtor's oath." In all such cases the Judge had great sympathy with the oppressed. The application was opposed by Colonel Jones, once a member of Congress from that State, who succeeded in convincing the Judge that the case was not exactly "within the statute." So the Court continued the hearing to a day fixed. In the mean time his Honor instructed Locke how to arrange his matters so as to insure his discharge. The arrangement came to the knowledge of Colonel J., and when the parties again met the case was disposed of as follows:

COLONEL J. "It is useless to oppose the application of the debtor for his discharge, inasmuch as I have been credibly informed that the debtor has so fixed his matters, under the direction of the Court, that the Court has agreed to grant the application."

JUDGE W. "Does the Court understand the counsel that the debtor has arranged his affairs under the

direction of the Court, and that the Court has agreed to grant the application?"

COLONEL J. "Yes, your Honor."

JUDGE W. "Admitting the information of the counsel to be correct, the truth of which I am not disposed to controvert, it is my opinion that the Court would be a great villain if he did not perform his part of the agreement. Mr. Clerk, enter 'Application granted.'"

"ALTHOUGH the allusions to local characteristics which find their way into the Drawer are generally quite true and happy, I must protest," says an Eastern friend, "against the justness of the allusion to the Yankees in the anecdote of the trick played by the German, Heinbaw, in the August number of the *Magazine*. The 'sharpness' for which the Yankees are noted is exhibited in detecting and defeating fraudulent tricks rather than in performing them. But I send you an anecdote which illustrates another characteristic of the Yankees, *coolness* under any sort of circumstances."—[The story of our correspondent is old, but we repeat it nevertheless.]

"Some years ago, before railroads had *settled* in that part of the country, the driver of a stage-coach running from Hanover to Haverhill, New Hampshire, had, among his passengers, one who had also taken passage in one of the stages of intoxication, and who occupied the left end of the driver's own seat. The 'spirit' in him did not operate as a 'spirit-level and plumb,' but rather as a 'regulator,' in another way, imparting to him, by the movements of the coach, the motions of an inverted pendulum. As the coach was passing a sand bank it made a quick lurch, and suddenly, but safely, deposited the *waggish* passenger by the roadside. The driver immediately stopped his team; and his unseated companion having recovered his uprightness in the sand, looked up innocently and said, 'Driver, what made you upset?' The driver replied that the coach had not upset, but only jolted a little more than usual. 'Well, that's cool!' said the incredulous victim of the disaster; 'you say you didn't upset! Come, tell the truth, how happened it?' The driver again assured him that no accident whatever had happened to the coach, nor to any person except the individual himself. 'Well, that's cool again!' answered the dislodged, but not discomfited reasoner, who had personal proof, which seemed to him sufficient to sustain his own theory of the accident; 'now own up, and say what made you upset, driver?' The driver was obliged to appeal to the other passengers, who assured him that the coach had remained right side up. Convinced, at last, against the evidence of his own senses, he said, musingly, 'Well, if I'd known you hadn't upset, I wouldn't have got off!'"

"IN your July number of *Harper's Monthly* there is an anecdote of a 'lawful fence,' which reminds me of one in which a grand-uncle of mine personated as the chief character.

"'Uncle Will' was once summoned as a witness in a lawsuit, and while on the stand he was much worried by the plaintiff's attorney, who tormented the old gentleman with every conceivable question whether applicable to the case or not. At last 'Uncle Will' became very taciturn, and when compelled to speak growled out his answers with very bad grace. After a time the attention of the lawyer was called to a fence which separated two pastures; and in the course of the questioning the following dialogue occurred:

"LAWYER. 'Now, Mr. A——, was the fence alluded to a good, strong fence?'"

"UNCLE WILL. 'Yes, Sir.'"

"LAWYER. 'Well, what sort of a fence was it?'"

"UNCLE WILL (*holding in*). 'It was a BUNCOMBE fence, Sir!'"

"LAWYER (*thinking he had cornered the old gent*). 'Now, Squire, will you oblige the court by giving your definition of a Buncombe fence?'"

"UNCLE WILL. 'A Buncombe fence, Sir, is a fence that is bull strong, horse high, and pig tight!'"

"'Uncle Will' was dismissed from the stand, and retired with flying colors."

At a recent term of the Circuit Court for the County of T——, in the State of Mississippi, Judge T—— (who likes his grog) presiding, Patrick O'Flanagan and Joe Saunders, a famous fighter in those parts, who was, at the time, in the employment of his Honor, were up before court on a charge of a breach of the peace. The case being submitted to the Judge, and it appearing that both parties were in fault, but Pat more to blame than Saunders, the son of the Emerald Isle was fined ten dollars and his antagonist but five. O'Flanagan, not liking the inequality of the punishment, and wishing to see his neighbor amerced as heavily as himself, complained to the Judge that he had shown his partiality in favor of his employé, Saunders.

"I would have you know, Sir," said his Honor, somewhat angrily, "that I would neither flatter Neptune for his trident nor Jupiter for his thunder."

"An' are ye shure," replied Pat, "ye wouldn't git on yer knaze to Bacchus for his whisky?"

LAST winter the Rev. Mr. T——, when returning home from the Episcopal Convention, paid a visit to the Hon. J. C. S——, of Madison County. At tea Mr. T—— asked a blessing; and when they were all seated, little Carraway, the son of Mr. S——, looked up to the reverend gentleman, and with an important air, said,

"'We have got a *gracer* too, but he ain't at home to-night.'"

OLD Uncle Jim was notorious for perpetrating his jokes against country people. He says that when W—— was hung he saw a huge fellow, fully six feet high, and at least twenty-six years of age, who hailed from the hoop-pole county of Marshall, Virginia, coming up Main Street, with the big tears streaming down his cheeks, his mouth and hands filled with enormous quantities of ginger-cake, and a frequent *boo-hoo* escaping from his lips. Approaching Uncle Jim, he wailed out,

"Did yer see any thing o' my dad?"

"No," said Jim, "I didn't see dad."

"Well," he replied, "we come to town to see the hangin', and I told the old fool he'd lose me!"

With the most woe-begone countenance imaginable he started on, inquiring of each passer-by if "he'd seen dad."

In a late number of *Harper*, Thorpe's "Remembrances of the Mississippi" contained many humorous portraits of the sayings and doings of travelers and boatmen on the Western waters. The picture is not an extravagant one, for the wittiest witticisms ever perpetrated have originated in the "social hall" of an Ohio or Mississippi steamer. We remember, one autumn, of leaving Wheeling for the South on what is termed in the West a "stern-wheeler."

The river was very low, and the trip a very prolonged one, and had it not been for the humor and excitement on board, would have proven somewhat tedious. We had two distinct classes of passengers—one consisting of two clergymen and their sympathizers, and the other composed of "fast" men, young and old, of the brandy-and-water kind. Two sermons were generally preached during the day, and invariably during service the "fast" crowd would keep up a continual confusion at the bar and gaming-table, seemingly desirous of creating a disturbance. One fellow particularly, from New York City, whose countenance bore the impress of ruffianism and vice, persisted in indulging in the most ignorant and impudent expressions toward the clergymen and their friends, always using some insulting remark by way of winding up his argument. He was of the "flash" kind, and his attempt to pass for a reputable sporting gentleman displayed more vividly his deceit and depravity. But he found his match when the boat stopped at a country town in Kentucky, and received on board a huge, athletic, middle-aged, Crockett-Boone sort of a Kentuckian. Some time after the appearance of the latter person the New Yorker proceeded to pour out his slang, closing with the remark,

"I've traveled thousands of miles—up and down this river—through the West and South—and, in fact, all over these United States—and I never saw such a set of religious croakers and fanatics in my life as are huddled together on this boat!"

A dead silence ensued, which was broken by "Old Kaintuck," who, arousing himself, cast his large, humorous eye in the direction of New Yorker, and quietly said,

"Gentlemen, up in our country we've got a calf that sucked seven cows, and the more the critter sucked the bigger calf it got to be; and my opinion is, that the more that man has traveled the bigger fool he is."

No duel followed; but the next morning the steward counted one head less at breakfast.

"WE do not recollect of having ever seen in print the following characteristic anecdote of that renowned 'American backwoodsman' (as he is denominated in the 'New Cyclopaedia'), Davy Crockett. It is literally true, nevertheless. The incident was witnessed by the writer.

"Crockett was on an electioneering tour. It was about that time in the summer when the farmers had 'laid by' their crops. Due notice had been given that Crockett was to speak at Lawrenceburg, a small village in Lawrence County, Tennessee. At the time appointed there was a goodly number of country people present. Our hero was on hand early, and according to his custom, he, for an hour or so before taking the stand, amused the 'boys' by 'telling yarns,' etc. In the crowd of men who were thus enjoying Davy's eccentricities there was a good-natured, though rather verdant, country chap, about twenty-one. He was clad in the plainest 'homespun'—copperas pants and coarse cotton shirt. In striking contrast with this unpretending costume, he wore a bran-new fur hat; and the peculiar manner in which he bore himself under this covering showed that he was not only very proud of it, but that it was the first article of the kind that he was ever master of.

"Crockett, at the conclusion of a hearty laugh over one of his stories, took occasion to compliment the new fur hat of our friend.

"'And now, Jim,' said Davy (he had heard the chap addressed by that familiar name), 'what would you think if I were to say that I could take that hat, cut it into two pieces, and then put it together so that it would be as perfect as ever?'"

"'Oh! you couldn't do any thing of the kind,' replied the countryman.

"'I'll bet you a quart of whisky of it,' says Crockett.

"'Done,' says the proprietor of the fur hat.

"Hereupon Davy took the hat, and with his pocket-knife cut directly through the brim and crown, dividing it in twain. Then taking a half of the hat in each hand, he exposed the divided chapeau to the spectators, in order that there should be no mistake about the matter. 'You see, gentlemen,' said he, 'that there is no cheating. You see that the hat is cut clear open.'

"'Yes,' they all responded.

"The crowd looked on with intense anxiety to see how this thing was to end; most of them, however, knowing, from Crockett's character, that he would come out victorious and give them a good laugh. Our green country friend, meanwhile, was already laughing at the prospect of winning his wager.

"Crockett then commenced blowing his breath upon those parts of the divided hat which he proposed to reunite, and at the same time uttering some mysterious words, and attempting some peculiar manipulations, which, he contended, were to accomplish the magical work. All at once he ceased his efforts, and, looking round upon the crowd, said, in a very serious tone, 'Gentlemen, upon my word I have forgotten how. Jim has won the whisky.'

"Every body instantly saw the point of the joke, and the roar of laughter that followed can be more easily imagined than described. As for poor Jim, he stood perfectly amazed at his own stupidity in not foreseeing that a quart of 'old rye' would be but a poor compensation for his new fur hat."

A FEW years ago Rev. Mr. B——, a faithful, fearless preacher in one of the "hill towns" of Hampshire County, preached a pointed sermon against the use of ardent spirits, especially designed for a member of his congregation, who was in the habit of hiring his help at a low price, in consideration of the frequent "treats" that he furnished his workmen. "Old Nat" felt himself particularly "hit" by the discourse, as the coat fitted him exactly, and therefore absented himself from church for some two years. A few weeks ago he was seized with his last illness, and expressed a great anxiety to see Rev. Mr. B—— before he died. His son went post-haste for the minister, who, of course, was quite ready to respond to the dying man's summons.

On entering the room he was greeted with the cool salutation, "Mr. B——, I am about to die; and I have sent for you that you might have a chance to apologize to me for that liquor sermon preached to me a few years ago!"

"WESTERN Justices" have often figured in the Drawer, and Western Constables permitted to go scot free; but our friend Hazlit needs a special notice. Being "high-constable" of Squire Rowen's court, in Winchester, Illinois, he received from that functionary a warrant commanding the arrest of some one, "to the Court unknown," charged with having stolen Ed Lawson's watch. Said Lawson could not tell the name of his man, but under-

took to accompany High-constable Hazlit in his search for the unknown, and point him out to the sharp eye of the detective. At the "Old Church," occupied by railroad hands, Ed came to a halt, peered about, and finally, pointing out a six-foot Irishman, said to H., "Them's 'um." Hazlit felt abashed at the formidable appearance of the culprit, but determined to *play bluff*. Going up to him, and laying his hand authoritatively on his shoulder, he said,

"You're my prisoner, Sir!"

"And what wud ye do wid me, ye spalpeen?" said Pat.

"You stole my watch," said Ed, "and must go before Squire Rowen, and be dealt with according to law."

"An' sure it's not meself did it," said Pat; "and it's not me as goes wid the likes o' ye; so git out wid yer law, and lave off troubling a dacent gintleman, or I'll brake yer head, ye spalpeen!"

Ed insisted that he was the man; Pat swore he was not, and threatened summary vengeance; but our high-constable settled the matter, as follows:

"Now, Pat, Ed says you're the man, and you say you ain't, but there's a way to prove it; hold up your hand!" which being done, H. proceeded as follows: "You do solemnly swear or affirm, as the case may be, that you ain't the man that stole Ed Lawson's watch, and that you are innocent in the premises."

"An' sure I didn't!" said Pat.

"That'll do, Sir; you can go!" said H. And neither Ed's swearing nor Squire Rowen's instructions could convince Hazlit that the following return was irregular:

"I have served this warrant, by swearing one Irishman, to me unknown, this first day of July, 1859.

"A. S. HAZLIT, C.S.C."

THE old adage that people ought to "let well enough alone," is shown in the way in which a Western wheat speculator sold old man Sharp, who had agreed to furnish his entire crop of wheat (some 3000 bushels) to the speculator, at one dollar per bushel. The price at St. Louis, of which the speculator received daily notice, indicated to him a dead loss of about six hundred dollars on his purchase. The question was, how to get out of taking Sharp's wheat and yet avoid a suit with heavy damages, for "non-compliance with contract." A friend told him Sharp would "hold him to it;" but the speculator insisted that he could make Sharp back out himself. On this point a bet was made—stakes, Champagne, etc.

The next morning early a dusty, business-looking man rode hurriedly to Sharp's house, and, without dismounting, inquired, "Any wheat to sell?"

SHARP. "What's it worth?"

STRANGER. "One dollar ten, in large lots."

SHARP. "I've got about three thousand bushels, but I can't sell for that; say one twenty-five, and I'll risk it."

STRANGER. "No; one ten is the top of the market to-day. If you conclude to sell at that, you'll find me at the warehouse in Naples this evening."

And without another word stranger rode off. Within an hour our speculator, with his friend who had made the bet, rode up; and speculator, very leisurely alighting from his buggy, said, "Mr. Sharp, I've come to pay you some money on that wheat, to bind the bargain; one dollar was the price, I believe?"

SHARP. "Why—yes—I reckon; but see here! I

can't thrash it in time for you. I don't want to thrash till fall."

SPEC. "Why, you don't want to back out, do you?"

SHARP. "No, not unless you say so; but ain't the contract binding unless money is paid?"

SPEC. "That ain't the question! Will you take the money?"

SHARP (*indignantly*). "No, I won't! I can get one dollar ten; and you can't have it for a dollar!"

The contract was canceled by Sharp paying a *bonus* to get off; after which he went to the "warehouse in Naples," but could not find the "*one ten*" man; and learning the *sell*, took eighty cents for his wheat, and went home a sadder and a wiser man.

The Champagne was paid out of Sharp's *bonus*.

A FRIEND in Illinois writes to the Drawer: "I have a bright, beautiful cousin, of three summers, down here. I was reproving her for taking off her shoe and stocking on one of those warm days last week, when she replied, 'I was just making my foot happy.' There! could any of your 'great ones of the earth' express more forcibly the luxury of bare feet on a warm day?"

NORTH, the noted insurance agent, banker, stock-gambler, and speculator, who flourished upon an extensive scale in Meriden until the hour of his collapse in 1854, when he was found to be hundreds of thousands of dollars worse than nothing, was a most inveterate and persistent borrower of other people's money, as many sufferers can testify. He went to New York frequently, and took with him large packages of bank bills. Usually arriving in New York after business hours, it was his custom, on such occasions, to deposit the money packages, nicely sealed, with the clerk of the hotel he might decide to stop at. L. E. W——, who had occasion also to go frequently to New York, and who often chanced to fall into North's company, had noticed that these deposits of money packages generally secured N. nice rooms and much attention at the hotels. He accordingly prepared two handsome packages, sealed them up with heavy seals, marked upon each, in bold characters, "\$3000," placed them in his carpet sack, and in two or three days after, on his way to Gotham, got into the company of North. They went together to the Astor. North booked his name, pulled a key from his pocket, unlocked his carpet sack, took out a sealed package, marked "\$2000," and handed it to the clerk, with a pompous request that it be taken care of till called for. L. E. W—— then booked his name, and opening his carpet sack, drew out the two packages marked "\$3000," and handed them to the clerk, with the same request. North looked on with evident satisfaction and surprise, but made no remark. The next morning, after breakfast, he called L. E. W—— aside mysteriously, spoke to him about having a bank note to pay, said he was "short," and ending by requesting a loan of one of the packages of \$3000 which he had seen him deposit the evening before. The temptation was too great; and besides it was "All-Fools' Day."

"You can have it for three days, if that can be of any accommodation to you," said W., looking wisely.

Of course it would be an accommodation; so North wrote a note for \$3000, payable one day after date, and the package was graciously passed over to him.

An hour later, and North went into a well-known

bank in Wall Street, with his usual bluster, bustle, and hurry.

"I have a note here due to-day, I believe," said he to a teller.

The note was produced. It was for \$5000. A two thousand and a three thousand dollar package were handed over in payment. The first was broken, and found to be correct; the second was then opened, and found to contain naught but blank tissue-paper! The clerk looked inquiringly; poor North looked deeply mortified. He made a hurried apology, gathered up his \$2000, and took his departure. North never afterward asked L. E. W—— for a loan of money.

For the last thirty years a family by the name of Smith, remarkable both for their laziness and ignorance, have lived in Arkansas. Old Smith died. An acquaintance, who lived some four or five miles off, happening by old S.'s the day after his death, and having heard of his illness, called, and found no one at home except a daughter-in-law, who informed our friend that "the rest of the family had gone to see their-daddy buried." Our friend was a religious man, and inquired of the daughter-in-law as to the old gentleman's religious views at his death.

"Did the old gentleman make any preparation for eternity?" asked our friend.

"No," drawled out the woman, "nothin' more than to give the two least boys a hoss a piece."

Our friend was satisfied. He asked no more questions.

JUDGE P—— was very strict in preserving decorum in his Courts, and so severe that it rendered him somewhat unpopular with some of the lawyers, among whom was a fiery, impetuous little gentleman by the name of O——. During Court at Van Buren the Judge had had occasion frequently to correct and reprimand this individual. O—— chafed under his reproof till he could bear it no longer. The next time the Judge corrected him he replied, sharply,

"If the Court is not more respectful to me I shall throw this book at the Court's head," holding up a volume of Blackstone.

"If you should throw that book at the Court's head," replied the Judge, with dignity, "the Court would come down and put its foot upon your little ugly neck."

It is needless to say that our impetuous little attorney caved in, and ever after observed the strictest order in addressing the Court.

MANY of the old citizens will remember a tavern that used to be kept on the Catskill Turnpike, long before the day of railroads, by one Thompson; and those are living who traveled many a mile to reach there after it was time to stop, because of the good fare and genuine fun certain to await them. Thompson was known far and near as the prince of jokers, although he never laughed himself, and as the king of landlords. One day, while Thompson was out somewhere, a peddler came up, with a horse carrying two large packs, and had him put up by a boy, while he went in and called for some dinner. Thompson came in, greeted his guest, saw the packs, but knew nothing of the horse or how the guest came. After partaking of a glorious dinner the guests came out to the "bar-room," the peddler rubbing his hands, highly gratified with the refreshment to his inner man, and addressing Thompson, said,

"Well, landlord, can I sell you any thing to-day, at least enough to pay my bill?"

Thompson looked up at him with his round, placid face, and comprehending the case, replied,

"Well, I don't know; if you have got *any thing I want* I will buy."

"Certainly, certainly," said the peddler; "I have a little of every thing;" and he commenced emptying his packs. Calico, ribbons, thread, tape, cloths, caps, laces, etc., etc., soon strewed the floor, and to each new appearance and offer Thompson quietly shook his head. After failure to sell him pants, hose, dress for his wife, or any other notions, Thompson's reply occurred to him, and he thought maybe it would be as well to ask him what he *did* want.

"Nothing suits you, eh?" said the peddler.

"What *do* you want?"

"I want a grindstone," replied Thompson, with gravity.

The peddler sprang to his feet with indignation in every feature, and exclaimed with an oath,

"Do you want to insult me? *Do you think I carry grindstones on horseback?*"

"No, no," said Thompson, with mild and apologetic humility, but without moving a muscle. "No, I beg your pardon, *I thought you traveled afoot.*"

The roar that followed silenced the peddler. He saw he was "sold;" and Thompson had one more joke added to the thousand he was reputed for.

"JUDGE DOMINICK A. HALL is historically known as the Judge who imposed the fine of one thousand dollars on General Jackson. Notwithstanding all that, he was neither a tyrant on the bench nor unsocial with his fellow-men. He would drink a bottle or two of wine, just to correct the acidity of his stomach and to please his friends, and to escape the charge of being considered too formal and unbending would even sit up all night and play brag, just to prove that the bow would perform better by being unbent sometimes. A very important trial was coming on in the District Court of the United States, and—on the unbending of the bow principle—the Judge and some of his friends, among whom was the late John R. Grymes, had been sitting up all the night before, indulging in brag and Madeira. At the regular hour court was opened. As dignified and, to all appearance, as sober as a judge, old Dominick was in his seat; the lawyers were in their accustomed places, and among the rest Grymes, who was sitting with his head resting on his arms on the table. The jury was being called. That man did not answer to his name. 'Fine that man ten dollars,' said the Judge. 'I'll go you that, and ten better!' said Grymes, raising up his head; but immediately perceiving his mistake he commenced apologizing. The Judge, probably fearing the apology might make matters worse, ordered the marshal to adjourn till next morning, on account of the non-attendance of jurors."

JUDGE C——, a member of one of our best families, and himself occupying a high position at the bar as well as socially, was going up the river last fall on a slow steamboat, and of course entered into all the familiar companionship common to travelers thrown together for a week with nothing to do. There was one man aboard who, learning the Judge's name, announced that it was the same as his own, and instantly claimed kin with him. The Judge thought differently, but with perfect good-nature answered the innumerable genealogical inquiries

propounded to him, while at each reply the bore would exclaim,

"Why, Sir, we're kin, as sure as I'm alive!"

At length this fellow became unendurable with his pertinacity and questioning; and losing all patience at last, Judge C—— turned upon his tormentor with the abrupt remark:

"Well, perhaps we *are* relations. Are you a white man?"

"White man!" shouted the bore, leaping from his chair; "I'd only like to see the man who'd say I wasn't!"

"Ah!" continued the Judge, very quietly, "well, my father, Sir, was a mulatto!"

You may rest perfectly assured that Judge C—— was tormented no more on that trip, nor even recognized by the man who was so lately claiming relationship with him, while the other passengers enjoyed the joke immensely.

AN artist correspondent, handy with the pen as well as the pencil, contributes to the Drawer these reminiscences of his profession:

"Many years since an old gentleman, led more by curiosity to see what the son of an old friend was about than any thing else, strolled into my studio. Though a man of good sense, he had no more imagination than a clam; and I doubt if he had ever before seen a full-sized portrait. It was a great mystery to him how things could be made to look so *nat'ral*.

"'Now,' said he, 'how do you make the nose stand out so? Do you *swedge it out?*'"

"SPEAKING of noses, I remember an elderly lady who once came to sit to me for her portrait, accompanied by her daughter. The old lady had evidently very little critical knowledge of pictures, for when I had placed her in position she very composedly drew from her pocket a clean cambric handkerchief, and carefully dabbing it twice or thrice under her capacious nose, she remarked, in measured tones,

"'Now, Mr. —, I don't want you to paint me with a dark spot under my nose, for it will make me look as though I took snuff. Now I do take snuff, to be sure; but then nobody would ever know it. Mr. S—— painted a portrait of my cousin, and he made a dark spot under the nose; but I don't want any under mine.'

"'Very well, madam,' I replied, with all the gravity I could assume; 'I can paint you without a nose if you prefer it, as I shall be obliged to do if I dispense with the shadow. It will be less labor for me to leave out the nose, though the picture might not be considered quite as natural by your friends.'

"'Well,' she continued, after eying me suspiciously for a moment, 'I don't want the dark spot, anyway; because, as I said before, it will make me look as though I took snuff.'

"'Very well,' I said, sketching away furiously at the canvas, 'it is understood, then, that I am to paint you without a nose.'

"Here the daughter, whose face had been lighted by a merry smile during the little colloquy, broke in with—

"'Mother, you had better let Mr. — have his own way.'

"And so she did.

"THIS reminds me of an anecdote, which I do not remember to have seen in print, of an artist named Collins, who, many years since, resided in Albany.

A dapper young fellow once went to sit to him, and it was determined that, as he was a militia officer, he should be painted in military costume. The canvas was placed upon the easel and the sitter in position. When the charcoal sketch was completed the sitter jumped up to have a look at it.

"'Why, Collins!' said he, in an excited tone, 'how is this? You haven't got my legs!'"

"'Legs! no,' was the reply. 'There is no room for legs on a canvas of that size.'"

"'Oh!' said the other, 'I want my legs painted. They are the best part of me.'"

"'Well, then,' said Collins, 'as there is not room for both, I will paint the legs, and leave the rest out.'"

AN old negro woman, Aunt Sally, long a servant of the family, was in the habit of picking up the cast-off clothes, for the purpose of making quilts and carpets for her cabin. Frequently it would happen that they would require long washing to restore them to their original purity and freshness; and for this purpose it was her custom to place them in a creek close by. But all human expectations are sometimes disappointed, as it happened in this case. A sudden shower coming on produced a freshet in the creek, and washed her property off. After fully realizing her loss with arms akimbo, her thoughts found vent in this true philosophy: "*Them that have must lose!*"

LET the little fellows come in and have a little fun.

"The other day our Charley, five years old, found one of those curious bone-rimmed circles which, I believe, ladies have named *eyelets*, and while playing in the garden swallowed it. The family were in the house, busily engaged with a work on entomology, when Charley ran in with mouth wide open and eyes distended to their utmost capacity. His mother caught him by the arm, and trembling with that deep anxiety which only a mother can feel, inquired,

"'What is the matter? What has happened?'"

"The urchin, all agape, managed to articulate,

"'Water!'"

"It was brought him; when, after drinking copiously, he exclaimed,

"'Oh! mother, I swallowed a hole!'"

"'Swallowed a hole, Charley?'"

"'Yes, mother; swallowed a hole with a piece of ivory round it!'"

"WE have a little six-year-older at home, who is noted among our friends and acquaintances for his original and precocious sayings.

"The other day he broke out very abruptly with

"'Father, what makes negroes black?'"

"Father tried to explain the supposed reasons to suit his comprehension, and in the course of his remarks said that they were descendants of Ham, one of the sons of Noah. Georgie pondered a while, and at last brightening up, he said, very gravely,

"'Was it *smoked* ham, father?'"

"A FEW weeks since I remarked to Frank, an older son, that he might mention to the boys of the village that I would buy what bones they could collect, as I wished to use them as a foundation for an asparagus bed. Willie was present, but I did not perceive he took any particular notice of what I said. However, a few nights afterward the Literary Institute of the town was set on fire, and I went to assist in quelling the flames.

"It was in sight of our home, and wife stood at the window, watching the progress of the fire. Soon Willie, being awakened by the unwonted noise, got out of his cot, and, standing by his mother's side, gazed sorrowfully upon the sight before him.

"After he had looked for a few moments, suddenly brightening up, he says,

"'Ma, is pa over there?'"

"'Yes, my dear.'"

"'Well, if he gets into the fire, and is burned up, won't we have his bones to make the asparagus bed?'"

"NATTIE is four years of age; and one evening, not long since, while preparing him for bed, he began to ask me who made the stars, trees, and so forth. To silence him from further inquiries I told him God made every thing that was made. He then asked if God made the dark, and what did he make it for? I told him, briefly, 'So that little boys could go to bed and sleep.' Turning to me, with his eyes brightened with the thought, he says,

"'Then what did God make candles for?'"

"OUR little Mary, being the youngest, is the pet and darling of the household. As she has reached the age of five years she concluded to commit a Sabbath-school lesson; and bringing me a book, a few days since, said,

"'Mamma, will you hear my lesson?'"

"I smilingly assented. Whereupon she placed her chubby little self just in front of my chair, and prepared to be catechised.

"'Who was the first man?' I asked.

"'Adam,' she answered, unhesitatingly.

"'And who was the first woman?' I continued.

"She opened her large eyes, and after hesitating a moment, replied,

"'I reckon Adam's *mother* was the first woman—wasn't she?'"

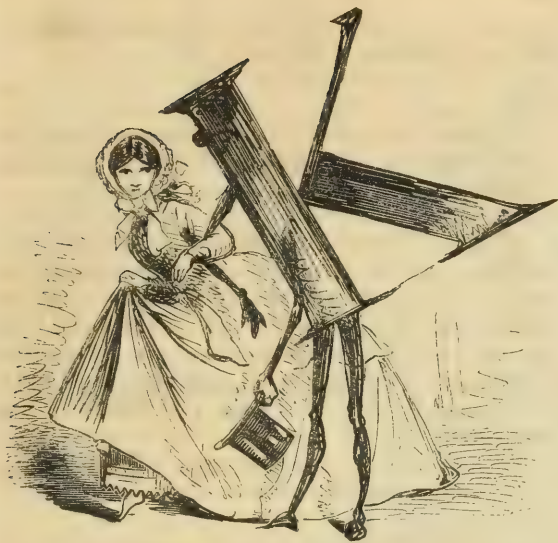
THE following, illustrative of the readiness of negro wit, occurred on one of the boats plying between Norfolk and Portsmouth. A darkey, mounted on a really fine animal, whose foam-covered flanks evinced hard driving, rode on board, and halted in front of a group of passengers, among whom was a loquacious individual, evidently from the "land of sunrise." The horse was a noted and a noble one, the property of Dr. B——, of Bowers Hill, where he was being driven in a case of some urgency, and his appearance naturally occasioned some remark. Sunrise, who, it seemed, was better acquainted with "old rye" than with 2.40, began to berate the darkey for what he thought his cruelty to the animal, and gave a "piece of his mind" gratis. Ebony listened with forced respect, and occasionally replied. Sunrise, finally tiring of his subject, wound up with, "Well, it's none of my business, if you kill him even." Ebony, with solemn countenance, and a tone of voice feasible only to a negro, broke up the argument and floored his opponent with, "*Dat's jest what I thort!*"

SQUIRE JACK was a cabinet-maker and undertaker, known far and wide as a master workman.

One day a couple came to his office to get married. The man's face was familiar to the Squire, and he ordered him off in this wise:

"Begone, you scoundrel! *You haven't paid me for your first wife's coffin!*"

Flower and Figure Pieces.



A "BEAU-KAY."



"LOVE-LIES-BLEEDING."



"POPPY."



"BACHELOR'S-BUTTON."



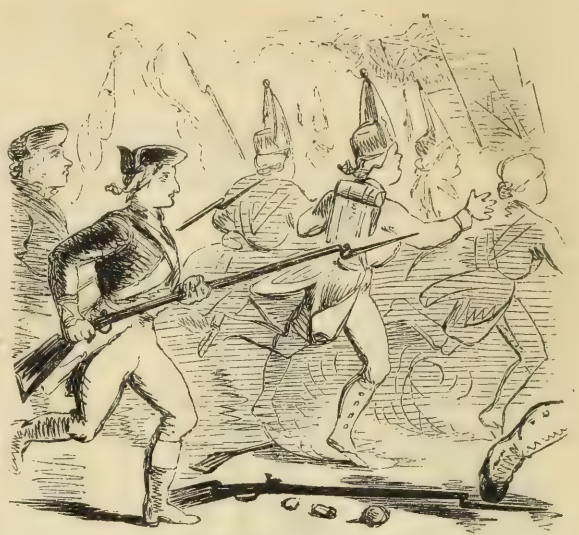
"COCKS-COMB."



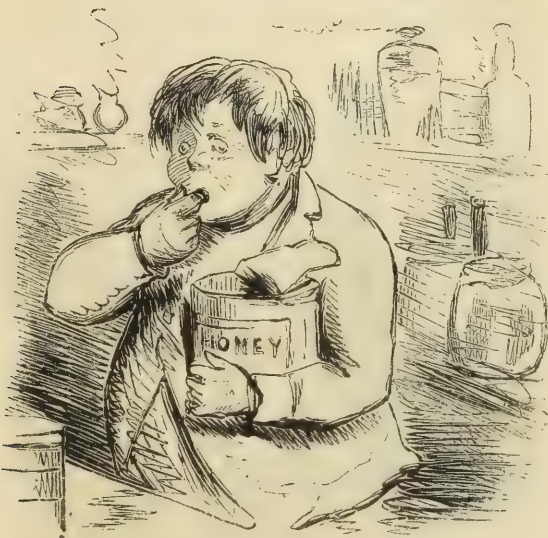
"DANDY-LION."



"WALL-FLOWERS."



"SCARLET-RUNNERS."



"HONEY-SUCKLE."



"BURGUNDY-ROSE."



"DOUBLE-STOCKS."



"SNOW-DROP."

Fashions for October.

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*Furnished by Mr. G. BRODIE, 300 Canal Street, New York, and drawn by VOIGT
from actual articles of Costume.*



FIGURE 1.—VELVET PARDESSUS.



FIGURE 2.—CLOTH PARDESSUS.

OUR Illustrations for the present month are confined to the articles for which inquiry is most frequently made: the style of over-garments adapted for the approaching season. We furnish two of the most select styles.

Figure 1 is a black velvet PARDESSUS. The trim-

ming consists of black lace and a neat *passanterie*, finished with a fringe. The sleeves are not seen in this view.

Figure 2 represents a PARDESSUS of black cloth, with a *Capuchin*, long-pointed, slashed, and cross-laced, trimmed with quilling and tassels.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. CXIV.—NOVEMBER, 1859.—VOL. XIX.



THE RICE LANDS OF THE SOUTH.

BY T. ADDISON RICHARDS.

ALL the world, Christian and Pagan, is familiar with the pearly product of the rice plant, as it is every where seen in market and upon the table; but few are they who know aught of the graceful grain, living, blossoming, and ripening into golden beauty in its native fields. Let us, oh reader, look at it thus, and henceforth and forever eat our dainty breakfast cake and our snowy dinner pudding with an added relish, for here it is wisdom and not ignorance which is bliss.

Rice, while the most beautiful, is, as it

No. 114.—Z z



A CYPRESS SWAMP.

Entered in the year 1859, by Harper & Brothers, according to Act of Congress.



THE MARSH.

should be, one of the most hardy and the most abundant of the great family of grains. It is a thorough cosmopolite, adapting itself, more or less readily, to nearly all the soils and climates of the habitable world—from the close vicinage of the tropics even to the edge of the Himalayan snows. The sturdy courage of the seemingly delicate plant, and its brave defiance of difficulties, alike in the dank swamp and upon the dry mountain side, well befit its high character as one of the great, universal sustainers of human life.

When the vast rice fields of the Chinese empire fail to give their accustomed supply, thousands of the population suffer and die of want. To the tribes of India and of all the East the fragile stem of the rice plant is a veritable staff of life. Under the hot sun of Africa it is “native and to the manor born;” and the cultivation gives employment and the harvest food to hordes of men in many of the states of Europe, from the most eastern verge, through Germany, Piedmont, and Savoy, to the ancient pillars of Hercules in the west.

While thus luxuriant in the Old World, it is yet more so in both the great divisions of the New; but more especially in that portion of the United States which forms the coasts of Carolina and Georgia, where it has found a home more to its liking than in all lands besides; its chiefest home, at least in so far as its service in the commerce of the world is concerned; and to this quarter it is, inquiring reader, that, after a very brief consideration of the general history and character of the rice plant, we propose to call your attention, as that whence are drawn the

observations and experiences which we now propose to impart to thee. Here shalt thou see the unique processes of the rice culture under the most interesting and the most favorable circumstances, and in a region, too, of romantic attraction in its vegetable, floral, climatic, scenic, and social characteristics.

The rice plant is a grain in general appearance not unlike wheat: of similar height, and with the same fibrous root and grassy stalk; the former, though, having numerous branches, which are all crowned with clustering coronals of golden grain; bending, at harvest time, in a curve of wondrous grace and strength. The seed, when denuded of its rich brown husk, is revealed in the little translucent, ovalar pearls familiar to us as a dainty article of food, and as a valuable material of ornamental art manufacture.

Properly speaking, rice is an aquatic plant, thriving best and most naturally under water or on irrigated lands, though it is successfully grown, in many varieties, in the driest soils and in the coldest climates. Throughout the East it has been cultivated from time immemorial. There it is called *oryza*, from the ancient Arabic *eruz*, whence our more modern *riz*, *reis*, and *rice*. When the promise of the present political horoscope of better acquaintance with that hitherto sealed book, the Celestial Empire, shall be accomplished, we may know more than we do now of the early history and processes of rice culture. At this time we have but little information beyond the fact that the grain is the chief food of a large portion of that jealous people. Travelers tell us that rice is seen there thriving even upon earth-covered rafts floating on the lakes and rivers;

and that, in some parts of the country, the plants are first produced in a sort of nursery, whence they are afterward removed to genial watery beds, and thenceforward treated much according to our own fashion of cultivation. In many varying modes immense crops are produced in Ceylon, Japan, and in India. In Cochin China the plant does admirably, even in light, dry soils, and upon the sides of the hills, receiving moisture from the usual rains and dews alone. It is to the cultivation of rice that the early civilization of the Chinese and the Hindoos is attributed. In Lombardy and Savoy it is sown in rich land, the sower often wading to his knees in water. In Westphalia, and in other portions of the south of Germany, it is raised in fields readily irrigated, the water being put upon it only when the seed has germinated, and not at all after the time of flowering. In other regions the sower squats upon his knees, and deposits the grains one by one in the rows, covering them by a quick sweep of the hand. A fair crop of rice has been grown in England, upon the banks of the Thames; and a hardy variety is found in Hungary, and, as we have already intimated, even on the slopes of the cold Himalayas. Rice readily adapts itself, in course of time, to great changes of soil and

temperature, acquiring, where it is needed, extreme hardness and powers of endurance. The grain is much cultivated in various parts of South America, but most abundantly in Brazil, on the rich flat lands which lie at the base of the Organ Mountains. In no part of the world, however, is the culture of rice more successful or the product so excellent as upon the Southern Atlantic and the Gulf coasts of the United States, and especially that portion thereof comprised within the area of Carolina and Georgia. Here are the rice fields of the South, from whence come not only nineteen-twentieths of all the product of the Republic, but the chief portion of all which is distributed through the great channels of European commerce.

At some future day Carolina may be called upon to share the honors and profits which she thus enjoys with her sister States lying on the Gulf of Mexico—with Alabama and Mississippi, and particularly with Louisiana, in all of which States there are immense tracts, millions of acres of low lands, no less suited to the growth of rice than are the swamps of Carolina and Georgia. At this time large quantities of the grain are produced in Louisiana, of less marketable value, however, than that of the Atlantic district.



A RICE FIELD.



NEGROES AT HOME.

Rice will pay better, no doubt, in Louisiana, when sugar shall pay less; particularly as the climate or the soil is well proved to be more free from the fatal malarias which, in Carolina, forbid any labor but that of the negro race.

The admirable adaptation of the low country of Carolina to the growth of rice was remarked by the English settlers and adventurers as early as the year 1666, and about 1770 the swamp seed was effectually cultivated. The first introduction of the plant—Ramsey tells us in his History—came of the following chance: In the year 1694, as the worthy landgrave Thomas Smith was on the point of abandoning the province in general disgust, a Madagascan craft was driven by stress of weather into the harbor of Charleston, bringing with her, in the cook's bag, a little rough rice. It was given to Mr. Smith, who planted it in a low place in his garden, where it grew and matured luxuriantly. The product was wisely distributed among the neighboring planters, and in time the culture increased until it became the staple production of the colony. Another account attributes the introduction of rice into Carolina to the agency of a Mr. Woodward; and yet a third tells us about a Mr. Dubois, Treasurer of the East India Company, sending out a small bag of the seed. Probably

the stories are all true, and thus several varieties of the plant were propagated.

Rice was at first cultivated, as it is at present in many kinds of the upland class, in spots of low ground, dependent for moisture only upon the chance rains of heaven. But at this day the legitimate soil and scene of its production is the rich loam of the tide-water lands which lie along the coasts; low enough, level enough, and near enough to the sea to be overflowed at the pleasure of the planter by the flood tides of the rivers, and yet far enough from the coast to be quite beyond the reach of the salt-water, which would be even more fatal to the crop than would the absence of the tidal flows.

The coasts of the Carolinas and Georgia afford a stretch of fifty miles and more of this low swamp land, which, in its primeval condition, is for the most part occupied by great, dense cypress swamps and reedy marshes. The overflowing rivers are forever enriching the soil of these low grounds with the deposits which their waters bring down from the mountains of the organic remains of the great forests; and to all this there is added the silicious wash of the neighboring shores and the rich silt of the salt lagoons.

When these fertile swamp lands are cleared and graded, and so ditched and embanked and

supplied with flood-gates that the water of the rivers may be let on at the flood of the tide, or at the ebb withdrawn, as it may please the wants of the plant and the planter, then are they rice fields, and ready for the hoe and hand of the trencher and the sower.

Thus to clear these rank, intricate wildernesses is a toilsome and costly labor. The sturdy woodman of our Northern forests might well shrink from the task when looking into the gloomy wilds and wastes of woods and waters, trackless, and seemingly impervious in the lawlessness of the abundant and capricious vegetation, and repellant in their loathsome population of reptile life; where the richest floral beauty but hides the head of the venomous snake or the slimy lair of the alligator. The negroes, however, being well familiar with, fear not the dangers of the fens, and their axes quickly open the labyrinths to the unwonted sunshine.

Thus is the work performed. The trees and vines are cut down over a border of some fifty feet in width around the area which it is proposed to clear; a ditch is then dug at low tide within this open space, the earth thrown up in the process making an embankment sufficiently strong to keep out the ordinarily returning water, and thus leaving the inclosure dry enough for the hands to continue their work. After this a second and more substantial embankment is made upon the site of the first-opened ditch—a barrier which will be ample defense not only against the ordinary tides, but which will resist the heaviest floods that are likely to assail it. This great outer breast-work is carried above the highest water-mark, and in its construction all roots and stumps are carefully removed, as they have previously been from the ditch in which it is founded. The wide excavation within the bank, and properly removed from it, serves as a



MAGNOLIAS.



PLANTING THE RICE.

reservoir from which to feed the lesser ditches, and as a canal for the transport of the crops from the field. While a portion of the force employed is thus busy with the banks and moats, others are cutting down the trees and the underbrush, and collecting it into piles to be burned in the dry days of the coming spring. The larger trees are often girdled only, and their gaunt and blackened remains stand for years afterward, like unhappy spectres patiently awaiting the hand of Time to summon them to their kindred dust. Dreary and desolate to a degree do they look, and especially in the gloomier winter days, when the scene around is all undecked with the relieving and disguising drapery of the rich summer verdure.

When the land is cleared it is next divided into fields or squares of suitable size by embankments, similar to, but not smaller than the main levee, as their use is nothing more than to exclude the water from one section while it is desired only in another. The usual height is seven or eight feet, with base proportionate, ditches of commensurate size always accompanying all embankments, side by side. Each field or division is afterward furnished with trunk and gate, by

which to admit or keep out the water, as may be required. As the surface of the earth gradually sinks, with the absence of shade, from the decomposition of vegetable matter and from the drainage of the water, other yet smaller ditches are dug from time to time, until the whole region is cut up into minute squares, which gives a novel air to the landscape in the absence of the all-covering grain.

The embankments and canals and ditches properly made, the needed flood-gates provided, each with its valve made both to let in and to keep out the water, the fields may be flooded to any extent, and for any length of time, except upon plantations too near to, or too far removed from, the sea; in which cases the water may either not fall low enough to be wholly drawn off, or may not rise sufficiently high to entirely cover the field. For these variations the judicious planter watches, and provides as he best can; as also for the accidents of the spring tides and of freshets.

We come now to the chopping, mashing, and trenching of the ground, and to the planting of the seed. The time for this labor is usually from the middle to the end of March. Just before

planting the ground is first *chopped* or broken rudely, and then *mashed*, or more carefully and nicely prepared for the seed. On old and well-cleared plantations this work is sometimes done with the plow and the harrow, but more generally, even on such lands, with the hoe only. With this primitive instrument the earth is made as fine and friable as possible.

Being now ready for the seed, drills or trenches are opened still with the hoe, through which the rice is freely scattered. The rows are drilled some thirteen inches apart from centre to centre. The most expert hands first open leading trenches, between which the intermediate ones are made by the guidance of less truthful eyes. It is always surprising to witness the mathematical accuracy and precision displayed in the performance of this task. Close upon the heels of the trenches come the sowers, generally women, who scatter the seed freely as they pass, using, in this way, from two to three bushels per acre. The seed is very lightly covered, as fast as it is planted, by other hands, armed still with the universal hoe.

The number of hands employed in drilling and sowing a field must always be large enough

to finish the work on the day it is begun; so that at the next rise of the tide the flood-gates may be opened and the water admitted at once and alike to all parts of the ground.

The first flow which immediately follows the sowing is called the sprout flow. It is just deep enough to entirely cover the ground. When too deep, the seed or the light covering of earth is liable to be floated away. This flow is left on the field until the seeds "pip" or germinate, when it is withdrawn and the ground kept dry until the young plants appear, and their delicate, needle-like spires are just visible when the dew-drops which gather upon them are illuminated by the early sunbeams. At this period the water is a second time spread over the field in what is called the point flow. This is continued for half a dozen days or so, or until the plants are three or four inches high. The watery covering is at this stage of the culture an important defense against the depredations of the countless birds which inhabit the region.

The sprout and the point flows are united in the mode of planting known as the open-trench. This is to cover the seed with a thin coating of clay, in which state it is left on the drill or row



THE LAGOON.



THE COUNTRY CHURCH.

without any further covering. The open-trench method is much in vogue according to circumstances.

To the sprout and the point flows, whether used separately or united, as in the open-trench process, there succeeds the third or long flow, before which, however, the plant has been twice subjected to the weeding and bolstering of the hoe. At this time the rice has three leaves, and has reached a height of seven or eight inches. The long flow is an important one. It serves not only to kill all the thousand and one weeds which affect the company of the young rice too well, but can not, like it, live under water, and it floats all the rubbish off to the corners of the field, whence it is raked up and removed. The weeds which withstand the action of the water are carefully pulled up by hand at this and other stages of the growth of the crop. The long flow rises to a point just below the tips of the plant, and is so kept for the space of some ten days on the lightest lands, and as long as twenty days on the stiffest.

The fields present at this time, with their light spires of the daintiest green floating gently on the surface of the water, a charming appear-

ance, whether seen in the direction of the rows or transversely, in which position the wide, level expanse seems to change magically from a quiet lake to the sunniest and most verdant of meadows. After the removal of the long flow the third hoeing, and by-and-by a fourth is given; and again are the weeds, and especially the troublesome "volunteer" rice—the unasked growth of the previous year's vagrant seeds—most carefully destroyed. The volunteer rice becomes, by the winter's exposure to cold and neglect, generally greatly deteriorated in character, and seems to have lost the advantages of artificial culture, and to have reverted to its ancient natural condition and habits. The anterior skin, or pellicle, of the volunteer seed is of a reddish hue, instead of the white of good and well-trained rice; and the mixture of the two decreases the marketable value.

To the long flow there succeeds the fourth and last, or the harvest flow, often called the "lay-by water," which is kept on until the rice is fully headed and the blossoms have dropped; until just before the harvest, indeed. In addition to its former services in destroying the weeds and in nourishing the plants, the wa-

ter now helps to support the heavy crop and prevent its being prostrated or "laid" by wind, or by its own weight.

In the raising of the rice crop—as we have here described the process, from the sowing, about the end of March, to the harvest, which occurs early in September—five months have passed, during the greater portion of which the plant has been under or in the water.

The harvest begins just as soon as the grains—excepting, maybe, the few lowest on the stalk—are hardened, and while the plant is in color often still green. The lay-by water having been withdrawn the day or the tide before, the reaping of the crop is begun. With the sickle in hand—the only instrument in use—the beautiful grain falls, and is laid in handfuls upon the stubble to dry. The reaper usually "carries" or takes a sweep of three rows at a time, cutting down to within a foot of the ground. The grain

cut by noon of one day is ordinarily cured enough by the next to be removed in sheaves to the barn or stack. The sheaves are of such size as can be easily tied by a stalk of the rice itself. The carrying of the crop to the barn upon the heads of the negroes—the usual mode of transport—is a picturesque sight enough to the indolent spectator, but toilsome and dangerous to the workers under the hot suns of mid-summer, and amidst the malaria of the recently drained soil. In some cases the rice is better removed in boats or flats where the canals are large enough to admit their passage.

In the barn-yards the sheaves are temporarily stacked in small ricks, and subsequently, when better cured, more carefully and closely, in larger stacks, long or round, as may be, after the style usual in the case of wheat and other grains. Thus it remains until it is wanted for threshing, which may be very soon, or at



HARVESTING THE RICE.



THE NEGRO QUARTERS.

any convenient time during the following winter.

On many plantations no better mode of threshing is in use than that of the venerable flail, and no quicker way of cleaning the rice from the chaff than the toilsome and primitive one of dropping it from an elevation to be winnowed by the wind in its descent. At all the larger establishments, however, this labor, and the subsequent processes of hulling and pounding, are quickly and thoroughly performed by machinery of the most admirable construction. Curiously-fashioned elevators and fanners successively take up the sheaves, beat out the grain, separate it from the chaff, and drop it into the bins in perfect readiness for the more curious and ingenious pounding mills. It is surprising with what thoroughness, and with what slight breakage, these great steam or water-worked mortars and pestles pound off the slight brownish coating or husk from the pearly grain. An equally interesting apparatus is that by which the rice, when thus hulled, and, to all seeming, quite prepared for use, is actually rubbed and *polished*, like a time-honored "mahogany," to the freshest and most sparkling whiteness and brilliancy.

The present custom is for the planter to send his crop to his factor in the city unhusked, or "in the rough," as it is called, leaving that work and the final polishing to be done afterward. One reason for this is, no doubt, that the grain looks better when newly pounded, and keeps better also. Then it saves the heavy cost of the required machinery where that is not already supplied. Rice "in the rough" is known also by the East Indian name of "Paddy."

The general product of the rice fields is from forty to sixty bushels per acre, though sometimes one hundred bushels are obtained. The value in

the rough, in Charleston and Savannah, is from eighty cents to one dollar per bushel. The number of plantations in the Carolinas and Georgia is estimated at nearly six hundred, the greater part of which are in the Palmetto State. The annual exports of rice from the United States to foreign countries, of which the greater portion is from the region of which we are here writing, amount to more than one hundred thousand tierces, the value of which exceeds two millions of dollars. In 1833—a year of unusually large exports—no less than one hundred and forty-four thousand one hundred and sixty-three tierces were sent out of the country; yielding, at nineteen dollars and three cents per tierce, a grand total of two millions seven hundred and forty-four thousand four hundred and eighteen dollars. From these figures, and from what we have said of the great extent of the area suited to rice culture—most of it yet mere waste swamp and marsh—it will be seen how vast are the yet unemployed resources of the South in this one element alone of its wealth and prosperity.

Many of the rice plantations are of great extent, sometimes covering from one to two thousand acres, and employing seven or eight hundred hands. The inhabitants make a large community of themselves alone. The mansion of the planter with its numerous out-houses, the residence of the overseer, and the long streets of negro cabins, give to a single settlement the aspect of a large and busy village or town. Then besides all this, each estate, being much isolated in its neighborhood, has of necessity all the concomitants of wagon, tool, machine, and other shops—jail, hospitals, store, and store-houses of all kinds—and still, in addition, maybe a church!

After the rice and its curious culture, perhaps

even before this, the most novel and interesting study of the stranger here is that of the aspect and the habits of the laborers employed. The negroes, and negroes only, of human kind, met at every step and turn, present an individuality in the scene scarcely less striking than is the special and unique vegetation in flower and tree.

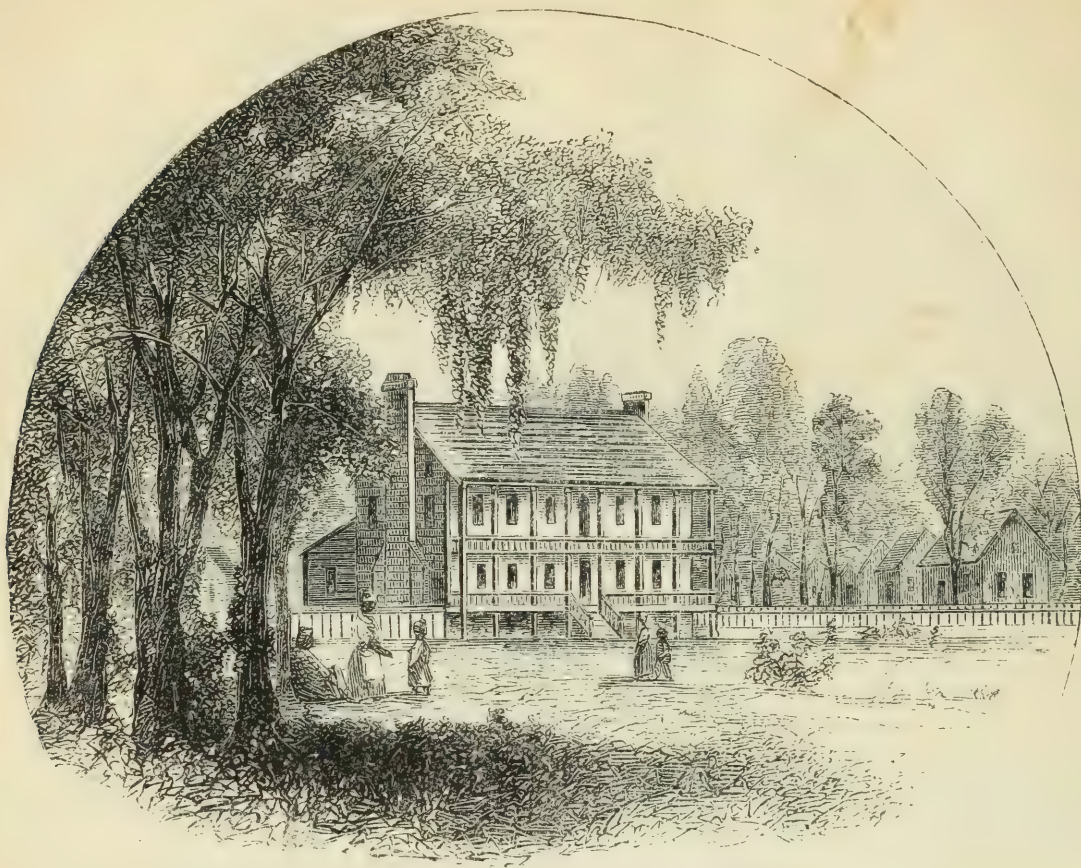
To cultivate these lands by white labor, if practicable at all, would be, unquestionably, at an immense sacrifice of life. Even the African, who seems to be physically so well adapted to the climate, does not altogether escape. His health is not as firm on the rice lands as elsewhere, and his life is preserved, especially in infancy, only by unwonted caution. Such immunity as he does enjoy from the subtle poison of the malaria, which fills all the air around him, may be ascribed to his exemption from all but comparatively light labor, and to the good care, both preventive and curative, which is ever taken of him. The master never resides on the rice fields in summer time; he would as soon think, and very reasonably, of facing a rifle-shot. The overseer, who is compelled to live through the dangerous season within daily call of his plantation, if he does not fall a victim to the all-pervading poison, at least, acclimated and tough as

he may be, suffers to a degree which endangers his constitution, and weakens it to a quick sensitiveness to many fatal complaints.

On most rice plantations a certain amount only of work is daily required of each competent person, men, women, and children or youths; the "task" prescribed being graduated in accordance with age and condition, from the "quarter hand" of the youngest to the "half hand" and the "three-quarter hand" of older years, up to the "full hand" of mature and healthful adult strength; thence retrograding, in like degrees, toward declining force and years. Industrious performed, these tasks are generally finished early in the afternoon, and often by two o'clock; when the laborer leaves his field and saunters homeward or whither he listeth. Perhaps it is to gossip in the sunshine over his pipe, or, perhaps, if he be thrifty or short of funds, to raise vegetables in his own private garden-patch, or to look after his eggs and poultry and pigs, for all of which his master will pay him the market-price as to any other trader. The tasks are begun at sunrise, and toward eight o'clock the darkeys have a good time for half an hour or so over the breakfast which has been brought for them to the field. At noon those who please dine, riding home for it, if they are using horses, or having



A NEGRO FUNERAL.



A PLANTER'S MANSION.

it brought to them, or waiting until the completion of their tasks.

Men and women all smoke habitually, whether at work or at rest. Near any squad or gang a fire may always be seen, made for the double use of lighting pipes and as a rendezvous in gossip hours, for your genuine African is never quite warm enough. The appearance of the negroes at work in their plantation rig is not very elegant, and not so picturesque as it might be with a little change from the inflexible regulation hue of hueless gray; though, to be sure, the handkerchiefs worn on the head by the women (they never don bonnets, not even on Sunday or on gala days) afford some slight relief. In the cut of coat and skirt there is always variety enough, and so in the fashion of the ever-changing hat. The conversation, though it seldom gets beyond the little current aches and experiences of their own lives, the doings of their family and friends, and pigs, with sometimes a little talk about their master's household, is often gay and jolly enough, judging by the loud and hearty "Yah! yahs!" sounding all about, *heah* and *dar*.

We once heard a jovial young scamp—the pet and gallant, the merry-maker and the mischief-maker of his set—a sort of "Dandy Jim of Caroline," whose portrait we took and shall present to the reader before we leave him, relating to a wondering circle a certain alligator adventure he once had. How he killed an indefinite number, too numerous to mention, of the reptiles, and then tied one obstreperous juvenile by the tail to a branch of a tree; how he left him there and thus suspended some three feet from the ground, and

straightway forgot all about him, until returning by that way a matter of a year afterward he found his young prisoner doing well, and grown so much that his head now fairly rested upon the ground!

"Lor' a massy!" cried an astonished demoiselle, "what you do to him den, Jim?"

"What I do to him den, Miss Clarissa? Why I tie up his tail a little higher and gib him chance to grow down some more. Yah, yah!"

The authority of the rice plantation is vested in the overseer, by whom it is redelegated in parcels to the more enterprising, intelligent, and reliable of the blacks. These subordinate officers are called "drivers," and their office is to apportion the tasks and direct the labor of the gang placed under their care; to administer reproof and correction when needed; and to be responsible for conduct and work to the superior officer.

Each family of negroes has a house or cabin of its own, generally with sufficient garden ground, piggery, hennery, and so forth. These cabins are often made of logs, but sometimes are neat and cozy frame buildings. They are usually placed, at suitable intervals, in rows, or double rows, with a wide street between. When it pleases the occupants to keep their homes so, they are pleasant enough, surrounded with neat palings and well protected by the beautiful shade trees of the country. Here, as in old Albion, their house is their castle, and rarely does even the master know any thing of their domestic affairs except when bad conduct or sickness makes it necessary for them to be looked after. They are constitutionally joyous and *insouciant*;

and it is often pleasant to witness their glad, thoughtless recreations as the twilight and the evening hours set in.

They are supplied, even under the requirements of the law, with a reasonable amount of clothing, and ample rations of food are served out every week. These consist chiefly of meal, rice, vegetables, molasses, bacon, fish, and coffee, according to their wants and occupations. Most of them have a surplus of these staple articles of diet, which they exchange at the nearest store for nick-nacks more to their liking. The law forbids the sale of liquor; but they manage, in some way, when so disposed, to get quite enough of it.

Sunday is the great gala day of the negroes, always excepting the annual festival at Christmas. At this time they interchange visits with relatives and friends on neighboring plantations, generally bearing with them some present or other; most often of an edible character, as a turkey, a chicken, a goose, a cake, or a confection. Whether at home or abroad, however, on Sunday, they are pretty sure to repair to the church when an accessible one is open.

The churches—the country churches, we mean

—are never very accessible, and not very often open. Most people have to ride (the negroes walk) many miles to the nearest, and not more than once a month or once a fortnight at that. The plantation-clergy watch, each, several flocks, which they visit in rotation—one this week, and another the next. These “meeting-houses” are mere log-huts, or at best plain frame-buildings, with or without paint, just as the worshipers chance to be ornate or otherwise in their ideas of church architecture. But if the edifice is not over and above beautiful, the natural surroundings of lawn and woods, of the pine forest and the evergreen grove, always are. Heaven thus happily supplies the decoration which man withholds. It is a gay spectacle that of the many groups, gathered in friendly gossip and in their many-colored holiday toggery, in the broad, cool shade of these umbrageous oaks and tangled vines and fragrant flowers. The sight, too, is made additionally striking by its contrast with the more soberly-attired knots of white people collected in other parts of the ground. The church porch is here, as in all rural neighborhoods, the great periodical social exchange of the population. In Carolina the chit-chat continues



A LIVE OAK AVENUE.



A LIVE OAK.

until the sound of singing within doors gives the signal to all outsiders to enter.

The whites occupy the front seats, while the blacks fill up the rear, the two classes entering by different doors. If the Sunday costume of the negroes is a rainbow *pot pourri*, that of the masters is an extreme *negligée*, and so, too, is the preacher's discourse; both being slipshod to the last degree—the most curious jumbling possible, of odd toilets and odder rhetoric—the latter having always far more of the imaginative and emotional than of the logical element. This is a striking characteristic of the religious services of the blacks when by themselves, and especially in the informal assemblies which are held on some plantations, in little huts appropriated to that use under the name of “prayer-houses.” As a people, they seem to have a genius for piety, and in a pretty close ratio to their need of it, the greatest scamps being usually the most devout worshippers. Strange to add, there is no hypocrisy in this contradiction. The same unreflecting impulsiveness which prompts them to steal any desirable thing within reach also leading them to mourn, briefly, over their sinfulness in sackcloth and ashes. They are fond of preaching, and the ministerial office among them is seldom wanting in candidates. Every plantation is, more or less, well supplied in this wise. To be sure they make strange work in their confident ignorance, often weighing anchor with but half of an idea on board. One Sunday we heard one of these sable pastors asking his master, a clergyman, whose discourses he was wont to rehash—about his sermon for the day—text, heads, and application; whereupon we resolved to hear what lessons Sambo would draw

from the words announced to him in the verse—“And he healed many that were sick of divers diseases,” etc. When Sambo reached the pulpit he propounded his text as far as “divers,” at which point his memory evidently failed him. While we waited to see him recover or give up, he repeated the words as before, and with an air of great content and assurance, as if he was resolved not to be stopped by trifles. “Yes, my bredderen,” said he, “de good book tells us dat many came unto him taken wid divers, and he healed dem!” following with earnest and oftentimes impassioned words of appeal to the audience to forsake their sins lest they, too, might, like the people of old, be taken with *divers*—or, being so taken, might not be healed—emphasizing the warning with a fearful, imaginary picture of the terrible nature of the unknown plague called *Divers*, to which even the cholera—the only disease in all the materia medica which a plantation darkey fears—was nothing. The awful mystery of the threatened danger, even more perhaps than the pastoral unction, deeply touched the rapt auditors, and called forth many a fervent “Bress de Lord!”

Another “brudder,” whose comprehensive mind was at the time deeply impressed with the story of Zaccheus, and his all-conquering enterprise in climbing the sycamore to see over the heads of the crowd, which followed our Saviour as he passed through Jericho, conceived the thought of employing the history, in illustration of the way in which his audience should “use de means of grace,” and step out when the path was clear before them. “For, my bredderen, little Zaccheus was bound to see de Lord for sure, dough he had to climb up de tree to do it.

And how did he get up der tree? Ah! how did he get up der tree, my bredderen? Did he wait for some lazy nigger to bring him a ladder? Ah no, my bredderen! Did he wait to be boosted? Ah no, my bredderen! not a boost, ah! He climbed right straight up de tree hisself, like de possum, by his own hands and feet and de grace of God, ah!"

The state of excitement and exaltation to which their impressionable natures are so easily wrought, especially in religious matters, is manifest in their singing even more strangely than in their preaching and praying. These performances though, are, with all their grotesqueness and absurdity, often very effective and beautiful. Not seldom has it been our pleasure to listen to impromptu music, wondrously sweet and wild and weird, which, well counterfeited on the lyric stage, would bring fame and fortune. Perhaps the most remarkable of these exhibitions are those which are wont to occur on occasions of funeral solemnities, celebrated, as they generally are, in the deep night-darkness of some dense old wood, made doubly dismal by the ghostly light of the pine torches and the phantom-like figures of the scarcely visible mourners.

We pass on now to a hasty peep at the special

traits in the social life of the whites on the rice plantations, and then, with an equally brief glance at the peculiar vegetation of the region, we shall relieve your patience, good reader. The characteristic, under this head, which will first strike the stranger, and, for a while, most disagreeably, is, perhaps, the general disregard and disdain of order and comfort in the style and appointments of the residences even of the wealthiest of the people. He will wonder when he visits friends here, whose accomplished manners and refined tastes have almost shamed the elegance of his lavishly adorned drawing-rooms at the North, to find them living in the humblest of wooden, perchance of log, houses, only half finished outside, and not at all within; often carpetless even in the parlors, and seldom with any other furniture to speak of; no trace of the rich curtains, the sumptuous sofas, the gorgeous picture-frames, or of the thousand and one dainty household gods, so carefully gathered and treasured, and so great a part of the pleasure of his own home. He may be disposed at first to set this peculiarity down to the indolence and carelessness, or to the improvidence of the people, and perhaps some of it may go that way; but by-and-by he will more truly account for it by the nature and circumstances

of the case. As he begins to feel at home, to discover the new pleasures at his command, and to fall into the way and spirit of the life around him, he will feel that the wants of one social condition and climate may not be the wants of another, and very opposite one; that on the rice plantations the people "*live out of doors*;" that their very houses, ever wide open, are themselves "*out of doors*;" and, consequently, but little more cared for than are the self-caring lawns and woods around them.

When the few cold days come, and the stormy days, this provision for summer and sunshine only may prove for the moment inadequate. But then books, though not showily exposed, are forthcoming for indoor entertainment, and the best of pianos may be opened to good purpose, while your hosts, old and young, are at leisure and command to talk



GROUP OF PALMETTOES.



ENCOUNTERING AN ALLIGATOR.

with you intelligently and heartily upon any theme, from the state of the Union to the state of the crops, or to fight over again bold encounters with bear and alligator, or with the quiet adversaries of the chess and the back-gammon boards. To revive the flagging interest in these and other resources there is, as at all times, the cordial relief of the well-supplied side-board, and the very model of generous and hospitable tables.

It would seem, and so indeed it is, as a rule, that the Southern gentleman, even the most assiduous in business, labors only for occupation, or *pour passer le temps*, his daily toil being his welcome pleasure; and not, as in busier and mere money-getting communities, a painful drudgery submitted to but for the sake of a scarcely understood good beyond. He never buries the man in the business, but makes of his business itself his social enjoyment and his true life. Thus, whatever may be his engagements, he seems never to have any thing to do but to amuse himself and his family and the stranger within his gates. It is to these habits of life, in a great measure, that may be traced the certain air of gentlemanly and chivalrous character and

manner which is so characteristic even of the humbler, of the most rude and unlettered—the rough diamonds of the race. Some of this result may possibly be laid also to the circumstance of the distinction between their class and that of the blacks by whom they are surrounded, and which makes them all of a certain necessity brothers and peers, and also to the habits of command, with the consciousness of *noblesse* and its incident obligations.

The social season on the plantations is, as we have before intimated, that of the winter and spring months only—from November, or the time of early frost, to the beginning of June. During the interval all the whites are away, excepting, maybe, the overseer, who stays at his peril. We are speaking thus of the swamp lands only, not of the whole region, for the rice fields are surrounded often by belts or ridges of high sandy ground, covered with a close growth of pine; sanitary oases and safety-valves, exempt in a great degree from the dreaded malaria of the richer soils. These sandy terraces and pine barrens are places of refuge in the hot season to those whose convenience or pleasure do not lead them to the cities or to the Northern States.

They are, besides, the pleasant, permanent abode, summer and winter, of a considerable population.

The gay season begins at Christmas, which is celebrated hereabouts with much of the old poetic interest, culminates in February, and by the end of March is over and gone. After it, in April and May, come the most attractive out of door days, when all nature is decked in the full, fresh drapery of summer—the greenest of leaves, and the brightest of flowers. Loving and accustomed to equestrian exercise, the ladies have enough of pleasant and profitable out-door life; while their large households furnish ample employment, even without the generally great cares of hospitality. It is much the custom, at least on the smaller plantations, for the mistress to charge herself with the labors and responsibility of supplying the wants of the blacks as well as the whites of the family, providing them with their rations of food and their stock of clothing, and ministering to them in hours of sickness.

Immense stores of material have every season to be cut up for coats and gowns, and trowsers and shirts. Little quarrels have to be arbitrated at one moment, and little chastisements inflicted at another. Now Hannibal has broken his head, and vinegar and brown paper must be hunted up; or Lucy is going to be married, and white dresses and white cakes must, according to custom, be prepared; so that, on the whole, one way or another, black and white together, a Southern matron has no necessity, and but little opportunity, to be an idle woman.

The gentlemen are equally well provided with occupation in the care of their plantations, the entertainment of their guests, and with studies in the library and sports in the field. The swamps are full of deer, which beguile them to the chase, and the peopled waters tempt them to wander forth with hook and line. Sometimes a bear has to be looked for, and now and then the alligators require some setting down. These last uncouth gentry are by no means pleasant folk to encounter unexpectedly, though they are more apt to avoid than to seek you. Still they are given to the offensive when they dare, and often do they make short work of the unlucky hounds who stray within their precincts.

But we leave the chase, with its many other objects of interest, unmentioned, and again enter the planter's mansion. It is not, as we have said already, an edifice of extraordinary architectural pretension, even in its best estate. The superior houses are usually two-story frame buildings, with piazzas double in front and single in the rear, the outer parts of the latter often inclosed so as to form small store or sleeping apartments. These are called shed-rooms, and are very comfortable quarters. The chimneys are always built outside of the walls, and slightly detached therefrom. The whole house is elevated above the ground from six to eight feet, or even

more, upon log or brick supports, thus usefully avoiding dampness, aiding ventilation, and providing a cozy retreat oftentimes for dogs, cats, pigs, chickens, and rubbish generally. The kitchen is, in all cases, a separate building, but is occasionally connected with the main edifice by a covered passage. The houses are painted, and furnished with outside blinds, and are plastered or ceiled, or not, as it happens. In spring, when mosquitoes congregate, bright fires, one on each side of the gate, are made of the resinous pine or "light wood," to lure them from the piazzas, where the household is gathered. These fires are built on brick posts, or upon elevated wooden trays covered with earth. They give a cheerful air to the wooded surroundings, and serve to say if distant neighbors are at home or not.

The tables of the plantations are supplied much the same as those of other parts of the country, with such variations as might be expected from the little difference of latitude. Fresh meats are of course, as always in the country, less readily obtained than in the city markets; they are not, however, so much missed here with the compensating abundance of chickens and other kinds of poultry, of the many varieties of game and of oysters, crabs, and the various fish, shell and otherwise, of the sea vicinage. In lieu of the bread of the shops, there is always a provision of the delicious waffle and of kindred cakes, and all the world eats hominy, as an Irishman eats potatoes, morning, noon, and night. Then there is, of course, a liberal provision of rice—more, however, as a vegetable than as a dessert. Neither must we forget the universal and perpetual use of pig—the meat of the



A WATER OAK.

region, as the hominy, already mentioned, is the breadstuff. Pig is always present in some shape, oftentimes in half a dozen forms at once, from souse to sausage. To be bidden to a planter's "hog and hominy" is to be presented with the full, free hospitality of his home. Waiters are numerous enough, of course, though there is nothing particularly remarkable in them, except it be in the gravity of the little urchin who is occupied in swinging to and fro above your head the big feather brush, by which the mosquitoes and other winged insects are kept at bay. Meals are for the most part served at such hours as may chance to suit the engagements of the family or the pleasure of the cook.

The natural attractions of the rice district, with its unvarying flatness of surface, are to be looked for, of necessity, only in the character of its vegetation. This is varied and beautiful enough when the country is seen in the verdure of the spring and summer time, instead of in the bleak barrenness of the colder months, when strangers are most apt to view it. Still, even at this most inauspicious season the abundance of evergreens, in tree and vine, give a peculiar and charming aspect to the landscape. The soaring cypress of the swamp has then, to be sure, quite lost its graceful and gleeful crown of fringed and tasseled verdure, and its gaunt and ghostly form is wrapped, as by a winding sheet, only in the folds of the long trailing moss, "the death's banner" of the region; but its beauty is not lost, only changed, while in its close contrast with the yet vigorous life of the always verdant holly, and myrtle, and mistletoe, and magnolia, with here and there the more massive foliage of the laurel, the hemlock, and spruce, or of the live and water oaks.

Of all the trees of the South the live oak is perhaps the most remarkable, leading the arborescent beauty of the country no less universally, and even more charmingly, than the elm that of the New England landscape, and with the additional value of perpetual freshness. Its foliage falls in drooping masses, more luxuriant and more graceful than those of the elm, while its branches have the magnificent proportions and the vigorous strength of the old English oak. It is frequently of immense size, overshadowing, between its trunk and its outer limbs, space and verge enough for a mass meeting. Apart from the swamp vegetation, no tree is so richly draped as is the live oak in the festoons of the wondrous moss of the vicinage. It is often seen in solitary grandeur in the heart of the great sea-island and cotton-fields; or looking down from the crown of some sandy bluff into the floods of the quiet rivers; or protecting the cabin of the negro from the summer sun; or in great groves around the country churches and the rural cemeteries; or, most beautifully, in the grand avenues leading from the distant road-side to the planter's homestead. A hundred years or more ago there were planted on a manorial estate near the city of Savannah numerous wide avenues of live oaks, which have since interlaced their spread-

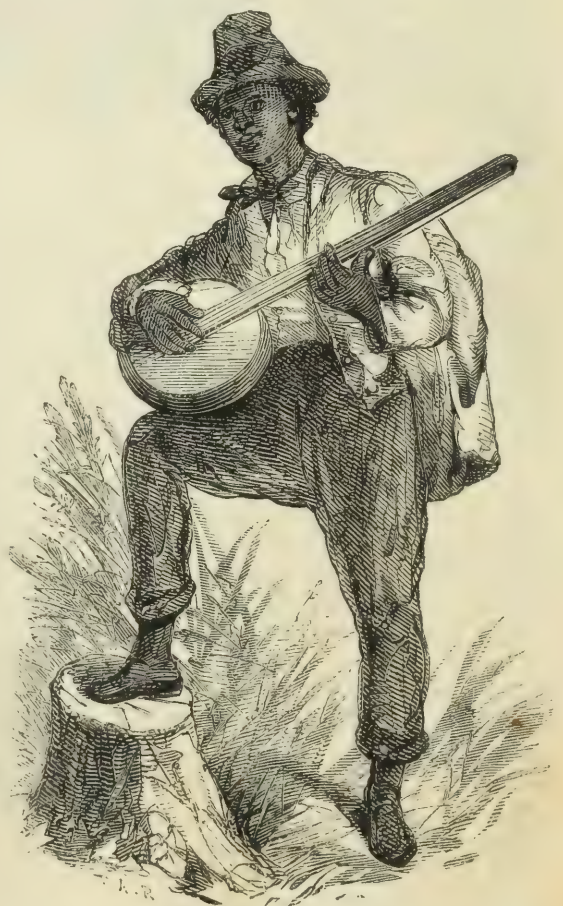
ing branches in grand Gothic looking arches, and now, in venerable and moss-covered age, cast their solemn shade upon the graves and monuments of the dead. This remarkable spot is the far-famed Bonaventure.

The water oak is scarcely less beautiful than the live oak, though essentially different in character. Its branches, beginning higher up the trunk and standing more erect, give it a taller and more sprightly air. It has the same long, narrow, waxen leaf, but of a much more brilliant hue.

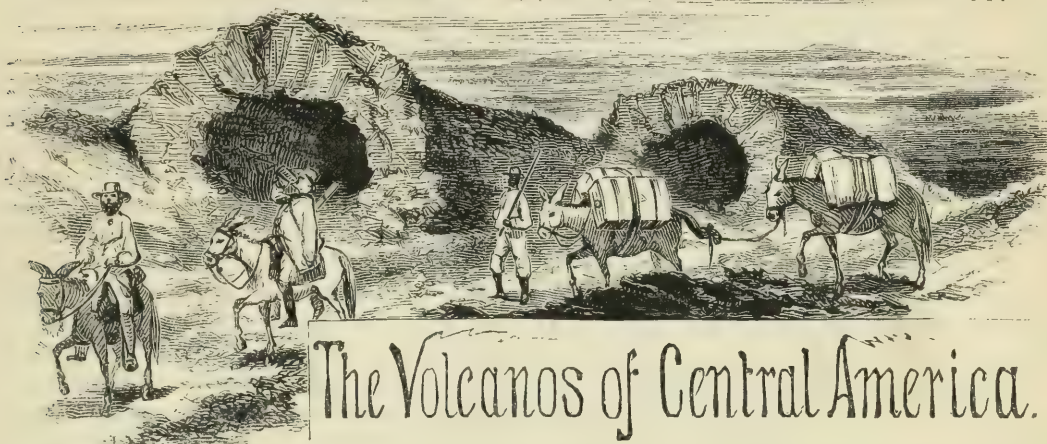
The magnolia is in size, and in the color and nature of its bark, not unlike the beech. The branches, however, are more drooping, and the foliage more scant. It can hardly be called beautiful in form, its charm lying in the size and color of the leaves, and especially in the magnificence and fragrance of its flowers.

The palmetto—which is the most unique feature in the landscape—is very abundant on the edges of the marsh lands, and may be seen in all directions, either in social or in single blessedness.

But time would fail us to paint the wonders of all the wonderful vegetation here, in the infinite variety of tree and flower and vine; so we leave you, patient reader, to pack your trunk some cold wintry day, if you dwell in the icy North, and to speed by rail or steamer to Charleston or Savannah, from whence you shall soon see for yourself all—and much more than all—which we have here chronicled of the balmy South.



A CAROLINA RICE PLANTER.



The Volcanos of Central America.

THE traveler reaching the Atlantic coast of tropical America, while he has his attention constantly arrested by new and strange forms of animal and vegetable life, is surprised to find that the earth's crust and its geological features do not differ appreciably from those with which he is familiar at home. He sees the same rocks, and the same soils; he slips on the same clay; the succession of hills, valleys, and plains is the same. But when he reaches the coast of the Pacific he finds himself in a new world. He is in a region of volcanoes, and surrounded by a thousand novel results of volcanic action. Volcanic cones form conspicuous features in almost every landscape presented to his eye: they crown the table-lands of the Andes; they lift themselves from the edges of the lakes of Central America with the regularity and symmetry of the pyramids; and they trail their banners of smoke along the horizon, over the hills and undulating plains of Mexico. Their gigantic masses, says Humboldt, constitute what here may be called the physiognomy of Nature. Nor do they determine only the character of the landscape; it is impossible not to believe that they affect also the characters of the peoples who live beneath their shadows, or within the range of their peculiar phenomena. The ocean conveys an idea of power; but not in the sense or degree with the volcano, which hurls great masses of rock, amidst fire and smoke, to the utmost range of human vision, and makes the solid earth tremble over the area of an entire province with its deep reverberations. Imagination must be wanting in the people to whom such a spectacle does not appeal with singular force, and on whose minds it does not leave a profound impression. However blind to the suggestions of Divine intelligence and wisdom in the ordinary phenomena of nature, the rising and setting of the sun, the change of seasons, and the budding and blooming of flowers, man in his lowest estate could hardly fail to recognize the existence of an Al-

mighty Power in the phenomenon of the active volcano; and may we not believe that the undeniable religious tendencies of the aboriginal inhabitants of these regions, as developed in elaborate religious systems, and governments in which a religious element predominated, were in a large part due to the influences of these great and demonstrative features of Nature, inspiring reverence and awe equally from their grandeur of form and their manifestations of power?

Although, as we have said, volcanoes are distributed along the entire Pacific coast of the continent, it is nevertheless in Central America, between the Isthmuses of Panama and Tehuantepec, that they are most numerous. The country, in the words of Stephens, "bristles with volcanic cones;" and it is a matter of regret and surprise that they have not yet been subjected to a detailed and scientific investigation. They occur in nearly a right line, extending northwest and southeast, parallel to the coast, and generally not many miles inland. Some indeed, like Coseguina and Conchagua, stand out boldly into the ocean, forming conspicuous landmarks for the mariner. On this line there are several hundred volcanic peaks and extinct craters, altogether forming a range of mountains distinct from the great primitive range of the continent, or the true Cordilleras. Between the two ranges, taking the country as a whole, is a broad valley, indicated in Nicaragua by the basin of the Nicaraguan lakes, the waters of which, originating within but fourteen miles of the Pacific, have broken through a narrow rent in the Cordilleras and found their way into the Atlantic. In Honduras this valley is represented by the Bay of Fonseca, which has penetrated through the coast range and spread itself out behind it; in San Salvador by the valley of the River Lempa—a large stream, which, after flowing for two hundred miles parallel to the sea, turns abruptly, and through a narrow pass in the same volcanic range finds its way to the Pacific.

Many of the smaller volcanic cones in this range are nameless; nor are all of those which are most conspicuous now active. Indeed there are not over ten or twelve which are called *vivo*, or alive. A number have become extinct, or have fallen into repose, since the period of the discovery of the country by the Spaniards; but, on the other hand, a number of new vents have opened, and in one instance, at least, a new volcano, as high as Vesuvius, has sprung into existence. On the whole, therefore, it seems probable that there has been no diminution of volcanic action in the country, for the past three hundred years.

The order in which the principal Central American volcanoes occur, commencing with those of Guatemala on the north, their height and present condition, are expressed in the subjoined table, which will serve as a key to the descriptions that follow:

VOLCANOES OF GUATEMALA.			FEET.
Tacana	Extinct
Tajumulco	Extinct
Sta. Maria, or Quesaltenango	Extinct
Zuntul	Extinct
Sto. Tomas	Extinct
Pochil	Extinct
Sta. Clara	Extinct
Panajachel, or Atitlan	Active	11,510	
De Agua	Extinct	14,567	
Del Fuego	Active	13,930	
Acatetenango	Active	
Pacaya (group)	Active	7,100	
Jumay	Extinct	
Morro de los Esclavos	Extinct	Est. 5,000	
Moyuta	Extinct	
Chingo	Extinct	Est. 8,000	
Mita	Extinct	Est. 5,000	

VOLCANOES OF SAN SALVADOR.			FEET.
Apeneca	Extinct	5,826	
San Juan	Extinct	
Launita	Extinct	
Aguila	Extinct	
Naranjo	Extinct	
Tamasique	Extinct	
Sta. Anna	Extinct	6,615	
Izalco	Active	4,060	
San Diego	Extinct	
Masatepeque	Extinct	
De la Isla	Extinct	
San Salvador	Extinct	7,376	
Guazapa	Extinct	Est. 5,000	
San Vicente	Extinct	7,500	
Siguatopeque	Extinct	
Tecapa	Extinct	5,200	
Usulután	Extinct	4,250	
Chinameca	Extinct	Est. 5,000	
San Miguel	Active	6,680	
Conchagua	Extinct	4,500	

VOLCANOES OF NICARAGUA.			FEET.
Coseguina	In repose	3,600	
El Viejo	In repose	6,262	
Sta. Clara	Extinct	4,700	
Las Pilas	In repose	Est. 4,000	
Telica	Extinct	3,800	
Axusco	Extinct	4,630	
Momotombo	Active	7,300	
Masaya	Active	Est. 3,000	
Momobacho	Extinct	4,600	
Ometepe	Extinct	5,200	
Madeira	Extinct	

VOLCANOES OF COSTA RICA.			FEET.
Orosi	Active	8,650	
Miravalles	Extinct	4,700	
Los Votos	Extinct	9,840	
La Vieja	Extinct	
Cartago, or Irazu	Extinct	11,400	
Turrialba	Extinct	12,500	
Blanco	Pos. not volcanic	11,740	
Rovalo	Pos. not volcanic	7,021	
Chiriqui	Pos. not volcanic	Est. 11,265	

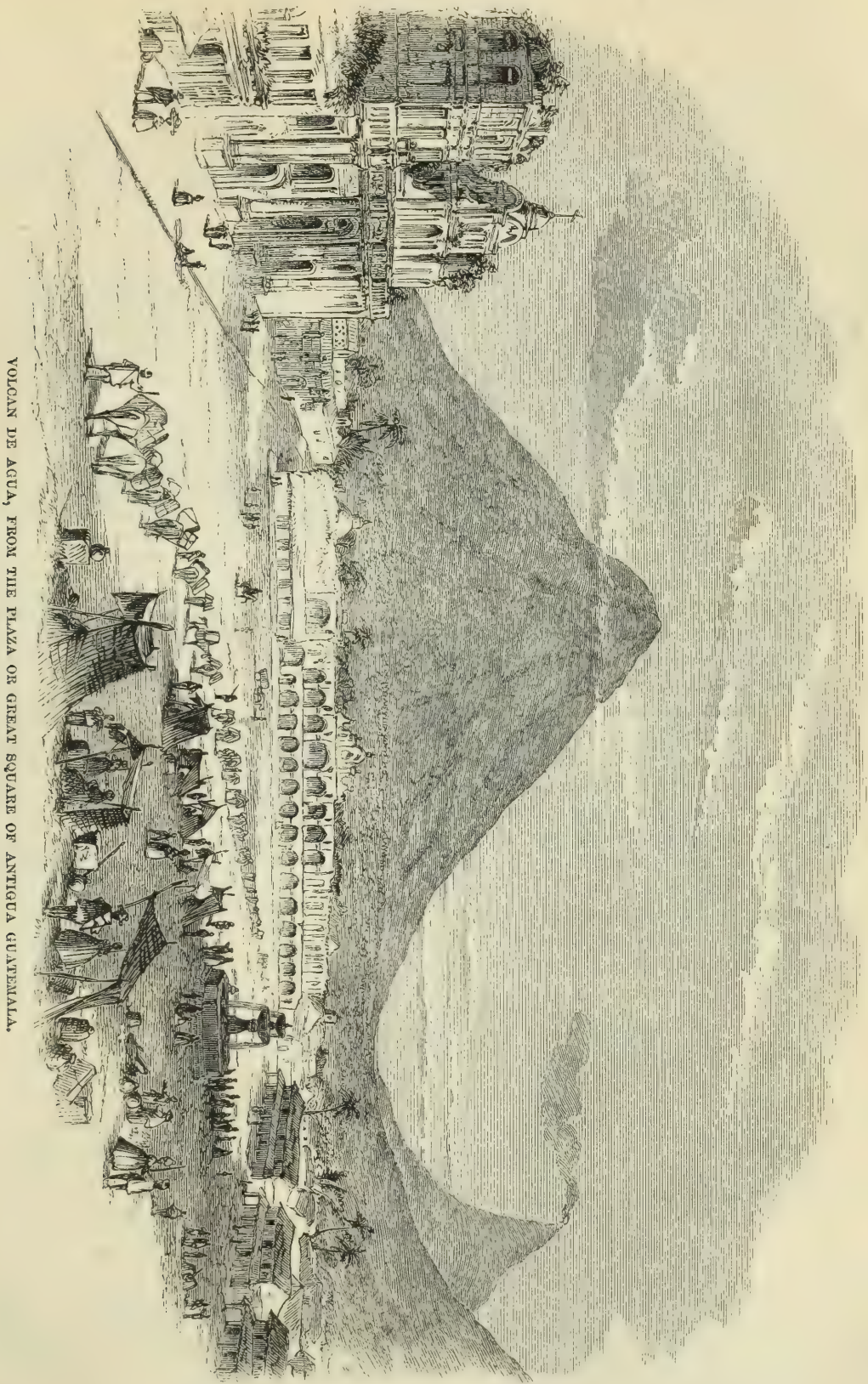
VOLCANOES OF HONDURAS.			FEET.
Sacate Grande	Extinct	2,800	
El Tigre	Extinct	3,030	

It will be seen from this table that in Guatemala the volcanic system of Central America develops its grandest forms. The Volcan de Agua is not inferior to Mont Blanc in altitude, and is rendered vastly more imposing from the circumstance that it rises sheer and isolated from the plain. Mont Blanc is a peak in a great range, seen only over the heads of other mountains, and is far from being as impressive as the Eiger, in the Valley of Grindlewald, which the eye takes in at one glance from foot to summit. The Volcan de Agua is, however, only one of the four giants which are embraced in a single view from the present capital of Guatemala. Standing on the *Cerro del Carmen*—a hill which rises to the northeast of the city, and which supports a little church, the most ancient monument of Christian architecture in the country—the eye ranges over a landscape of vast extent, in which the first object is the city with its long lines of low houses, its squares and public edifices.

All around is a denuded and monotonous plain, but directly in front is the great volcano already mentioned, flanked on the right by the sharper cone of the volcano of Fuego or Fire, and the trident-shaped peaks of the volcano of Panajachel or Atitlan. To the left is the lower but still conspicuous bulk of the volcano of Pacaya. In the dry season the outlines of all these mountains are wonderfully sharp and distinct; and being visible from every point, constitute the leading features in every landscape. But in the rainy season they are often enveloped in clouds which descend to within 4000 feet of their bases, so that their summits are not visible for weeks together.

The best view of the Volcan de Agua, however, is from the Plaza of the old city of Guatemala, better known as La Antigua. Previous to 1776 this was a magnificent town, second only to Mexico among the cities of Spanish America. It stands between the volcanoes of Agua or Water, and Del Fuego or Fire, having, according to the Spanish saying, “Paradise on one hand, and Hell on the other.” The beauty of its position, the richness of the adjacent country, and the grandeur of the surrounding scenery, have elicited the highest expressions of admiration from travelers. Mr. Stephens describes it as seated in a delightful valley, shut in by hills which always retain their verdure, watered by numerous fountains, with a climate in which neither heat nor cold predominates, and altogether surrounded by more natural beauty than any spot he had ever seen in the whole course of his travels. It is now in comparative ruin, and filled with abandoned churches, convents, and palaces; some with their fronts still standing, richly ornamented, but cracked and yawning, without doors or windows, and with trees growing inside above the walls.

The earthquake which caused their destruction



VOLCAN DE AGUA, FROM THE PLAZA OR GREAT SQUARE OF ANTIGUA GUATEMALA.

occurred in 1773, and was one of the severest on record, although probably not so violent or widespread in its effects as some which have occurred since that period. It created an alarm so profound that shortly after its occurrence the city was formally abandoned, the people removing nearly *en masse* to the present site of the capital, thirty miles distant. But this was not the first removal from a similar cause. The original city of Guatemala, founded by Alvarado, stood at the very foot of the Volcan de Agua, at a place now

called *Ciudad Vieja*, or Old City. That was destroyed soon after its establishment, in 1541. The catastrophe occurred during the celebration of the obsequies of Don Pedro Alvarado, the conqueror and governor of the country, the news of whose death had just reached the city. These obsequies, directed by the Doña Beatrice de la Cueva, the heroic wife of the conqueror, who had herself assumed the duties of governor, were of the most pompous description. While they were in progress commenced a terrible tropical rain

which lasted for three days and three nights, swelling the streams and filling with water the great crater of the volcano which dominated the city. On the night of the third day, being the 11th of September, 1541, while the storm was at its height, a dreadful earthquake took place, which broke down one of the sides of the crater of the mountain, letting loose a vast torrent of water, which, carrying before it a mingled mass of earth, rocks, and trees, swept down on the devoted city, burying six hundred of the inhabitants beneath its ruins, and among them the unfortunate Doña Beatrice herself. On the occurrence of the first shock of the earthquake she had fled to her oratory, and ascending the altar clasped the figure of Christ which surmounted it, uttering the tenderest words of supplication; and it was here that she met her fate. If we are to credit the accounts of the old chroniclers, the horrors of the night were heightened by supernatural appearances of frightful character. Devils filled the air, rising from ragged rents in the earth, and dragging down their victims with demonic glee. Fearful shapes moved among the ruins, and conspicuous among them the apparition of a giant negro, supposed to have been the Arch Fiend himself, who strode every where, implacable and unpitying, offering help to none and listening to no implorations. The sun next morning came out full and clear, revealing an unparalleled scene of devastation. The volcano, whence the flood had descended, had sustained great changes in form. Its summit had been broken away, and its sides were deeply seamed and strewn with vast rocks in greatest disorder. The site of the city was almost entirely covered by an uprooted primeval forest, the tangled trunks of which were mingled with large stones in wild confusion; the fertile fields around the city were

buried many feet deep with mud. The survivors of the catastrophe fled from the spot in terror, and established themselves at La Antigua, which, as we have seen, was itself abandoned two centuries later from a similar cause. And thus it was that the Volcan de Agua, or Water Volcano, obtained its name. It had previously borne the aboriginal designation of Hunaphu, Mountain of Verdure or of Flowers.

The Volcan de Agua is not difficult of ascent. Cattle stray to its very summit and feed on the grasses which grow in its extinct crater. And the Indians resort there regularly during the colder months to collect ice and hoar-frost, for sale to the confectioners of the capital. Mr. Leigh Page, who ascended it in 1834, has left us a record of the adventure, of which an abridgment is subjoined:

"At one o'clock P.M., on the 25th of August, we set out from Ciudad Vieja for the summit of the Volcan de Agua. At three o'clock we reached the village of Sta. Maria, beyond which we traversed a district studded with trees and covered with luxuriant grass, among which the native single dahlia was conspicuous. The path gradually became contracted and steep until we reached a part of the mountain called La Cruz, from a large cross erected there. Here we were obliged to leave our mules and proceed on foot by torch-light, scrambling through rank grass and dense undergrowth with great difficulty and fatigue. We encamped for the night by the side of a blazing fire. Early the next morning we resumed our ascent, entering the region of pines, noble trees, swaying their branches with a solemn sound to the impulses of the winds. At sunrise we saw a vast sea of clouds floating beneath us. At seven o'clock we reached the summit, and gladly descended into the crater to escape the cold and cutting winds which swept around us. This crater is a hollow space, from forty to fifty yards deep, and about one hundred and fifty in diameter. The sides and bottom are strewn with masses of rock, which show the effect of boiling water or of fire, the spaces between them being filled with bushes and trees.

"After breakfast we climbed to the highest peak of the



VOLCAN DE FUEGO, FROM THE PORT OF ISTAPA.



VOLCANO OF ATITLAN, FROM THE SEA.

mountain, from which we obtained a glorious view in every direction, embracing in its range the cities of Old and New Guatemala, the Lake of Amatitlan, the Department of Suchitepequez, and the range of volcanoes stretching away to the borders of Chiapa. To the north and east we saw the mountains of Vera Paz and Belize, and the rich State of San Salvador; while one hundred and forty miles to the northeast could be discovered the waters of the Atlantic, those of the Pacific appearing almost at our feet, although ninety miles distant. While contemplating the view, we were surprised by the appearance of two large wild oxen, which the Indians by shouting tried to frighten over into the crater. We saluted them with our pistol balls, but they nevertheless escaped. Leaving an inscription to commemorate our visit, we began our descent, each one with a cord around his waist, held by an Indian in front and another behind. After descending a certain distance flowers began to bloom on every side. I recognized the dahlia, the lupin, and a species of large poppy. We also gathered some fine strawberries."

Mr. Stephens, when he ascended the volcano in 1840, found the inscription left by Mr. Page, recounting that here, with a companion from St. Petersburg and another from Philadelphia, he had drunk a bottle of Champagne, in celebration of his visit.

The Volcan de Fuego, situated a little to the westward of that just described, but wholly separated from it, is but little inferior in height. It sends out smoke and ashes continually, and sometimes emits flame accompanied by fearful rumblings. Its summit is covered with ashes and scorïæ, and has never been reached by human foot. On the 17th of September, 1857, it broke out in active eruption, occasioning great alarm throughout the adjacent country. The eruption continued for some days, and a large quantity of lava was ejected; but beyond the damage caused to the crop of cochineal no serious injury was sustained. Viewed from the sea, this volcano presents a most imposing appearance, and, distinguished by its plume of smoke, may be seen at a vast distance. Nearly all the steamers going from Panama to California pass within sight of it. (The view in the engraving

is taken from the port of Istapa, on the Pacific, eighty miles distant.)

Hardly less remarkable than either of the foregoing is the Volcano of Panajachel or Atitlan. It is celebrated throughout all Central America for the frequency and violence of its eruptions, the last of which took place in 1828 and 1833. On both occasions it emitted vast quantities of stones and ashes, covering the coast of Suchitepequez for many leagues, and utterly destroying animal and vegetable life in its vicinity. Its explosions were terrific, accompanied by violent shocks of earthquake, which leveled every building in its neighborhood, and detached immense masses of rock from the neighboring mountains. The whole surrounding country, for a distance of thirty miles, was for fifty hours buried in profound darkness. From the sea it presents three symmetrical peaks; that in the middle, higher than the others, being the volcano proper, and in a state of constant activity. At the foot of this mountain is the Lake of Atitlan, thirty miles long by fifteen broad at its widest part, and said to exceed 1800 feet in depth. It is remarkable for the grandeur of its surrounding scenery, being shut in on every side by dark, precipitous volcanic rocks. Like the Lake of Masaya, in Nicaragua, it has no visible outlet, although it receives several considerable mountain streams. Mr. Stephens first saw it from the high, cool plains of Quesaltenango, three or four thousand feet above the level of its waters. From this elevation he looked down on its surface, "shining like a sheet of molten silver, inclosed by rocks and mountains of every form, some barren and some covered with verdure, rising from five hundred to five thousand feet in height. Opposite, down on the borders of the lake, and apparently inaccessible by land, was the town of Santiago Atitlan, situated between two immense volcanoes from eight to ten thousand feet in height. Further on was another volcano, and still beyond

another, loftier than all, with its summit buried in clouds." Mr. Stephens found several hot springs on the shore, at the edge of the lake, and proved, by actual experiment, that the traditional story of the coldness of its waters is unfounded. It has only a single variety of fish, diminutive in size, and a variety of crab, but both in abundance.

The Volcano of Pacaya, or rather the volcanoes of Pacaya, rise in a cluster around the lake of Amatitlan, six leagues to the southwest of the city of Guatemala. This lake, like that of Atitlan, is clearly of volcanic origin, but its scenery is widely different. Its shores slope gently to the water, and it is surrounded by extensive estates or plantations of cochineal. The soil is entirely made up of volcanic materials, and hot water is reached by digging near the shore, at a depth of from three to six feet. Boiling springs discharge into it from every side, and its waters have an almost unvarying temperature of 93° of Fahrenheit. One volcano of the cluster of Pacaya is called "De Tormentos"—volcano of tempests or thunders—from the circumstance of its being nearly always covered with heavy clouds of black smoke, through which gleams of fire may be seen at night. Frequent loud reports, like peals of thunder, proceed from it. It is sometimes said that it has never been ascended; but it appears that Mr. Dunlop, an English gentleman, went up in 1846. He has left us the following graphic narrative of his visit:

"We commenced the ascent from Apacaya, amidst broken and charred rocks, intermixed with cinders and lava. After two hours' hard toil, we approached the part of the mountain which is covered with smoke, when the discordant noises heard below became loud and terrific, while the ground shook as with one continued earthquake. Suddenly we were enveloped in a volume of smoke, and a cloud of ashes fell around us. Pressing forward among the cinders, which in places were so hot as to burn my shoes, and guiding myself by the flashes of flame which seemed to play about the summit, I proceeded in the direction of the loudest noises. At last a lurid glare, penetrating through the volume of smoke, and the increased vividness of the flashes of flame, accompanied by a sound like that of the roaring of an immense furnace, convinced me that I was approaching the crater of the volcano. I struggled slowly to approach it, but feeling much exhausted, sat down on a rock to recover my strength. I was almost immediately aroused by a tremendous explosion, louder than any thunder I had ever heard, and a vast lurid flame rose from the crater, the intense light of which seemed to penetrate the smoke, and illuminate the surrounding country. The ground seemed to sink below me, and I was thrown violently among the ashes, where for a time I lay half senseless, stunned with the noise and blinded with the light. When I recovered my composure I heard the smothered roar of the crater close by; the rocking of the ground had ceased, and the eruption seemed to have exhausted its force. Meantime the night had come on, and here and there a star appeared through the hot vapor and drifting smoke. I sat still for some time, bewildered, looking at the red glare of the crater, which appeared like the chimney of a huge furnace. I attempted to approach its edge, but the heat and suffocating vapors prevented my reaching within twenty or thirty yards. Aware that it would be impossible for me to descend the precipitous sides of the mountain during the night, I waited for the dawn, when, after a brisk descent of two hours, I reached the rugged plain at the foot of the Mountain of Thunders.

"This mountain, although perpetually burning, has not

had any destructive eruption since 1776, when it vomited forth an immense mass of lava and cinders, entirely destroying the village of Tres Rios, about nine miles distant, and filling up the three rivers from which it took its name. The mass of lava which flowed down its sides in many places is more than a hundred feet thick, and it still looks as bright and fresh as if only newly cooled. Las Cinezas still emits a little smoke occasionally, but there seems to be no tradition of its eruption. It is conical in form, composed of black cinders, without a trace of vegetation on its surface. It is not high, probably not elevated over 1000 feet above the general level, while Los Tormentos must be from 4000 to 5000 feet in height. The Volcan de Agua, like its namesake near old Guatemala, does not, as might be supposed, emit water. That volumes of water do occasionally descend its sides is not improbable. But this may be accounted for by supposing an extinct crater filled with water by the heavy rains, which, breaking through the scoriaceous sides, has descended in desolating torrents over the adjacent country. Such a flow of water took place about a century ago, but caused no damage beyond sweeping away a few Indian huts. The sides of Las Cinezas afford abundant evidences that such overflows have several times occurred, appearing as if a mighty river had been poured from the crater."

It would be impossible to enumerate all the convulsions of a volcanic origin to which Guatemala has been subjected. Not a year passes without earthquakes of a character more or less severe. Few of these, however, are dangerous. Indeed, except in the towns, where the danger is chiefly from falling buildings, or in the immediate neighborhood of eruptions, there is little to fear from the most violent earthquakes. The stories of the earth opening and swallowing up hundreds at a time, and of vast fissures sending out flames, must be taken with great allowances for the excited imaginations of their relaters. The old monks generally heightened their descriptions with accounts of the devils and fearful shapes which on such occasions filled the air, or busied themselves in dragging down sinners, through the rents in the earth, to the lurid depths below. Still, however well satisfied of the absence of danger, no man can experience an earthquake without an irrepressible feeling of alarm, which enables him to comprehend how it is that, during its continuance, wild beasts lose their ferocity and all animated nature is palsied with fear. Humboldt has probably hit on the *rationale* of this peculiar effect of earthquakes:

"From our earliest childhood," he observes, "we are accustomed to contrast the mobile element of water with the immobility of the soil on which we stand. All the evidences of our senses have confirmed this belief; but when suddenly the solid earth begins to shake beneath us, an unknown, mysterious natural power, of which we had no previous conception, presents itself to the mind, and in a moment the illusion of our early days—of our whole previous life—is annihilated; we feel the imagined repose of nature vanish, and that we are ourselves transported into the realm of unknown destructive forces. To man the earthquake conveys a sense of danger, of which he knows not the extent nor limit. The eruption of a volcano, the flowing stream of lava threatening his habitation, can be fled from; but in the earthquake, turn where he will, danger and destruction are around him and beneath his feet."

A Dr. Miguel Larreynaga, of Guatemala, has published a little book, "*Memoria sobre el Fuego de los Volcanos*," which does not seem to have attracted much attention abroad, but which is not without its interest, if only as one of the

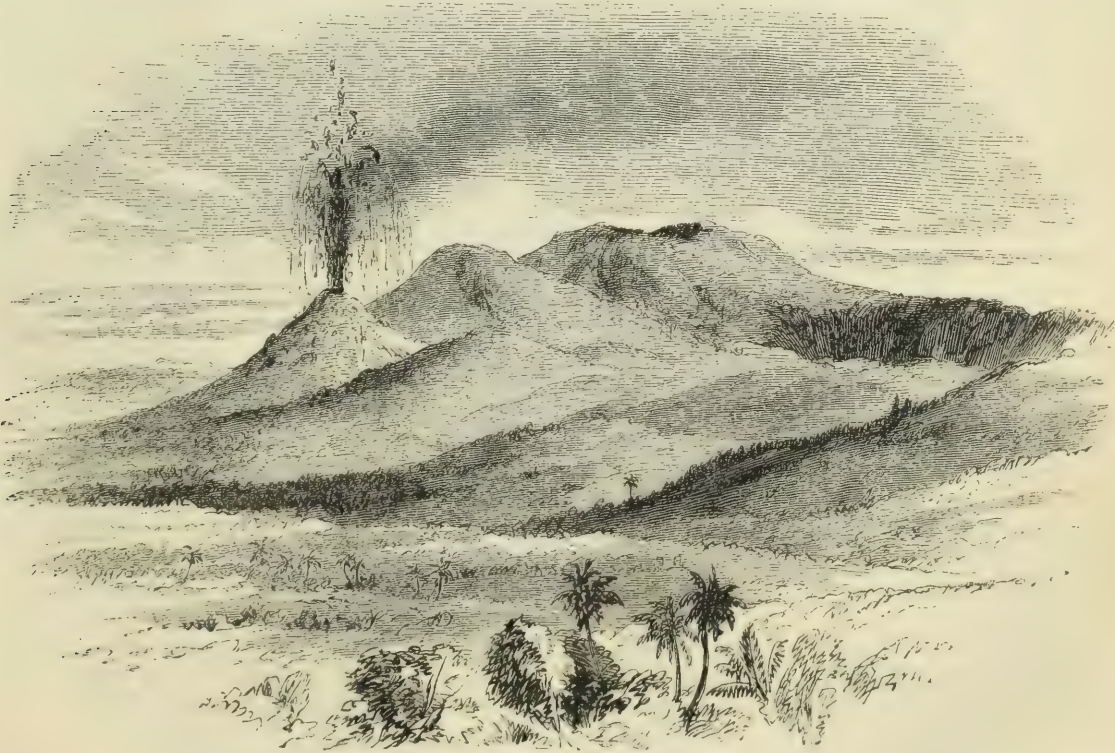
"curiosities of literature." Starting with the admitted fact that most of the volcanoes of the world are situated on or near the sea-boards of the continents, or on islands in the sea, he deduces that there is a necessary relation between the sea and volcanic phenomena. The nature of this relationship is explained by a bold hypothesis, viz. : that, under certain conditions of the sun and sea, the latter acts as a great lens, of hundreds or thousands of miles area, which concentrates the sun's rays at the bottom of the ocean, or on the shelving shores of continents, with such powerful force as to fuse them instantaneously, and cause eruptions from the very foundations of the earth, in the form of volcanic islands in the sea and volcanic mountains on the land. The Doctor then proceeds to explain the nature of the common lens :

"One of which, of the diameter of a dollar, concentrates the sun's rays sufficiently to ignite powder or burn holes in cloth. When of a larger size," he adds, "it burns green wood, or wood soaked in water, in a moment; water in a vase exposed to the focal effect boils in an instant; the most obstinate metals melt under its ardor; the hardest stones, bricks, and earths dissolve or vitrify; and the diamond itself is burned and dissipated! When we reflect that such results may be obtained from a small bit of glass of a certain figure, we can form some notion of the consequences from one of grander size—say five yards in diameter. With this we might melt the base of the Hill of Carmen, and dissipate it as if it were of straw. And if one could be made of the size of the grand Plaza, or square, a hundred and fifty yards in diameter, who could calculate its power? And then if it were five hundred yards in diameter! Might we not with this dry up the lake of Amatitlan in a moment, reducing it into a mass of vapor, which, if suddenly condensed, would overwhelm the city with its flood? With it we might melt down the Volcano of Agua itself. Regarding the convex surface of the ocean as that of a great lens, we can comprehend how, under certain angles of exposure, and under peculiar relative positions, the sea might act as a true lens, with a focal column of great length, and of a power far surpassing any thing which the human mind is capable of con-

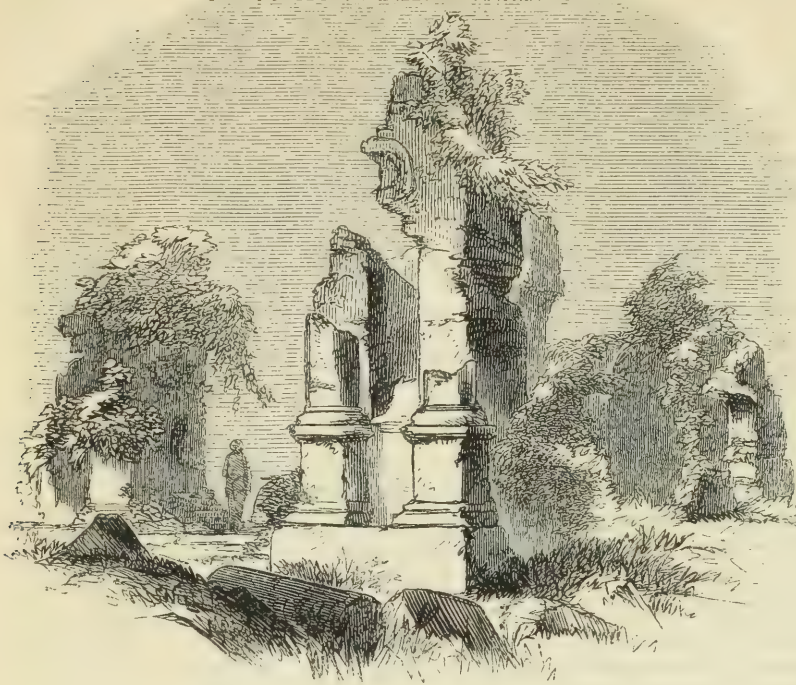
ceiving. Let the focus of this oceanic lens be formed for ever so brief a space at the bottom of the sea, and the very depths of the earth, for the whole length of the focal column, must be reduced to its elements, dissolve in gases, or rise in form of pumice or lava to the surface. This action may be extended so far in the substance of the earth as to develop itself inland, in the form of volcanoes, as we see all along the Pacific coast of North and South America. The peculiar conditions of the sun and the sea necessary to bring about this phenomenon, owing to the movement of the sun between the tropics, can only occur periodically; and it is well known that volcanic eruptions and earthquakes, both here and in Peru, occur periodically. That is to say, whenever the vast cavities caused by focal action become filled up, in whole or part, the result must be another eruption, proportioned to the amount of material on which the oceanic lens has to act. The intervening periods may therefore be long or short, and the extent and force of the focal action great or small, and yet be perfectly consistent with this hypothesis."

And thus Dr. Larreynaga accounts for the general occurrence of volcanoes on the sea-board, for the number of volcanic islands in the sea, and for the existence of volcanoes generally; and however absurd his hypothesis may appear, one thing is certain, that the mass of men will be quite as ready to accept it as that which makes the whole interior of the globe a molten mass, of which volcanoes are the breathing holes, escape pipes, or safety valves!

The little republic of San Salvador, adjoining Guatemala on the south, is the Volcanic State, *par excellence*, and has been described "as an immense arch over subterranean fires." Almost the first object which arrests the attention of the traveler in entering the State from the side of Guatemala is the remarkable Volcano of Izalco, near the city of Sonsonate. It is in a state of constant eruption, and being visible from the sea for a long distance, is known among sailors as "El Faro del Salvador"—The Light-house of San Salvador. It is, however, chiefly distinguished as having been formed within the historical pe-



VOLCANO OF IZALCO, FROM GUAYMOCO.



RUINS OF CHURCH AT IZALCO.

riod, and within the memory of men now living. In this respect, with the exception of the Volcano of Jorullo, in Mexico, it is singular and unique, and well illustrates the origin of most of the volcanoes of the country. It stands near the base of the great extinct Volcano of Santa Anna, formerly called Izalco, on what was previously to 1770 a great cattle hacienda or estate. Toward the close of 1769 the dwellers on this estate were alarmed by subterranean noises and shocks of earthquakes, which continued to increase in loudness and strength until the 23d of February following, when the earth opened about half a mile from the dwellings on the estate, sending out lava, accompanied by fire and smoke. The inhabitants fled, but the *vaqueros*, or herdsmen of the estate, who visited it daily, reported a constant increase in the smoke and flame, and that the ejection of lava was at times suspended, and vast quantities of ashes, cinders, and stones sent out instead, forming an increasing cone around the vent or crater. This process was continued for a long period, the cone rising rapidly in height from the aggregations. Finally lava ceased to flow, and the accumulations have since been entirely from the ashes and stones thrown out from the crater. It is now upward of 4000 feet in height, or nearly the altitude of Vesuvius. Its explosions occur with great regularity, at intervals of from ten to twenty minutes, with a noise like the discharge of a park of artillery, accompanied with a dense smoke and a cloud of ashes and stones, which fall on every side and add to the height of the cone. At night the cloud of smoke and ashes is lit up at the base with a lurid glow, like that which hovers over the mouth of a furnace, and is traversed in every direction by tongues of flame, supposed by the natives to be lightning. The red-hot stones

rise above all like meteors, poise themselves for a moment against the sky, and then falling, roll down the dark sides of the mountain in luminous tracks. Occasionally a little stream of lava, like molten iron, will boil over the edge of the crater, and exhibit in cooling a variety of shades and colors, only equaled in their play and beauty by those of the dying dolphin. Being in full view of the town of Sonsonate, and visible from almost every corridor, it is a source of constant interest to the inhabitants, by whom, as it is at a safe distance, it is regarded as a municipal pet, a kind of dependency on the town. The people of the Indian town of Izalco, which stands within a mile of its base, do not, however, look upon

it with great satisfaction. The throes which attended its birth occasioned much damage to their public edifices, and greatly shattered and almost threw down the large and fine church which they had erected to supply the place of one, still larger and finer, destroyed by an earthquake in 1743. The ruins of the latter, in their massiveness, and in the excellence of architecture of which they still bear ample evidence, remind one of the ruins around Rome, and may even be compared with those of the baths of Caracalla.

My first view of the Volcano of Izalco was from the town of Guaymoco, upward of twenty miles distant. It was a clear, tropical morning, just before the rising of the sun, at a moment when all objects are most distinct to the eye. The view comprehended also the entire bulk of the extinct Volcano of Santa Anna, with its various craters, as well as the great rocky cleft—perhaps itself an ancient volcanic vent—of the lake of Cuatpeque (from the Mexican words *coatl* or *cuat*, serpent, and *tepec* or *tepque*, hill or mountain). Like the lake of Atitlan, this has no outlet, and it is shut in on every side by precipices, which can be descended only at a few points by means of ladders and steps cut in the rocks. Lakes of this description are very common in the vicinity; some are not more than three hundred feet in circumference, but all are of vast depth. In several the water is impregnated with salts so as to be unfit for use, but most are sources whence the Indians of the neighboring towns draw their supplies of water.

The Volcano of Izalco seems to be, in fact, only a new vent for that of Santa Anna, which must be regarded as the mother volcano. The latter is the nucleus of a cluster similar to that of Izalco, and formed in a like manner. Among

them may be mentioned the volcanoes of San Marcellino, Naranjo, Tamasique, Aguila, San Juan, Launita, and Apaneca; the latter standing next to the mother mountain in respect of altitude, being little less than 6000 feet high. Not far from Apaneca, and in the vicinity of the town of Ahuachapan, are some remarkable thermal or hot springs, called *ausoles*. They emit a dense white steam from a semi-fluid mass of mud and water in a state of ebullition, which continually throws off large and heavy bubbles. They occupy a considerable tract of land, the largest being not less than a hundred yards in circumference. In this the water is exceedingly turbid, of a light-brown color, and boils furiously. The bubbles that rise on its surface are three and four feet high. The steam ascends in a dense white cloud, and spreads overhead so as to completely intercept the rays of the sun. The water in the other smaller caldrons varies in color, but otherwise their features are the same.

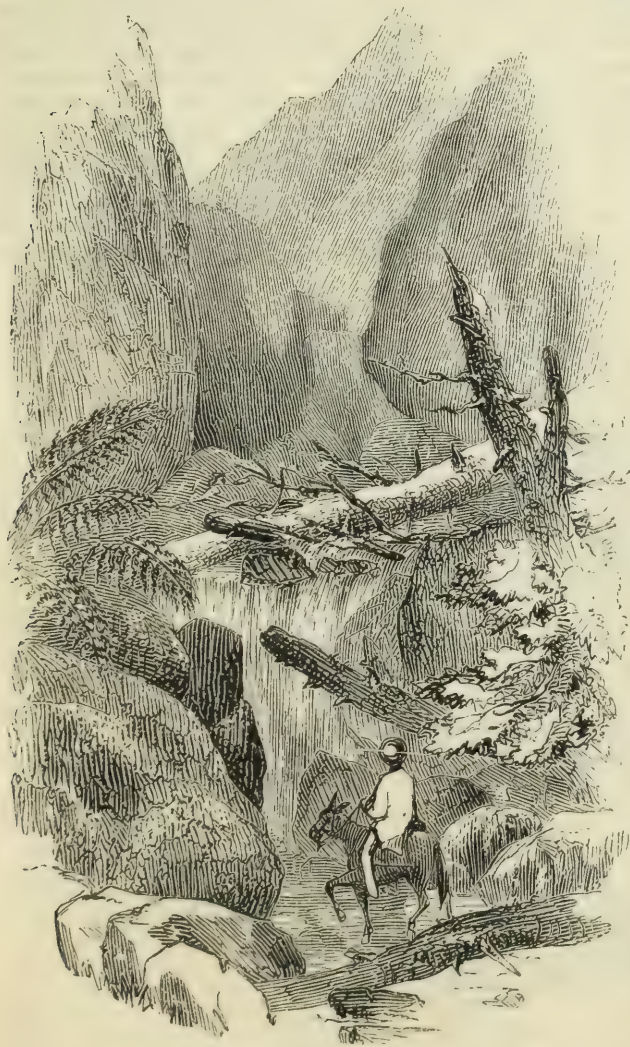


AUSOLES OF AHUACHAPAN.

The ground around all is hot, and soon becomes insupportable to the feet. In some places a little column of smoke and steam issues fiercely from a hole in the ground, while in others boiling water rushes out as forced from the mouth of an engine. All around these singular lakes the water has formed deposits of finest clay, of every variety of color, which might be made exceedingly useful and ornamental in the arts. It is probable, also, that the waters possess varying mineral qualities, which, when they become known, will secure for Ahuachapan a bathing celebrity second to no city on the continent.

It is interesting to know that these *ausoles* have undergone no perceptible change during the past three hundred years. They were described in 1576 by the Licenciado Palacio, in a MS. in the possession of the writer of this article, as yet unpublished, as follows:

“In the lands belonging to the village of Aguachapa there are two considerable ravines. In one of these, whenever the Indians open a pit or reservoir, there speedily collects thereon a kind of cream or scum, which gives as fine a color as cochineal, and with which they paint their pottery in a curious manner. I believe this to be *Bol de Armenia*, for it has the same properties. In the other ravine, in the same manner, they obtain a kind of black earth, which gives an excellent black color. I saw also, in the vicinity of this place, many wonderful springs of boiling water. They are of different origins and different colors, although close together, which is an astonishing circumstance. The Indians call the place where these springs are found Hell, and not without some reason. They are all within the space of a gun-shot across, and each makes a different noise. One imitates the sound of a fuller's mill; another, that of a forge; and a



BARRANCA OF GUABAMAL.

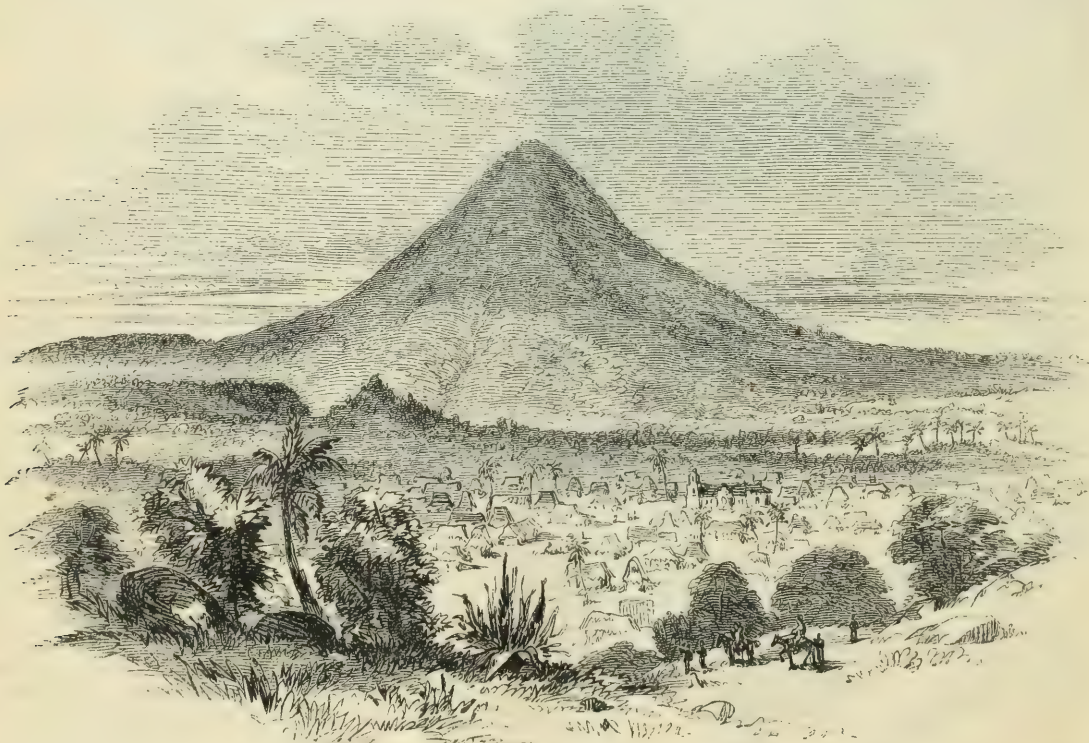
third, a man snoring. The water in some is turbid; in some, clear; and in others, red, yellow, and of various colors. They all leave deposits of corresponding colors, which, it seems to me, might serve for painting. The Indians are accustomed to place their vessels over some of these openings, and thus cook their food. Three years ago a boy was passing here, when one of his legs broke through the crust which had been formed over one of these springs, and although the limb was immediately withdrawn, it was deprived of its flesh, and only the bones remained. The boy died on the second day after. Collectively these springs form a river, called Rio Caliente, which runs under ground for a quarter of a league; but even when it reaches the surface it is so hot as to remove the skin from the feet of the man who inadvertently steps into it. Double the range of a musket-shot from these springs are others, one of which flows out of a rock fifteen feet long and nine broad, which is split in its centre, sending out with the water volumes of smoke and steam. On approaching it one hears a fearful sound, which is sometimes distinguishable at a distance of half a league. What is most astonishing is that in the forests which surround these springs there are high and large trees, and among them oaks with acorns as big as inkstands. I have the shell of one of these, which is three inches deep."

Between Sonsonate and the city of San Salvador the road passes through a deep ravine, or great volcanic cleft, known as the Barranca of Guaramal. It is traversed with difficulty, the path lying, for a great part of the way, in the bed of a stream which flows through it, over slippery rocks and rough heaps of drift-wood. The sun never reaches the bottom of the Barranca; and its cavernous aspect is heightened by the trees and bushes which crown the rocks on either hand, and in some places form a complete arch of verdure. I observed among these, when passing through the Barranca in 1853, a number of specimens of the male or tree fern, of large size and great beauty. I believe they are found nowhere else in Central America.

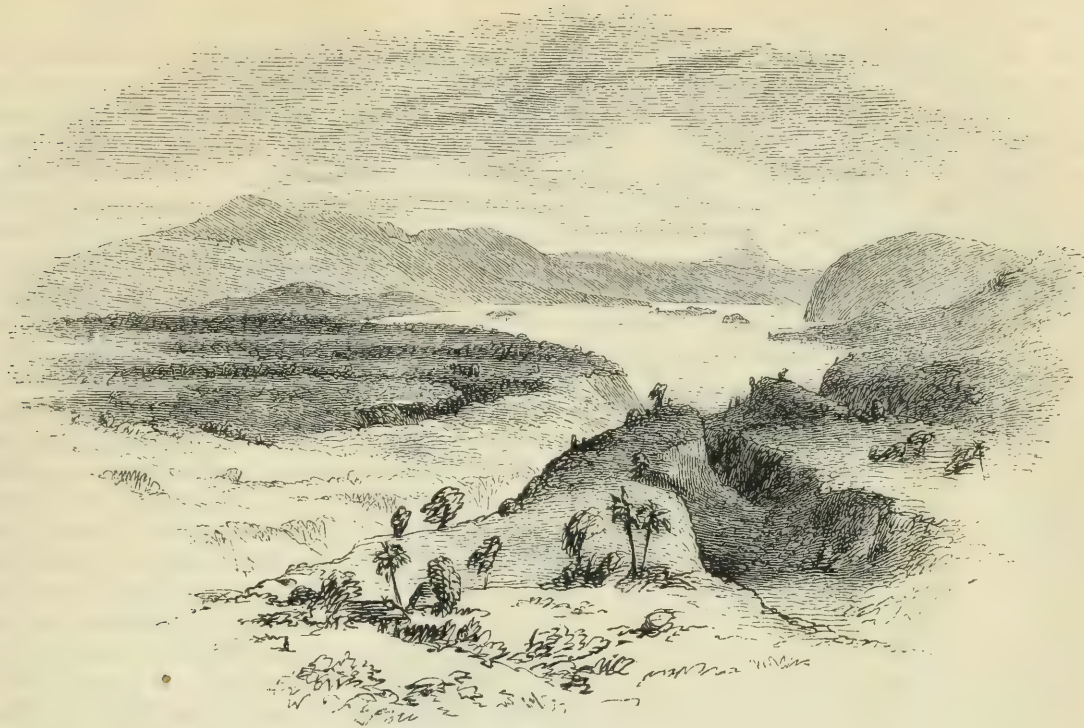
The Volcano of San Salvador is the next important one in the republic, as we follow down

the coast. The mountain proper is a broad mass, not high, but with an immense crater, which is said to be five miles in circumference, and upward of three thousand feet deep. On the eastern lip of this crater rises a tall cone, which from some points presents an outline of greatest regularity and symmetry. Its altitude is 7300 feet. At the foot of the mountain, in a broad and fertile plain made up entirely of scoriæ and volcanic *débris*, for three centuries, up to the period of its total destruction, in the month of April, 1854, stood the beautiful city of San Salvador. This event created so great an alarm and distrust, that, following the example of the people of Antigua Guatemala, the inhabitants resolved to found another capital elsewhere, at some point less exposed to volcanic convulsions. They accordingly selected the plain of Santa Tecla, ten miles distant, for the purpose; but after several years spent in endeavoring to effect the change, they have finally returned to the old site, which now (April, 1859) has again been declared the seat of government. The earthquake which destroyed the city was described as follows in a Government circular published immediately after the catastrophe, and which may be received as entirely authentic:

"The night of the 16th of April, 1854, will ever be one of sad and bitter memory for the people of Salvador. On that unfortunate night our happy and beautiful capital was made a heap of ruins. Movements of the earth were felt on Holy Thursday, preceded by sounds like the rolling of heavy artillery over pavements, and like distant thunder. The people were a little alarmed in consequence of this phenomenon, but it did not prevent them from meeting in the churches to celebrate the solemnities of the day. On Saturday all was quiet, and confidence was restored. The people of the neighborhood assembled as usual to celebrate the Passover. The night of Saturday was tranquil, as was also the whole of Sunday. The heat, it is true, was considerable, but the atmosphere was



VOLCANO OF SAN SALVADOR, FROM TONACATEPEC.



LAKE ILOPANGO, FROM JIBOA.

calm and serene. For the first three hours of the evening nothing unusual occurred; but at half past nine a severe shock of an earthquake, occurring without the preliminary noises, alarmed the whole city. Many families left their houses and made encampments in the public squares, while others prepared to pass the night in their respective court-yards.

"Finally, at ten minutes to eleven, without premonition of any kind, the earth began to heave and tremble with such fearful force that in ten seconds the entire city was prostrated. The crashing of houses and churches stunned the ears of the terrified inhabitants, while a cloud of dust from the falling ruins enveloped them in a pall of impenetrable darkness. Not a drop of water could be got to relieve the half-choked and suffocating, for the wells and fountains were filled up or made dry. The clock-tower of the Cathedral carried a great part of that edifice with it in its fall. The towers of the Church of San Francisco crushed the episcopal oratory and part of the palace. The Church of Santo Domingo was buried beneath its towers; and the College of the Assumption was entirely ruined. The new and beautiful edifice of the University was demolished. The Church of the Merced separated in the centre, and its walls fell outward to the ground. Of the private houses a few were left standing, but all were rendered uninhabitable. It is worthy of remark that the walls left standing are old ones; all those of modern construction have fallen. The public edifices of the Government and city shared the common destruction.

"The devastation was effected, as we have said, in the first ten seconds; for although the succeeding shocks were tremendous, and accompanied by fearful rumblings beneath our feet, they had comparatively trifling results, for the reason that the first had left but little for their ravages.

"Solemn and terrible was the picture presented on the dark, funereal night, of a whole people clustering in the plazas, and on their knees crying with loud voices to Heaven for mercy, or in agonizing accents calling for their children and friends, which they believed to be buried beneath the ruins! A heaven opaque and ominous; a movement of the earth rapid and unequal, causing a terror indescribable; an intense sulphurous odor filling the atmosphere, and indicating an approaching eruption of the volcano; streets filled with ruins, or overhung by threatening walls; a suffocating cloud of dust, almost rendering respiration impossible—such was the spectacle

presented by the unhappy city on that memorable and awful night!

"A hundred boys were shut up in the College, many invalids crowded the hospitals, and the barracks were full of soldiers. The sense of the catastrophe which must have befallen them gave poignancy to the first moments of reflection after the earthquake was over. It was believed that at least a fourth part of the inhabitants had been buried beneath the ruins. The members of the Government, however, hastened to ascertain, so far as practicable, the extent of the catastrophe, and to quiet the public mind. It was found that the loss of life had been much less than was supposed; and it now appears probable that the number of the killed will not exceed one hundred, and of wounded, fifty. Among the latter is the Bishop, who received a severe blow on the head; the late President, Señor Dueñas; a daughter of the President; and the wife of the Secretary of the Legislative Chambers; the latter severely.

"Fortunately, the earthquake has not been followed by rains, which gives an opportunity to disinter the public archives, as also many of the valuables contained in the dwellings of the citizens.

"The movements of the earth still continue, with strong shocks; and the people, fearing a general swallowing up of the site of the city, or that it may be buried under some sudden eruption of the volcano, are hastening away, taking with them their household gods, the sweet memories of their infancy, and their domestic animals—perhaps the only property left for the support of their families—exclaiming with Virgil, '*Nos patriæ fines et dulcia linquimus arva.*'"

It will be seen from the foregoing account that the work of devastation was accomplished in the brief space of ten seconds. Fortunately, the premonitory shock had induced the wary inhabitants to abandon their houses, and seek safety in the public squares and in the court-yards of their dwellings. Had it been otherwise the loss of life would, of necessity, have been very great.

Lake Ilopango, sometimes called Cojutepec, lying a few miles to the southeast of the city of San Salvador, is of volcanic origin, surrounded on every side by the ash-heaps of the volcano

described above—great piles of scoriæ and volcanic sand, themselves of mountain-like dimensions. It is about twelve miles long by perhaps five in greatest width. It receives no tributary streams of importance, although it has a small outlet, flowing through a deep and narrow ravine, into the Rio Jiboa, near the base of the Volcano of San Vicente. The surface of the water is not less than twelve hundred feet below the general level of the surrounding country. The depth of the lake is unquestionably very great; and as there is no remembrance of its having been sounded, the popular opinion of its being unfathomable has obtained implicit credence among the inhabitants of the surrounding country. The water of the lake is wonderfully clear, but it is not considered wholesome either for drinking or bathing, nor suitable for domestic purposes. When at rest it reflects, in the same manner as the deep sea, the azure of a generally bright sky; but when the surface is ruffled by a breeze, it has the peculiarity of assuming a green color, of that tint which the common people designate, very appropriately, *verde de perico* (parrot green). At such times it gives out a strong and disagreeable sulphurous odor, which becomes stronger as the disturbance of the lake increases. At such times, also, the fish which are found in the lake rise to the surface, and are taken in great numbers. At other times scarcely any are caught. This fishery is a source of considerable profit to the people of the surrounding towns, to whom certain portions of the shore have been reserved from time immemorial. The road from San Vicente to the capital lies along the volcanic table-land to the north of the lake, of which hundreds of picturesque views are obtained by the traveler. One of the finest is that represented in the engraving, taken from the hills of Jiboa, the regular cone of the

Volcano of San Salvador terminating the perspective.

The Volcano of San Vicente, occupying the geographical centre of the republic, has an elevation of upward of 7000 feet, and is distinguished beyond any of its fiery brethren by its remarkable regularity of outline, appearing, from some points of view, of mathematical accuracy. From base to summit it is covered with vegetation, commencing with heavy forests, succeeded by dwarfed trees and bushes, which in turn give place to hardy mountain grasses near the summit. The Indians of the numerous towns which surround it have their wheat fields and orchards on its slope, high up in the temperate zone of altitude. Numerous springs descend from the mountain and water the country around its base. They have this peculiarity: all those flowing toward the Pacific are of cold water, while those falling from the opposite declivity are thermal or sulphurous. I am not aware that the summit of San Vicente has ever been visited by persons capable of describing its features. It would nevertheless appear that it has a crater something like that of the Volcan de Agua in Guatemala, or at least grand cavities near its summit, in which water sometimes collects in such quantity as to break through their sides and pour down in an overwhelming flood. Such an eruption of water took place, after a heavy rain, on the 15th of October, 1781, which destroyed several large estates in the direction of the town of Guadalupe, laying bare the very ribs of the mountain. Had any town occupied the flank of the volcano on that side, it would have met the fate of the old city of Guatemala. A second and similar flow of water took place on the 18th of October, 1852, which inundated a large extent of country. It started at a point very near the summit, and opened an immense

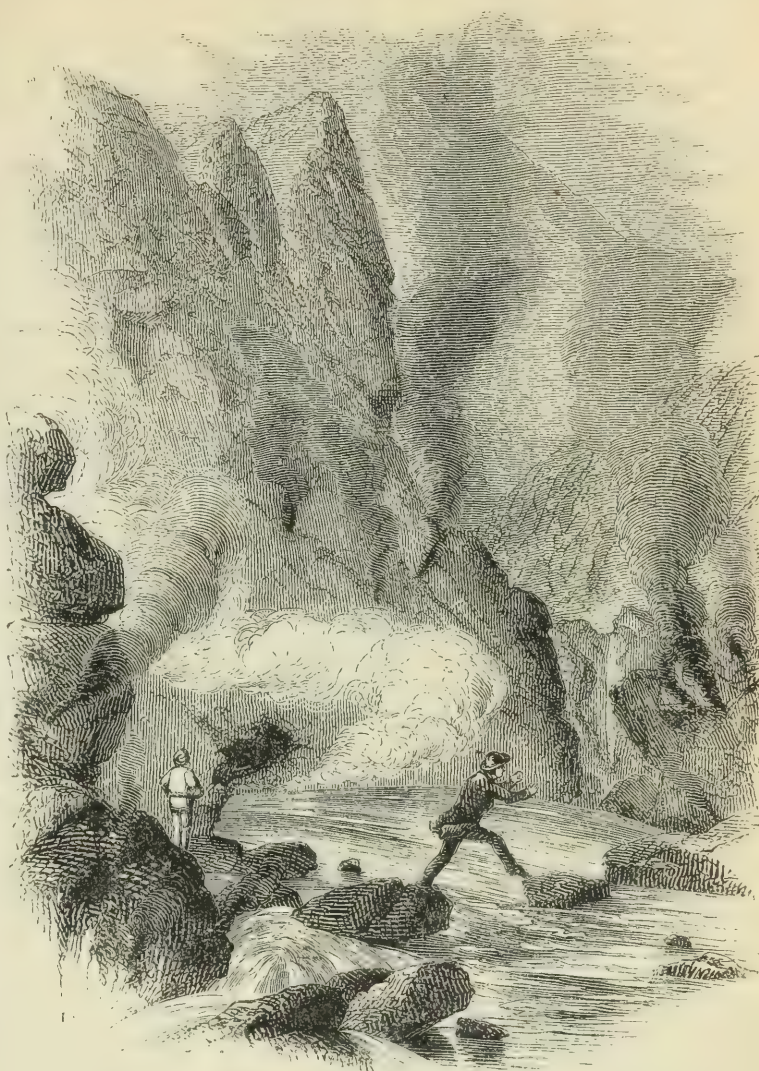


VOLCANO OF SAN VICENTE, FROM JIBOA.

ravine in its course, upward of fifty yards wide, seaming the mountain from top to bottom.

On the north side of this volcano, at the head of a considerable ravine near its base, is what is called "El Infernillo," or Little Hell. For a space of several hundred yards rills of hot water spring from the ground, which looks red and burned, and there are numerous orifices sending out spires of steam with a fierce vigor, like the escapes from the boiler of a steam-engine. The principal discharge is from an orifice thirty feet broad, opening beneath a ledge of igneous rocks, nearly on a level with the bottom of the ravine. Smoke, steam, and hot water are sent out with incredible velocity for a distance of forty yards, as if from a powerful force pump, and with a loud noise, like the roaring of a furnace in full blast. The noise, although it never ceases entirely, may nevertheless be called intermittent, rising and subsiding with the regularity of human respiration. All around are masses of salts, crystallized sulphur, and deposits of clay of almost every variety and shade of color. There is no vegetation in the vicinity, and the stream which flows from the ravine for the distance of a mile is so hot as scarcely to be endurable to the hand. This "Infernillo" is mentioned by the chroniclers of the Conquest, and seems to have remained without material change for more than three hundred years. Manufactories of sulphur might be established here of equal extent with those of Naples and Sicily.

The largest active volcano in the State, and the only one excepting Izalco, is that of San Miguel. It rises sheer from the plain to the height of nearly 7000 feet, in the form of a regular truncated cone. It emits constantly great volumes of smoke from its summit; but its eruptions have been limited, during the historical period, to the opening of vast fissures in its sides, from which have flowed currents of lava, reaching, in some instances, six or seven miles. One of these eruptions took place in 1848, and another in 1855, but neither resulted in serious damage. It is difficult to conceive a grander natural object than this volcano. Its base is shrouded in densest green, blending with the lighter hues of the grasses which succeed the forests. Above these the various colors melt imperceptibly into each other. First comes the rich umber of the scoriæ; and then the silver tint of the new-fallen ashes at the summit; and still above all, floating in heavy opalescent volumes, or rising like a plume



EL INFERNILLO OF SAN VICENTE.

to heaven, is the smoke which rolls up eternally from its incandescent depths.

The Volcano of San Miguel has not been ascended, that I am aware of, by any foreigner. The ascent was nevertheless made by Don Carlos Gutierrez, late Secretary of the Legation of San Salvador in the United States, who has communicated to me the following account of his adventure :

"We started from the city of San Miguel at five o'clock on the afternoon of the 7th of December, 1848, directing our course toward the western border of the plain, where rises the dark bulk of the volcano. At eleven o'clock at night we reached the foot of the mountain, distant four leagues from the town. Although the moon shone with extraordinary brilliancy, and the night was one of serene beauty, yet we considered it safer to take shelter in an Indian hut for the remainder of the night than trust ourselves among the fissures of the mountain in the treacherous moonlight. At four in the morning, with the earliest dawn of day, we commenced our ascent on horseback. We, however, soon found our course so much impeded by masses of lava, over which it was difficult to force the animals, that we were compelled to dismount and pursue our journey on foot. About half-way up the mountain, the dikes of lava became less frequent, and the ground more firm and open, and although quite precipitate, yet not difficult of ascent. This open belt, however, does not extend to the summit, and long before we reached it we were again driven upon the beds of sharp, rough, and unsteady lava.

"Our course now lay through a deep channel formed

between two vast currents of lava, composed of enormous crags, which, in 1844, had flowed out from fissures in the side of the volcano. We had not proceeded far between these walls of rock, when we found the scoriæ beneath our feet so yielding and unsteady that we could scarcely retain our foothold. Frequently we slid back three or four yards, thus losing in a moment the advance which it had cost us great labor to accomplish. Nevertheless, after many efforts, and through much exertion, and after having suffered several severe falls, we succeeded in reaching the throat of the mountain. Here the lava was solid, and the scoriæ firm; and though the slope was very steep and dangerous, yet we found it easier to proceed here than over the soft and yielding ashes below.

"About mid-day we reached the summit proper of the mountain, and stood on the edge of the great crater, which is surrounded by a wall of immense rocks, irregular in height, and having a circuit of a mile and a half. The area within these strange bulwarks is level; but on descending, we found, with alarm, that it was traversed in every direction by profound fissures, varying from one foot to five yards in width, from which escaped dense clouds of sulphurous smoke. About in the centre of this area was the yawning, active crater or mouth of the volcano. Our guide peremptorily refused to advance further, insisting that we were liable at any moment to sink into some one of the numerous fissures which yawned beneath the superficial crust. He added further, that in the neighborhood of the crater the gases were so pungent, and the sulphurous odor so overwhelming, that we could not escape suffocation. He enforced his warning by the story of an Indian who, a few months before, had attempted to reach the crater, and had nearly lost his life in the attempt.

"The alarm with which our guide endeavored to inspire us did not, however, get the better of our curiosity, and we determined to reach the crater. Providing ourselves with long staves, with which to test the nature of the ground, we advanced carefully and slowly. At every step the clouds of smoke became more dense, and the odor of the gases escaping from the multitudinous fissures more overpowering. Our efforts, however, were amply repaid by the sight which met our eyes when we finally reached the brink of the crater. Nothing could be grander or more magnificent.

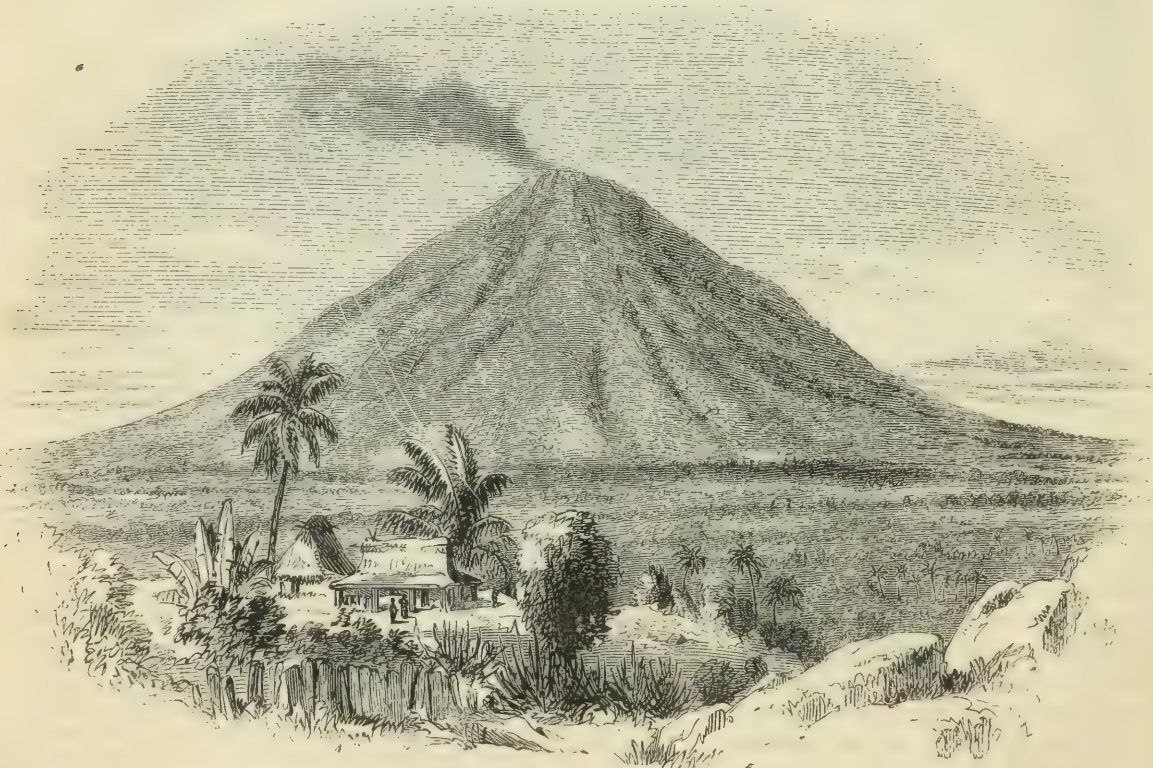
"A few months before I had seen the Volcano of Izalco, with its crown of living fire, and its flashing tongues of

flame, throwing out floods of incandescent lava; but, sublime as was the spectacle, it paled and grew tame in comparison with that before us. The crater, as before observed, is in the centre of the level area which I have described. It is of irregular width; in some places only ten or twelve yards broad; in others fifty or sixty, dividing the extinct or greater crater from side to side. The depth of this orifice or cleft is so great that the eye can not fathom it. One sees only a vast gulf of molten lava, over which plays a pale and sulphurous flame, reflected again and again from burned and blistered rocks, fantastic in shape, and capricious in position, which form the walls of the orifice. Thick whirls of smoke drifted up from all sides, so that at times I was unable to distinguish my companion, distant only a few yards. An indescribable magnetic influence or fascination seemed to rivet our eyes on the molten floods surging below us, and which, from their roar and vibrations, seemed to threaten momentarily to rise and overwhelm us, as if the volcano were on the verge of eruption.

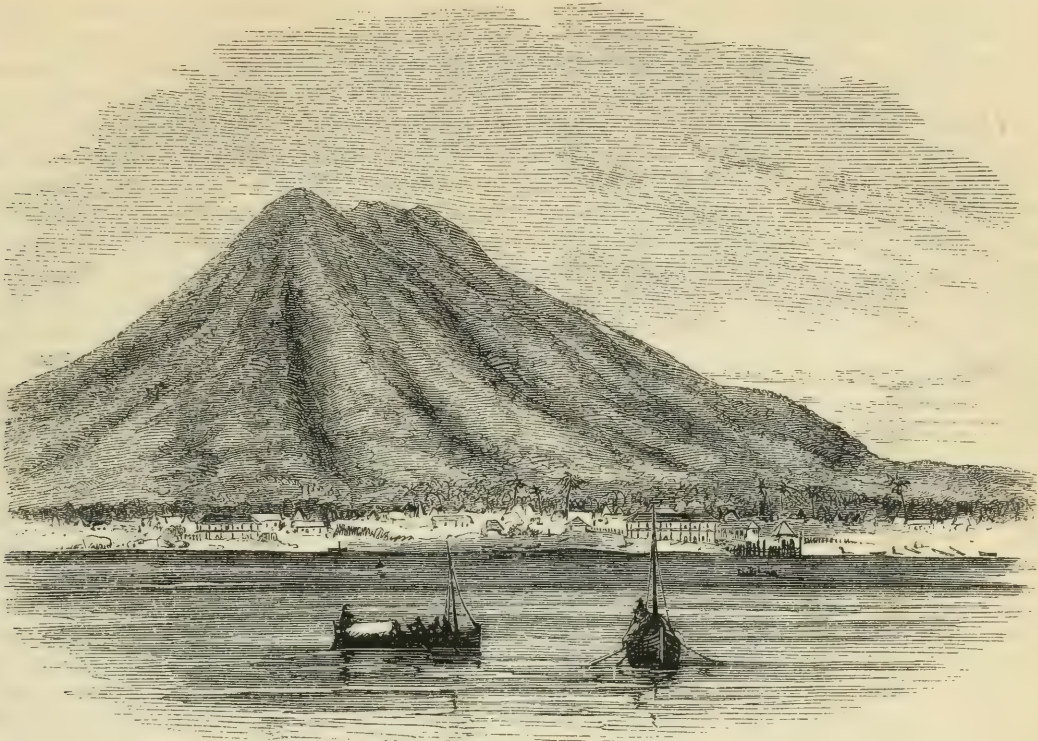
"Our contemplations of this fearful orifice were therefore brief; the smoke and odor overpowered us; and in a few moments we were forced to abandon our positions, and seek a breath of pure air at a distance. We returned rapidly to the place where we had left our guide, and casting a farewell glance over the strange area before us, commenced our descent, reaching San Miguel at six o'clock in the evening, weary and exhausted."

To the westward of the Volcano of San Miguel is a fantastic group of extinct volcanoes, with yawning craters, which give no signs of life, except in the form of three or four "Infernillos." The more important ones are Usulután, Tecapa, Jaguar, Taburette, and Chinemeca.

Terminating the volcanic range of San Salvador, and standing out boldly into the sea, at the entrance of the Bay of Fonseca, like a gigantic bulwark, is the extinct volcano of Conchagua. The ocean dashes against its rocky base on one side, and the bay of La Unión laves its feet on the other. Although not nearly so high as San Miguel, yet rising as it does from the sea-level, it gives an impression of nearly equal altitude.



VOLCANO OF SAN MIGUEL.



VOLCANO OF CONCHAGUA, FROM THE BAY OF LA UNION.

I made an ascent of this mountain in 1849, in company with the commander of the French frigate *La Sérieuse*. We started from the port of La Union at early dawn, and after passing the chaparral which surrounds the village, struck into a dark and ragged ravine, and commenced our ascent. As it grew lighter, I observed with surprise that the path we were following was broad and smooth, and we soon began to meet Indians, male and female, heavily laden with fruit, maize, and other commodities, coming down the mountain and bending their way to the port. I was greatly puzzled to account for any population in these mountain fastnesses, when the path, turning suddenly up the almost precipitous banks of the ravine, brought us into the Indian pueblo of Conchagua, distant from the port three miles. Its site is most remarkable. Here is a broad irregular shelf on the volcano's side, the top, if I may so speak, of a vast field of lava, which many ages ago flowed downward to the sea. It is covered with rocks and stones thrown together in rough and frowning heaps to make room for the dwellings of the inhabitants which are half hidden by these rude pyramids. We wound, for some minutes, through the crooked streets, and then reached the Plaza, a large area, in the centre of which stands a low, picturesque church of ancient date. We could scarcely comprehend that in a land of broad, fertile, and well-watered plains, a spot like this, rugged, sterile, and without a single fountain, should have been selected as the residence of any human being, except the most ascetic of hermits, much less of an entire community of two or three thousand souls. Nothing but purposes of protection and defense could account for the circumstance; and although a village may have existed here before the Conquest, I am disposed to credit the

tradition that a great portion of these Indians formerly lived where La Union now stands, and on the islands in the Bay, and that they fled to this secluded spot to avoid the cruelty of the buccaneers, who, after 1650, for more than half a century infested these shores. Here they seem resolved to remain, although every drop of water for their use, except what is caught from the clouds, during the rainy season, has to be brought for more than a league. The Government has offered every inducement to them, lands, exemption from taxation, and other privileges, to settle at the port, but they have steadily refused.

Beyond the village the road became more broken, and hundreds of foot-paths diverged from it in every direction. We soon came to clearings for purposes of cultivation. Wherever there were a few square yards of soil, the trees and bushes had been removed, and maize and vegetables of various kinds had been planted. There were also some considerable openings, covered with stumps and fallen trees, resembling those which the traveler encounters on our western frontier. They recalled to my mind my border rambles thousands of miles to the northward; but I listened in vain for the solitudes to echo back the clear, ringing blows of the settler's axe.

All around us were huge volcanic rocks, and we wound for two hours through labyrinthine ravines, dark with trees, constantly ascending, but yet unable to see beyond the tangled verdure of the forest. Finally, however, the trees became fewer, and at eight o'clock we had emerged beyond the forests, and now stood on the grassy, scoriaceous slope of the volcano. And although the summit seemed more distant than ever, yet our position overlooked a vast expanse of country. The bay of La Union was mapped at our

feet, and we could trace its *esteros* gleaming like silver threads through the level, green alluvions. We halted for a quarter of an hour in silent admiration, and then resumed our course, which ran along one of the bare ribs of the volcano, with deep ravines on either side. These spurs, or ribs of the mountain, are covered with long, coarse grass or *sacate*, which gives them an appearance of great smoothness; but it only conceals sharp and angular rocks, and a treacherous, scoriaceous soil. Our path was consequently more toilsome than in the forest, and our mules suffered greatly. I had given the captain his choice of animals at the start, and he had selected a large, sleek, gentle mule, leaving me a little, black *macho*, a villainously hard trotter, vicious, but tough as iron. The captain had kept ahead while we had a path, and seemed to be very comfortable; but now, when the ascent commenced in earnest, the little macho left him far behind. He spurred, and whipped, and "sacre'd" in vain; his mule finally came to a dead halt. We were now at the head of the ravines whence the cone of the volcano rose with a steep declivity, and with the regularity of the pyramids. On one side of our path, and five or six hundred feet below us, was a grove of tall and beautiful fir-trees, among which we could discern a party of Indians collecting evergreens wherewith to decorate their church during the impending Semana Santa. As we advanced we startled many deer, and numbers of them now stood, with heads elevated and ears thrown forward, contemplating us from a distance. There were also hundreds of wild turkeys, and while the captain rested his mule, I pursued a flock of them and killed two with as many discharges of my revolver; no great feat, by-the-way, for they suffered me to approach within ten yards of them.

Again we started, and now the narrow trace, rather than path, wound zigzag up the face of the mountain; so that, in riding along, we could almost lay our hands on the turn next above us. I allowed my *macho* to take his course, and he picked his way as unconcernedly as if traversing a plain. I only feared that the compacted scoriæ might give way beneath his feet, and I shuddered, as I glanced down the steep, to think what would be the inevitable result. And thus we toiled on, slowly and painfully winding up slopes which no human being could have ascended in a right line. At nine o'clock we had reached the summit of the first peak, and stood upon the edge of a great funnel-shaped depression, lined with grass, which had been one of the vents of the volcano. Its walls, on one side, had been broken down, and we could see, far below, the rough outlines of the lava current which had flowed from it into the ocean. There were a number of these vents at various points, but the crater was still above us. In half an hour we reached its edge, and wound down its rugged sides to the broad plain at its bottom. It is an immense amphitheatre walled in by precipitous cliffs. The eastern side is highest, and sustains a forest of beautiful pines; its western side is

depressed, with a spring of water at its lowest part, surrounded by a variety of trees and vines, constituting a sort of jungle, much frequented—so said our Indian guide—by wild beasts. The rest of the area was covered with grass, sere and yellow from the long drought. It was a singular spot, with no horizon except the rocky rim of the crater, and no view except overhead, where the sun shone down blindingly from a cloudless sky. We stood still, and, like the pulsations of the world's great heart, we could hear the waters of the Pacific beating at the base of the mountain. I thought of a Milton prisoned here, face to face with heaven, listening to the deep utterances of the ocean, and striking the strings of his awful lyre to the majestic measure of the sea!

Standing in this crater it was easy to conceive the nature of the eruption which destroyed Guatemala. Unless the water falling within filtered off through subterranean channels, or was absorbed in the soil, the crater would soon be converted into a lake, which, after reaching a certain height, would be certain to break down the surrounding walls and precipitate itself down the sides of the mountain; or if, in event of heavy and protracted rains, the accumulated water should not find adequate means of discharge, the same result would be almost inevitable; and it is quite within the range of possibilities that La Union may, earlier or later, share the doom of Old Guatemala.

We scrambled out of the crater, on the opposite side from where we had entered it, toward a yet higher peak of scoriæ connected with the body of the mountain by a narrow ridge. On that peak is a kind of look-out established by Government, with a flag-staff and signals, for the purpose of telegraphing to the port. This was the point we were most anxious to reach, and whence we anticipated having our finest view. It may hardly seem possible, but the narrow ridge connecting the two peaks is hardly wide enough for a mule-path; it was like riding along the peak of an old-fashioned Dutch house. I was glad when the captain dismounted, as it enabled me to do the same under pretext of keeping him company. It was nearly noon when we reached the summit of the peak; but although almost exhausted by our perhaps unnecessary exertions, we lost all sense of fatigue in the magnificence and extent of the prospect, which was bounded only by the great dividing range of the Cordilleras on one hand, and by the ocean horizon on the other. The Bay, with its islands, was revealed for its whole extent at a single glance, and it seemed as if we could almost look into the great Lake of Nicaragua, whose mountain-framed basin stretched away in illimitable perspective.

At the foot of the flag-staff was a little hut half-buried in the earth, its roof heavily loaded with stones to prevent it from being swept away by the winds. Here we found burrowing a broad-shouldered, merry Indian, who was the watcher or sentinel, and who was greatly rejoiced

to see us. He had been "observador" here for six years, and we were the only white men who had ascended during that period. He was overjoyed in being allowed to run up the American flag, which was answered from the port, and honored by a salute from the French frigate.

The peak on which we stood seems to have been made up principally from scoriæ and other materials, thrown out from the great crater, and carried here by the wind. It is a sharp cone, and the rounded summit is not more than sixty feet across. In fact there was hardly room for ourselves, the flag-staff, the hut, and the mules. At noon the thermometer marked only 68° of Fahrenheit, while at the same hour it stood at 86° at the port, a difference of 16 degrees.

We had been upward of seven hours in ascending, and after the novelty of the scene was a little over, we got inside the hut and helped ourselves to the plentiful contents of the guide's *alforgas*, and then, without intending it, both fell asleep. I was awakened by the captain, who looked pinched and chilly, and rising, found myself uncomfortably cold. We crept outside, and found that every thing had undergone a great change. Above and around us the sun was shining clearly, except when a thin rift of drizzling cloud rapidly sweeping by half hid us from each other's view. But below us there was only a heaving ocean of milky white clouds—now swelling upward to our very feet, and then sinking down so as to reveal long reaches of the bare mountain side. A current of sea air, saturated with moisture, sweeping landward, had encountered the volcano and become partially condensed in its cooler atmosphere. I asked the "observador" if this was a common occurrence, and he said that it happened almost daily; but that sometimes the wind was not strong enough to sweep the mist away, and then he had to sit here for hours, *muy triste*, very melancholy. It was then an excellent time to pray, he added, with a laugh.

In an hour the mists had dissipated, and the view was again unobstructed. Having no occasion to keep up our dignity, the captain and myself, with the aid of the observador and guide, amused ourselves by loosening rocks and starting them down the side of the cone. They went leaping down, dashing the scoriæ on all sides like spray, and when they reached the belt of forest we could see the trees bow down before them like grass before the mower's scythe.

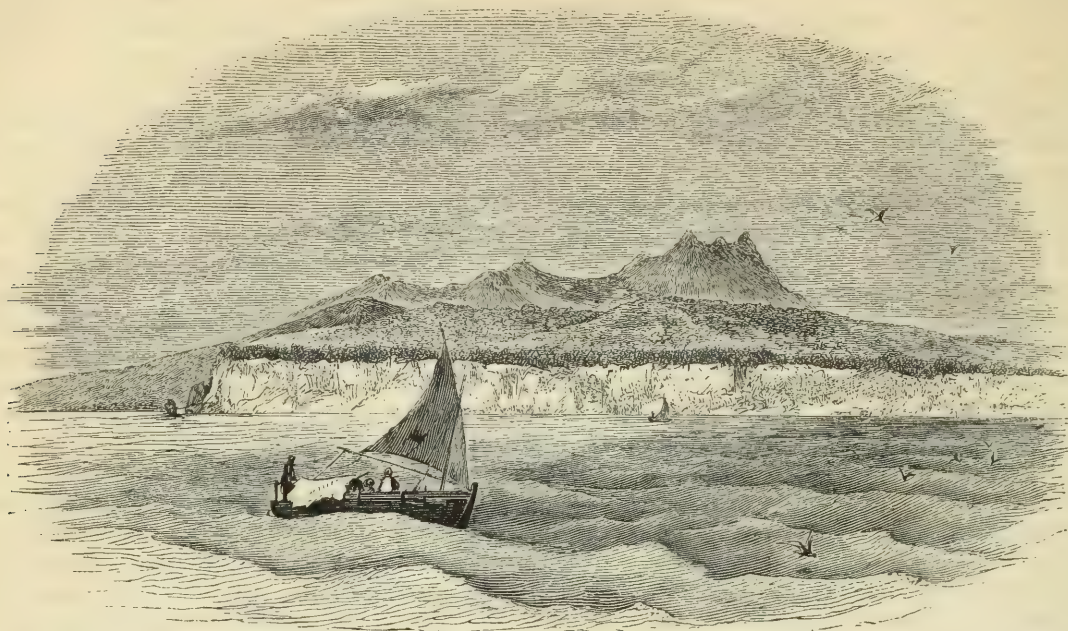
At three o'clock, the observador having volunteered to show us a better route, we started on our return. He took us by a path running laterally down the steep side of the ridge connecting the two peaks to which I have referred—so steep that we repented having undertaken it, and so narrow that turning back was impossible. In places my macho braced his feet and slid down twenty feet at a time. It was "neck or nothing." The captain was behind, but how he got along I did not stop to inquire. It was one of those occasions when every man looks out for himself. After fifteen or twenty minutes of this

kind of progress my hair was less disposed to the perpendicular, and I began to have great faith in my *macho*. I was only nervous about my saddle-girths.

In three quarters of an hour, during which we had descended nearly two thousand feet, we reached the head of one of the principal ravines which furrow the sides of the mountain. Here is a narrow shelf, on which the observador had his *hatto*, and where his family resided. Here, too, completely embowered among the trees, and flowing into a large reservoir cut by the ancients in the rock, was a copious spring called *Yololotoca*. The ground all around it was paved with flat stones, and the approaches were protected by masonry. I was surprised to learn that it is from this spring that the inhabitants of Conchagua obtain now, as they have obtained from time immemorial, a considerable part of their supply of water. It is more than half-way up the mountain, and distant fully a league from the town. While we stood beside the reservoir to allow our mules to drink, a troop of girls came toiling up a flight of steps near by. They were from the village, and had little sacks strapped over their shoulders, wherein to carry their water-jars when weary of supporting them on their heads.

After resting a few minutes we continued our descent. The path was now wider and better, but in some places—where the feet of the *aguadoras* had worn narrow steps in the rock, which the mules were obliged to follow scrupulously—it was exceedingly difficult. An occasional fallen tree obstructed our course, over which we had great trouble in forcing our mules. But after a deal of excitement, and whipping, and halloosings, half an hour before sunset we once more reached the village of Conchagua.

Immediately on the opposite side of the entrance to the bay, *vis-à-vis* to the mountain just described, is the famous Volcano of Conchagua, of which the eruption in 1835 is one of the most famous in history. It is a broad, low, rugged mountain, presenting abrupt cliffs seaward, and from every other point of view abundant evidences of the eruption—deeply-grooved ravines, hills of scoriæ, masses of disrupted rocks, and dikes of lava. On the 20th of January, of the year above named, several loud explosions were heard over a radius of a hundred leagues around this volcano, followed by the rising of an inky cloud above it, through which darted tongues of flame resembling lightning. This cloud gradually spread outward, obscuring the sun, and shedding over every thing a yellow, sickly light, and at the same time diffusing a fine sand, which rendered respiration difficult and painful. This continued for two days, the obscuration becoming more and more dense, the sand falling more thickly, and the explosions becoming louder and more frequent. On the third day the explosions reached their maximum of force, and the darkness became intense. Sand continued to fall, and people deserted their houses and sheltered themselves under tents or hid in the court-yards of



VOLCANO OF COSEGUINA, FROM THE SEA.

their houses, fearing that the roofs might give way beneath its weight. The sand fell several inches deep at Leon, the capital of Nicaragua, more than a hundred miles distant. It fell in Jamaica, Vera Cruz, and Santa Fé de Bogota, over an area nearly two thousand miles in diameter. The noise of the explosions was heard for a distance of eight hundred miles, and the Superintendent of Belize, four hundred miles distant, mustered the troops of his garrison, and manned the forts, under the belief that there was a naval action off the harbor. All nature seemed overawed; the birds deserted the air, and the wild beasts their fastnesses, crouching terror-stricken and harmless in the dwellings of men.* The people of the surrounding States, for a distance of thirty leagues, groped, dumb with horror, amidst the thick darkness, bearing heavy crosses on their shoulders, and stones on their heads, in penitential abasement and dismay. Many believed that the Day of Doom had come, and crowded with noiseless steps over a bed of ashes to the tottering churches, where, in the pauses between the explosions, the voices of the priests were heard in solemn invocation to Heaven. The strongest lights were invisible at the distance of a few feet; and, to heighten the terrors of the scene, occasional lightnings traversed the darkness, shedding a lurid glare over the terrified and shrinking groups of penitents. This continued for forty-three hours, when the shocks of earthquakes and the eruptions ceased, and a

brisk wind springing up, the obscuration gradually passed away.

It was found that for some leagues around the volcano the sand and ashes had fallen for the depth of several feet. A crater had been opened three miles in circumference, from which vast quantities of lava had flowed into the sea on one hand, and into the Bay of Fonseca on the other. The verdant sides of the mountain were now rough, burned, seamed, and covered with disrupted rocks and fields of lava. The quantity of matter ejected was incredible in amount. The sea for fifty leagues was covered with floating masses of pumice, resembling the floe-ice of the Northern Atlantic. The aspect of the mountain is now desolate beyond description. Not a trace of life appears on its parched and arid sides. Here and there are openings emitting smoke and sulphurous vapors, and in some places the ground is swampy from thermal springs. It is said that the discharge of ashes, sand, and lava, was followed by a flow of water, and the story finds some corroboration from the peculiar smoothness of some parts of the slope. The anniversary of the eruption is celebrated in the most solemn manner in Nicaragua.

It has been observed that a great eruption like that of Coseguina is often attended by similar phenomena in other and remote localities. Thus within a few weeks after the event above recorded, the whole of New Granada was convulsed, and the subterranean thunder was heard throughout the neighboring States and the entire Antilles. And the observation is further confirmed by the synchronous volcanic phenomena which have occurred within the last few months. The Volcano of Masaya, in Nicaragua, broke out in eruption on the 27th of January, of the present year; Mauna Loa, in the Sandwich Islands, on the 17th of February; and Quito was nearly destroyed by an earthquake on the 22d of March.

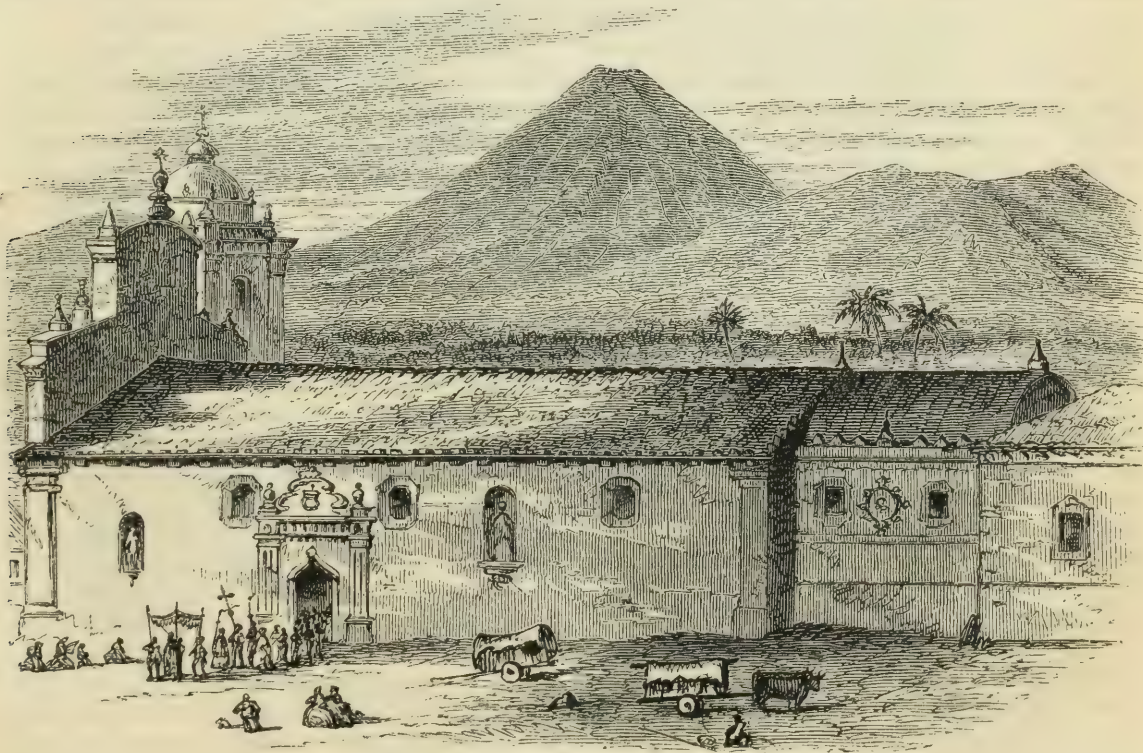
Proceeding southward, the next important

* "There were afterward found between Chinendaga and the Bay the dead bodies of thousands of animals, principally birds, which had probably been beaten down by the scorice, or suffocated by the ashy dust. And on the waters of the Bay itself were seen floating, among the pumice with which it was covered, the bodies of countless inhabitants of the sea, of all sizes, from the smallest molluscs and crustacea to the huge carcasses of sharks and alligators, who appear to have been killed by the high temperature communicated to the sea by the glowing masses of lava that flowed into it."—CARL SCHERZER.

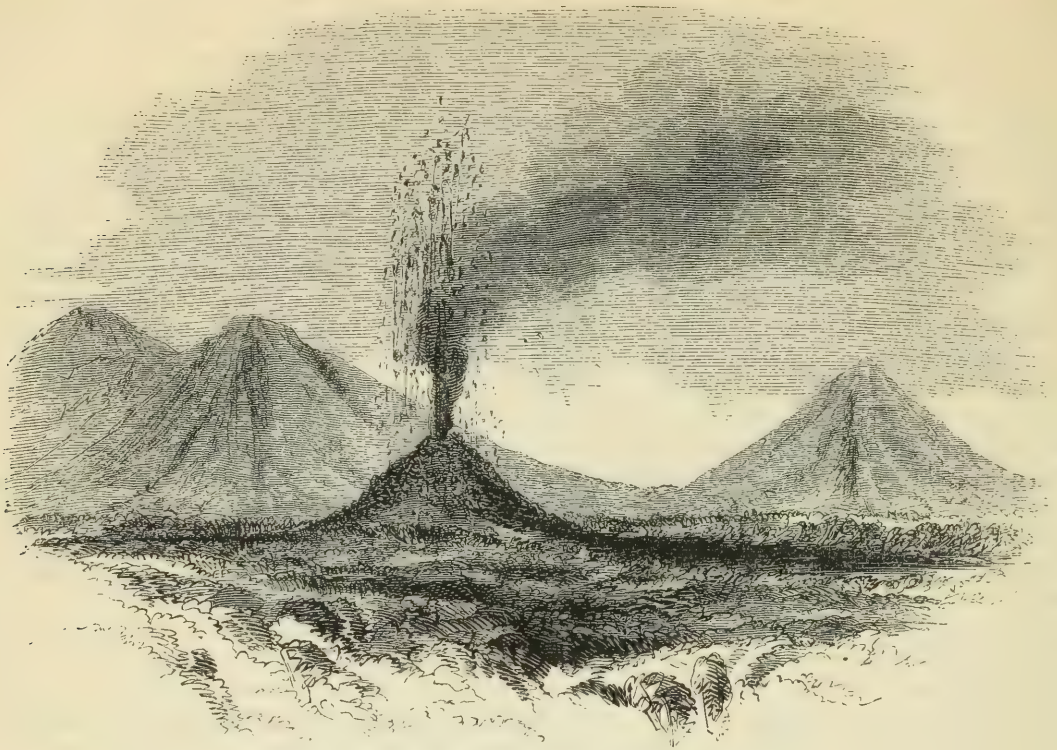
volcano is that of El Viejo, in Nicaragua, the first of a volcanic chain, or rather succession of volcanoes, extending across the plain of Leon, and terminating with that of Momotombo, which projects its base into the Lake of Managua. This chain of volcanoes was anciently called the Marabios, and are described under that name in the early chronicles. In Dampier's time El Viejo was "a vulcan, or burning mountain," but it has since become extinct. It was ascended by Captain Belcher, in 1838, who made its absolute height 5562 feet. He describes it as having three craters. The outer one is about 1500 feet in diameter, or three quarters of a mile in circuit, having the peak, or highest lip, on the western edge. Within, it is precipitous for a depth of about one hundred and fifty feet. From the inner base, at that depth, rises a cone to the height of about eighty feet, with a crater similar to the larger one, within which rises a second cone, having only a small orifice at its summit. Pines were growing luxuriantly within the great crater, and on the slopes of the inner cone. Vapors arise from numerous cracks and orifices, and there is a spring of boiling water. Dependent on El Viejo is a lower mountain—Santa Clara—which is honey-combed with craters, and covered every where with scorix and lava.

Eighteen miles distant, rising sheer from the plain, is the regular and beautiful cone of the volcano of Telica. It was ascended by Mr. Julius Fröbel, in 1850. He found the usual succession of forest, grass, and scorix, and a crater two or three hundred feet deep, surrounded by a perpendicular wall of rock, and at the bottom of the crater a level area full of orifices emitting sulphurous vapor and rills of smoke. The view from the summit was magnificent, "a splendid picture of plain and mountain, covered

with brilliant vegetation as far as the eye could reach, with here and there rich plantations and shimmering sheets of water." None of the volcanoes on the plain of Leon seem to have been "thrust up," as was the Volcano of Jorullo, elevating the strata around them; but appear to have been formed, like Izalco, by accumulations—the piling up around an orifice of eruption of the materials ejected. I was a witness of this process, in a small way, during my residence in Leon in the year 1850. On the 11th and 12th days of April, in that year, the inhabitants of the city were startled by sounds resembling thunder, which seemed to proceed from the direction of the great volcano of Momotombo, which often mutters in its unquiet slumbers, and shows symptoms of activity in addition to sending out smoke and ashes. This volcano, however, on this occasion, exhibited no unusual indications. The sounds increased in loudness and frequency on the night of the 12th, and occasional tremors were felt as far as Leon, twenty miles distant, which near the mountains were quite violent, terrifying the inhabitants. Early on the morning of Sunday, the 13th, an orifice opened near the base of the broad, extinct Volcano of Las Pilas. The throes of the earth at the time of the outburst were very severe in the vicinity, resembling, from the accounts of the natives, a series of concussions. The precise point where the opening was made might be said to be in the plain; it was, however, somewhat elevated by the lava which had ages before flowed down from the volcano, and it was through this bed of lava that the eruption took place. No people reside within some miles of the spot, consequently I am not well informed concerning the earlier phenomena exhibited by the new volcano. It seems, however, that the outburst was attended with



VOLCANO OF EL VIEJO, FROM THE CITY OF LEON.



VOLCANIC ERUPTION IN THE PLAIN OF LEON, 1850.

much flame, and that at first quantities of melted matter were ejected irregularly in every direction. Indeed this was clearly the case, as was shown on my visit to the spot some days thereafter. For a wide distance around were scattered large flakes of lava resembling freshly cast iron. This irregular discharge continued only for a few hours, and was followed by a current of lava, which flowed down the slope of the land toward the west, bearing down every thing which opposed its progress. While this flow continued, which it did for the remainder of the day, the earth was quiet, excepting only a very slight tremor, which was not felt beyond a few miles. Upon the 14th, however, the lava stopped flowing, and an entirely new mode of action followed. A series of eruptions commenced, each lasting about three minutes, succeeded by a pause of equal duration. Each eruption was accompanied by concussions of the earth (too slight, however, to be felt at Leon), attended also by an outburst of flame a hundred feet or more in height. Showers of red-hot stones were also ejected with each eruption to the height of several hundred feet. Most of these fell back into the mouth or crater, the rest falling outward and gradually building up a cone around it. By the attrition of this process the stones became more or less rounded, resembling septaria. These explosions continued uninterruptedly for seven days, and could be accurately observed from Leon in the night.

On the morning of the 22d, accompanied by Dr. J. W. Livingston, United States Consul, I set out to visit the spot. No one had ventured near it, but we had no difficulty in persuading some *vaqueros* from the hacienda of Orota to act as guides. We rode with difficulty over beds of

lava until within about a mile and a half of the place, proceeding thence on foot. In order to obtain a full view of the new volcano we ascended a high, naked ridge of scoriæ entirely overlooking it. From this point it presented the appearance of an immense kettle upturned, with a hole knocked in the bottom forming the crater. From this, upon one side, ran off the lava stream, yet fervent with heat, and sending off its tremulous radiations. The eruptions had ceased that morning, but a volume of smoke was still emitted, which the strong northeast wind swept down in a trailing current along the tree-tops.

The cone was patched over with yellow, the color of the crystallized sulphur deposited by the hot vapors passing up among the loose stones. The trees all around were stripped of their leaves, limbs, and bark, and resembled so many giant skeletons. Tempted by the quietude of the volcano, and anxious to inspect it more closely, in spite of the warnings of our guides, we descended from our position, and going to the windward, scrambled over the intervening lava beds, through patches of thorny cactuses and agaves, toward the cone. On all sides we found the flakes of melted matter which had been thrown out on the first day of the eruption, and which had mouldered themselves over whatever they fell upon. We had no difficulty in reaching the base of the cone, the wind driving off the smoke and vapors to the leeward. It was perhaps one hundred and fifty or two hundred feet high, by two hundred yards in diameter at the base, and of great regularity of outline. It was made up entirely of stones, more or less rounded, and of every size, from the weight of one pound up to five hundred. No sound was heard when we reached it except a low, rumbling noise, accompanied by a very

slight tremulous motion. Anxious to examine it more closely, and to test the truth of the popular assertion that any marked disturbance near the volcanic vents is sure to bring on an eruption, we prepared to ascend. Fearing we might find the stones too much heated near the summit, to save my hands in scrambling up, I prepared myself with two staffs as supports. The Doctor disdained such appliances and started without them. The ascent was very laborious, the stones rolling away beneath our feet, and rattling down the sides. We, however, almost succeeded in reaching the summit when the Doctor, who was a little in advance, suddenly recoiled with an exclamation of pain, having all at once reached a layer of stones so hot as to blister his hands at the first touch. We paused for a moment, and I was looking to my footing, when I was startled by an exclamation of terror from my companion, who gave simultaneously an almost superhuman leap down the side. At the same instant a strange roar almost deafened me; there seemed to be a whirl of the atmosphere, and a sinking of the mass upon which I was standing. Quick as thought I glanced upward; the heavens were black with stones, and a thousand lightnings flashed among them. All this was in an instant; and in the same instant I too was dashing down the side, reaching the bottom at the same moment with my companion, and just in time to escape the stones which fell in a rattling shower where we had stood a moment before. I need not say that in spite of thorny cactuses and rugged beds of lava we were not long in putting a respectable and safe distance between us and the flaming object of our curiosity. The eruption lasted for nearly an hour, interspersed with lulls like long breath-

ings. The noise was that of innumerable blast furnaces in full operation, and the air was filled with projected and falling stones. The subsidence was almost as sudden as the outburst; and we waited several hours in vain for another eruption. Our guides assured us that a second attempt to ascend, or any marked disturbance on the slope or in the vicinity, would be followed by an explosion; but we did not care to try the experiment.

From that period until I left Central America I am not aware that there occurred more than one eruption—on the occasion of the falling of the first considerable shower of rain, on, I think, the 27th of the month succeeding that in which the outbreak occurred. Nor have I learned that up to this time this promising young volcano has exhibited any additional active phenomena. I fear that its earlier efforts were too energetic, and that it has gone into a premature decline.

The discharges from this vent, consisting wholly of stones, may have been, and probably were, peculiar; for the volcanoes themselves and the cones surrounding them generally seem to have been made up of such stones interspersed through large quantities of ashes and scoriaceous sand alternating with beds of lava.

A few days before our visit a deputation from the *vaqueros* and others living in the vicinity of Las Pilas had visited Leon for the purpose of soliciting the Bishop to go to this place and baptize the prospective volcano in order to keep it in moderation, and make it observe the proprieties of life. I believe a partial assent was obtained from the prelate, and the city was full of rumors touching this novel ceremony which I was exceedingly curious to witness. But the early relapse into quietude dispelled the fears of



VOLCANOES OF MOMOTOMBO AND AXUSCO, FROM THE CITY OF LEON.



VOLCANO OF OMETEPEC, FROM VIRGIN BAY.

the people, and the proposed rite was never performed, much to my disappointment, as I had intended to stand as god-father, *compadre*, to the volcano. This is an old practice, and the ceremony, it is said, was performed early after the Conquest on all the volcanoes in Nicaragua, with the exception of Momotombo, which is yet among the unsanctified. The old friars who started for its summit to set up the cross there were never heard of again.

The Volcano of Momotombo, to which allusion has been made, is probably the highest of all the Nicaraguan mountains, being not less than 7000 feet in elevation. Its summit has never been reached by man. I made an attempt to ascend it, but only succeeded in passing the limit of the forest. Beyond that it is one mass of scoriæ and ashes, which yields beneath the feet and renders ascent impossible. Seen through a glass the summit seems to be pierced with a number of orifices, from which smoke is constantly emitted, and occasionally a shower of fine ashes, which covers the top of the mountain with a silvery mantle. Near the base are several *Infernillos*, like that of San Vicente; and quite at its feet, on the shores of Lake Managua, a great number of hot springs, which have covered the ground with white incrustations, so that it resembles a field of snow. The water boils up in places to the height of two feet; and around some of the springs the mineral deposits have built up little cones, with openings in their centres where the clear water bubbles as in a kettle. They appear to have changed but little since they were described by old Oviedo in 1523. He said that on approaching them he seemed "to hear the uproar of a vast number of forges in full blast; sometimes ceasing, and in a few moments commencing again. The water," he adds, "is so hot that the

Indians use it for cooking their food. Flesh is cooked in less time than it takes to repeat the *credo* twice; and as for eggs they are *done* sooner than an *ave*!"

Around many of the volcanoes—that is to say, those having visible craters—are numerous small cones of great regularity, composed of ashes, volcanic sand, and triturated stones. They seldom support any thing except a thick, coarse grass which, when green, gives them a beautiful, emerald appearance. In the dry season this color is exchanged for yellow, which in turn, after the annual burning, gives place to black. They constitute, with their changes, very singular and striking features in the Central American landscape.

There are also many places where the ground is depressed and bare, resembling honey-combed, ferruginous clay-pits, from which sulphurous vapors are constantly rising, destroying vegetation in the vicinity, but especially to the leeward, where the vapors are carried by the wind. By daylight nothing is to be seen at these places except a kind of heated atmosphere near the surface of the ground. But at night the whole is lighted up by a flickering, bluish, and ethereal flame, like that of burning spirits, which spreads at one moment over the whole surface, at the next shoots up in high spires, and then diffuses itself again in a strange, unearthly manner. This is called by the natives "*baile de los demonios*"—dance of the devils.

Beyond Momotombo occur the volcanoes of Nindiri or Masaya and Momobacho, the latter rising from the edge of Lake Nicaragua and dominating the city of Granada. Both of these have been described elsewhere, and therefore do not require to be noticed here. In 1856, however, the Volcano of Masaya, which had been

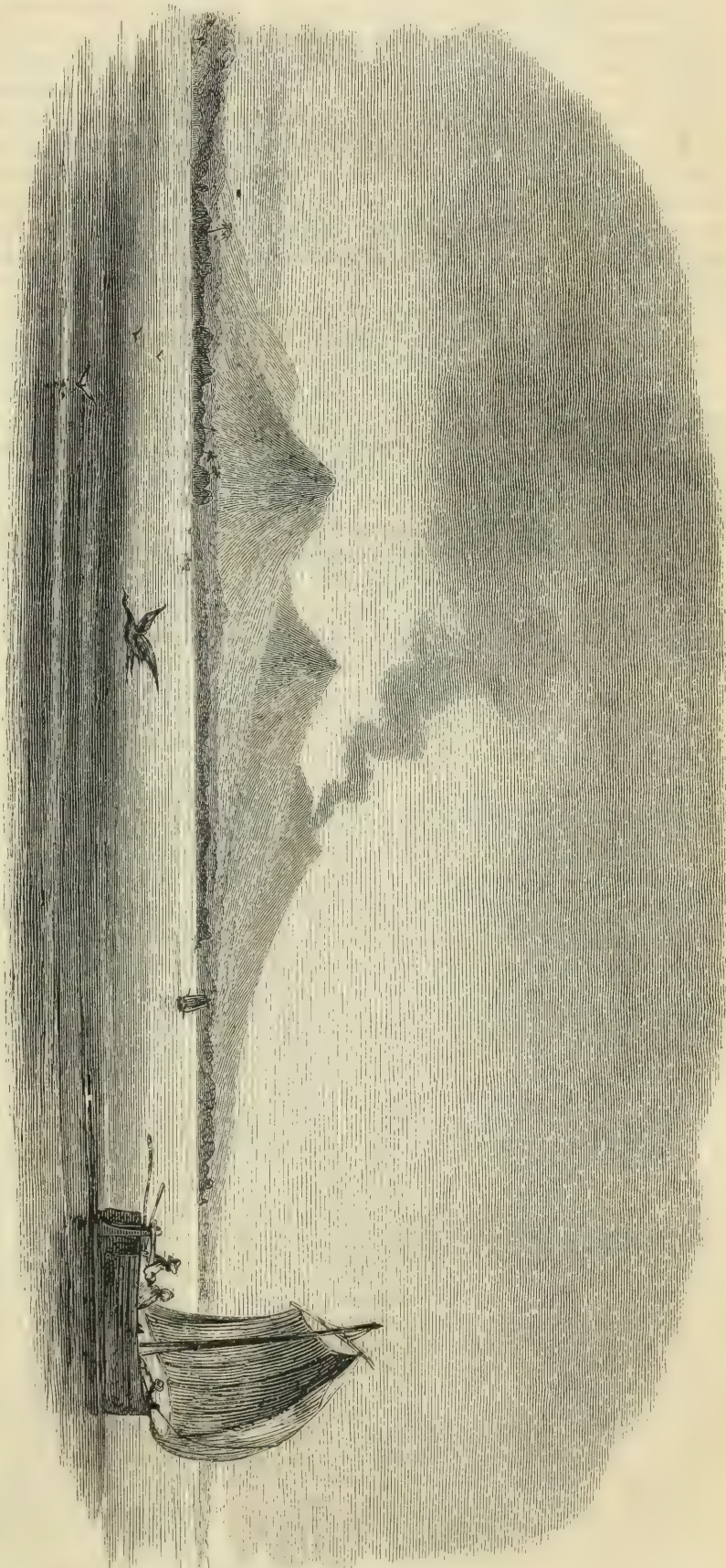
dormant for some centuries, gave signs of new activity, throwing out large volumes of smoke, which were illuminated at night, and altogether seemed as if about to resume that state of constant eruption which led the early Spaniards to call it "the Hell of Masaya." Whether these manifestations have continued or subsided is not known.* The lava fields which surround this volcano have a wider extent than those around any other in Central America. The road between Masaya to Managua lies over their bare and forbidding expanse, which can only be compared to an ocean of ink suddenly congealed in the midst

* Since this was written intelligence of a new outbreak of this volcano has reached the United States, of which the following account is given in the Official Gazette of Nicaragua of January 29, 1859:

"On the 27th inst., at one o'clock in the afternoon, the people of Masaya and Nindiri were startled by fearful subterranean thunders which directed all eyes to the volcano, whence they were supposed to proceed, and which for seven years has exhibited great uneasiness. Nor were they mistaken. An unusual cloud of dense smoke was seen to rise from the crater, which flowed off in heavy masses across the lake in the direction of the town, over which it rested, like night, for more than an hour. In the midst of this cloud were seen rising at intervals huge columns of flame, and it was traversed in every direction by fiery serpents, darting hither and thither with the velocity of lightning. At the same time a strong and suffocating odor overpowered the inhabitants, who, believing the hour of doom had come, fled wildly forth into the fields, or flocked to the churches, which resounded with their supplications to Heaven for mercy. Universal confusion prevailed. Happily for Masaya a strong northeast wind sprang up and drove the impending cloud in another direction over the uninhabited hills of Masatepec and the western flanks of the mountain, where the forests are now in a blaze under the fierce ardor of the fiery clouds which drift down upon them. The mountain seems to be on the eve of dreadful activity, the result of which remains to be known."

of a violent storm. By the roadside the traveler observes rough, hollow cylinders of lava, the moulds formed by the viscid and half-cooled lava which had wrapped itself around the trunks of fallen trees that have since rotted away, leaving their casts here forever. (See cut at head of this article.)

VOLCANO OF OROSI, FROM THE SEA.



The cones of the volcanoes of Ometepe and Madeira, which form the Island of Ometepe in Lake Nicaragua, succeed to the Volcano of Momotombo. That of Ometepe is of wonderful symmetry, and is considerably taller than its twin-brother, Madeira. Both have been ascended, and found to have craters of considerable size, but now partially filled with water. These volcanoes are the first that meet the eye of the traveler entering Nicaragua from the side of the Atlantic, and never fail to elicit expressions of surprise and admiration.

The first volcano in Costa Rica, approaching from the north, is that of Orosi. It is active, and often in eruption. It is a remarkable object from the sea, and serves as a guide to the entrances of the ports or rather bays of Santa Elena and Salinas. But by far the highest and most remarkable volcano in Costa Rica is that of Irazu or Cartago, which emulates those of Guatemala, and furnishes an appropriate terminus of the entire volcanic line on the south. From its summit both oceans are visible—in Mr. Stephens's opinion, the only point on the continent of which this is true. If, however, we are to credit Mr. Page, he saw both seas from the top of the Volcan de Agua. The old capital of Costa Rica stood pretty well up on the flank of this volcano; but in consequence of numerous destructive earthquakes a large part of the population abandoned it in 1841, and established themselves at San José, the present seat of Government. The earthquake of September 2, 1841, left but little of Cartago except a mass of ruins. Mr. Dunlop went up the mountain in 1846. He says:

"Though it continues to smoke a little it has not been in eruption within the memory of man. It has nevertheless left terrible evidences of its earlier ravages—all the country for miles round being a mass of rocks, lava, and scoræ. Sleeping at night in a small hut belonging to the *vaqueros*, about one-third of the way up the mountain, I found it bitterly cold. Snow often falls here in the month of January. Starting before sunrise I reached the top at nine o'clock. During the ascent I was kept warm by exercise; but I had not been on the top for ten minutes before my teeth were chattering with cold. The day was clear, and I succeeded in getting a view of both oceans. The view in other respects was singular and picturesque. The whole landscape below was covered with white, fleecy clouds, which moved over the ground like flocks of monster-shaped animals; while the forests and fields appeared of a dark-blue color through the frequent breaks, giving to them an appearance of motion. But while this covering envelops the low ground like a ragged mantle the volcano and all the high mountains are perfectly clear, and the sky above is of an intense blue color, without a cloud to mar its beauty. Perceiving a small spire of smoke issuing from the side of the grand crater, in my eagerness to reach it I descended without thinking of the difficulty of the reascent. After satisfying my curiosity I attempted to return, but found it impossible from the slippery nature of the ground, which is composed of ashes and cinders. There was no alternative except to descend to the bottom of the crater, and seek out another path. This, after great difficulty, suffering several falls, I succeeded in doing. In the centre of the crater is a fearful orifice some hundreds of yards in diameter. I looked into it, but could see no bottom to the yawning abyss. I rolled in some stones, which fell from rock to rock with a hollow noise until lost in the distance. The walls of the crater were of dark granite, in many places completely

melted, in others only cracked with heat. But there was no sulphur, nor any appearance of lime, clay, magnesia, or any of the metallic bases which are supposed to form volcanoes by their combustion when brought in contact with water. Having found an available path for ascent I clambered out and rejoined my guide, having spent five hours in the crater. He was anxious to learn what I had seen, and I told him that I had had a two-hours' interview with the devil, but was under obligations not to reveal the purport of our communications. He only remarked that it could well be true, considering that I was an Englishman."

Of such character are the leading volcanoes of Central America. To the student they offer the widest field of investigation and study; and to the world at large they must ever remain objects of deepest interest and curiosity. And in the rapid course of events it is not impossible that they may become, within this generation, objects of attraction to travelers, surpassing the Alps themselves, which they equal in beauty and excel in grandeur. As compared with them Vesuvius is a pigmy, and if torn up from its base its entire mass might almost be received within the craters of Irazu, Coseguina, or San Salvador.

TEA CULTURE IN THE UNITED STATES.

SEPTEMBER 25, 1661, old Gossip Pepys writes: "I did send for a cup of tea (a China drink), of which I never had drank before;" a pretty sure sign that "the cup that cheers but not inebriates" was then a great novelty, for, by hook or by crook, worthy Mr. Pepys contrived to inhale the scent of every coming fashion. In fact, in this year tea (the infusion) was first sold as a great rarity in a few coffee-houses in London, and a special act laid a duty of eightpence per gallon upon it, as well as "all coffee, sherbet, or chocolate," sold in such places. The revenue thus derived from British tea-drinkers must have been trifling; for, in 1664, when the East India Company wished to present to the King a sample of tea, they could procure but two pounds and two ounces, for which they paid at the rate of ten dollars per pound—not so dear when we consider its scarcity. Seeing a chance for profitable trade, the Company immediately began to import tea; but so slowly did the fragrant leaf gain public favor that an importation in 1678, of between 4000 and 5000 pounds, glutted the market for years. At present England consumes annually nearly seventy millions of pounds, and the United States over thirty millions.

Meantime the new beverage did not come into general use without some amusing blunders. A country lady received a pound of tea from a fashionable friend in the city, and supposing it to be a newly introduced vegetable, boiled the whole parcel, and had it served up for dinner, throwing away the liquor of course. Another supposed that the leaves were to be eaten as a dried fruit; but after giving them a fair trial in this form, acknowledged reluctantly that she could not bring herself to like them. Young ladies

were carefully instructed in the art and mystery of making tea, which was regarded as an important fashionable accomplishment, as was also the mode then practiced of making coffee. It was the rule, namely, not only to draw the coffee at table, but also to roast and grind it in presence of the assembled company. Thus, at any rate, *good* coffee was made sure of.

No sooner did tea become known in Europe than the Doctors began to ascribe to it various and potent medicinal virtues. In 1667, Pepys writes—"Home, and there find my wife making of tea, a drink which Mr. Pelling, the potticary, tells her is good for her cold and fluxions." In China, too, it seems first to have been prescribed as a medicine; and it was not until about the fifth century of the Christian era that it there came into general use as a beverage. "It tempers the spirits and harmonizes the mind, dispels lassitude and relieves fatigue, awakens thought and prevents drowsiness, refreshes the body and clears the reflective faculties"—says the learned personage Lo-yu, in a treatise on tea, which he calls the *Cha-Kin*—*Cha* being the Chinese word from which our word tea is supposed to be derived.

In China and Japan the use of tea is even more general than in England and America, for it is sold in shops and at the street-corners, and borne about in kettles by itinerant merchants, who sell small cups—without sugar or milk, as it is universally taken in the East—at a trifling price. A tea-drinking in a rich man's house is, however, a very ceremonious affair. No tea-pots are used, but a portion of leaves put in each cup and boiling water poured upon them. It would be highly indecorous to spill a drop out of the cups during the bowings which precede the drinking; and to prevent this they are but half-filled. If great style is aimed at, two or three dried blossoms of the tea shrub are thrown into the cup, and float about the clear infusion. The guests drink at many sips, and it is a point of politeness for all to empty their cups exactly at the same time, that they may put them down at once. Tea is served very hot, but it is a flagrant breach of etiquette in any one to notice this unpleasant fact. Should the weather be very warm, when the cups are emptied the master of



FIGURE 2.—THE TEA PLANT (*THEA VIRIDIS*).

the house says, "I invite you to take up your fans." But should any unlucky guest have forgotten his fan the rest of the company do not permit themselves the liberty of using theirs, for fear of hurting his feelings. Finally, after innumerable tedious acts of politeness, in which each individual aims to produce the impression that, in his own opinion, his insignificant person is by no means worthy the exalted honor of drinking with the illustrious company among whom he is infinitely surprised to be received, the signal for leave-taking is given by the highest in rank rising and saying to the host, "I have been troublesome to you a very long time"—which is probably the only true word spoken during the entertainment.

Among the Mongols and Tibetans brick tea is often used as a circulating medium; but when drunk, is boiled with milk, salt, and butter, and afterward churned till it has the consistency of a sirup, and serves thus as both food and drink. It would seem to be a disgusting mess; but an English traveler, who was forced to accustom himself to its use, reports that not only is it wholesome and extremely refreshing, but that the taste for it is soon acquired; and he became in the end so fond of it that on his return to England he persisted in using it thus prepared.

Mr. Fortune and others report that, though

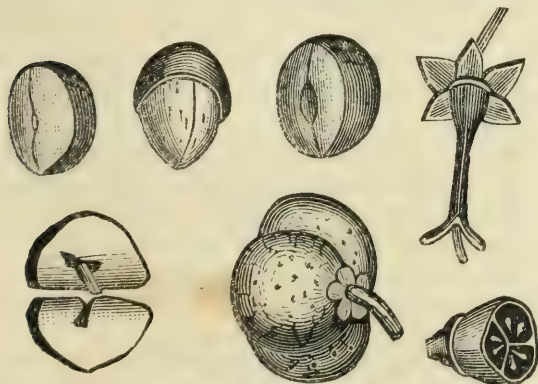


FIGURE 1.—SEED PODS OF TEA PLANT.

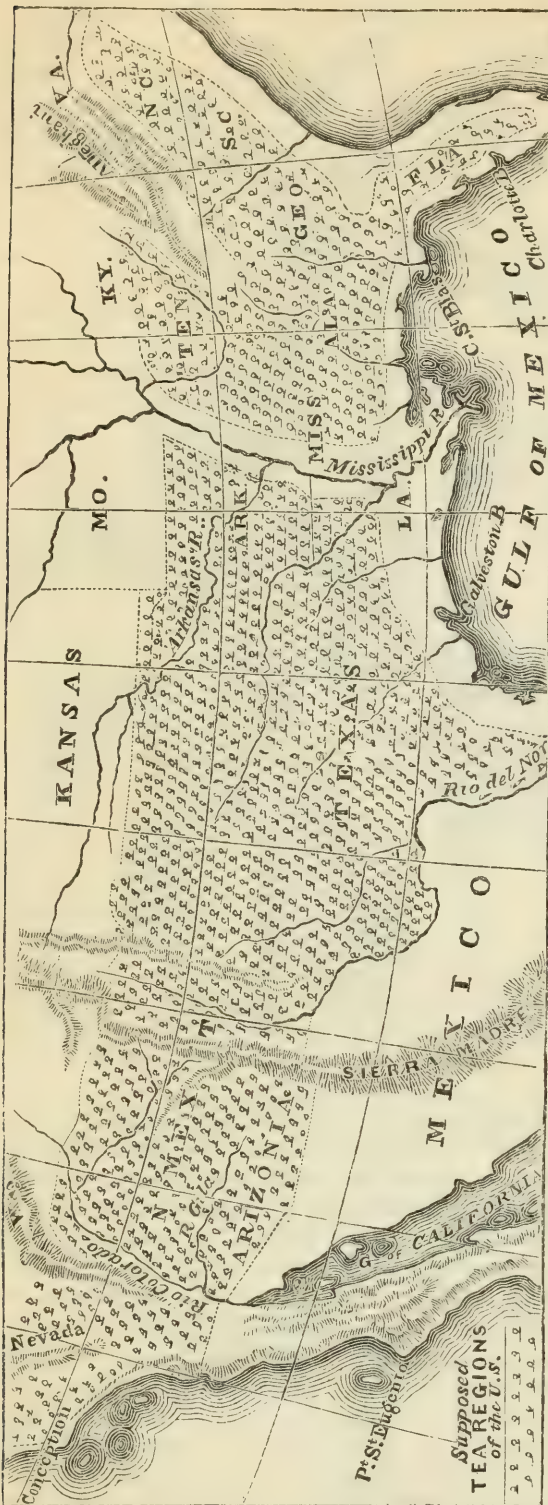


FIGURE 3.—MAP SHOWING THE TEA REGIONS OF THE UNITED STATES.

what are called the tea countries of China comprise only a limited portion of the empire, the tea plant is very generally grown, and in all parts of the country, the farmers commonly raising a sufficiency for their own use, at least. In this way, also, it is grown in Japan, where Kaempfer found it in hedges and fence corners, every where. This is probably as far as its cultivation will ever be brought in this country; but that it is possible for the farmers and planters of our Middle and Southern States profitably to grow at least their own tea, we hope to make evident before we have done with the subject.

The best teas of commerce are grown, according to Mr. Fortune, between the 27th and 31st

degrees of north latitude; but the plant is met with in China and Japan as high as latitude $36^{\circ} 30'$. In the map given herewith are indicated the portions of our country which, from likeness of climate and soil, are supposed to be favorably adapted to the culture of the tea shrub. It is now successfully grown in the elevated districts of northern India, Java, and the Brazils; and has been long known in England as a garden curiosity, perfectly hardy out doors in even severe winters. And finally, Dr. Junius Smith of Greenville, South Carolina, successfully raised it in that village and a neighboring plantation from the year 1841 to 1852. In 1851 he wrote that the plants, which had then been set out on his plantation, "grew remarkably last summer, and are now (1851) fully rooted, with fine large main and collateral roots, with an abundance of fibrous radicles. They all stood the snow, eight or nine inches deep on the level, on the 3d of January, and the severe frosts of winter, without the slightest covering or protection, without the loss of a single plant."

The tea plant is an evergreen, of the order *Columnifera*, growing, under cultivation, to the height of three to six feet, and bearing a general resemblance to the European myrtle. The blossoms are white, with yellow style and anthers, and are not unlike a small dog rose. The seeds are nut-like, incased in a shell softer than a hazel-nut, and are easily preserved. The stem is bushy, with numerous branches, and very leafy. The leaves are alternate, on short, thick, channeled footstalks, evergreen, of a longish elliptic form, with a blunt notched point, and serrated except at the base.

It was for long time supposed that the green and black teas of commerce were prepared from the leaves of different varieties of the tea plant. Mr. Fortune first made known the fact that the difference in teas arises entirely from difference in manipulation. He saw green and black teas made by the same workmen from leaves of the same plant; and states that the only reason why certain districts send to market only one kind of tea is because workmen accustomed to manipulating one kind do best with that.

The soil, in the best tea countries of China, is moderately rich, of a reddish color, mixed with sand and well drained, but not too dry. The plant does not prosper in marshy situations or on low wet lands. Otherwise it is not choice, and, to judge from the reports of scientific observers, seems to adapt itself readily to new situations.

Three years are required to get a tea plantation into successful operation. The seeds mature in October, and when gathered by the Chinese are immediately packed in sand and earth, in which they are preserved during the winter months. When the ground is fairly open in spring, they are sown thickly in a nursery bed, where they remain till the following year, when they are transplanted. They are

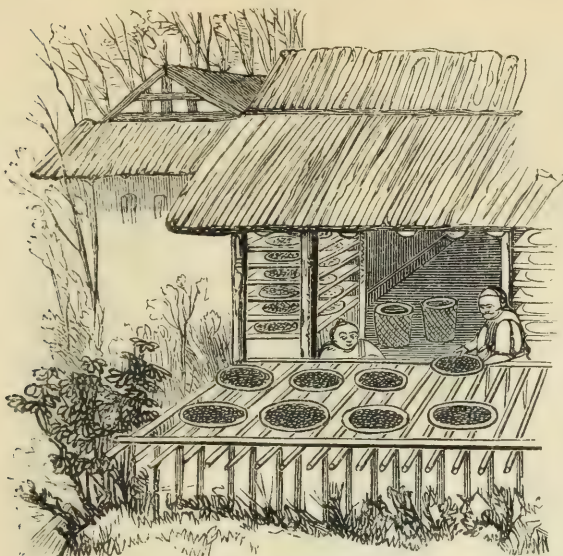


FIGURE 4.

then from nine inches to a foot in height. In the plantations they are set out in rows four feet wide, and three or four feet apart, and Mr. Fortune states that it is usual to put five or six plants in a bunch or hill. The setting out is done in early spring, that the young plants may get the benefit of the spring rains, and thus establish themselves in their new quarters, where they require thenceforth but little care, except thorough weeding. The first crop of leaves is generally taken in the third year. The leaves being the lungs of the plant, it follows that their loss is a serious drain upon its life, and the Chinese are very careful to rob only the healthiest shrubs, and to keep the entire plantation in the best possible condition. When the winters are severe the shrubs are protected with straw to prevent their splitting with the frost. A plantation lasts generally from ten to twelve years; after which it is usual to replace the old with entirely new plants, though sometimes only the old wood is cut out to make place for young suckers which shoot out plentifully. In the best managed tea districts new plantations are made each year, and thus a succession is kept up of the healthiest plants.



FIGURE 5.

So far as to culture. We come now to the gathering and manipulation. The first gathering, which is for the finest teas, takes place in early spring, when the rains cause the shrub to send forth its new foliage vigorously. This consists of the half opened leaf-buds, and is made from the 5th to the 20th of April. The expanded leaves are collected in three more periods of about two weeks each, beginning respectively about the first of May, June, and July. There is an autumnal gathering in August and September, and the coarse leaves that remain are collected in September and October, and make the common Bohea. It must be borne in mind that the plant is never entirely denuded of its leaves, and that new leaf-buds are constantly forming and opening. A Chinese MS., quoted by Mr. Ball, says of the first and finest gathering, that



FIGURE 6.

it consists of "those leaves that are partly unfolded, long like a needle, and covered with down." The leaves of the second gathering are fully opened, "thick and substantial, fragrant in smell, and sweet in flavor." Those of the third "have no fragrance, and are in color a dingy black." Those of the fourth "are of a light-green color and coarse in smell." The gathering takes place only when the weather is clear and the sun is out; and for the finest teas the pickers even wait for a continuation of fine weather, and pick only during the afternoon. Experience tells them that the sun's warmth is necessary to bring out the full flavor and best juices of the leaf. The leaves are plucked off with the forefinger and thumb, generally in pairs and with a portion of the leaf-stalk adhering; though for the very finest teas (which are never exported) the Chinese

own that they pick each leaf separately. Expert pickers are able to gather from forty to fifty-three pounds of raw leaves per day, for which they receive from twelve to eighteen cents. But the pickers are mostly women and children for whom the labor is light and pleasant. In picking, a T-shaped stool is used which is stuck in the ground, beneath the shrub, and can be easily pulled up and removed, and the leaves are thrown into a small basket suspended from the neck of the picker. 3½ lbs. of fresh leaves are reckoned to make one pound of tea; and this quantity is the average produce of ten healthy bushes. Thus a plantation of 100,000 bushes is expected to make 10,000 pounds of the tea of commerce.

The process of manipulating the leaves seems to have been unnecessarily complicated by the Chinese, who make no changes or improvements but hold religiously to the practices of their forefathers. Mr. Fortune remarks that to make *green* tea the leaves are roasted almost immediately after being gathered, and are quickly dried off after being rolled; while for black tea the leaves are allowed to lie for some time spread out in the factory, often all night, which *wilts* them thoroughly; are then tossed about till they become flaccid and soft, in which state they lie again for some time in heaps; after which they are roasted for a few minutes and rolled, and again exposed in a soft and moist state to the air for some hours, and, finally, dried slowly over a charcoal fire. From this it would seem that *green* tea is made to retain, by quick manipula-

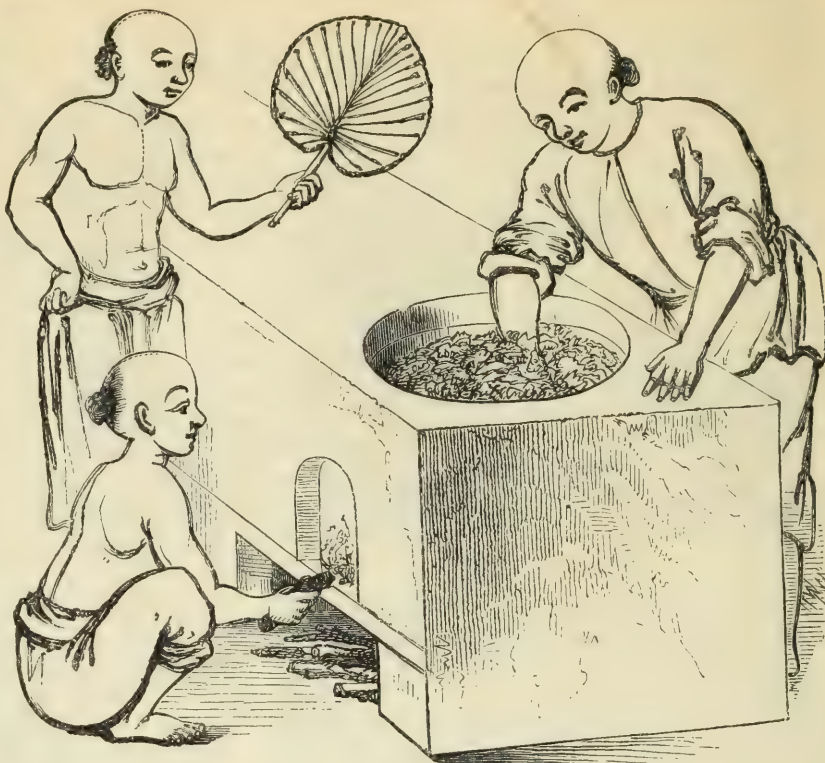


FIGURE 8.

tions, certain qualities which are not found in the milder black teas, being lost from them in the slow process of wilting.

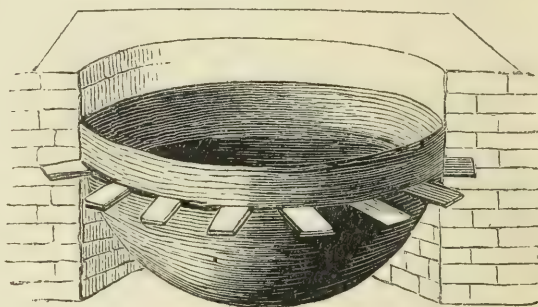


FIGURE 9.

The chief objects aimed at in the preparation of the leaf are three: to preserve a portion of the juices; to dry the leaf perfectly; and to give it such shape as shall best prevent its crumbling away in the packing and handling, which would inevitably occur were it left in its original form. These results are perfectly obtained by the Chinese methods, a knowledge of which is therefore of considerable importance to Americans who may care to devise simpler means for the same ends. The Chinese have represented the various stages of the process of tea-making very accurately; and we illustrate the following detailed description by copies from Chinese sketches, which have



FIGURE 7.

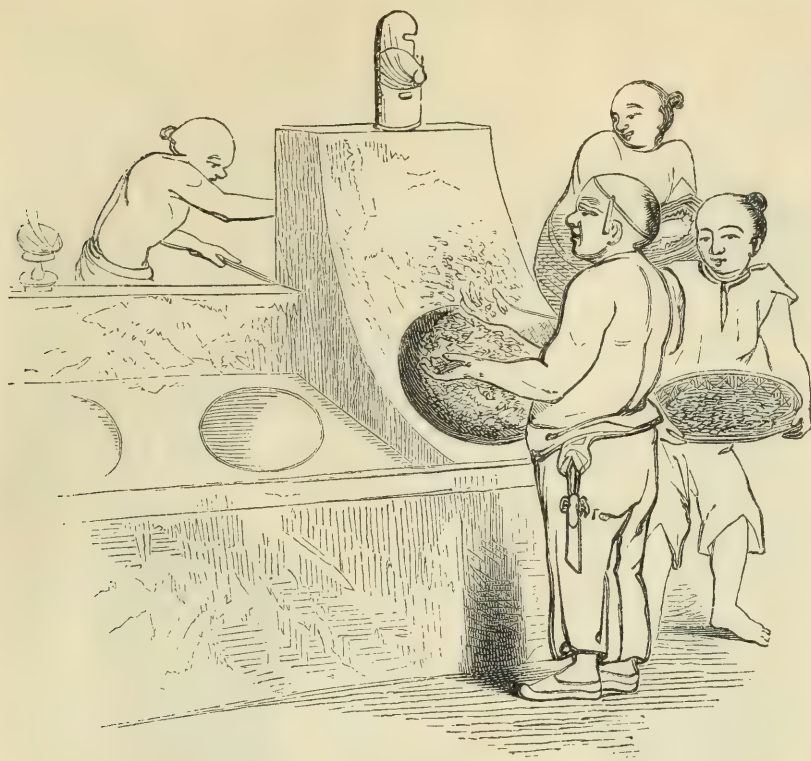


FIGURE 10.

been verified by Mr. Fortune, Mr. Ball, and other travelers.

To begin with the manufacture of the various kinds of black tea. When the leaves are gathered they are first spread five or six inches deep on bamboo trays placed where the sun and air may get at them (see Figure 4). Here they continue from noon till six o'clock, by which time they give out a fragrant smell. Should the leaves be gathered during wet weather, when they are surcharged with sap, they are not only exposed longer to the air, but even dried by fire, on stages beneath which are placed earthen chafing-dishes for charcoal fires (Figure 5). This done they are thrown together in a large basket, and here tossed about, thrown in the air, and compressed by the arms, for a considerable time, till they emit a sensible fragrance (Figure 6). They are now taken to the stove (Figure 14) and roasted. The roaster is a pan 2 feet 4 inches in diameter and 7 $\frac{3}{4}$ inches deep, and is heated much above the boiling point. In the agitations of the leaves at this stage the object is to dry them without permitting them to burn, and to give them, by a circular motion of the hand, a certain twist, which is perfected in the operation of rolling. To this purpose they are frequently tossed up, to let the steam dissipate, and again rubbed across the bottom of the pan and turned in the hand, in

a bunch, that all may be equally exposed, and none stick and burn in the centre or hottest part of the pan. It is remarked that the leaves lose their fragrance when first thrown into the roasting pan, and acquire a rank, vegetable smell. After the evaporation of some of their abundant juices, however, they become fragrant again, and flaccid; and this is a sign that they are ready for *rolling*, which is done immediately. Each roller has before him a bamboo mat (Figure 7), on which he places as many leaves as he can cover with his two hands. These he now keeps compactly together, to squeeze out the juices, and rolls from right to left, by which motion he gives each individual leaf a twist

upon itself which it retains, and which keeps it intact when more thoroughly dried.

After rolling, the leaves are thinly shaken out on sieves or trays, and exposed to the sun and air for several hours; then again roasted, but quicker, and by a milder fire. The second roasting oven is shown in our Figure 10. After being a second time rolled, they are finally shaken down upon a sieve, fixed midway in a tubular basket (Figure 13), and placed over a charcoal fire, to the fumes of which they are exposed for

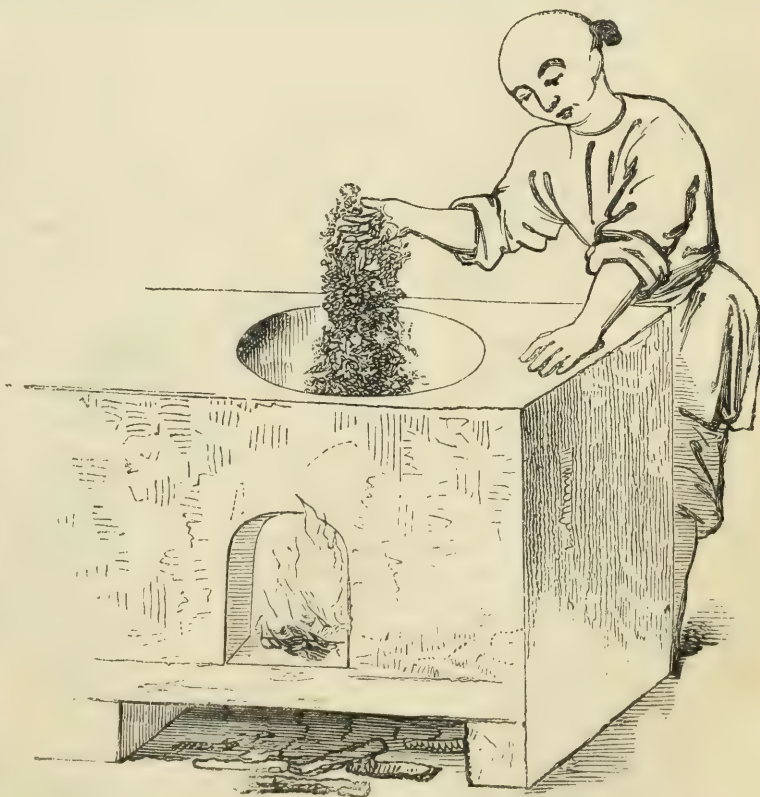


FIGURE 11.

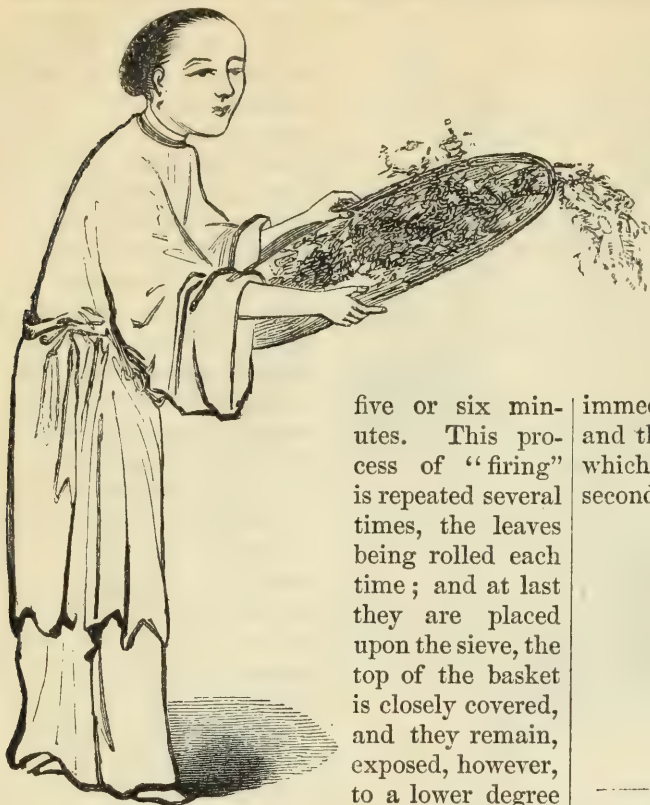


FIGURE 12.

dry. They have now attained their black color, and the tea is ready for the final processes of sifting and picking, by which the finest leaves are culled for higher qualities, and of "refiring," or final drying, before they are packed away in the lead-lined boxes in which tea is sent to the outside barbarians.

There are but two gatherings of leaves for Green Tea, the first beginning from the 15th of April to the 5th of May, and the other about the summer solstice, and each gathering lasting fifteen clear days. It is laid down as an important rule by the Green Tea manufacturers that their leaves shall be roasted *as soon as possible after they are plucked*; and they hold that all preliminary exposure to the air is unnecessary, and to the sun, injurious. As, however, the leaves can not be roasted as fast as they are collected, they are spread thinly on mats, and placed out of the sun, care being used to prevent their fermentation. The Chinese say that upon the proper roasting the excellence of the green tea in great measure depends. It will be perceived that the pan used for this purpose (Figure 9) is much deeper than that in which black tea

is roasted; and this depth is still further increased by a projection of the stove wall, which makes the total depth of pan about fifteen inches. A brisk wood fire is made, and the bottom of the pan must be red-hot when the leaves, half a pound at a time, are put in. They are rapidly stirred about, and occasionally raised up, to permit the dense vapor to escape (Figure 11). When first put in, they emit a crackling noise, and when taken out at the end of four or five minutes they are quite flaccid and moist. They are

five or six minutes. This process of "firing" is repeated several times, the leaves being rolled each time; and at last they are placed upon the sieve, the top of the basket is closely covered, and they remain, exposed, however, to a lower degree than at first, till they are perfectly

immediately rolled—as in the black tea process—and thereupon again put into the pan, beneath which there is this time much less fire. This second roasting seems to be the most delicate

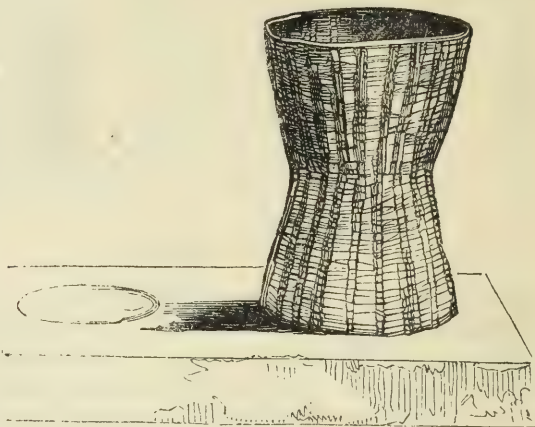


FIGURE 13.

part of the process, the fire being carefully increased or diminished at the direction of the roaster, and a lad constantly fanning the leaves as they are shaken up (Figure 8). At the end



FIGURE 14.

of this second roasting the leaves are tolerably dry, of a dark olive color, and each has become tightly rolled up. A third roasting, by a still lower fire, finally dries the leaves, and now they first assume that delicate bluish tint, resembling the bloom on fruit, which gives them so agreeable an appearance. The leaves are now passed through sieves of different sizes, to separate the different classes, and winnowed in baskets (Figure 12) to free them of dirt and other impurities. As the process of rolling the leaves is very tiresome to the arms, it is not unusual for the laborers on the commoner kinds of teas to rest the arms by rolling with the feet, as shown in Figure 15.

Thus we see that green tea never owes its color to being roasted in copper pans, or to any admixture of verdigris—as a credulous world so long believed, taking its cue from the haphazard guess of some ambitious chemist. But neither are the tea countries of China so hilly, good land so scarce, and the terraces so steep, as to force tea gatherers to suspend themselves by chains along the perpendicular sides while picking, or to make it necessary to employ monkeys to denude the shrubs—travelers' tales, which our forefathers took upon trust, without thinking to ask why the soil was not washed from such steep hill-sides, or who planted the shrubs which only monkeys could gather from. But it *is* a fact that much of the green tea imported into this country, and a less quantity used in England, is *dyled*; and as the Chinese have sufficient sins already on their heads, it is as well to state that they not only do not use dyed teas themselves, but do not even dye any except to supply a positive demand, which has gradually grown, particularly in the United States, for some years. The coloring substance used is a mixture of finely powdered Prussian blue, and burned and pulverized gypsum, in the proportion of four parts of the last to three of the first named. Mr. Fortune, who witnessed the operation of coloring—which is openly done, colored teas being sold *as such*, and fetching a higher price in the market—states that to every hundred pounds of tea leaves there is added no less than half a pound of the nasty mixture. It is applied during the last roasting, and is simply scattered over the pan of leaves, and thoroughly mixed in by the hands of the attendants.

All familiar with the Chinese tea factors agree that they never adulterate tea. It is only in England—and to a slight extent in the United States—that spurious teas are made and sold. Some of the English imitations were so well manipulated as to deceive even good judges by their appearance, and were sold to retailers at from six to eight cents per pound, who mixed them with a proportion of genuine tea,



FIGURE 15.

and sold the mixture at from thirty cents to a dollar per pound. But if counterfeiters can afford to sell really good-looking imitations of tea at from six to eight cents per pound, the labor, which is no heavier for genuine teas, should not stand in the way of successful tea culture in America. Also, it must be borne in mind that though tea is sold by the makers in China to the exporters at what seems to be a very low rate, the American tea-grower, in competing with the Chinese, would save the following charges, whose aggregate make up more than double the first cost of manufactured tea: expensive transportation on men's backs, over rough roads, from the interior to the port of delivery; extra packing; transit and export duties; freight and port charges; insurance and interest on capital invested on a long and risky voyage; duties here; storage, and profits of the importers. Taking these points in consideration, it seems not so vain to think that our planters may yet, with improved and labor-saving machinery, profitably supply the millions of pounds of tea which we yearly consume.

That the matter might have a fair trial, the United States Government, two years ago, commissioned Mr. Robert Fortune, whose name we have had frequent occasion to cite in this article, to procure in China, and send to the United States Patent Office, considerable quantities of tea-seeds and plants. These have safely arrived during the past spring and summer, and last August over fifty thousand fine healthy young tea plants were growing in the United States

Propagating Garden at Washington. It is hoped that these will be distributed in such manner as to make thorough trial of the question, and set it at rest, one way or other, forever.

ROBERT FENTON'S VICTORY.

I.

IT was the evening of Commencement Day at Anhalt. The addresses, the alumni meetings, the anniversaries, the orations, all "the exercises" in fact, were over. There remained only the closing festivity—the President's levee.

The great house among the trees shone with the blaze of countless lamps and the brighter glow of beauty. Dignified age was there; youth with all its hopes, and manhood in its prime; the wise, the gifted, the illustrious—or those whom the world has agreed to call so. Not unnoticed among all was Robert Fenton, a graduate of the day, whose poem, all cliques agreed, had been the crowning event of this year's Commencement. It had taken by surprise all the clever people who looked to find in a student's poem only a repetition of gentle commonplaces, or a swell of mighty bombast. The thoughts were good, original; the satire vigorous and just; the measure easy and melodious. If the youth of the poet were apparent in the brightness of his coloring, the enthusiastic hopefulness of his views, these were graceful faults, that carried with them their own palliation. He was listened to with breathless interest; and when the last words fell from his lips and he retreated from the stage, the pent-up admiration burst forth in tempests of applause. Ladies waved their handkerchiefs, and even the grave Professors in their pride of place joined gently, foot and hand, in the universal tumult. Nor was Demosthenes, in the hour of his proudest triumph, more elate than Robert Fenton on that summer day.

As he stands now, somewhat apart from the throng, devoting every word and look to Anna Ballow, the lovely young niece of the Law Professor, many fair faces turn admiringly toward him, many mischievous glances and merry speeches are leveled at him. You can not wonder that all these girls pronounce him "elegant" and "splendid-looking;" he is tall, slight, and dark; in his broad forehead and deep, brilliant eyes is a look of intellect and force we rarely meet. His companion is of the fairest type of feminine beauty. She does not appear very thoughtful or particularly intelligent, but in the sweet oval of her face, her low, smooth brow, and dark-blue eyes, there is so much of gentleness, of tender, womanly feeling, that only an exacting critic could ask for any thing more.

Robert Fenton was evidently not such a one; and spite of all efforts to the contrary, on the part of certain aspirants to her favor, he contrived to monopolize her attention during the entire evening. Very little formality is observed at a President's levee, and many of the guests strolled out into the shrubbery, or down to the brook, where a rustic bridge and a drooping willow made a

charming picture. Among the truants were our young friends; they stood on the bridge together, with the moon shining full upon them, while over them the willow branches rustled softly in the wind.

"And you will not promise me, Anna?" said the youth, in an earnest and reproachful voice.

"I am afraid to do it, Robert."

"But you love me?"

"Yes," she said, as her cheek glowed more deeply.

"And you do not think your friends will object?"

"Not at all; I know of no reason why they should."

"Then why do you hesitate?" and with words of passionate endearment he drew her toward him. She retreated a little, and looked up in his face.

"I will tell you, Robert," she said, gently; "I am afraid for you, afraid of myself. Even when you spoke to me, and I was so very happy, a sudden chill came over me. It will be many years before—" She paused.

"Yes, I know," he answered, smiling, "before we can be married."

"And you may change. You may want some one handsomer, richer, more accomplished than I am—" He interrupted her with tender reproaches, but she persisted. "And you might feel yourself bound to me, and it would be unfortunate for you. Then, too, I am older than you are—"

"A terrible calamity! How much older, pray?"

"A whole year—I am twenty-two."

"And look no more than seventeen. Is that your only trouble?"

"I know it is a slight difference, but it is on the wrong side. Oh, Robert, I can not explain to you what I feel. It seems as if you would go on growing wiser, learning more, becoming a great and gifted man; and I should be getting older, fading, and not improving much in any way; and when you had conquered the world and came for me you might be disappointed, you might find it irksome, you might wish to-night had never been. Oh, I had rather die than see that moment!" she said, with a burst of passionate feeling: "I had rather a thousand times give you up now than find hereafter that I was a burden to you!"

Every man who has loved can tell with what protestations Robert calmed these fears, every girl will know that Anna did not refuse to be comforted, and that in his tenderness, his caresses, she soon lost all remembrance of her doubts.

II.

The parents of Robert Fenton died while he was yet a little child, leaving him to the care of a distant relative, a poor and plain but kind-hearted man. A love of study early showed itself in the boy, and his guardian decided to use what means the parents had left in sending him

through college. Here Robert speedily made his mark; his diligence and ready mastery of the subjects presented rendered him a favorite with the various Professors, while his fine person and gentle, reserved manner did great execution among the fairer part of the inhabitants. These advantages were enhanced by the reputation of his talents, for he was already beginning to be known as a poet, though yet too young and immature for the world to acknowledge, as it afterward did, how great and unusual were his powers.

Like all impressible natures, he was no stranger to the tender passion; but when he met the beautiful Anna Ballow he felt, for the first time, that he had encountered his destiny. She was the daughter of a poor New England pastor, who, dying some years previous to the date of our story, had left his widow and child little save the remembrance of his virtues, and the example of his godly and useful life. Anna's own mother had died years before, and her father's second wife was not a tender or loving woman. The young girl's affectionate nature had thus far in life met little of sympathy or repayal. Yet Mrs. Ballow was kind in her way; she had some means of her own, and insisted that Anna should live with her and share them, instead of going away to teach, as she at first proposed. They retained the house in which they had lived during the minister's life, and therein Anna grew up to womanhood, beautiful and good.

Suitors were not wanting to her, but for some reason or other none had touched her heart; it was not till during a visit to her uncle she met with Robert Fenton that the great event announced itself, and love took possession of her faithful nature. Enough has been said of her beauty; for the rest, she was a quiet, home-loving, busy maiden. Not dowered with many gifts of intellect, but profoundly reverent of those who were. She had excellent sense, great delicacy and refinement of feeling; the natural sweetness of her disposition had been confirmed and strengthened by early piety. Her most appreciable talents were the housewifely; in every thing that makes home pleasant and attractive she was skillful; in all mysteries of cutting, shaping, and contriving she was adept. She seemed made to be the wife of a man of limited means, to shed around a humble dwelling the charm of comfort, order, and domestic peace.

III.

Two years passed away, and in them Robert had succeeded nobly, maintaining himself and gaining thoroughly the ground-work of his profession. It was now that he and Anna met again for the first time since their betrothal, for immediately after the Commencement ceremonies she had returned to her own home on the Kennebec. It required much management on Robert's part before this journey, long and expensive to one of his slender means, could be taken; but the joy of that meeting, of those few days of lover-like sympathy and confidence, repaid him a thousand times. He found Anna in a

pleasant home—a little house made picturesque without by flowers and trees and clinging vines; beautiful within by neatness, taste, and smiling faces. The step-mother welcomed him kindly for Anna's sake; the villagers, who knew and loved both her and her father who was gone, treated him with attention and respect. His growing reputation made him something of a "lion"—a state of things delicious to begin with, however it may bore us in the end. Anna openly rejoiced in it; in her own loving heart she made sure that Robert was the greatest poet living, and would ere long be so acknowledged. He laughed at her vanity, but loved her none the less on account of it.

The visit over, he proceeded to finish his studies at the Hampden Law School. The society of Hampden is, perhaps, the best to be found in America. Literary eminence, scholastic fame, fortune, culture, unite to make it such. Robert was completely dazzled—he felt so poor, so insignificant, so utterly removed from all these splendors; yet ere long he found himself well received, nay, sought by the circles which had looked so distant and unattainable. His scholarship was far from contemptible, even when compared with those far more favored by fortune, and he strained every nerve to increase his stores.

Lectures ended, he was pondering whether to accept a proposal of partnership from the lawyer with whom he had studied in Anhalt, or to open an office in Hampden, when the Faculty offered him a tutor's place. The salary was fair, quite as much as he could hope to make from his profession for some years to come. It was hinted that there would be a vacancy by-and-by—it might be in six months, it might be in a year or so—in which case he would without doubt be called to the Professorship of Modern Languages. Robert had no love for law, and chose it only because he detested physic, and conscience and ambition both proscribed divinity. It cost him no great effort to abandon it and accept the offered tutorship. How bright the world looked to him! In two or three years at farthest he hoped to place his betrothed in such a home as would fully satisfy her moderate wishes; then would life really begin for them, and the years roll their golden round in love, prosperity, and growing fame. These anticipations found their way to the fond heart on the Kennebec, and were read and re-read with pleasure ever new. Anna's tranquil and monotonous life, her few objects of affection or interest, combined to render her even more devoted than most girls in love. There was nothing to interfere with Robert, nothing to usurp or disturb his place in her mind.

IV.

Another year, and our hero's name was on the lips of all. His recently published poem had been received with enthusiasm in his own country, and had even been praised by the English reviewers. While it was still the theme of table-talk in every house, an event occurred in Robert Fenton's history. Katharine Morris came to

spend some months with a relative in Hampden.

Of this young lady he had often heard. Enthusiastic girlish friends had described her as a person exceedingly beautiful, yet whose beauty was her least charm. She was so talented, so graceful, so entirely superior to every one. Now if there was a thing on earth that Robert Fenton detested it was the "superior" female. Miss Morris, he made certain in his own mind, was a "fine" woman, with a largish aquiline nose, and a decided tendency to utter high-sounding nothings through it. He was greatly surprised, at their first meeting, to see a youthful individual, perfectly feminine, and not, as he pronounced, particularly handsome. Striking in appearance—intelligent, intellectual even—with a certain high-bred grace of movement and manner—exquisitely dressed, too—but assuredly not handsome. His ideas of beauty were all formed after the type of his early love. Miss Morris had no bloom—her features were by no means perfect—her forehead was three shades too high. He vexed the ardent young friends by his cool analysis and cooler praise of their heroine.

Further acquaintance corrected the first impression. He could see a beauty in the white, opaque complexion, contrasted with the coal-black hair and hazel eyes. The defects of feature were forgiven, and he acknowledged the charm of her sweet yet spirited face. Then her form was perfect, and there was about her an air of magnificence which her dress, rich to extravagance, greatly enhanced. She never disfigured her graceful shape by plaids, or stripes, or mixtures of gaudy hues; plain colors were her only wear. Clear, solemn purples, deep blue, brown, and even black silk, with profuse trimmings of black lace, were her favorites. Robert's elegant and fastidious taste lost no detail of her attire, from the brilliant ring on her hand to the cobweb fineness of her handkerchief.

She treated him with friendliness, finding in his society an agreeable relief to the rather sharp cleverness of most of her young countrymen. He sought her frequently, because with her he felt more at home, better understood, and much more pleasantly entertained than elsewhere. She was not in the least a strong-minded woman, but she had read and seen much for one so young; in the turn of her thoughts, the tone of her conversation, there was a freshness and originality altogether charming. She had spent much time abroad—had, in fact, been educated on the Continent; and not having before her eyes the slightest dread of being called romantic or sentimental, spoke with honest enthusiasm of those wonders of the Old World which appeal so forcibly to a poetic imagination. Then she had been put strenuously through the prescribed routine of accomplishments, and, having something of native talent to start with, had come out a little different from the ordinary specimens of polished womanhood. She drew with spirit; she spoke French and German like a native; and she sang—good Heavens, how she sang!

—with a power and a thrill in her contralto tones that made one forget all things earthly except herself and the music of which she seemed the embodied spirit.

We generally love a person first, and in the light of that passion discover in her unbounded excellences; but Robert admired and esteemed Katharine Morris long before he thought of love. He knew her beautiful and intellectual; he believed her truthful and generous. He was proud of her regard, happiest in her society; yet he thought she was only the dearest, the most highly prized of all his friends. Too soon he awoke to find himself deeply, devotedly in love.

It was his first great trial. He had known, it is true, some of the bitterness which poverty must ever experience when surrounded by the possessors of wealth and luxury; he was no stranger to toil, to self-denial, and privation. But his mind was too essentially noble to suffer from these things; he had quietly accepted them as a part of his destiny. It was a cruel thing to renounce all hope of winning Katharine—to turn from all that life might become to a remembrance of the past, tender and sweet indeed, yet so inferior to the glowing possibilities of the newer love. But it must be done. He felt at once the impossibility of forsaking Anna; she had waited for him so long; she loved him so entirely; he was bound to her by every tie of gratitude and honor. His engagement must and should be kept; he would see Katharine only once again, and after that would faithfully endeavor to forget her.

He found her alone; more beautiful, he thought, than she had ever been. They talked long of things congenial, and then he asked her to sing for him. She chose that tender song of Schubert, "The Last Greeting." Very few sing it well. The air is monotonous, and they either render it heavily, or by too much modulation, too much straining after effect, destroy its simple beauty. She sang it inspiredly; there was such faith, such undying devotion, breathed in her tones as she gave the concluding words, that Robert was carried beyond himself. He forgot honor, Anna, every thing. Hurriedly, and with passionate earnestness, he declared his love and besought a return. That Katharine did not listen with indifference was evident from her downcast eyes and wavering color; but she seemed troubled, doubtful. Regaining self-control with an effort, she looked at him with a truthful, searching gaze.

"Before giving you an answer," she said, "I wish in turn to ask you a question. Within a few weeks I have heard rumors that you are already engaged. Tell me, then, if the hand you would bestow on me is yours to offer?"

Robert was confounded. Little given to speech concerning his own affairs, he had never mentioned his engagement to any one in Hampden. How, then, had she heard what he could not deny? She understood his silence.

"And how," she asked, with grave displeas-

ure, "do you account for your two-fold treachery—to *her* and to me?"

"Forgive me," he said, humbly. "I have but one excuse to offer; I loved you so much."

She felt the power, the passion, of these simple words, spoken in such a voice; but she would not yield.

"I will leave you," she said, with dignity. "You must be sensible that these are not words I should listen to from the affianced husband of another woman."

"Stay, Katharine, stay!" he besought. "Do not leave me thus. Do not go, thinking me a base trifier, a deceitful villain. It was years ago; I was young, very ardent, very impressible. At that age a boy thinks every woman, even a plain one, is an angel. Till I knew you my heart was constant, but since then— Yet I did not mean to betray myself. I thought to discharge honorably the bond I had taken upon me; but now I have not strength—"

"And why not? Is this girl whom you once loved so dearly such a one as you now find it impossible to respect?"

She half-hoped the answer would be yes; but not even to gain her affection would Robert traduce the gentle being of whom she spoke.

"No," he answered, sadly, "she is beautiful, amiable, and good; wanting conventional polish, it may be, but truly refined in feeling; and she loves me with her whole heart."

"Are such qualities so common that you can afford to throw them away without a thought? Beautiful, amiable, and refined! I can not comprehend how it is that you do not love her."

"I love *you*!" he said. "Oh, Katharine, can you not understand it? Since I have seen you Anna, excellent as she is, has lost all ground in my heart. I try in vain to think of her as I used. Do not blame me too much, do not call me utterly false and capricious. Is it strange that I should love you, so beautiful, so superior? Would it be just toward Anna to marry her now? Would it not be better, kinder, every way, to tell her the truth, however painful it may be, and ask her to release me?"

"There is a show of plausibility in what you say," returned Miss Morris; "but I am slow to admit your conclusions. I distrust them, because they are so convenient a cloak for selfishness. It would be the *easiest* course for you, no doubt; but is it the only, or the best one? Love, they say, is very strong; but I can hardly think any good feeling is too powerful for the restraints of reason and of conscience."

"You speak of what others say; you know nothing from your own experience?"

"No," she said, looking at him with her frank, beautiful eyes, "I never loved any man except my father. I liked you very much—I enjoyed your society: had you been free, I think it hardly possible that I should not have loved you after I knew you cared for me."

Robert fairly groaned; he thought it was like showing a lost soul the joys of Paradise.

"But I was not aware that you regarded me

otherwise than as a pleasant friend; and, at any rate, I hope I never should have been capable of founding my own happiness on the ruin of another's dearest rights. This, however, is not to the purpose. In a month or two I go with my father to France; I shall be out of your sight, and soon, I trust, forgotten. And if you could, giving up all remembrances of me, which must, as you understand, be utterly vain and fruitless, devote yourself religiously to the happiness of this good and gentle girl; if you would really try to love her and to keep from her all token of your change, I think God would bless you in doing it. I think you would soon find yourself entirely happy in her; and some fine morning, when I took up an American paper, I should read the announcement of your marriage, and say, 'Ah, I have got back my friend again!' But this," she continued, after a moment's pause, "would require great steadiness of purpose and rare unselfishness of character."

"Qualities which you do not think I have shown," said Robert, sadly. "Yes, you are right, Katharine. I have committed a great fault, yet it is not too late to repair it. I ought not to have come here; I should never have seen you after I knew my own feelings. Yet I meant to be true to Anna; my poor little Anna! She shall never know I forgot her, nor how much sorrow you have spared her! Farewell! it is the hardest part of my punishment to lose your esteem—almost harder than not to win your love."

Katharine held out her hand to him with tears in her eyes. "You must never think you have lost my regard," she said, in her most gentle voice. "I do not assume to be a perfect being, who can not tolerate the least departure from duty in another. I shall value your friendship more highly than before. Good-by. I hope you will be very happy with *her*."

Robert held her hand a moment in a close, lingering clasp, and then he was gone.

She stood at the window and watched him out of sight. A feeling of disappointment came over her. "If he had really loved me so much," she thought, "he would not have obeyed me so readily." Then she chid herself more harshly than she had done him. She reasoned the matter. "I did not love him," she said; "he had genius, enthusiasm; he was different from other men, and I liked him better. I might easily have loved him, but I did not."

Some feelings unsuspected hitherto awoke at these words, and through the mind, before so calm, whirled a crowd of wishes and regrets; but principle and goodness were victorious.

"I never could have dared to hope for happiness myself," she thought, "if I had been so cruelly unmindful of another's. It is much better as it is."

These words did not at once, perhaps, effect a cure; but of one thing we may be certain that, whatever Katharine suffered, she did not weakly yield to it; she struggled against useless regrets and vain remembrances, and such pain as she

could not escape was borne cheerfully without complaint to herself or others.

Robert walked along the moonlit streets with a strange desolation at his heart. He felt that all was over—bitter thought for youth and love. He stood on the bridge and watched the moon's reflection in the trembling waves, dreaming the while of what he had lost, and what he had won; of all that was not, but might have been. It would be too much for us to expect that his thoughts should be wholly of Anna; that he could banish at once the image of her beautiful rival. He felt, deeply and surely, that he had missed the greatest joy of existence; that but for his engagement a life higher and dearer than all others, a love in which the intellect and heart were fully satisfied, might have been his. Yet what then? was she to blame whom he had sought and striven by every means in his power to win? And if Katharine had been less noble, if she had been willing to accept his proffered hand, regardless of that earlier claim, could they ever have been happy together? Would not the memory of Anna's sorrow, of the wrong and injustice done her, have poisoned all the sweetness of their love? Like Katharine he said, "It is better as it is." For his brief falsehood to Anna a life of tenderness and devotion should atone; never should she guess, from word or look of his, that his heart had turned one moment to another. And though the present had some inevitable suffering, he doubted not that serenity and happiness even would come in time.

When, long after midnight, he returned to his lodgings a letter from Anna lay on the table; it brought the tidings of her mother's death. She was now alone in the world, and Robert's course was plain before him. He wrote her a long letter, full of sympathy and affection, and urged that she should name an early day for their marriage.

V.

It was the afternoon of a pleasant summer day when Robert reached the village on the Kennebec, and after a few attentions to the outer man, needful from his long and dusty ride, walked along the quiet street that led to Anna's dwelling. He paused at the gate, doubtful if this could be the place. Vines still draped the windows and the little porch; flowers, carefully tended, bloomed in the narrow beds, and the short walks were cleanly swept; but rain had washed away the paint in many places from the house and fence; there was a picket missing here and there, and the roof was broken; all about wore an air of dilapidation. He knocked; a light step was heard within, and in another moment Anna was in his arms.

It was a different meeting from what he had so often pictured to himself; the ecstasy, the entire absorption of thought and feeling in the bliss of seeing her again, were wanting. She was changed, too; her beauty had lost a little of its early bloom and freshness. But perhaps she was not less attractive; there was a thoughtful, tender charm about her now, rarely seen in the care-

less days of youth, and peculiarly fitted to touch a heart like Robert's. Gazing upon her he was almost tempted to pronounce her more beautiful than the brilliant woman who had lately become his ideal. Her features were so pure and perfect, the shape of her head, the droop of her long eyelashes so graceful.

"You observe me very closely, Robert," she said, with a smile. "I hope you do not find it as difficult to recognize me as you did to identify the house; you staid so long at the gate I feared you were not intending to come in."

"I shall not tell you why I look so steadily, dear Anna," he returned; but his glance told enough. "As for the house, I was a little puzzled at first."

"Poor mother!" said Anna; "you can not tell what a trial it was to her to see things growing shabby and be unable to restore them. She was so fond of a bright, tidy little place, such as ours used to be."

"I thought," observed Robert, "that she had some means; not large, but sufficient for her wants."

"That is true; but some years since she invested it all in some Western railroad that was paying large dividends at the time; there were frauds and losses, and her capital was soon almost worthless. She sold it at last for a mere nothing."

"But," asked Robert in surprise, "how did you live, then? What could you do?"

"My dear friend," said Anna, smiling, "what do people that have lost their money ever do? We set to work, to be sure. We gave up our single domestic and took in sewing."

"And you never let me know of it!" exclaimed Robert, reproachfully. "Why was that, Anna?"

"Because you had enough upon your hands already, and I would not trouble you with the knowledge of our trials. Besides," she added, blushing, "I knew you would insist on aiding us, and every thing you did would delay just so much longer what we were both wishing for. We did very well till mother's health failed her. I worked hard, it is true; but I had pleasant thoughts for company and your letters for my feast-days, and I was glad to be useful to mother. But when, about a year ago, she grew so ill and needed constant care, it was hard. We had no money and no means of getting any. I believed then I must write to you; but good Deacon Sawyer came to our aid; he let us have what we needed, and took a mortgage on our house. I wanted mother to have every comfort I could get for her, and I am afraid there will be little or nothing left when the place is sold, for property is very low here. You will have to be content with a portionless bride, Robert."

The lover replied, very properly, that he had never looked forward to gaining in their marriage any thing but Anna herself.

"Of course I know that," she said; "but I liked to think that I should be able to help you a little by-and-by. Mother intended to give me

something when we were married, and often would say that whatever she had would be mine when she had done with it. You understand me, I hope: I wished her to live and to enjoy it, but I felt that, in case of our surviving her, as we naturally should, we had a little to rely upon."

"Certainly, Anna, no one can accuse you of being mercenary."

"The last year," she went on, "has been a very sad one to me. Mother suffered greatly, and her mind was much broken; even in health, you know, there was a vein of sternness in her; she was just, but not tender. During her last illness she was very harsh and exacting. Do as I would, she found fault with me continually. She thought I underrated her sufferings; sometimes she said I wished her dead, and out of the way, to save myself the trouble of taking care of her."

"How monstrous! how cruel!" cried Robert, indignantly.

But Anna put her hand to his lips. "No, no," she said; "you must not say so; I never felt in that way. It was painful, and I shed a good many tears over it when she did not see me, but I was never angry. It is my great comfort, now she is gone, that I never had an impatient feeling toward her. I just said to myself, 'You must not care; it is not mother, but her disease, that acts thus; you must bear it, and not make a merit of it either.'"

It was not pleasant for Robert to remember that, while Anna was going through this sorrowful time, he had been in a measure forgetful of her. True, she did not know it; she had not suffered by it; yet his conscience reproached him not less for the failure.

"The hardest trial of all," continued Anna, "was the way in which she spoke of you. She was so suspicious; so severe. If ever I failed to get a letter when I expected it, she seemed to know it by my face. She would often say, 'You are a fool, Anna, to lose all your youth and good looks waiting for a man who will jilt you in the end.' Those were her very words, Robert, harsh as they seem."

"My poor darling!" he said, drawing her tenderly toward him, "you must have suffered indeed. But did Mrs. Ballow remain in such a state till the last?"

"Oh no; and then I was repaid for all! Two or three days before her death she changed entirely, and grew kinder and gentler than I had ever known her. She spoke of her past harshness almost with tears; and blessed me for a dear, dutiful daughter. You can not think, Robert, how tender and affectionate she was, nor how I grieved to part from her!" And, overcome by these painful reminiscences, the poor girl wept bitterly.

While Robert strove to comfort her, he inwardly thanked Heaven that she had been spared the pang which would, of all others, have most cruelly wrung her heart. How noble, he thought, her life had been during this sad year! Could Katharine herself have shown more patient self-

sacrifice than she had done! His own life seemed poor in contrast. How slight a thing was intellectual development compared with that elevation of soul which had enabled her to triumph so completely over self; and in the midst of poverty, toil, and ill-usage, to remain gentle, loving, and uncomplaining!

The day wore quietly away. Anna told him with pleasure that her mother had given her all the furniture the house contained. She displayed her treasure of household linen; of well-saved silver and china; even the new rag-carpet, with bits of her own and her mother's dresses inwoven here and there.

"These will be a great help to us," she said; "they will save us a great deal."

Robert laughed, and called her a little miser; but already, with his mind's eye, he saw the simple, tasteful home of which she would be the presiding deity.

It was with a strange mixture of feelings that he went over at night the various events of the day. What had he done, he asked himself, to deserve the regard of two such women? How different they were; yet each, in her way, so lovely! He was beginning already to experience the serenity which flows from the performance of duty; the duty itself was becoming easy instead of painful. Life with Anna looked tranquilly bright; yet he thought not less tenderly of her rival. Nay, he could not bear to imagine that the time should ever come when he could remember her with indifference.

VI.

There was good deal of curiosity in Hampden to see "the bride." Mr. Fenton was so handsome, so celebrated, so fastidious, that every one looked with interest for the woman who was supposed to realize his ideal. Something too had got abroad of its being an early love, and there was a little spice of romance added to the matter. When, therefore, Robert and his wife walked up the broad aisle of the church, on the first Sunday after their arrival, hundreds of eyes turned eagerly toward them; and for the next few days Anna's looks, her dress and air, were the principal topic of conversation among the feminine part of the community. Of course there was some invidious criticism. A few, who were jealous because the eye of Mr. Fenton had not turned approvingly on them, thought he had waited a long time, and gone a long distance, for no very great result; Hampden could have furnished him with some one equal to *that*. Others marveled much at her plain attire; not knowing that she had little to spend upon new finery. But on the larger portion her beautiful face and lady-like mien had made a favorable impression, and they were disposed to like her for her own sake as well as that of her husband.

Meanwhile the newly-married troubled themselves very little about such matters. Robert had purchased a small cottage, not unpicturesquely placed, and with those natural adornments of trees and flowers and shrubbery which

cost so little and produce such excellent "effect," Anna's highly-prized furniture was distributed through the kitchen and upper rooms. A new carpet or two, a few chairs, a mirror, were indulged in; and when Robert's books and some half-dozen casts and prints from his bachelor apartments arrived the place looked very pleasant and homelike. To Anna it seemed perfect. She entered with enthusiasm into all the labors of moving and "setting to rights," and contemplated the result with unalloyed satisfaction.

Within those four walls she reigned supreme. She waged warfare unrelenting against dust and cobwebs; no fly dared set his foot in the cool and shady parlor. Her table was the neatest, her silver and steel the most glitteringly clean that eye could wish. She made dainty dishes for Robert's delectation; and I fear the lovers of his poetry might have been shocked had they seen how thoroughly he appreciated them. While ladies with a houseful of servants were constantly "worried," and unable to have any thing done in its proper time or place, Anna and her one "girl" bore with ease the whole burden of domestic cares. Every thing was punctual and orderly; the machinery worked without noise or friction. Anna had plenty of leisure. She was never too busy to walk with Robert, to listen while he read, or to sit, her hand in his, her head leaning on his shoulder, and talk of the thousand topics of interest they had in common. Above all, she was never too busy to attend to her own person, and to make herself attractive in the eyes of her husband. Curl-papers, soiled collars, dingy wrappers, were unknown in her vocabulary. Her simple dress suited well the delicate style of her beauty—one would hardly care to see a Madonna of Raphael arrayed in velvet and diamonds. Robert was never weary of gazing on her gentle and lovely face; she grew daily more beautiful in his eyes. Nor was it only a loving fancy that made her appear so; happiness had greatly improved her. Almost the freshness of early youth had returned to her cheek, and its graceful roundness to her form.

In society, it is true, she did not shine. She liked better to stay quietly at home than to go into brilliant assemblies. Yet it was soon found, by those who took the pains to draw her out, that she could converse both pleasantly and sensibly, even if she could not talk French and German with distinguished foreigners, or dazzle her hearers with the glittering generalities of Transcendentalism. It was not long ere she was regarded with the respect and admiration to which she was entitled. Intercourse with Robert, sympathy for him, desire to grow more worthy of him, had developed her intellect. A brilliant woman like Katharine she never could become; yet she entered largely into her husband's pleasures, though she never fully appreciated "Aurora Leigh" or the "Morte d'Arthur," and always loved her Bible better than the "Divine Comedy."

"I often wonder, Robert," she said to him one night after their return from some reunion,

where, as usual, he had been the "star," "that you should have cared to marry me when so many superior women make such a hero of you."

"I don't know how I could well be made more of a hero than I am by the *most* 'superior' woman of my acquaintance," he replied.

Yes, it had actually come to that! She was not only the most beautiful, the best beloved, but her admiration, her approval, he valued more than that of any other. The struggle of duty and feeling was ended; he could look on the past calmly and without regret. Katharine was but a beautiful dream; Anna a dear and living reality.

Nor was it all that she had done for him to make him happy in this present existence—so far as human agency can do it, she had turned his thoughts toward another and a better. As with most men of feeling and reflection, his tendencies were religious; but the pleasures of study, the lures of ambition, had prevented in him, hitherto, the growth of a true spiritual life. Anna's prayers, the example daily set before his eyes of a piety affecting every thought of the heart and every act of the will, had their due influence upon his mind. He longed to possess her happy faith, her tender charity, her glorious hope. God often disappoints the desire for worldly good, but the hunger of the soul He always satisfies. And Robert, having tasted once the heavenly manna, marveled that he could have been content so long with the poor husks of earth.

VII.

Happiness is but transitory, and sorrow ever near us. These are old truths, too tame almost for repetition; yet they come with new significance to every sufferer.

Robert's worldly affairs had reached a state which, to one of his moderate aims, might be termed prosperity. The almost despaired-of professorship was attained, and he filled it with satisfaction to himself and honor in the eyes of others. His reputation as a poet was established, while he felt within himself powers that assured him his noblest work was yet to be achieved; and home remained as ever, the centre and joy of his affections. Then it was that Anna began to droop. The seeds of consumption, inherited from her long-buried mother, developed themselves with a fatal certainty that no care or skill could evade. Day by day she faded, but so gradually, so quietly, that even Robert, who watched her with all the intense solicitude of affection, was long deceived. Now he said, "This damp east wind increases her cough;" and again, "The heat accounts for her debility; even a person in health is overcome by it."

At last the time came when no fluctuations of the weather, and no willfulness of incredulous love, could blind him to the truth. Anna was dying; she was going away forever! And then he knew for the first time how dear she had become, and what he was about to lose.

She was his angel of consolation. She had long known what he now for the first time ac-

knowledge, and only through pity for him forbore to speak. She was so resigned, so happy—so willing to be removed just when and how it suited the divine pleasure—that Robert's weaker faith was constantly rebuked. He could not see, he could hardly acquiesce in, the necessity of this trial; it was difficult even to say, "I know not now, but I shall know hereafter." At last, however, Anna's spirit imbued his own, and he could look beyond the grave that waited for her to the heaven that would receive her. Then they talked long together of their eternal home; and it seemed as if its peace and brightness were already shed about her. Robert sat at her side one day, holding in his the little feverish hand, and looking with eager eyes of love on the face he soon should see no more.

"How kind God has always been to me!" she said. "I had such good parents, such a happy home all through my childhood; and then, just as I was beginning to feel the need of something more, I met you. Dearest Robert, how much I owe you! You have been the greatest blessing of my life. No one could ever deserve to be as happy as you have made me."

The thought of the dear life they had passed together was almost too much for poor Robert; he longed to rush from her presence, and in some remote spot, where his grief could not disturb her, give way to all its bitterness. With a great effort he controlled his feelings, and answered,

"I can't trust myself to speak of all that you have been to me, my darling. If I believed our love must end here, I could not bear to live another day."

"I am so glad to think we shall be together again before long," said Anna; "and that sweet as our home was here, the one above will be yet dearer. And there will be no parting there; I shall not have to die and leave you, Robert."

"No, never," he answered, in a broken voice; he could trust himself to say no more.

"It will be hardest for you," she went on; "you will be left here, and it will be very lonely. Oh, Robert! there is something I would like to say, only that I am afraid it might trouble you."

"Say on, then, dearest. I will promise you not to be troubled if I can possibly help it."

"Yes, it will be very lonely for you," she said again. "The house will be empty, and you will come to the door of my room and look in, but I shall not be there; nothing will be left of me any more among all the places where you have been used to seeing me."

"Oh, Anna!" he exclaimed, "why do you speak of it?"

"Because you will need me; you have had me always at hand to love you and sympathize with you. I shall be gone—and, dear Robert, you must try to find another."

"Never!" he said, quickly. "Don't speak of it, don't think of such a thing! It is the wickedest of profanations!"

The dying wife looked at him fondly. "I know you think so now," she said, "but it will

be different by-and-by. You will learn to think of these sad days not with grief, but with tender remembrance. I don't mean at once, or even very soon, but after a time; and then, my dearest, you might find some one with whom you could be happy, even as we have been together."

"And you could wish it?" he said, reproachfully. "You could ask me to forget you, Anna?"

"No," she said, "I want you to remember me always. I could not endure to think the time would ever come when you would cease to love me. But I wish you to be happy here as well as hereafter. If I could look down and see you, would it give me any pleasure to know that you were lonely and unloved all through your life for the sake of a mere memory? Heaven would not be heaven if such selfishness existed there. I wished to say this, dear Robert," she continued, "so that if ever you felt the need or wish to replace me, you might know I would have been willing. It grows a little cold, I think; draw the blanket up, please; I feel as if I could go to sleep."

He sat by, not daring to stir, scarcely breathing, for a terrible fear came over him. An hour passed thus, and then Anna opened her eyes, and looked at him with a bright inquiring glance.

"Do you remember what you told me about the nebulae?" she said.

"What about them, my darling?"

"I think that is the way with all of God's doings that seem sad to us now. They look like clouds, but by-and-by they will all *turn into stars!*"

Again she slept—and did not awaken.

VIII.

Four years had Anna lain in the silent churchyard when there was another bridal with all the pomp and circumstance that wealth could give, and Robert Fenton brought home his second wife. No one wondered this time; no one called it an unequal match. Her beauty, brilliancy, and fortune, his splendid person and growing fame were fitly mated. The world saw, and smiled, and gave its benediction.

It would have been sad if their fitness had ended here; if no other blessing had followed them across the threshold. But the years that had passed over their heads were years of discipline to both. Robert's love for her who was gone, their happy life together, his sorrow for her loss—all had rendered him far more worthy of Katharine than in his earlier youth. Anna was not forgotten; she was recalled often and tenderly; and Katharine often showed her children the green mound in the burial-place where slept their father's first and dearest friend. No selfish jealousy came between the memory of the dead and the happiness of the living; Robert's affection for his wife, and hers for him, were but the purer and sweeter that its bright especial flower grew from a root that had sunk deep into the grave.

MATCH-MAKING.

"There was a man in our town,
And he was wondrous wise.
He jumped into a bramble-bush,
And scratched out both his eyes.

"And when he saw his eyes were out,
With all his might and main
He jumped into another bush,
And scratched them in again!"

MY sister Sarah and I were on the way to Thornfield. Sarah was my only sister, now my only near relative; all that I had in life bound to me by those ties nothing else can replace; ties of blood that habit and association rivet; that are not of choice but of God; essentially divine.

Sarah was married, and I was living with her, and we had left my brother-in law, Dr. Gerhard, at home in Philadelphia, while we went to make a long promised visit to my second cousin, Dr. Frank Ward, who lived in Thornfield, and had married an old school-friend of mine and Sarah's. We were almost there, and I was weary enough to be glad of it, when suddenly the cars began to shake from side to side very oddly. I looked at Sarah, who turned pale.

"What *is* the matter?" said I.

She never answered me. Every thing broke up and reeled about us. I reached out to grasp the front of the seat before me, and it receded as I reached like a bad dream. A shower of dust from the rending roof covered and dulled every thing; a crash of pain, grinding and tearing, swept through me. I knew nothing more till the consciousness of life renewed the torture under which I had fainted, and I found myself lying in a hand-car slowly pushed along the track. I could not stir to see if any one lay by me; but presently I saw overhead the roof of a dépôt, and then Frank Ward's face; then they moved me, and I fainted again. When I awoke next I was at Dr. Ward's, in bed, unable to move, to speak. I cared for nothing; I knew nothing; I felt nothing but physical pain. Dr. Ward, his wife, his little daughter of fourteen, my namesake, all came and went about my bed; then a Quakeress nurse, with a sweet kindly face, and another doctor, an old man—nobody else.

I lay so a long time, careless of every thing but pain; once or twice a day they dressed such external wounds as I had, and the dull anguish shot into vivid pangs that would have made me shriek, only I was too weak to cry out; not that dressing my wounds was so painful, but every motion seemed to pierce me internally with mortal agony. I was worse hurt than the doctors knew, and they shook their heads over me, unable to tell why I did not recover, for I could not speak to tell them why.

After a very long time, longer than years have seemed since, though it was but six weeks, I had grown stronger; all this time there had been the same faces about me—nobody else.

At length I could speak. I could tell where moving hurt me. I could ask the nurse not to tip the spoon so quickly when she fed me; but

I could not ask questions. I dared not think; I did not want to remember. So months rolled away, and still they were all so kind, all so patient, all there, always—but nobody else.

I never asked; I never knew; I do not know now; only in my dreams I see a face that is fairer than any other, and it smiles with a peace that face never wore here. And I have never seen Robert Gerhard since the day he bid us good-by at Camden. Frank told me once the daily paper was mislaid; but I found it, and saw that Dr. Gerhard died at Cairo, of Nile fever, a year afterward.

When I was strong enough to bear it Frank told me that I could never sit up again, never leave my bed or my couch; he had seen to all my affairs, sold what I had to sell in Philadelphia, for he knew me so well as to know I had better see other furniture and different trinkets from those; and now, he said, Thornhill was to be my home, and their house, if I could please myself with that arrangement. I did not dissent; I was as grateful as I could be then for any thing that implied life. I had enough property to pay my board and clothe me—small amount of that latter need should I know again!—and as for farther debts for care and skill I was contented to owe them to Frank Ward. He was the dearest friend I had, and almost the only connection. Others as distant as he existed, but I did not know them; he had been brought up in my father's house, for his mother had been my father's first love, perhaps his last, since he forgot us all in dying, and called with his last breath for Susan Nesmyth; and he treated Frank like the son he had not of his own; educated him to his own profession, and left him a share of his estate; for Colonel Ward died in an outpost of Florida, having never seen his son, and Cousin Susan died also without seeing him; and there was nothing left to the child, because there was nothing to leave. I was of his age, named after his mother, motherless myself before I was seven years old, and ignorant till I grew to be a tall girl, and heard it outside the family, that Frank Ward was not my brother, and that his name was not Frank Wharton. A few years went by, and I was so much better that I could daily be moved to a lounge in the tiny parlor that joined my bed-room and looked out on the garden. These rooms had been Julia's bed-room and the library; but when I was carried there they gave their room to me; and when I could move the library was dismantled and furnished with fresh gay colors to make it cheerful. How good they were!

I will not describe those long years. What I have said I said because it is necessary to account for my position in Dr. Ward's family before I write about Susy.

At the time I mean to begin speaking of her she was nineteen, and the greatest human comfort I had. Not that I needed any more now than the helpless and the solitary always need, for Heaven is good, and time accustoms us to loss; but Susy was a pleasure, and would have

been such to any one, though had I been well I doubt if ever I should have known her thoroughly.

I can hardly call Susan Ward beautiful, but she was very attractive; her figure well-developed, graceful, and stately; a profusion of brown hair—dark brown, as were her eye-lashes, that fringed deeply dark-gray eyes; irregular features; a large but beautifully cut mouth, both sweet and prim in expression; and a pale skin that reddened easily with any emotion but anger. I liked to look at her, because her face was so changefully expressive. It gave one the same pleasure, in a higher degree, that is given by the flying shadows of a June day over a field of blossoming, purple-headed grass, or the sweep of a fitful September breeze across a wheat-field.

Susy's charm lay in her character—a nature so far from perfect that one never could foresee its vagaries; forever fresh, and therefore forever interesting. I never knew what she would say or do under any given circumstances. I might conjecture, and conjecture rightly, but that was only a chance. Not that she had no fixed principles, for a deep, practical acceptance of religion as her living motive ruled her heart; but its manifestations were by no means always according to orthodoxy, and it was as impossible to formalize her as if she were a child of two years old. She believed in all kinds of theories one after another, and as they successively ceased to commend themselves to her expanding intellect and experience she gave them up, owned her mistake, and received the next that seemed to her plausible with entire simplicity. Her doctrines were only duties; her faith showed itself chiefly and mightily by works. She was a strange mixture of humility and self-reliance; sometimes seeming on the verge of self-conceit in her confidence that she could do any thing she undertook, and then falling back into such ingenuous surprise if any body praised her, and such open delight at being praised, or so candid a reception of blame, that she seemed to forget she had any self, and to stand apart from all individual consciousness, as an angel might who had a wayward mortal to guide, and gladly received suggestions as to that mortal's shortcomings or excellences.

Susan had a vast amount of reverence in her character, but it was reverence for actual good, never for appearance or position; and she had, as a sort of counteractive force, a sense of the ridiculous painfully intense. I have known her laugh irresistibly at a sermon when every body else was crying, and her eyes fill with tears at some rude, earnest prayer in a conference room, that made every body else smile.

But why should I waste time describing a character that one might as well attempt to arrest and paint as to illustrate the free flight of the wind—the wind that is fixed in its own laws, yet ever varying its obedience to them—the mutable in the immutable—type of the Most Divine—of the most reliable, of the power most of all beyond the discerning of man, and therefore type

of the lesser spirits that the Spirit of all inspires both with life and breath and being?

I think perhaps a better idea of Susan may be gathered from old Dr. Fordyce's opinion of her—the physician who had attended me, and had known her from a child; and the judgment pronounced on Miss Sue by Jinny, the black cook—a life-long fixture in Mrs. Ward's kitchen.

Dr. Fordyce said Susan was the strongest illustration of his pet theory of the duality of the mind he had ever seen or heard of; and Jinny confided to me, with a broad grin:

"Law's sake, Miss Susan! Miss Sue's the dreffulest hand to make out ever I see yet. She's drefful peert, I declare! I telled Missis Ward yesterday Miss Sue's as good as a saint an' as funny as a sinner. He! he! he! She is so!"

One thing, I confess, troubled me about Susy. I have old-fashioned, orthodox ideas about the duty and destiny of women, and whenever I see a charming, interesting, reliable woman I want to see her married; but Sue was the most impenetrable person I ever met.

She was attractive enough to gentlemen, and every now and then met with some young man whom she seemed to like, and my plans in her behalf rose to heights of hope and expectation; when all on a sudden Miss Ward would cool off extremely, drop the poor youth from her good graces, treat him with scantily-measured politeness, and he vanished, discouraged, from her horizon. Of course she was called a flirt: could I blame people for the epithet?

One day I asked her what had become of Harry Pierson, a well got-up, gentlemanly young man, who had followed her with a spaniel's devotion for six weeks, and avowed his intention of settling in Thornfield as a lawyer, but who had disappeared like his predecessors.

"Gone home to Egypt, Aunt Sue," was the answer I got.

"I should think you'd miss him, Susy."

"Miss *him*, aunty! he bored me to death."

"But I thought you liked him when you first knew him."

"So I did, well enough; but he did not bear acquaintance. He fatigued me after I found him out, and I'm afraid I showed it, aunty."

"I dare say you did, Miss! and very naughty you were, too. What right have you to drop a poor young man from your civilities because he doesn't suit your taste?"

"It isn't merely that, Aunt Sue, but I was afraid I should despise him; and I shouldn't like him to find that out, if he liked me. It was far better he should go home and console himself by calling me fickle and unjust, than to find out I had a contempt for him. I can bear to be called names I don't deserve; but he could not bear the truth."

"What makes you despise him, Sue?"

"I don't, altogether, aunty; my reason and Christian charity forbid me to despise a man for what he can't help; but I'm mortally afraid contempt would get the better of me if I saw him

much—the old Adam is so strong you know. And, dear me! Mr. Pierson is such a miserable little stick! so weak!”

“Weak because he likes you, I suppose.”

“Oh no! he is weak of himself. Just imagine his giving up every thing, his own ideas, his opinions, almost his principles when we come to any argument about things, because he hasn't independence enough to say he thinks I am in the wrong.”

“Why need you argue with him, dear; that seems an unnecessary putting him to the test.”

“Why? why because I like to talk about something besides the weather and the opera and dress. I can't content myself with trash, Aunt Sue. I can not pretend to like it because I am a woman. If I am a woman, God made me with a mind of my own, and one that is never satisfied with such stuff as Harry Pierson can talk fluently. I want to talk about something that is worth words—nonsense or sense, I don't care which, but not stale chaff.”

“But you might treat him politely for all that, Susy.”

“What for? to have him be falling in love with me, and make a greater fool of himself than ever, and break, or rather bruise what small heart he has. No, indeed, he'd far better go home angry.”

“How do you know he would fall in love with you, Miss Vanity?”

“That's true, aunty. I should wonder if he did, I am sure, but then he might; and he is so weak I feel bound to look out for him as I shouldn't for a sensible man.”

“Do you ever mean to marry, Sue?”

“I don't know, aunty. I suppose I shall marry somebody if ever I fall in love with them, but I don't think I ever shall do that. I am too old; I shall be twenty in two months, and I've never had a grand passion yet! It ought to have visited me long ago, according to novels.”

A quotation came to me as she spoke, one that always suggested Sue, and I spoke it aloud:

“Yet she could love, those eyes declare,
Were but men nobler than they are.”

“Bless Matthew Arnold for that poem,” said she. “He understood women when he wrote it.”

“Bah!” said I, “no such thing, Susan. If he understood either women or love he never could have written that; it is simply absurd. Do you suppose women love a man for what he is, or can be, or could be? My dear! I'd far rather have had you fall in love at seventeen than at twenty-five, as you probably will do.”

“Why, aunty?”

“Because, at seventeen, if you had married an unfit man you would have moulded yourself to his calibre, and been no more unhappy than other women; but if you marry such a man at twenty-five you can't do it; you are too much formed, too poised at that age to lose your individual nature in a man's, especially if he is your inferior.”

“But he isn't going to be my inferior,” indignantly exclaimed Sue.

“I hope not, for your whole happiness would surely be shipwrecked then; but you don't know any thing about that. Love does not go by rational laws and orders, my child!”

“Mine will,” said Sue, confidently, and there the conversation ceased.

Several years passed away, much as usual. Susan was always just so kind and good to me, just so fresh and charming. Why shall I not say it all in one word?—just so natural! She never stopped to think if this or that was proper, or conventional, or customary. Law never came near her from without; she was her own law, and her pure, direct, generous nature, freely and instinctively lived out, affected every one who came within its sphere: like watching a river—never-ceasing pleasure!—the self-impelled and self-constraining power of natural motion toward natural ends; the magnificent gravitation of matter; in her the more noble and glorious spiritual gravitation of a true soul, tending through all channels, over all impediments, under all shadow or sun, still and forever onward—on to God. Of course in these years Susan grew—grew in character as well as in mind; became more liberal toward others, more strict to herself; gathered greater poise and purer independence; while time seemed only to deepen her tender sympathies and widen her love for humanity. Still she was in some way cold. She was tired of her experimental acquaintances with men, and shunned them more and more. She set less courtesy in her speech, and held more in her heart. Her friends now were of an unusual character—far older than she, almost always her superiors in some special and very manifest point, but all persons of mark, of decided character, whatever was their position. One, an author, a genius; one, a high-principled and honest politician (if, indeed, one can ever say that of any politician!); another, only a small merchant of dry goods, with little property and limited education, but so honestly and fervently good that Sue's moral nature bent before him as far above her in a height which she most coveted; and a fourth, a poor seamstress, who glorified her poverty and disease by a life of incessant self-denial and labor, that made her a saint in Susan's eyes, and she treated her accordingly; for it was altogether impossible to impress on this heterodox young woman's mind any distinctions of caste when a higher nature vindicated itself in any rank, though nobody was more apt and glad to assert such distinctions in their practical use—in defining and raising barriers to keep asunder those whose natures were altogether separate and discordant.

At last Susan was twenty-four. She had lost nothing, in her quiet life, of any girlish charm of face; indeed her eyes were deeper and darker, her mouth richer in coloring, her cheeks suffused with a more living glow than in her girlhood, and her figure more regal in its fuller development: she was striking now in aspect, and sufficiently attractive. It seemed to me that if she were not married now she never would be;

for daily her tastes were attaining a higher standard, and she liked gentlemen whom she met far more rarely than she used to. I was a traitor to my own theories in this fear, but nevertheless it haunted me. I asked her once why she forsook society as she did—why she did not make more friends among women of her own age and class, and received for answer,

"I don't like what you call society, Aunt Sue. I never could see why women should make themselves uncomfortable on a cold winter's night, in just as little and as thin dress as possible, to stand about a room and talk. If I danced it would all be very well; but oh! these conversational parties! I went the other night to Mrs. Rivers's; nobody but I had on a high dress, though it was cold enough to freeze one; there was no dancing, no music; all the men huddled in one corner of the room and talked about stocks and securities; all the women, on the other side, discussed servants and babies. How I wished myself taking tea at Mrs. Smith's, or reading out to Madam Thorndike!"

"Perhaps you are reasonable so far," said I, laughing, for I could not but recognize the truth of the picture as I remembered parties; "but how about the young ladies, Susy?"

"Don't tell of me, aunty, for I should be treated as the Thracian ladies treated Orpheus; but really young ladies tire me so! Some of them are very good and kind; but they daren't say what they think; they daren't speak their mind about any thing greater than the size of a pin-head, lest it should offend some dignitary or other. Look at Mary Rivers—she dislikes Mr. Rowe very much; but nobody can persuade her to say so, because Doctor Thorndike likes him! I like Doctor Thorndike quite as much as Mary does; but do you think I'm going to like any man on another one's opinion?"

"You are not just, Sue. Remember that you are peculiar. You are more independent than most women; and your education has permitted you to retain the trait."

"Peculiar! If to be honest and outspoken and independent, is to be peculiar, I am sorry! It is high time that those were commonplace traits, I'm sure!"

"I don't know what would become of women, Susy, if they were. Men do not like their wives to compete with them. They want gentle, mild, impressionable women, to take their opinions, and their ideas, and their orders without contest, and make them their own. I'm afraid you never will be married!"

"Afraid, Aunt Sue! I hope with all my soul I never shall, if that is the fate of married women. If a man loves me because I am a fool, I shall pray never to be loved! I think you are wild, aunty. Do you really believe what you say?"

"Partly, Susy," laughed I.

About this time a "new" young man appeared on the Thornfield horizon, the son of an old friend of Doctor Ward's and mine, and a collateral shoot from the oldest family in Thornfield,

the Thorns. Philip Thorn came back to his grand-uncle's homestead, just on the edge of the village, with a moderate property that his mother had left him, and went at once to work on the neglected farm with an energy that seemed to supply the want of practice. The old fields renewed their verdure in spring, and the golden honors of autumn; the swamp, long noted for fever and mosquitoes, was drained, dried, burned over, and planted; trees were set out along the lines of ragged fence, and the fences renewed. The house itself was put in order; a broad veranda added to its bare front; the tiny lawn rolled and manured till it glowed emerald green in any slant sunshine; and whole thickets of roses set against every pillar and down every path. It was evident Philip Thorn's specialité was roses; at least the passers-by thought so, till August brought an odor of spice across the flowerless rose hedges, and betrayed what greeted the seeking eye directly—beds all burning and blushing with carnations; and these passing, gave way to ranks of the superb sword-lily, flashing their sabres of flame, and rose, and topaz, into the last summer sunshine; while in the cool autumn airs bloomed a carpet of pansies—bronze, velvety-purple, deep gold, serene white, and every intermediate variety of this blossom that has a physiognomy. I confess that the reports of these floral splendors prejudiced me in Mr. Thorn's favor. I like flowers too well myself not to like their lovers; and when the hard work of his first summer in Thornfield was over, he seemed inclined to improve the acquaintance that had hitherto been limited to formal calls. He came very often to Doctor Ward's, and was always admitted to my little parlor—a procedure limited to very few visitants, for I could not bear much or general society. It unfitted me altogether for the endurance of such pain as I had to bear, while it increased the pain itself.

I think nobody could have helped liking Philip Thorn. He was a thorough gentleman, well educated, full of refined tastes, gentle, grave, earnest, and as kind as a woman. How could I help hoping Susy would like him?—how could I help trying to bring about an attachment between them? I should have thought myself a fool to offer help to the robin that yearly built her nest under my window in a tall fir; yet I thought nothing of trying to bend the lives of two human beings after my own will, and disturbing their individuality with my suggestions! I might as well have thought, with Alphonso of Castile, to have bettered the creation!

Mr. Thorn, however, unconsciously furthered my plan; for it was evident enough very soon that he admired Sue, and was never better pleased than when he set me talking of my darling. On Sue's part, however, I had my difficulties. She liked to see Mr. Thorn, liked to talk with him, praised him, was abundantly civil—but always serene. There was no fitfulness about her manner, no shyness, no blushes. She looked as calmly into Philip's face when she talked to him as she did into black Jinny's, and more coldly.

She heard the rumors that flitted about the village concerning his devotion to herself with unconcerned amusement. Susy was evidently untouched; she went her way about the house and the village all that winter as bright, as good, and as gay as ever, with no change in thought or manner except the continual progress that she made in living.

One fitful day in April Mr. Thorn had come in to bring me, from one of his cold-frames, a tiny wicker basketful of violets, whose cool and delicate odor made my little room all fragrant. He was still sitting there as Sue came down, cloaked, for a charitable visit at the other end of the town.

"Oh, how sweet!" exclaimed she, as the breath of the violets met her on opening the door. "How do you do, Mr. Thorn? I'm glad you are here, for I was sorry to leave Aunt Susan alone, and I must go. Please, can I have two or three of your flowers, aunty, for my old woman?"

"No!" said I, smiling to see how directly she helped herself after the refusal.

"Does a lady's 'no' always mean yes, Miss Susan?" inquired Philip Thorn.

"Aunty's is very apt to, when she says it to me," laughed Sue, with a look full of love at me, that I knew Mr. Thorn would have given his eyes to receive himself.

"But is it so with all ladies, I mean?"

"No, Sir; when I say 'no' I mean it."

"Then I hope you will say yes when I ask to carry that big basket for you to its destination."

"But I sha'n't, Mr. Thorn. No, thank you! I have a visit to pay where gentlemen are not received."

"But take me to the door as a convenience."

"No, Sir, you would not be that."

"Your basket must be heavy; it is unwieldy, I can see; what will people say to see you with such a burden as that?"

"Say!"—Sue's eyes glowed—"as if I cared what they say! I think I am a lady, Mr. Thorn"—Mr. Thorn bowed as low as was possible—"and a lady can afford to do such things."

"A white gipsy,' as your favorite book says, Sue."

"That isn't my book, aunty, only by its author. Good-by. I shall thank you far more for staying with Aunt Susan, Mr. Thorn, than if you went with me."

"But, Sue, it rains!" said I, as the door which Mr. Thorn opened for her showed me a rapid shower falling before the open window of the large parlor.

"Well, aunty, I'm neither sugar nor salt," said she, turning on me one of her bright looks. "Good-by again!"

Mr. Thorn shook his head as he closed the door.

"I don't know about that! She is both, I should say; sweet as sugar and pungent as salt. Where is she going, Miss Wharton?"

"To see a poor woman out in the Minorities," said I.

"What? does she go out there to see poor people?"

"Why not?"

"I don't know, really; except that I have always associated her unconsciously with all refinement and luxury. Not that I think her luxurious either, but she seems to me to have one of those artistic natures that shrink from whatever disturbs their ideal."

There was what kept Sue from loving Philip Thorn, I thought afterward, though I did not see it then.

"You don't give her credit for the breadth she has, Mr. Thorn. Sue is more of a Christian than an artist; refined and ideal she is, no doubt, but more human than either. Her heart is too warm to entertain any cold image of beauty when there is living sorrow or want to need its aid."

"She warm-hearted! Oh, Miss Wharton, I think her the coldest woman I ever knew! I should have been madly in love with her months ago, but that it seems impossible she should ever feel any thing warmer than affection; she despises men, I am sure."

"You are unjust to her. Besides, there never was a woman made incapable of loving. There are degrees of loving, it is true; and I have known one woman who never loved any thing but herself, but she did that with such devotion as vindicated her capacity!"

"I did not know you could be sarcastic, Miss Wharton," said Mr. Thorn.

"If you call honest speech sarcasm, I certainly can be," said I, "and you are scarce different from other people if you do; but you don't believe Sue is capable of love, eh? Hand me that little box, if you please. I am going to do a very naughty thing, Mr. Thorn; but I can't have you misjudge my darling; and it is no breach of confidence to show you these verses, for she does not know I have them, or ever saw them; they came to me accidentally."

"Miss Sue is a poetess, then?" said he, with a little touch of what I should have called "sarcasm" in his tone.

"Heaven forbid! I could not ask a worse fate for my worst female enemy! Every woman writes a little once in her life though, and the very roughness of these verses will show you Sue is no poetess. After all, I don't know that I ought to show them to you."

"Oh yes!" said he, with a long eager breath, seizing the paper, in which was written, in a hurried pencil scrawl, these unfinished lines:

"Lord, I have prayed with lips of fire
For human love to quench their fever!
And yearned with passionate desire
For a response that blessed me never!

"How long shall I cry out in vain?
How long shall heaven and earth deny me
This transient solace of my pain,
And angels sweep regardless by me?

"How long shall youth's enchanted years
Lapse idly into by-gone ages?
Wept by the hot, reluctant tears
I scatter on their wasted pages!

"I was not made to live alone,
A gorgeous lily's desert blossom,
My life's sweet end were fealty done
Breathed out to bless one grateful bosom.

"Lost in Arabia's arid sands
The traveler dies, alone and thirsting;
Love! love! in vain my heart demands
And sinks with—"

Mr. Thorn's face flushed and kindled as he read. He laid the paper reverently back in my box, and bent his head on his hands. Only then did I feel distinctly what I had done; what good right Susan had to be very angry with me. I was fairly ashamed of myself.

"Promise me that you will forget you ever saw that paper, Mr. Thorn," said I.

"Promise you to forget it? No, I never can do that; but believe that I never can speak of it, Miss Wharton."

His voice was full of grave emotion as he spoke. He went away as if he could not trust himself to say more; and I lay thinking, appalled too late at the idea, "What if Sue should refuse him!" The earnestness with which she had written out her heart in that paper had shaken his to its centre; and what had I done? In reality betrayed her confidence, though not literally; showed the depth of her nature to an eye that never was meant to see it, and possibly—nay, I could not but feel probably—helped him on to a terrible loss and disappointment; and this came of match-making! I was worn out enough with these apprehensions to excite me more than was good; and when Sue came home from the Minories with her empty basket her first speech was:

"How pale you look, Aunt Sue! What is the matter? Did Mr. Thorn stay too long?"

"Yes, he did!" said I, emphatically, feeling that he staid full fifteen minutes more than I now wished he had. Sue was vexed.

"He ought to know better. That is so like a man!"

"Don't scold men, Sue. Remember your father."

"Oh, father is good, too good; he ought to have been a woman! He is an exception to all rules."

"Besides, dear, it was my fault Mr. Thorn staid."

"I know better, aunty. Don't take the blame for his sake."

As if I had not deserved it far more than he! But I dared not confess to Sue; it was all too late now; and she did not even know I had her poem, or had seen it.

Two days after Mr. Thorn called again, this time to bring Sue a cluster of creamy white Lamarque roses from his little green-house, where this rose held rambling possession of the back wall, twisted in with a purple passion-flower not now in bloom. Sue received them with frank pleasure, rather too frank to suit me, and began to arrange them in a deep blue vase.

"How exquisite they are!" said she. "St. Cecilia's flower. Do you remember the garland

in 'Charles Auchester,' aunty, and Maria Cerrinthia's memorial rose?"

"Then you know that book?" said Mr. Thorn.

"Know it?" said Sue. "Yes, by heart."

And immediately they were launched on a discussion of the novel as eager and animated as if it had been the sole novel of the world, as indeed in some respects it is.

Susan was extremely pleased to find a sympathizer in this her special hobby; one such marked agreement in taste seemed to thaw the slight reserve that had hitherto iced their conversation. Mr. Thorn was more warmly welcomed, more cordially entertained; nothing clouded the ever bright frankness of Sue's manner toward him. He went and came continually, lending and borrowing books, bringing flowers, persuading Susan to walk with him—drive with him she never would, her great terror being a horse; and not even Mr. Thorn's gentle pair of thorough-breds and skillful driving availed to conquer her cowardice in this respect.

I began to feel, as months went by and Philip Thorn retained this footing in the house, that my best wishes for Susy were being fulfilled, my few but earnest efforts becoming successful. Mr. Thorn's eyes were never off her wherever she moved, and intense feeling illuminated them, but Sue took it all with serene quiet that slightly vexed me I must own; so, in my superior wisdom, I not only continued to praise her lover as I had done, but obtruded my good opinion of him on every possible occasion; quoted his taste as infallible; his ideas as final; his manners, morals, and aspect as if they fulfilled my notion of perfection.

But all at once Mr. Thorn disappeared, leaving cards and messages to the effect that he had gone South for the winter. Mrs. Ward was very ill, so none of us saw him, but I knew well this move was sudden to him as to me.

Sue grew pale and grave. There was enough reason for this in her mother's illness, but yet I had my own suspicions; and a secret pang of mortification at my fine plan's failure set me on questioning her a little bit, that I might be altogether sure.

"Sue," said I, "what do you suppose took Mr. Thorn off so suddenly?"

She laughed; there was an echo of constraint in her voice as she mockingly answered my question with an epitaph that had once struck us both, in a country church-yard, with that peculiar mixture of amusement and disgust only to be caused by a funny epitaph.

"Perhaps what ailed Desire Fenn's baby, aunty:

"Dear little child!
This little flower
Was taken sick,
And died in an hour!"

I could not help laughing. "But seriously, Sue."

"I can't, 'seriously,' aunty. I'm not in a vein to discuss Mr. Thorn's departure to-day.

'What's Hecuba to me?' I must make mamma's gruel."

"He ought to have been something to you, Sue," I said, grimly. "Such a true friend and such an excellent young man is not a daily occurrence."

Sue made up a perverse face.

"Those poor, dear old Athenians!" exclaimed she. "I pity them with all my heart for the sniffs posterity has uttered over their honest speech about Aristides; and yet all posterity knows practically what a dreadful tediousness there is in hearing any body praised forever! Aunt Sue! Aunt Sue! you're a miserable match-maker. Don't try it again, dear."

Susy looked at me with the most sparkling face of mischief, and nodded at me like an elf from behind the door she closed after her, leaving me in a state of utter confusion, routed and put to flight, ignominiously defeated; for I perceived at once why Philip Thorn had gone South.

Mrs. Ward grew worse and worse; neither care nor skill could save her, and Sue was left motherless before spring came. It was a different orphanage from that of many girls, for Mrs. Ward had been Susy's pet and idol rather than her guide and guardian. She was a lovely, frail, gentle woman, thoroughly refined and amiable; wanting in force, perhaps; but just the woman to charm the deep reserve and calm strength that were her husband's traits, and just the loving, clinging nature to call out her daughter's tenderest emotions of affection and service. Susan mourned for her mother with passionate grief that refused consolation. She pined and grew wan visibly; nothing roused her, nothing awoke her old bright spirit of energy and courage. Something, I saw, must be done to recall her to life—done sharply and at once.

"Susy," said I, one day, as she sat sewing beside me, pale, speechless, and sad, "do you see how ill your father is?"

Susan started. If she had loved her mother, she adored her father, and looked up to him as a tower of strength and goodness no storm, not even such as this, could ever shake; so she had contented herself with keeping the house for him with punctilious order and quiet, and keeping her face calm before him. She had not seen how his loss wore upon him; she saw him very little, for his professional calls were greatly multiplied by old Dr. Fordyce's death, which took place soon after Mrs. Ward's, and Frank Ward was a man who never let his own personal feelings, however potent, interfere with what he owed to others.

But I had seen the struggle to endure his loss without outward show, for the sake of his family and his patients, wearing steadily on mind and body both. He began to give way to dreamy moments in his daily visits to me, when the tension in which he held himself relaxed, and the waves swept over him, and well-nigh drove the brave spirit from its hold. I saw new wrinkles, first shadowing and then deeply lining

his face; I heard his step fail of its old elasticity on the stair; and I perceived a wistful languor in his voice that was neither natural nor healthy in its tone. I intended to make Sue start; I intended to alarm her; for it was high time—and I did it.

She answered my question with a flood of others about her father; and having convinced herself that mine was no idle fear, she rested her head on her hand and gave herself over to steady thought. It was a habit of hers to think so, steadily and persistently, when any new crisis demanded her action. Very brief, but equally earnest, were these consultations between her two selves—never without result. From that day Susan threw off the aspect of grief; at least, whenever her father was with her, and that was most of the time; for she began to wait on him and pet him as she had waited on and petted her mother—read to him at night, when he was too tired to read—had sofa and slippers ready for him after the day's fatigue—drove with him to visit his patients, the old horse that had gone his rounds so long being Sue's only exception in favor of the species—and made herself so charming, so sweet, so cheering, that her father revived as under a new sunshine, and seemed to lavish on Sue all the love that his loving nature knew; while Susan held him for both parents, and in her earnest devotion to his comfort found her best restorative, and bloomed again into health and spirits.

About three months after Susy began to take her father in this tender charge an old friend of Dr. Ward's wrote to ask him to take his son, as a student of medicine, into his office, and, if possible, into his family. Dr. Ward was about to refuse at once; but Susan, seeing in this new interest and occupation for her father a strong ally to her plans for his diversion and restoring, insisted on his consenting to a new inmate, and bestirred herself so heartily that at length he did consent, and wrote to his friend accordingly. Mr. Lenoir had been a class-mate of Dr. Ward's. He was a Southerner, and a slaveholder of course, but, left an orphan early in life, he had fallen into Northern hands to be educated; and after a long school and college course, whose vacations never tempted him to his plantation in Georgia, which was in the hands of his guardians, and flourished to his profit, Mr. Lenoir married a pretty Boston girl, sold his Southern estates, and, entertaining himself with a little business, became to all intents a Northerner. Gerald Lenoir was his only son, and had chosen a profession rather than take up his father's sleeping partnership in a mercantile house; and Mr. Lenoir was anxious to put him into the hands of a man he knew and trusted.

So the youth came. I did not fancy him at first sight; he was three years younger than Sue, but looked and acted as if he were at least that much older. He was handsome, well-bred, had been abroad, and but for a certain stiffness and superpropriety that almost always pervaded his manners, I should have pronounced them re-

markably good. Sue evidently did not admire him, he had been a spoiled child, and betrayed in a thousand minute ways the fact that Mr. Gerald Lenoir was to be taken care of first, and then the rest of the world. He knew how to behave well, but in the unrestrained intercourse of daily life, constant inadvertencies showed distinctly that his manner was but an outer varnish—that he was not thoroughly a gentleman. Still he had delicate tastes, quick apprehension, and a certain social tact that was the result of organization, and for several months my prejudices gradually declined, and I was glad he had come; I saw he entertained and occupied the Doctor, amused Sue, and kept us all in that wholesome restraint that is so good for sufferers under a great grief, forcing upon them self-control, and giving them a motive for endeavors after calmness and cheerfulness for the sake of others.

As the year passed, and society began to creep again toward our shore, from which it had ebbed so long, I was curious to see the effect of social contact upon Gerald, as we all now began to call him: my first discovery was of his great power to bewitch women. I do not know wherein it lay, for no reason attains to the key-note of such a trait; it is a thing whose effect owns no cause discoverable to common eyes. One who should know says it is "magnetism," and adds, pun- gently enough but with painful truth,

"'Lady-killers' are among the dullest, the most uncultivated, and the most selfish of men. But their influence over women is very extraordinary."

True, indeed, as women's bitter experience can testify, and bringing one back to a question of the answer, For what is, or makes magnetism?

However, the fact stared me in the face, and pointed blankly at Sue. I begun to be alarmed, to feel that I ought to warn her; but I resolved to begin cheerily. "Susy," said I, one day, after Gerald had been sitting with us half an hour, and promulgating some of his extremely proper ideas in a very dogmatic tone, "Mr. Gerald is a little bit of a prig, isn't he?"

Susy laughed.

"Just a little bit, aunty, not enough to hurt."

"I don't like to see it in a young man," said I, "it's next worse to pedantry."

"I don't know, Aunt Sue! I don't altogether dislike it, it is rather funny, and adds another grace, I think, like our old Aylesbury drake's curly tail."

"Sue!" That was all the progress I made that time. Further tilts did no better. If I maligned him, Sue defended him; she suddenly set up an abounding charity for the faults and follies of young men in general, and Gerald Lenoir in particular, that defied and turned aside all my arrows. Moreover, she petted and waited on him almost as much as on her father, and, at length, drove me to utter a serious remonstrance and inquiry, at which she turned a lovely and indignant crimson, and answered very sturdily that she did not intend to marry Mr. Lenoir unless he asked her.

"Oh, Susy!" said I, "don't think of it, my darling. Gerald Lenoir is neither good, nor gentle, nor strong; you can't be happy with such a man, Sue. Don't let him flirt with you; don't, dear."

That was just so wise in these matters as I was! No Irishman could have blundered against his own cause more effectually.

Sue grew more indignant, denied all I had affirmed of Gerald, sarcastically remarked that if there was any flirting Mr. Lenoir did not do it; finally shed a few proud and angry tears, and went away enraged—of course devoting her time and sweet attention more entirely to the young man than ever before, and not forgiving me for a whole week, if, indeed, she ever did.

"*L'homme propose et Dieu dispose.*" I had my labor for my pains. Gerald Lenoir was never strong, and he had really studied too hard the past year, in his zeal to acquire a profession that should enable him to support himself; for among his few good qualities was a firm, courageous independence. So he fell ill of a low, nervous fever, and Susan, in default of any good nurse to be had who could do more than care for him at night, spent every day, and all day long, taking care of Mr. Lenoir, who was at no time too ill to be dressed, but suffered from the languor, restlessness, debility, and consuming weariness that characterizes such fevers.

Why should I delay the natural sequence? Such a woman as Sue could no more watch over a sick person, as she had to watch Gerald, and not take them into the inner chamber of her heart at once, than she could tread through a prairie fire unscorched. It was enough for her to see this helpless and miserable man utterly dependent on her care, unwilling to trust her from his sight, unable to take either food or medicine unless she prepared it, to make her forget every thing but his misery and her own all-sufficient will to relieve it. She would have given her blood to infuse into his veins, had it been possible so to serve or save him. She did what was more, to most women, than any such act of heroism: she bore all his petulance, all his irritability, his freaks of temper, and fits of sulking, with the tenderest sweetness, though they hurt her to the heart. She forgave him every thing, unasked; nay, she did not even know there was any question of offense except when she seemed to trouble or annoy him, and then it was she who asked pardon, who repented of her tiny and unintended sins as meekly as if they had been crimes, and received the ill-concealed annoyance, or sneer at her "tender conscience," that her patient granted as pardon with eyes full of shining tears, and a look of wistful pain that hurt me bitterly, though he neither perceived nor pitied it.

I declare I could gladly have taken Gerald Lenoir by the neck and dropped him out of the window, to test there the tender mercies of priests and Levites! But I forbore to say so—it was now too late.

Yet I believe the man loved Sue, as far as it

was in his nature to love any body but himself; and when he began to recover, and, gathering self-control with strength, seemed to appreciate Susan's care, and return her affection, I could not but be glad with her. One learns, after a certain amount of experience, that we must allow those we love to please themselves in their way, not ours, however distasteful their way may be to us, or however sure to induce results of pain and penitence.

So Susan came, after three months had passed since Gerald's convalescence, and getting behind me as I lay on the lounge, contrived to tell me she was engaged to Mr. Lenoir. After the first expressive silences and spasms of epithet were over, and I supposed it was proper to come back to common sense, I said,

"Sue, do tell me one thing! How came you first to fancy Gerald Lenoir? You did not like him when he came here?"

"Why, aunty, I believe—I think—it was because you used to say so much against him. I felt bound in hospitality to defend him—and then—and then—I don't know, aunty. I liked him, I suppose. One does have a sort of feeling for a person they defend; and so—"

I had made a match, after all!

* * * * *

I retire from society with profound disgust at myself; and recommend to any deluded man or woman who contemplates experimenting on match-making the simple yet poignant remark of the classic poet concerning those individuals who slaughtered Old Grimes's hen:

"They'd better ha' let it be!"

THE FALL OF MAUBILA.

A BALLAD OF ALABAMA.

BY THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH.

HEARKEN the stirring story
The soldier has to tell,
Of fierce and bloody battle,
Contested long and well,
Ere walled Maubila, stoutly held,
Before our forces fell.¹

Now many years have circled
Since that October day,
When proudly to Maubila
De Soto took his way,
With men-at-arms and cavaliers
In terrible array.

Oh, never sight more goodly
In any land was seen;
And never better soldiers
Than those he led have been;—

More prompt to handle arquebus,
Or wield their sabres keen.

The sun was at meridian,
His hottest rays fell down
Alike on soldier's corslet
And on the friar's gown;
The breeze was hushed as on we rode
Right proudly to the town.

First came the bold De Soto,
In all his manly pride,
The gallant young Don Diego,
His nephew, by his side;
A yard behind Juan Ortiz rode,
Interpreter and guide.

Baltasar de Gallegos,
Impetuous, fierce, and hot;
Francisco de Figarro,
Since by an arrow shot;
And slender Juan de Guzman, who
In battle faltered not.

Luis Bravo de Xeres,
That gallant cavalier;
Alonzo de Cormono,
Whose spirit knew no fear;
The Marquis of Astorga, and
Vasquez, the cannonier.

Andres de Vasconcellos,
Juan Coles, young and fair,
Roma de Cardenoso,
Him of the yellow hair—
Rode gallant in their bravery,
Straight to the public square.

And there, in sombre garments,
Were monks of Cuba four,
With Fray Juan de Gallegos,
And other priests a score,
Who sacramental bread and wine,
And holy relics bore.

And next eight hundred soldiers
In closest order come,
Some with Biscayan lances,
With arquebuses some,
Timing their tread to martial notes
Of trump and fife and drum.

Loud sang the gay Mobilians,
Light danced their daughters brown;
Sweet sounded pleasant music
Through all the swarming town;
But 'mid the joy one sullen brow
Was lowering with a frown.

The haughty Tuscaloosa,
The sovereign of the land,

¹ The battle of Maubila was fought on the 18th of October, 1540, between the Spaniards, under De Soto, and the Mobilians, under Tuscaloosa. If we may credit Pickett—and we attach great weight to his honesty and research—the place of the fight was what is now known as Choctaw Bluff, in Clarke County, Alabama.

With moody face and thoughtful,
 Rode at our chief's right hand,
 And cast from time to time a glance
 Of hatred at the band.

And when that gay procession
 Made halt to take a rest,
 And eagerly the people
 To see the strangers prest,
 The frowning King in wrathful tones
 De Soto thus addressed:

"To bonds and to dishonor
 By faithless friends trepanned,
 For days beside you, Spaniard,
 The ruler of the land
 Has ridden, as a prisoner,
 Subject to your command.

"He was not born the fetters
 Of baser men to wear,
 And tells you this, De Soto,
 Hard though it be to bear—
 Let those beware the panther's rage
 Who follow to his lair.

"Back to your isle of Cuba!
 Slink to your den again,
 And tell your robber sovereign,
 The mighty lord of Spain,
 Who so would strive this land to win
 Will find his efforts vain.

"And, save it be your purpose
 Within my realm to die,
 Let not your forces linger
 Our deadly anger nigh,
 Lest food for vultures and for wolves
 Your mangled forms should lie."¹

Then, spurning courtly offers,
 He left our chieftain's side,
 And crossing the inclosure
 With quick and lengthened stride,
 He passed within his palace gates,
 And there our wrath defied.

Now came up Charamilla,
 Who led our troop of spies,
 And said unto our captain,
 With tones that showed surprise,
 "A mighty force within the town
 In wait to crush us lies.

"The babes and elder women
 Were sent at break of day
 Into the forest yonder,
 Five leagues or more away;

And in yon huts ten thousand men
 Wait eager for the fray."

"What say ye now, my comrades?"
 De Soto asked his men;
 "Shall we, before these traitors,
 Go backward, baffled, then;
 Or sword in hand attack the foe
 Who crouches in his den?"

Before their loud responses
 Had died upon the ear
 A savage stood before them,
 Who said, in accents clear,
 "Ho! robbers base and coward thieves!
 Assassin Spaniards, hear!

"No longer shall our sovereign,
 Born noble, great, and free,
 Be led beside your master,
 A shameful sight to see,
 While weapons here to strike you down,
 Or hands to grasp them be."

As spoke the brawny savage
 Full wroth our comrades grew—
 Baltasar de Gallegos
 His heavy weapon drew,
 And dealt the boaster such a stroke
 As clave his body through.

Then rushed the swart Mobilians
 Like hornets from their nest;
 Against our bristling lances
 Was bared each savage breast;
 With arrow-head and club and stone,
 Upon our band they prest.

"Retreat in steady order!
 But slay them as ye go!"
 Exclaimed the brave De Soto,
 And with each word, a blow
 That sent a savage soul to doom
 He dealt upon the foe.

"Strike well who would our honor
 From spot or tarnish save!
 Strike down the haughty Pagan,
 The infidel and slave!
 Saint Mary Mother sits above,
 And smiles upon the brave.

"Strike! all my gallant comrades!
 Strike! gentlemen of Spain!
 Upon the traitor wretches
 Your deadly anger rain,
 Or never to your native land
 Return in pride again!"

Then hosts of angry foemen
 We fiercely kept at bay,

¹ A threat, according to the chroniclers, made after Tuscaloosa had retired to his palace, and given in the shape of a message to De Soto.

Through living walls of Pagans
 We cut our bloody way,
 And though by thousands round they swarmed,
 We kept our firm array.

At length they feared to follow;
 We stood upon the plain,
 And dressed our shattered columns;
 When, slacking bridle rein,
 De Soto, wounded as he was,
 Led to the charge again.

For now our gallant horsemen
 Their steeds again had found
 That had been fastly tethered
 Unto the trees around,
 Though some of these by arrows slain,
 Lay stretched upon the ground.

And as the riders mounted,
 The foe, in joyous tones,
 Gave vent to shouts of triumph,
 And hurled a shower of stones;
 But soon the shouts were changed to wails,
 The cries of joy to moans.

Down on the scared Mobilians
 The furious rush was led;
 Down fell the howling victims
 Beneath the horses' tread;
 The angered chargers trod alike
 On dying and on dead.

Back to the wooden ramparts,
 With cut and thrust and blow,
 We drove the panting savage,
 The very walls below,
 Till those above upon our heads
 Huge rocks began to throw.

Whenever we retreated
 The swarming foemen came—
 Their wild and matchless courage
 Put even ours to shame—
 Rushing upon our lances' points,
 And arquebuses' flame.

Three weary hours we fought them
 And often each gave way;
 Three weary hours, uncertain
 The fortune of the day;
 And ever where they fiercest fought
 De Soto led the fray.

Baltasar de Gallegos
 Right well displayed his might;
 His sword fell ever fatal,
 Death rode its flash of light;
 And where his horse's head was turned
 The foe gave way in flight.

At length before our daring
 The Pagans had to yield,
 And in their stout inclosure
 They sought to find a shield,
 And left us, wearied with our toil,
 The masters of the field.

Now worn and spent and weary,
 Our force was scattered round,
 Some seeking for their comrades,
 Some seated on the ground,
 When sudden fell upon our ears
 A single trumpet's sound.

Up! ready make for storming!
 That speaks Moscoso near;
 He comes with stainless sabre,
 He comes with spotless spear;
 But stains of blood and spots of gore
 Await his weapons here.¹

Soon formed in four divisions,
 Around the order goes—
 "To front with battle-axes!
 No moment for repose—
 At signal of an arquebus,
 Rain on the gates your blows."

Not long that fearful crashing,
 The gates in splinters fall;
 And some, though sorely wounded,
 Climb o'er the crowded wall;
 No rampart's height can keep them back,
 No danger can appall.

Then redly rained the carnage;
 None asked for quarter there;
 Men fought with all the fury
 Born of a wild despair;
 And shrieks and groans and yells of hate
 Were mingled in the air.

Four times they backward beat us,
 Four times our force returned;
 We quenched in bloody torrents
 The fire that in us burned;
 We slew who fought, and those who knelt
 With stroke of sword we spurned.

And what are these new forces,
 With long, black, streaming hair?
 They are the singing maidens
 Who met us in the square;
 And now they spring upon our ranks,
 Like she-wolves from their lair.

¹ Juan de Moscoso, who was camp-master, was some distance in the rear when the fight commenced, and came up with eight hundred men at the crisis described in the verse.

Their sex no shield to save them,
 Their youth no weapon stayed;
 De Soto with his falchion,
 A lane amid them made,
 And in the skulls of blooming girls
 Sank battle-axe and blade.

Forth came a winged arrow
 And struck our leader's thigh;
 The man who sent it shouted,
 And looked to see him die;
 The wound but made the tide of rage
 Run twice as fierce and high.¹

Then cried our stout camp-master,
 "The night is coming down;
 Already twilight darkness
 Is casting shadows brown;
 We would not lack for light on strife
 If once we burned the town."

With that we fired the houses;
 The ranks before us broke;
 The fugitives we followed,
 And dealt them many a stroke,
 While round us rose the crackling flame,
 And o'er us hung the smoke.

And what with flames around them,
 And what with smoke o'erhead,
 And what with cuts of sabre,
 And what with horses' tread,
 And what with lance and arquebus,
 The town was filled with dead.

Six thousand of the foemen
 Upon that day were slain,
 Including those who fought us
 Outside upon the plain—
 Six thousand of the foemen fell,
 And eighty-two of Spain.²

Not one of us unwounded
 Came from the fearful fray;
 And when the fight was over,
 And scattered round we lay,
 Some sixteen hundred wounds we bore
 As tokens of the day.

And through that weary darkness,
 And all that dreary night,
 We lay in bitter anguish,
 But never mourned our plight,

Although we watched with eagerness
 To see the morning light.

And when the early dawning
 Had marked the sky with red,
 We saw the Moloch incense
 Rise slowly overhead
 From smoking ruins and the heaps
 Of charred and mangled dead.

I knew the slain were Pagans,
 While we in Christ were free,
 And yet it seemed that moment
 A spirit said to me:
 "Henceforth be doomed while life remains
 This sight of fear to see."

And ever since that dawning
 Which chased the night away,
 I wake to see the corpses
 That thus before me lay;
 And this is why in cloistered cell
 I wait my latter day.

THAT DISAGREEABLE BIGGS.

I TRUST I shall be pardoned by a just, intelligent, and sympathizing public for bringing before them again such a disgusting person as Biggs.

It will possibly be remembered that Biggs and I had a little disagreement in opinion relative to some claret, after which I felt it necessary, for my own comfort as well as to keep the man quiet about the matter, to perpetrate a dinner for six.

Now I never do things by halves, and Biggs knows it. It was my desire to get up, at my own house, a neat little affair that should be perfectly unexceptionable. I presume there would not have been any very great difficulty in fobbing off Biggs with an ordinary spread at a restaurant; but this would not satisfy my conscience. Every body knows that it is only once in a lifetime that a great dinner is improvised. It is a question of time and thought, and I had every disposition to bestow these on it. With this view, I commenced next morning arranging my bill of fare, and by 4 P.M. had proceeded as far as the soup. I had determined on soup—Soyer's favorite—which all must confess, whatever their prejudices may be to the inventor, is a most brilliant idea. What the whole dinner would have been that was so splendidly initiated I can leave to imagination. This was at 4 P.M., and walking up Broadway after my business toils, I felt happy in my soup; and, with the true impulsiveness of genius, knew that I should derive sufficient pleasure from the construction of the whole *carte* to entirely compensate me for the pain I instinctively felt that I must, in some shape, incur by dining Biggs.

"Hallo! how about that dinner?"

Biggs, as I'm a sinner! I shall believe to my dying day that the man hovered upon Broadway

¹ De Soto, finding he could not extract the arrow, continued the fight, standing in his stirrups.

² Among the dead were De Soto's nephew and his nephew-in-law, with others of distinction. All the medicines having been brought into town and consumed in the flames, and all the surgeons but one having been slain, the sufferings of the wounded were very great.

that he might waylay me coming up. I answered with quiet dignity, observing all the time that he had a strange redness about the eyes and an unwashed look; there could be no doubt he had eaten something the night before that disagreed with him; a little good wine, such as he got with me, never could have done that.

"Mr. Biggs, when a *gentleman*"—I emphasized that word—"loses a dinner, he is ready to pay it at any time."

"Enough said," ejaculated Biggs in a jerking way; "let it be to-morrow. When a good thing's to be done, delays are dangerous."

Wretch! I was about to cry, but didn't, you have spoiled the most beautiful of dinners—a feast worthy of Apicius, and you know not what you have lost. Dine, therefore, Pagan, upon bread and beef! As calmly as I could, under the excitement, I replied,

"To-morrow be it, at five."

"We will divide the sitters," said Biggs, "though, by Hoyle, I'm entitled to the whole four. You shall invite two, and I will do the same."

This was a new phase, a light in which I had not looked at the picture. I had made no calculations on an obligation to entertain Biggs's friends. There was no denying the justice of it, however; I therefore nodded an assent.

Under such disadvantageous circumstances I could only do my best. A first-class dinner was out of the question. I draw a strong line of distinction between the English and the French style of cooking. The first serves a dinner, supposing those who eat are already possessed of appetites; the second creates, as well as satisfies, the appetite. The dinner was, therefore, to be a mere mechanical affair, without even a shadow of artistic genius.

I am obliged to confess to a feeling of discomfort that evening. I considered the matter thoroughly, and with the aid of pen and ink I made up this bill of fare:

SOUP.

Beef.

FISH.

Bass.—Salmon.

ROAST.

Beef.—Veal.—Duck.

ENTREES.

Mutton Chops, *à la Julienne*.—Beef's Tongue.—
Chickens, *Crème de la Crème*.

VEGETABLES.

Potatoes.—Cabbage.—Turnips.—Pease.—Asparagus.

DESSERT.

Suet Pudding.—Pastry.—Jellies, etc.

I give this bill for the purpose of showing that though Biggs had defeated me in my first thought, I still succeeded in giving him a dinner not to be despised. I did not enter upon any touches of embellishment, for the simple reason that my own cook is not an *artiste*—nothing, as she herself expresses it, but an "old woman." But though I say it that should perhaps not say it, she knows what to do when hunger is the sauce.

On a steak I consider her tremendous; and my theory is, that one who can broil a steak as it should be broiled, is an *artiste*, whether it proceeds from nature or education. So far do I carry my prejudice on this matter that, if fortune ever favors me by allowing me to build a country of my own, I shall certainly make it death to *fry* a beef-steak.

To-morrow came. I trust nothing to chance; therefore, in the morning before leaving the house, I sent a respectful message down to that bold British lady, Mrs. Marrow, whom I have the honor to employ as cook, requesting her presence. When Mrs. Marrow came, I laid before her the bill of fare, and mentioned that I was about to have a gentleman dine with me (meaning Biggs) whose palate must be satisfied. Mrs. Marrow looked grave, and made sundry efforts to put her apron in her pocket without untying, manifesting, at the same time, great uneasiness relative to two grease spots on her left sleeve. Notwithstanding this, Mrs. Marrow declared, after understanding it was to be a "bachelors" party (Mrs. Marrow is a widow), that every thing should be "harranged" to please me. When Mrs. Marrow says this I am satisfied there will be no mistake. There was nothing now for my attention but the invitation of the two who were to make up the half dozen. Being entirely in the dark as to what style of people Biggs would bring, I was rather puzzled to know who to invite to meet them. It would not do, you see, to mix opposing elements. After considerable thinking, my resolve was to ask Mings, a very clever, pleasant fellow, who knows nothing but books, and Widger, who knows nothing at all, and would be sure to agree with every body. That point was settled therefore.

What Biggs has ever seen about me that should lead to such a suspicion I can not understand; but it was painfully apparent through the day that he regarded me as one likely to become a defaulter at any moment. Biggs, in all our acquaintance, going over a period of several years, has honored me but seldom with calls at my place of business. On this day Biggs called twice. On my arrival in the morning I found him ensconced at my desk, writing a note with a favorite pen of mine which I never allow any body to touch (I'm rather particular in trifles); and that note, I strongly suspect, was intended for me, and would have been left on my desk but for my sudden irruption. What its contents would have been I leave to imagination; it will be enough for me to lead the mind by telling what Biggs's salutation was to myself as I entered.

"Hallo!" said he, "how about that dinner?"

There are moments in which indignation is too great for utterance. Had I followed its bent in this case I should have poured forth something which would undoubtedly have drowned the respect in which I am now held by my partner and my book-keeper, who were in the office at the moment. As it was, I only said,

"Mr. Biggs, the hour is sharp five. If you

have any reason for wishing to back out of the engagement, you can do so. Myself and friends will meet and dine, at any rate."

To which Biggs responded with

"Go to thunder!"

At twelve o'clock Biggs called again. He made no excuse for calling. He merely walked about the office, sat down in my chair every time I got up for a moment, lifted the lid of my desk and looked vacantly among my papers; acting, altogether, precisely like a sheriff's deputy just put in possession. At two o'clock he dropped out again, merely saying, as he closed the door, "Sharp five," and accompanying the words by laying his right hand forefinger lengthwise upon his nose.

With a perfect easiness in my mind that Mrs. Marrow was entirely reliable, I did not hurry myself away from some business engagements, and only reached my house at four o'clock.

I started this relation, intending to conceal nothing, "nothing extenuate, or aught set down in malice;" therefore I may as well say at once that Biggs was there—in fact, had been there for an hour before, as Mrs. Marrow informed me. He had called her up to the parlor, questioned her about the dinner, given some special directions, and (what I never do myself) gone into the kitchen with a PS. to them. Mrs. Marrow told me this (excellent woman!) with a flushed countenance, and a tear starting to her eye. I am sure that lady would never have been competent of going through with the farther preparation, after this shameful outrage, had it not been for the refreshment of a little port-wine, which I immediately ordered, and insisted on her taking.

When I went to the parlor I found Biggs there with his two friends, one of whom he introduced by the name of Sniffen, the other as the Count de Bouglem, of the Austrian service. Sniffen took my proffered hand patronizingly; the Count refused it, glaring at me, and touching his forehead with the back finger-tips of his left hand—giving me the impression that he thought he had met me at some antecedent period, under adverse circumstances, and had at last tracked me to his point of revenge.

Biggs took an early opportunity to call me aside and confide to me that Sniffen had been immensely rich—\$700,000 or \$7,000,000, he was not sure which—had lost it all in Wall Street. I could not, of course, help feeling a sympathy for Sniffen; but the Count I had conceived a slight repugnance to, notwithstanding Biggs declared him temporarily exiled by the Emperor for entertaining republican sentiments.

I do not know as it is matter worth telling that Biggs had managed to find a key in his pocket that fitted my book-case, and was engaged, when I entered, in showing Sniffen and the Count my choice books, which I allow nobody to handle except in my presence. I am rather thankful that Biggs had a key upon his bunch that fitted it, as by this chance I am relieved from the necessity of saying that Biggs

burglariously entered my book-case, which he certainly would have done but for the key.

We managed to get over the hour pretty comfortably. The Count only contradicted me bluntly six times, and snubbed me four, which was all kindly smoothed over by Sniffen, who seemed to have no hesitation in informing me, with an oily style, that I was wrong; in fact, always wrong. Widger arrived, was introduced, and in less than five minutes was told by the Count that he was a fool—a compliment which I think Widger rather enjoyed, if I could judge by his hearty manner of acquiescence. Then came Mings, with a new pair of spectacles and a very fidgety look. Mings is rather absent-minded, I have observed, and in this instance forgot that he wore a hat; flushing up very red when I offered to take it after he had become seated; snatching it from his head, and making efforts to poke it under his chair; failing in which, he tried to hang it on a nail-hole in the wall, to put it in his pocket, to present it to Biggs, begging his pardon all the while, and finally only relinquishing it to me after a struggle.

Tom announced dinner. A very good boy is Tom, only given to laugh at all times proper or improper. I was really glad of the announcement, as Biggs for the previous twenty minutes had been annoying me beyond all telling by making sudden dashes toward the door, which he would open about wide enough for the reception of his nose for a moment, after which he would stride uneasily to the clock, for a long stare at its face and an accompanying yawn.

Dinner! I certainly had no fault to find with Mrs. Marrow in the appearance of the table. Biggs walked round it twice, looking critically at every thing; after which he deliberately removed the cushion from a chair to which I am accustomed, and placed it on his own. The effect of this will be understood when I state that Biggs is rather given to stoutness, while I am decidedly the reverse.

While the soup was being served Biggs took up the carte (copies of which I had written with my own hand and caused to be laid beside every plate) and read with quite as much nonchalance as though he had not been questioning Mrs. Marrow, and did not already know its contents by heart. He seemed to study it for a few moments, and then casting upon me a look in which pity and severity were blended, he said,

"It's very plain to me, my boy, that you don't know how to get up a dinner."

The insult was so overpowering that I had no word of answer; wherefore Biggs proceeded:

"No one," he said, sneeringly, "should undertake to get up a dinner until he has read 'Beaumont on the Gastric Juice;' by which he will learn what he should offer his friends for dinner that would be easiest of digestion. Now, Sir, let me ask you, as a sensible man, which I presume you claim to be"—here the Count glowered at me—"how you can offer any one toward whom you profess friendship an article to eat which will take six hours to digest, when you

can as readily offer something that will take but an hour or a fraction over?"

"Beaumont was in the harmy, Sir; Beaumont was a sensible man, Sir," broke in the Count, who spoke English remarkably well, but with a strong London twang; so much so, that, had not Biggs declared him an Austrian, I certainly would have thought him a cockney.

"No man, Sir," continued Biggs, "has a right to impose labor on the gastric fluid unnecessarily. William Beaumont, Surgeon, U. S. A., Sir, set all that to rights long ago. When he was stationed at Michillimackinac, in 1822, he got hold of a man named Alexis St. Martin, a Canadian, who had been accidentally wounded in the side by a musket shot. St. Martin became a splendid field for science, Sir, in consequence of the hole in his side remaining unhealed, and Dr. William Beaumont, Sir, was just the man to aid science. And that he might not be interrupted in doing it, he hired St. Martin, and kept him entirely for experimental purposes. I have often wished, gentlemen, that I had a hole in my side; I would immediately offer myself to Dr. Beaumont.

"D'ye see, my boy, the Doctor had a way of dipping out the gastric fluid from this wound, which had a valve like a bellows, and letting little bits of food down into the hole tied to a string; for the hole wouldn't heal, though the Doctor applied cataplasms until portions of the flesh adhered to the *pleura costalis*, and the sixth rib was denuded of its *periosteum*, and—"

"What is the perry-rostrum?" said Widger.

"Read Beaumont, and don't ask questions, Sir," said Biggs, severely.

"Now, Sir," resumed Biggs, "taking Beaumont as a guide, let us look at this bill of fare. Soup! Beef-soup isn't bad to the taste when it's properly made." Biggs had dispatched his first plate, and was in the unmannerly act of duplicating it. "What says Beaumont on beef-soup? Four hours. There, Sir, do you see that? Beaumont says beef-soup takes four hours to digest."

With which words, I solemnly declare, this man pulled from his pocket a copy of "Beaumont on the Gastric Juice," and thrust it in my face, at the same moment that he swallowed the last morsel of his soup.

"Well, my boy"—he went on—"now let us see what you might have given us. Here it is. 'Barley-soup, 1.30,' or one hour and thirty minutes. D'ye see that now? A clear saving of two hours and a half in digesting labor."

"Soup hisn't a thing fit for soldiers, hany 'ow," said the Count, with a scowl. "They don't feed people with soup in the harmy."

"I beg your pardon," broke in Mings; "no one will dispute the bravery, soldierly discipline, or endurance of the early Romans, and yet for five centuries they were a broth and gruel eating people. It was not until five hundred years after the founding of Rome that its people knew how to make bread; and then, for a long time, they wished they had not learned the secret, as

the establishment of the public ovens led to gatherings of the people about them, which were accompanied with tittle-tattle, gambling, and general vice, until laws had to be enacted to suppress all these bake-house evils."

"And it's a great pity, Sir," interrupted Biggs, impatiently, "that laws were not enacted in this country to suppress bake-house evils; in fact, Sir, to suppress bread. What do we want with bread? What do we want with bread, when it takes 4.15—four hours and a quarter—to digest? Beaumont says so, Sir. Let people eat rice, which only takes one hour—a clear saving, Sir, of three and a quarter hours. Moreover, Sir, to say nothing of the dirt and filth of the bake-shops, of the slovenliness, and too often intemperance, of the bakers, they adulterate, Sir. ADULTERATE is the word. You might as well look for honesty in a politician as purity in a bake-shop or in bread.

"Now, my boy," continued Biggs, addressing himself to me, "I have nothing to say against farmers; but yet let us look calmly at the perils of bread, from the time of harvesting the wheat until it comes to the table. Did you ever hear of smut, purples, mildew, ergot, rust, and midges? All these are the perils of the wheat; but, worse than all these, my boy, did you ever hear of the 'Bearded Darnel,' or *Lolium temulentum*?"

"I have," said Widger; "I know what they are."

Biggs looked pleased, smiling benignantly on Widger.

"I've caught 'em often at Newport, on the sea-shore," continued that young gentleman.

"Caught 'em!" ejaculated Biggs. "What do you mean by 'caught 'em?' They ain't measles or chicken-pox."

"Oh no!" says Widger; "they're long things, with green bodies, and wings that buzz when they fly."

"Get out," responded Biggs, looking savagely at Widger, and making a fierce lunge at a fly on the table-cloth. "'Bearded Darnel' is a poisonous grass, very commonly becoming mixed with wheat, causing sickness, and oftentimes death, to those who eat it."

"It was well known to the Greeks and Romans," ventured Mings, "and its effects are described by various old writers as producing irritation of the intestines, accompanied with headache, ringing in the ears, confusion of sight, delirium, convulsions, and paralysis. Burghard, Schober, and various modern writers, agree on its fatal effects."

Mings's testimony was clenching; but I hardly think Biggs liked it. He does not seem to like any one knowing more than himself.

"I'll put all that out of the question," Biggs went on, "and come back to the bake-shops. Ask the druggists, gentlemen, what we eat as bread. But I'll tell you. We eat alum; we eat chalk; we eat bone-dust—no respect for bones—perhaps the bones of what was once your favorite dog or horse; we eat plaster of Paris, saw-dust, potatoes, not exempt even from the rot; spoiled starch, by

way of stiffening; sometimes a touch of sulphate of copper, to give solidity; a morsel of carbonate or sulphate of lime, for whiteness. The days have come, Sir, when to be a baker is to be capable of taking a professorship of chemistry."

"The Romans and Grecians," said Mings, timidly, looking rather at me than at Biggs, "made many laws for the guidance of bakers. In Rome they were obliged to draw grain from the government store-houses at set prices, and were forbidden, under heavy penalties, to mix any thing with it but salt and water. The Normans also had restraining laws on the bakers, as well as the ancient French, who esteemed it an honorable profession, each aspirant being initiated after his apprenticeship with public ceremonies. The Athenians made a bread with oil, pepper, wine, and milk, which they sold publicly in the markets."

"Why shouldn't we have," said Biggs, "a sultan who would do like that one we read of in the Arabian Nights, who ordered the ears of the pastry-cook to be nailed to his own door for not putting pepper in a certain cream-tart? A pretty sight would the bakers' doors in this good city of New York be, if justice were done!"

By the time Biggs had got through this harangue the fish was dispatched; and I could not but notice that he was cooling down from baker-heat with the identical claret he had vilified on the day before yesterday.

"Now, my boy, I see here that you have been giving us bass and salmon." Biggs said this in a manner that would leave any one to imagine he had only *looked* at these beautiful fish. Any one who thinks this is so, can ask Mings. "Let us see what Beaumont says about bass and salmon. Um! 'Bass, 3.00; salmon, 4.00.' There, d'ye see that? Now let's see what we could have had. 'Trout'—ah! delicious little wobbler!—'1.30; cod-fish'—charming native production—'2.00;' a positive difference of 100 per cent. in digesting time. Independent of this fact, there is no nutriment in fish. Look at all the tribes or nations of the world who make fish a diet; they're all miserable, puny things, unfit—"

"There's no muscular haction in fish," interpolated the Count. "You couldn't fight men on fish diet." And, by way of carrying out peace principles, the Count made a dive for the last bit of salmon on the dish, and captured it.

"I'm not so sure about that," put in Mings, apologetically. "The Romans and the Grecians were very fond of fish, eating great quantities; and no one will assert that the soldiers of either of these nations, who often performed marches of twenty miles a day, under a load of camp equipage that would startle a modern soldier, were devoid of muscle. The monopoly of fish once almost caused a revolution in Syria. Gatis, a queen of that land, having ordered all the fish caught to her private table, and the people having a taste that way, there was likely to be trouble, until the queen consented to share. Something of the same sort occurs in these days

in Great Britain, where every sturgeon caught is the royal prerogative, and is supposed to go to her Majesty's table as a great rarity."

Sniffen at these words opened his ears and his mouth.

"What sort of a business operation, now, do you think it would be to export sturgeon in ice from the Hudson to the Thames, or to have ships built with tanks on purpose, and take them over alive?" said he.

Mings said he didn't know. "It wouldn't be a new thing, though, for the Emperor Vitellius had ships built with tanks, which were sent to sea for the sole purpose of capturing eels, of the roes of which he was excessively fond."

"Ah! now," said Sniffen, "there's the man for me! Had I lived in the time of Vitellius, I would have taken a contract for supplying the royal kitchen. Think of a man spending twenty-five millions of dollars in four months on his eating, and who did not begrudge one hundred and fifty thousand dollars for a single supper! There was money to be made in those days, Sir, depend upon it."

"Bah!" said Biggs, "who wants to live among people that took breakfast at four o'clock in the morning, and stifled pigs before birth to make a choice dish for supper? Here, read this!" And Biggs stretched his greasy hand over and seized one of the books he had taken from my book-case, which he opened at a particular page. "There's a bill of fare for a particularly nice supper *à la Roman*."

"*First Course.* Sea hedge-hogs, raw oysters, shell-fish, and asparagus."

"*Second Course.* Pullet, oysters, shell-fish, sea-nettles, becaficos, roebuck, wild boar, and fowls covered with perfumed paste."

"*Third Course.* A wild boar's head, fish, ducks, potted river fish, leverets, roast fowls, and cakes from the marshes of Ancona."

"Nice mess that, now, isn't it?" continued Biggs. "To think of a great people, too, using asafetida, rue, and cumin-seed in their cooking."

I suggested to Biggs that though the ancient cooking might seem strange to us, our modes undoubtedly would be the same to them. The education of the palate, though based upon a certainty, is capable of great variations. We are continually straining for new effects in cooking, as in all other things; and these experiments will, of course, in time alter the entire diet of a nation, without at all destroying their good taste or gastronomic genius. "What would the present race of English cooks say to the recipes in this book," said I, taking down a copy of "The Accomplisht Cook, printed for Nath. Brooke, at the sign of the Angel, Cornhill, London, 1660," "which was written by Master Robert May, who abuses the French dishes; calls them 'suwakt' and 'niggardly,' or 'epigram dishes;' and declares a dinner must be served in this order: 'Mustard and brawn; pottage; meat; fowl or game; fish and sweets'—who recommends verjuice sauce with chickens,

mustard and sugar with lamb, and salt and cinnamon with pig, sparrows, and thrushes—who gives nine recipes for dressing snails, and cooks you a dish of frogs this way:

“‘Being sleyed, take the hind legs, cut off the feet, and season them with nutmeg, pepper, and salt; put them in a pie, with some sweet herbs, cut small, large mace, slict lemon, gooseberries, grapes or barberries, pieces of skind artichocks, potatoes or parsnips, and marrow. Close it up and bake it; being baked, liquer it with butter, and juice of orange or verjuice, nutmeg, salt, cinnamon, ginger, dates, mace, lemons, eggs, butter, white wine, and sugar.’

“‘There’s a recipe for you! Alas! poor froggies! Master May’s book shows clearly that natural tastes differ at different periods very considerably; for, to say nothing of its being a doubtful matter whether frogs and snails would be considered an English dish at the present day, it is perfectly clear that, one hundred years before Master May’s time, when Tobias Venner wrote his ‘Straight Road to a Long Life,’ they were looked upon as food unfit for English stomachs. In all tastes we change continually; and it would hardly be believed, to view the thousands of acres over the country planted with rhubarb, tomatoes, and egg-plant, that within the memory of still young people these articles were unknown among us as food. All vegetables were equally unknown in England in the fourteenth century; and in the reign of Henry VIII. salad, carrots, cabbages, and radishes were not grown; and asparagus not until 1750.”

I can not say that Biggs listened patiently to what I was saying. It was very evident he wished to talk himself. We had finished our third course, consisting of as nice a bit of roast beef, loin of veal, and pair of ducks as ever came upon table; and each had done his duty, not excepting Biggs by any means. That gentleman leaned back in his chair, and surveyed the half-consumed dishes with stern complacency.

“It was my intention,” he said, “not to have brought any one with me to-day, though it was ‘so nominated in the bond,’ because I never yet saw a dinner spread for six that was quite enough for four.”

Could there be any thing worse than this—Biggs sitting there and surveying the ruins of those three dishes, to say nothing of the mutton-chops à la *Julienne*, and chickens, *crème de la crème*, and then declaring in effect that he was sorry he had brought friends, as it kept any one from getting enough to eat?

“Beef, veal, and duck; mutton-chop and chicken. Now let’s see what Beaumont says to that.” And Biggs, for the third time, drew that book out of his pocket. “Let me see. Ah! ‘Beef, roast beef, 3.30.’ Ah! ha! three hours and a half. ‘Roast veal, 5.30.’ Whew! ‘Duck, 4.00.’ By George, Sir, this is shameful! ‘Mutton-chops, 4.30.’ Abominable! ‘Chicken, 4.00.’ A nice condition our stomachs are in! See your vegetables: ‘Potatoes, 3.30; cabbage, 4.30; turnips, 3.30.’ Now you’re a pink, ain’t you?”

continued Biggs, swallowing almost a bottle of Chablis at a draught. “You’re a second King James, you are. He declared that if he had an enemy he would invite him to dine, and give him roast pig. James was not altogether right though, for Beaumont rates pig at 2.30. You’re a nice man to invite a party to dine with you, and give them nothing less than 3.00.”

The Count scowled, and helped himself, for the fourth time, to duck; and then, turning to Biggs, said, in rather a muddled voice,

“If the gentleman hisn’t satisfied, I presume the gentleman can be satisfied; hand if you hain’t satisfied, I presume you can be satisfied. If any gentleman wants satisfaction, I presume the gentleman can have it.”

No response being made to this amiable invitation, Biggs continued:

“Now, Sir, let me tell you what you might have had. In the first place, if you had substituted venison for beef, you would have saved exactly two hours, lacking five minutes: ‘Venison, 1.35.’ If, instead of veal, you had given us a roast turkey, you would have saved three hours: ‘Turkey, 2.30.’ And, Sir, if instead of giving us duck, it had been goose, see the result in a digestive point of view: ‘Goose, 2.30; duck, 4.00.’ Then, Sir, with your potatoes, cabbage, and turnips, why didn’t you give us pigs’-feet and tripe, which Beaumont says are digested in one hour exactly? Why didn’t you give us our cabbage raw, Sir?”

“Raw?” I shouted.

“Raw? Yes, Sir, raw! Doesn’t Beaumont say, ‘Cabbage raw, two hours; boiled, four thirty.’ Do you think, Sir, a man wouldn’t rather eat his cabbage raw than lose two hours and thirty minutes in the gastric operation? But I won’t get angry, my boy. I forgive you. Beaumont says anger adds 33 per cent. to the time of digestion.”

Mings, who had become quite uneasy within the last few minutes, broke out rather nervously with,

“Cabbage is a very ancient vegetable, Mr. Biggs. It was adored by the Egyptians. The Romans esteemed it as one of the most valuable of vegetables; they cooked it with cumin-seed, coriander, oil, pepper, rue, olives, wine, mint, raisins, and flour of almonds. Hippocrates recommends it for colic; and Erostratus for paralysis. In fact through all ancient history it is recommended, Mr. Biggs.”

“Bother ancient history,” answered Biggs, moodily.

“With pleasure,” said Mings; after which there was a dead silence for a few moments, only interrupted by the Count’s snore and Sniffen picking his teeth.

“What’s your objection to pease and asparagus?” I said to Biggs, rather disappointed at his failure to pitch into these two delicious vegetables. Biggs did not answer, professing at the moment to be entirely absorbed in an effort to remove a supposititious hair from his wine-glass, which had no other existence but in his impaired vision—indigestion perhaps.

"Pease and asparagus," said Mings, "are of honorable mention. Pease were known to the Romans, the Persians, and to Greece, though they were not brought to Europe until 1550. The first mention of them is their being planted by Michaux, a celebrated gardener of that time, in the neighborhood of Paris. Asparagus has only been cultivated with decided success within the memory of the oldest inhabitant, though the Romans raised it to weigh three pounds per stalk, and travelers into Africa during the second century, report seeing it from 12 to 20 feet in height."

"I don't believe it, Sir!" thundered Biggs. "Beaumont says nothing about them, nor about tongues either, Sir." This is a favorite way Biggs has of going off on an entirely different subject. "What is tongue, Sir? Did it ever occur to you what becomes of the livers, hearts, and tongues of all the horses that die in the streets of New York and other cities in the course of a year? Did you ever stand before a butcher's stall and gaze inquiringly at the would-be bullocks' hearts and livers that hang there temptingly, or at the delicious smoked tongues in the grocer's shop? Did it ever occur to you, Sir, the great number of these articles that are sold in proportion to the number of animals killed, and the ridiculously low price of the first two? Why, Sir, sausages are nowhere in proportion, to say nothing of smoked beef. Horses and dogs, Sir, have much to answer for."

"It's all prejudice, Mr. Biggs, depend upon it," says Mings, in a desponding voice; "the Romans ate dogs, and no one can doubt their delicacy of palate. And though we don't know that they ate horses, we are sure they ate asses, for Galen speaks of it, saying that the flesh was like venison, though he does not recommend it for food."

"Yes, that's so," says Widger, with an indorsing gesture. "Some of our club told me the other day, when I was eating a real genuine Italian Bologna sausage, that them things were made from the meat of young asses. One fellow, who has done Italy, says it's a fact. I sha'n't eat any more."

"A reformed cannibal," growled Biggs.

Widger looked contemplative, and another solemn silence fell upon us all, while the dessert was being placed by Tom. The silence was first broken by Biggs, who spasmodically jerked out a few sentences, filling up the vacuum created by his words with long draughts of Chablis.

"Do you think, Sir, butchers are all honest? Don't they know any thing about selling beef, veal, and mutton that has been stifled in the cars, or in crowded boats, bringing it to the city? Don't they know any thing about receiving and retailing the meat of swill-fed diseased cows? Don't they know the meaning of blowing veal, to make a lean, unwholesome meat look fat? Ask them! Ask 'em, Sir, if they know what grown mutton is? If they don't tell you, come to me, and I will. Well, Sir, grown mutton is, when a disease gets into the flock,

and commences to carry them off without much wasting the flesh. Then the sheep are killed as fast as they show signs of disease, and shipped off to market. Do you think the butcher can't tell this, and doesn't get his meat cheaper? Of course he does. Does he sell it any cheaper? Of course he doesn't. That's the point. He can make more money off the bad article. Do you think the butcher is alone, Sir? No, Sir; look at your grocer! Now I suppose you think that article is pepper;" and Biggs seized the pepper-box and commenced dusting the contents round the table, awaking the Count, who immediately dashed into the pudding, and setting Widger into a violent fit of sneezing.

"Pepper! Ha, ha!" resumed Biggs, without waiting for Widger to finish. "No more pepper, Sir, than I'm pepper. There's an article, Sir, you buy ready ground and put up in paper, labeled, and bearing a respectable name. They give it to you with all these additions, paper, label, and respectable name, about twice as much weight for your money as you could get if you bought the article whole and ground it yourself. Now, Sir, how do you account for this? Aren't some of these pepper-grinders ruining themselves for your sake? Eh? I dare say you think they are. Well, Sir, let me tell you how they ruin themselves. In the first place, when they have to grind it, you see, they don't care much if the article has received damage on the voyage of importation—a thing that all spices are subject to more than almost any other article we get from foreign countries. To make the most of this *real* pepper it is ground exceedingly fine, that it may yield its flavor more readily, especially when the mixture is finished and applied to the nose. The finer the powder the more readily it flies into the nostril. This being accomplished, something must be found to add to its volume. Now the best thing for this purpose is oil-cake, for the reason that its greasy nature when ground causes this fine pepper to cling around the grains, hiding the oil just sufficiently to give the mixture that freshness which a really good pepper always has. For the same reason linseed meal is used, and an addition frequently made with soap-stone, sago, flour, or ground rice. It makes no difference in this case whether the pepper be white or black, the modes are the same. In fact, Sir, there is no such thing in nature as white pepper; it originated in the discovery by the natives of pepper-growing countries of the fact that soaking the pepper pod in water made the outside husk to peel off. These rascals then brought the white insides to the traders, declaring it a new kind, of a much finer flavor, and received a higher price. Of course it became fashionable, as all unreal things will. People said it was milder and better! Of course it was, because it cost more money, Sir."

Biggs rested for breath, and absently swallowed an immense spoonful of pudding. Widger looked very red about the nose and eyes.

"Pepper," said Mings—looking through his

spectacles, that were dimmed with the steam of the pudding over which he had been affectionately leaning—"pepper is an article that has always been esteemed. The Assyrians and the Persians, who were the originators, as far as can be learned, of the gastronomic art, used it freely. The same with the Grecians and Egyptians. And the cooks of Rome were profuse in its ministry."

During this little eulogium by Mings, Biggs had finished the pudding on his plate, and drawn a dish of jelly toward him. He suddenly looked up at me, and pointing with his knife to the empty plate, said, "Wasn't that suet pudding?"

I said it was; whereupon Biggs:

"Let's see what Beaumont says about pudding, eh! Ah! suet—that'll do—suet, 5.30." He looked sternly at me. "You couldn't have had rice-pudding, could you, at 1.00; or custard, made of eggs, 3.00; and boiled milk, 2.00, now, could ye? Oh no, of course not; must go 5.30. What's this? jelly, eh!"

It was time Biggs had found out what it was; he had eaten nearly the contents of one dish.

"Jelly—gelatin; this stuff you buy in grocery stores, made like glue, and supposed to be nourishing. Do you know, Sir, that Liebig says a man can starve to death in one month on that article? You don't suppose for a moment that the trifle of sugar, wine, and lemon-peel that is cooked with it will support existence, do you? Doesn't that eminent man say that the only difference between gelatin and glue is that gelatin is higher priced? Do you know what it's made of, Sir? Every thing: scraps of horn, ivory, bones, hide, old kid-gloves, old drum-heads, or any other species of parchment. Every thing, Sir, in fact, from a penny trumpet to a cart-wheel, will make gelatin!"

Again Biggs rested for breath.

I was glad that Biggs stopped for a moment, as it gave Sniffen an opportunity to show that he had not entirely picked away all his teeth, a performance at which he had been industriously engaged for some time.

"I have no hesitation in saying," said Sniffen, ceasing from this industry, "that there has been a great deal of money made in this line; and I shouldn't hesitate going into it myself."

For a moment Biggs was thoughtful. Whether it was the words of wisdom that fell from Sniffen's lips, or an emphatic snore that came from the Count at the moment, announcing that he had entered upon his second nap, I can not tell; but suddenly recovering himself, he made another onslaught on the castor. Widger clapped his hand over his nose, while Biggs seized the mustard pot.

"Now, what's this?" he said, fiercely, looking at Widger.

Widger said he didn't know. I don't blame Widger.

"No, Sir!" says Biggs, "I'll warrant you don't; and nobody else does but the man that makes it. I'll tell you what it's likely to be. It's likely to be a mixture of pease-flour, rape-

seed, turmeric; it's likely to be bay salt, capsicum, and chromate of lead!—Yes, Sir, chromate of lead! We'll see, Sir; we'll see. I have a little bottle in my pocket; it's useful in more cases than one." And Biggs looked at me with a magisterial look as he pulled out the very identical bottle of solution of caustic potash he had used upon my claret. "If this mustard be sound and unadulterated—this *French Mustard*, as they call it—it will retain its color under this application; if it is not the sound article, it will turn dark-brown. Its turning that color will show that it has turmeric in it—a thing that may be safely asserted of mustard in nineteen cases out of twenty."

Biggs dropped the drug into my mustard pot. And as Morgan Rattler says in the play, "A man doesn't make his own father, boys!" so, as I didn't make my own mustard, there ought to be no hesitation on my part in openly admitting that it *did* turn brown—"deeply, darkly, beautifully" brown.

If ever I invite Biggs to dinner again, may I swallow—

"Vinegar! look at that!" said this person, suddenly grabbing the third bottle from the castor. "I am informed, from very reliable authority, that the whole cost in these days of making a barrel of first-quality vinegar—cider-vinegar they call it—is exactly forty cents."

Sniffen sprang to his feet.

"Forty cents!" shouted that speculative person, "and it's retailed at fifteen cents per gallon! Thirty times fifteen is four dollars and a half per barrel—one thousand per cent profit. Ah, isn't that grand!"

"Stop a moment, Sir," says Biggs, "until I tell you how this article is made. Old leather, Sir; sweepings of cobblers' shops, old shoes, boots—any thing that has leather about it—vitriolic acid; let these soak until they are rotten, Sir, and then—"

"I shall make my own vinegar after this, and be independent," said Widger, earnestly. "I have quite a stock of old boots at home; and a man, of course, you know, would rather consume his own boots than any body else's boots, I suppose, eh?"

"It doesn't follow, d'ye see, Mr. Biggs," was the remark of Mings at this moment, "that vinegar should be made alone of apples, or cider, and wine. The Romans used large quantities in their cooking, as well as the Greeks and other nations of antiquity; but they did not make it entirely of one thing."

"Did they make it of old boots, Sir?" asked Biggs, with withering sarcasm.

"Not exactly," said Mings; "but they were very skillful in the manufacture of all these little dressings for the table; and perhaps, if there had been a demand for a cheap article, they would have got it up any way."

"It's my opinion, Sir," continued Biggs, "though I quote 'em myself sometimes, that the Romans and Athenians were humbugs, Sir."

Mings turned pale. "Humbugs! Mr. Biggs;

humbugs! The Romans and Athenians humbugs?"

"Yes, Sir, humbugs! See the humbug of a people professing to find excuses for their indulgence in the eating of meat after it was forbidden by the Gods, and then running into such extremes in its use. Xenocrates says the Athenians were forbidden to use meat. At that time they had no fire; but Prometheus having presented them with this useful article, they commenced making sacrifices. One day, about 1500 years before the Christian era, Diomis was offering a cake to the Gods, and most likely went to sleep at the operation, and let a dainty ox snatch it from the altar and devour it. For this sacrilege the ox was slain, and himself offered on the altar. Not content with this, an ox was offered every year, on the anniversary of that day. At last one of the attendants of the altar burned his fingers while turning the meat of the sacrifice; and, to allay the pain, clapped the fingers in his mouth. It was so confounded good that the fellow was continually thrusting them at the burning steaks. From this he got to snipping off bits of meat; and, as crime is progressive, he was soon detected taking chunks home, which he and his wife made supper of. It didn't stop the taste because they were both put to death. Others were soon thrusting fingers into the dinner of the Gods; and so beef came to be eaten."

"Another story tells," said Mings, "that the origin of meat-eating was that Bacchus killed a goat, and roasted it for his own table. And still another, that Ceres planted corn, which a ruthless pig invaded and ate. It was killed, and eaten in turn. The pig was the favorite dish of the Romans and of Athens. We are told that when Marcus Tullius Cicero received a dinner from Survilus Rullus, a marvel of gastronomy was performed by a Sicilian slave, the cook of Rullus, who, after serving a dinner that was the wonder of the guests, as a finale brought in a hog cooked whole, *à la Troyenne*, as it was called. This was prepared by half boiling and half roasting; which was accomplished by spreading one half the pig with a paste made of barley-meal, oil, and wine, which was left on while the other half roasted, and removed to allow that half to boil. This wonderful pig, when opened, was found to contain a smaller pig; and so on, for several pigs; until, when too small, a capon was turned out; after which a partridge; and so on, down to a becafico."

"It's my opinion, Sir," said Biggs, very positively, "that those ancients lacked the true gentlemanly understanding of eating, to say nothing of their tastes. History tells us great stories of Vitellius and Galba, who spent such immense sums on their luxuries; but they were gluttons, Sir, for all. Vitellius was said to be always hungry. He would force an invitation every day from different Senators, sometimes going to several dinners daily; thereby ruining some of them, as it was no uncommon thing for such a dinner to cost as much as \$15,000 of our money. You've heard the story of the peacock's feather?"

Ah! now that was an invention worthy of modern days, that a man might eat half-a-dozen dinners without inconvenience. Ah! I envy Vitellius that invention."

Biggs leaned back in his chair, laid his open hand on the seat of that gastric fluid of which he had been discoursing, and looked calmly at the pile of almond shells, the contents of which, with sundry other edibles, he had committed to his pockets.

Mings took up the theme.

"I don't see but every period of the world produces gluttons," said he, looking straight into Biggs's eye; "we have a story of Theagenes, an athlete of Thasos, who ate a bull entire; and Milo, another of the shoulder-hitting fraternity, who knocked down an ox with his fist and then ate it up. And we are told to believe that Cambis, King of Lydice, ate up his wife. No doubt many in the present day would be glad to do the same. Cantibaris, the Persian, ate until his jaws became tired, when his servants crammed in the food and did the wagging. I can answer for the present day, by saying that I can put my finger on a man now living within a few miles of the city of New York who, in my presence, ate a piece of salt pork, uncooked as it was taken from the barrel, weighing seven pounds, a loaf of bread, a dish of boiled potatoes, at least two quarts, ending off with a dozen of eggs, shells and all.

"Fuller vouches for one Nicholas Wood, a Kent man, who could eat a whole sheep at a meal. One day he ate three dozen pigeons; another day, with an uncommon good appetite, he devoured eighty-four rabbits and eighteen yards of black-pudding for his breakfast. A French writer also, whose name I forget, says that Marshal Villars had a porter attached to his house who was a wonderful eater. The Marshal being of an inquiring mind, said one day to this porter, "Franz, tell me, now, how many loins you could eat."

"Ah! my lord, as for loins, not many, my lord; five or six at most."

"And how many legs of mutton?" says the Marshal.

"Ah! as for legs of mutton, my lord, not many; seven or eight, perhaps; not more."

"And how many fat pullets?"

"Ah! as for pullets, my lord, not more than a dozen."

"And pigeons?"

"Ah! as for pigeons, not many; perhaps forty or fifty at most, according to appetite."

"And larks?"

"Ah! as for that, my lord, little larks, forever my lord, forever."

Under the applause of this story, Mings retired behind his spectacles. Not that I would lead any one to believe that Biggs offered any encouragement. He is like my friend Powow, who writes for the papers, and who told me, in answer to the question whether he had read a great poem that had just appeared (my own, I may say, confidentially), that he never read any

thing except what he wrote himself. Biggs never listens to any body but himself. Sniffen had fallen back upon his industrial pursuit, and the Count still remained asleep. The appreciation of Mings, therefore, devolved entirely on Widger and myself. Tea and coffee were on the table, sending a delicious aroma through the room. I said to Biggs, "Tea or coffee?"

"Coffee," answered Biggs much bolder than he generally makes a choice. "Coffee, decidedly—only old women drink tea. It may do very well for those who have outlived their beauty and agreeability. When I wish to take poison, I'll do it in a more condensed style. I don't believe in dying by inches, or, as some of these old tea-drinkers do, drying up and blowing away. Tea, Sir, is an emphatic poison, killing its millions by inches. Talk about Cholera stalking out from its strong-holds in Persia and Afghanistan and ravaging the world every twenty or thirty years! What is it to the demon Tea, running unchained over the civilized world and counting its victims by millions, among the diseased and deformed, the consumptive and withering of every age and station? It is not enough, Sir, that the rascally Chinese fill their stuff with poisonous drugs, but it must go through a second drugging when it reaches here. As a specimen of its work, even in the purest state, look at the tea-brokers and tasters. These men are supposed to make a fortune in ten years; in other words, they must make it very rapidly or they can not live to enjoy it, fifteen years being the longest time the human frame was ever known to sustain tea-tasting. Go, Sir, into one of the offices of these worshipers, and see him sitting pale, haggard, and withered over his half dozen little cups and hot water kettle, sipping and tasting, and ask him whether tea is fit for human food."

Mings remarked, "A great Chinese writer, Lo-Yu, wrote of tea, 'It tempers the spirits and harmonizes the mind; dispels lassitude and relieves fatigue; awakens thought and prevents drowsiness; lightens or refreshes the body; and clears the perceptive faculties!'"

"Well, Sir!" exclaimed Biggs, "does tea do all that? I dare say the tea that Mr. Lo-Yu was accustomed to drink might have been capable of this; but I'll venture to say that worthy gentleman never drank any of the article as it is prepared for the outside barbarians. He never took his tea, as we do, prepared by his countrymen with a delicate touch of indigo and copperas, Terra Japonica and Prussian blue. In the late English inquiry into adulterations by Dr. Hassell thirty specimens of tea were purchased for analyzation, not one of which was found pure. The adulterations consisting of the most deadly drugs, or the most deleterious substances. The London papers within a month gave an account of the breaking up an establishment for the manufacture of tea from exhausted tea leaves, which were bought from the restaurants and taverns for that purpose, and carried through a process fitting them for sale again. Do you think, Sir, this country is behind Great Britain

in such manufactures? No, Sir; if our citizens have not found it out, you may make a sure thing of it that some gentleman from the old country will bring the discovery to this happy land, where he needn't be afraid of the police interfering with his genius. Ah! what a blessing it is to live in a free country, where we have no Parliament, and no Dr. Hassell to be interfering with what we eat, and analyzing our food! Did you ever know, my boy, how they make new tea out of old? No? Then I'll tell you. If they can get the exhausted tea leaves, they of course make the best stock. If these can not be had in sufficient quantities, the leaves of the elm, horse-chestnut, willow, or poplar will do. They must be dried first, then broken, after which they are dampened with a mixture of paste or gum, and rolled while in this damp state. A certain quantity of tannin is added to give them astringency; then sulphate of lime and logwood for a color; after which carbonate of lime for that whitish tinge good tea always has. A little black-lead will give it glaze, and a sprinkling of soap-stone bloom. Now, if the color is not exactly right, there are several things to correct that, such as indigo, turmeric, copperas, etc. This, you see, will make a splendid article to retail at twenty-five cents per pound, when nothing decent can be imported for less than three times the money. With this article made skillfully, you can mix all the way up, making something to suit your customer's pocket. What a blessing it is," sneered Biggs, turning to Mings, "that tea has been reserved for us; and how hard it was that the ancients hadn't it!"

"I'm not so sure," was Mings's response, "that the black broth of the Spartans wasn't tea."

"Don't believe a word of it, Sir," shrieked Biggs; "no nation could have existed as long as the Spartans, or been so warlike, if they had been tea-drinkers. Look at the Chinese themselves, with all the advantages they have of getting the article pure, what they have come to; and, Sir, if we do not banish it from the land, we'll become just as bad. Our forefathers knew what they were at when they got up that little affair in Boston harbor, depend upon it. I wish they would come to life, and pay a little attention to New York in the same way."

"Ain't there any law to prevent it?" said Widger, who is naturally of an inquiring turn of mind.

Biggs didn't answer. Biggs doesn't answer sometimes. Now, it must not be supposed that during the time that Biggs was destroying the reputation of tea he was utterly idle with other fluids. He had emptied his coffee-cup four times, preparing to drink the *petit tassé* of brandy immediately after imbibing the hot fluid, rather than burn it on the top as custom demands. Biggs said he did this to counteract the injurious effects that might arise from bad coffee, either from being mixed or damaged.

"For, d'ye see," he continued, "I'm not afraid of coffee if I were sure of it, but that's im-

possible. Since the experiments of Liebig in the mines of Germany, where he tested the effects of coffee on the miners, and found it answer as a substitute for meat, with superior effects, I am rather favorable to coffee, allowing you *get* coffee. Now, Sir, Hassell says, that, of the thirty-four samples of coffee obtained by him at different shops in the city of London, thirty-one proved to be adulterated; the greater part of them had no coffee whatever in their composition; others only a fifth, a fourth, or a third. That's a comfortable idea, isn't it? You may make a sure thing of it, that Dr. Hassell's calculation will suit this locality, and a little more. This is an age of inventions, Sir; but the most wonderful is, when Java coffee is quoted at sixteen cents per pound by the bag, that a shopkeeper should be able to roast it—by which he loses nearly twenty per cent. in weight—grind it—by which the weight is farther diminished—and then sell it in packages of ten pounds for one dollar, or ten cents per pound. Benevolent shopkeepers! determined that the weakness of a man's purse shall be no hinderance to his enjoyment of the refreshing beverage. Liebig doesn't say, Sir, that there is any nutriment in chicory, does he, Sir? No, Sir, he doesn't. He doesn't say that it is healthy for the public to drink a decoction of beans, that murderous physicking vegetable? Does he?"

"Mr. Biggs is right," said Mings, impressively. "Beans were condemned by the ancients, almost without exception. They were consecrated to the dead, and offered in sacrifice to the infernal Gods. Pythagoras and his followers avoided them entirely, from the fear of chewing up a father, sister, mother, or wife in the process of mastication, believing them sometimes to be the harboring places for departed souls. Hippocrates declares that he trembled for his patients when beans were in season; and many writers assert them to be of most difficult digestion."

"Yes," says Widger, looking very sleepy, "I was quite sick myself the other day from eating pork and beans, with a few raw clams, and a bit of lobster, and a little peach brandy. It must have been the beans, now I think of it."

"Pork and beans," I suggested, "is our national dish."

"National granny," said Biggs. "National dish indeed! Why, Sir, it is an abomination; it was invented by the evil one. Let's see what Beaumont says about pork and beans. Hum! beans, beans, beans. Pork—Beaumont doesn't say any thing about beans. No doubt he didn't regard them as human food. Beaumont is right. Pork, let's see what he says about pork: 'Pork, salt, 6.00; pork, fresh, 6.30.' D'ye see that now? Can any man be so insane as to eat this stuff when he can have venison, 1.35; or tripe, 1.00? Answer me that, Sir. A clear loss of five hours in digestion. Even an anaconda, Sir, would reject it."

"The Romans and the Greeks were very fond of pork," suggested Mings, "and bred the pig with great care. Varro speaks of seeing a pig

so fat that a mouse had built its nest in the hair of its back, feeding on the oleaginous meat without annoying piggie in the least."

"Which taste, Sir, in the Romans, unquestionably accounts for the fall of the Roman Empire. No nation can exist long as pork-eaters. I never thought much of the Latins as feeders. The Athenians were decidedly better; their laws governing all departments of trade in food were good. They were not pork-eaters—not in excess, like the other chaps. They ate lamb, nice, young, tender lamb, with green pease and mint sauce. No sensible man gives a dinner and leaves out lamb," said Biggs, glaring at me and running his tongue all around his lips. "The Egyptians were another sensible people; they loved lamb, and offered it in their choicest sacrifices. I have always looked upon Minerva and Juno, Sir, as two of the most intelligent of ancient women. They loved lamb, Sir, they did; and if ever I regretted living at the present day it was when I discovered that in 1350, in France, a lamb could be bought for eight cents and a chicken for a cent and a half of our money, while a pig, a nasty pig, brought half a dollar. I wish they weren't worth any more now. Moses was a sensible fellow when he forbade pork eating."

Sniffen had joined the Count in the land of dreams, and Widger was plainly making preparations for the same journey. Biggs was not dismayed. A capital soldier would Biggs have made: his continuity is great; and there need be no apprehension of his not returning to the attack, whatever attempts be made to beat him off. I thought of all this as Biggs jumped into the coffee again.

"And Liebig doesn't say any thing, Sir, about burning corn, wheat, or rye in preference to coffee, does he? nor of potatoes, chopped, dried, and burned, or of burned sugar refuse, or of starch refuse, or of Swedish turnip served the same way as potatoes, or of old, musty ship-biscuit, or of acorns, does he? No, Sir! he doesn't recommend all these articles; and yet, Sir, I pledge you my word as a gentleman" (a loud snore from Widger at this moment sent a scowl over the face of Biggs, who evidently suspected premeditation)—"as a gentleman," repeated Biggs, with strong emphasis, looking warlike at Mings and myself, "that all these things are used, and used freely, in nine-tenths of the ground coffee sold."

Biggs looked triumphantly round and resumed: "And now, Sir, let me tell you something more. That there isn't even safety in the article unground and unburned. Every body knows, that knows any thing about coffee, that large quantities are ruined in importation, by dampness in the hold of the ship, by which it gathers a blue mould, spoiling the fragrance of the article, and making it only fit to go directly into the roaster's hands. Even when roasted this blue-moulded stuff can be detected by its dusty look. Well, Sir, an enterprising Yankee—I'd speak his name if it wasn't libelous—has got over all this diffi-

culty. He has invented a machine to remove all this blue mould. He just pours this damaged coffee into a cylinder, inside of which is a revolving affair like a patent churn, which keeps the grains of coffee continually stirring and rubbing against each other, while a current of air is forced in from the end of the cylinder. The stirring and rubbing loosens the blue mould, and the current of air blows it away, so that at the end of a few hours this worthy New England gentleman turns out a splendid *looking* article for the consumption of his fellow-men. Bless him! What do you think of that, Sir? We want an institution, Sir, like 'The Queen's Tobacco-pipe,' of London."

"The Queen's Tobacco-pipe!" said Mings. "I didn't know the Queen smoked."

"Yes, Sir; the Queen insists upon smoking all the bad tobacco that comes into London docks. She has therefore built a nice little establishment, handy to the shipping, where all the tobacco which, upon inspection, does not come up to the mark, is thrown, and an application of fire soon reduces all chance of its ever finding its way into the pipes or mouths of her faithful subjects. They call this 'The Queen's Tobacco-pipe.'"

I had noticed that Biggs was taking his last cup of coffee without sugar. I therefore offered him the sugar-bowl.

"I don't eat sugar, Sir."

He might not eat it, but I am convinced that Biggs had taken sugar with his previous five cups of coffee.

"I don't eat sugar. No amount of refining can purify that article for me, Sir. I have been on the sugar plantations. I've seen 'em do it, Sir. I know all the mysteries of rats in the sugar-trough and dirty darkeys in the mills. Dr. Hassell says that 'pure and unadulterated cane sugar should be of a highly crystallized texture, of a light color, and free from clamminess and moisture.' Now, Sir, go into the groceries and examine the article, and say how much of it bears that character. And more than this, the same gentleman says, 'We feel compelled, however reluctantly, to come to the conclusion that the brown sugars of commerce are in general in a state wholly unfit for human consumption.'"

There, Sir, what do you think of that? He says good sugar mustn't cake into masses; and *he* knows. Now I'll tell you what you eat for sugar. You eat bits of sugar-cane, saw-dust, sand, grit, starch, potatoes, Indian meal, flour, and lots of nasty things, too nasty to mention."

I was in hopes Biggs wouldn't mention them, as I had noticed for some minutes a paleness overspreading Mings's countenance. My hope, however, was scarcely born ere it died. Biggs began again:

"I suppose you none of you know what *Acarus sacchari* is, do you? or *Acarus farinæ*, either? Eh? Well, Sir, both these things are nasty little animals found in sugar and flour; about as near as any thing I can mention, they resemble that fearful little insect coming directly

under the notice of the barber. Well, Sir, sugar swarms with these *acar*i, and flour too. Now, Sir, do you know what 'grocers' and bakers' itch' is? Why it's a disease engendered by these disgusting little vermin getting under the skin, creating inflammation, and—"

Mings jumped up and rushed for the door. Biggs leaned back in his chair, looked at me, and gave a long stretch.

As I shut my eyes to shut away the sight of the brute I had just time to see him kick the Count under the table and fillip Sniffen across the nose, and to hear him say to these two persons as they awoke, "Come, let's get out of this."

And away went the trio, taking French leave. Mings and Widger staid all night, with the aid of Tom.

ONE OF THE NUNNS.

IN the month of August, 1856, the American Association for the Advancement of Science met at Montreal.

For fifteen days erudition was supreme. Within the memory of living persons, the Canadian capital had never before been plunged into such an abyss of profundity. The streets were flooded with earnest thought, and the houses reeked with learning. Wisdom became epidemic throughout the city. The natives seemed oppressed with mental overweight, diffusing which, they mingled endless recondite dissertations with their sumptuous hospitality. An invite to dine portended exercise of brain, as well as appetite. Reason feasted bountifully, and soul flowed majestically. To Science all times and places yielded. You walked, and the stones beneath your feet paved the way to discussions on boulder formations; the mire which prevailed to great depth in the thoroughfares put you on a good footing to consider theories of deposits; the curious bright tin roofs, which every where around glistened and sparkled, lighted up the path to pleasing chemical solutions of thought. You rode, and the patois of the French cab-driver suggested philological fancies. You looked above, and mind was elevated; you looked below, and understanding was secure.

Montreal labored proudly, but painfully, under its weighty visitation.

Each day the splendid Court-house echoed with intellectual reverberations. In one vast chamber, Old Red and his fellows were put through severe and incessant courses of inquiry. In another, Arrow-head writings and similar light literature were enjoyed. In a third, electrical excitements and mathematical levities were indulged in. Occasionally the three departments resolved themselves into one body, to listen to Professor A, while he solemnly demolished Dr. B; or to Sir C D, while he administered sedate annihilation to Mr. E. In all these sessions, a stern gravity pervaded the assembly. Each delegate felt the dignity of his position, and failed not to sustain it. Especially was this

the case with the feeble lights, whose flickerings extended only to the seconding of motions, and the voting of thanks; and as for the feeblest, who shed no rays of intelligence whatever, beyond sundry winks of approval of every thing that was said, and every body who said it, they seemed all the while immersed in perfect morasses and sloughs of awful seriousness, so entirely given up to Science were they.

But it is not of the delegates, nor of any subject they debated, that I am going to tell. It is of a little sentimental phenomenon, however, which M. Michelet regards as the finest subject in the world for scientific investigation, and to establish an educational department of which a munificent bequest by a benevolent lady was not long ago made to a distinguished institution of learning. The bequest remains unmolested, because, although the phenomenon has fastened itself upon the universal attention of mankind since the time of Adam—or, more properly, since the time of Eve—no one hereabout appears to have put himself in a position to lay down its laws.

An odd contrast to the Associated Gravity before mentioned was shown by twelve individuals of reckless demeanor, who constantly occupied the best seats and displayed the worst behavior in the Halls of Convention. They seemed insensible to the demands of propriety. They looked with the most depraved air of unconcern upon the proceedings, with which, however, they were evidently in some way connected. When Professor Tumpkins, of Tetherly, rose to demonstrate, with examples, his theories of storms, these imperfect dozen, knowing Tumpkins, and loving him not, gave signs of contempt by protrusions of tongues, and foldings down of eyelids, and shufflings of feet; thus producing tempestuous illustrations on their own account, of a character quite different from those prepared by Tumpkins, and not at all delightful to him. And when Mr. H. Merry Front revealed new and original chemical oils, and told about them in liquid tones mellifluously bland, the bad twelve irreverently mimicked him as to voice and gesture, until Mr. Merry Front had only troubled waters to pour his unctuous liquids upon, and developed symptoms of introducing vials of chemical wrath, as well as oils, to empty upon the offenders. But in general, all those whom they reviled and persecuted bore it with meek grace, and turned deaf ears to their wayward turbulence; rendering them homage, furthermore, when opportunity offered, as if anxious for nothing so much as to secure their affectionate interest.

These twelve objects of adulation were journalists—reporters; on the integrity of whose pens the faithful record of the Convention's deeds depended. Generally unacquainted with the matters under consideration, they were of course able to report them without partiality or prejudice; and by a faculty peculiar to their profession, they contrived to satisfy all newspaper necessities far better than the most learned profess-

or in the Society could have done. The reportorial instinct is keen. It detects intuitively what only the studies of years can reveal to meaner minds!

Among these vivacious gentlemen, the most vivacious was Mr. Roderick Delavan. He had a ready wit, unfailing spirits, a pleasant voice, and a good heart. In appearance he was singular. A ruddy flame overspread his countenance, and settled fiercely in his beard and hair. Distantly viewed, his "distracted globe" suggested one of the pink balloons, so popular with infants, in a state of collapse. His frame-work was gigantic and jerky. He was fearfully and wonderfully set upon his pins. His invention had been tasked to aid the oddity of his presence. The authorship of his garments was unknown, but it is safe to say that Solomon, in all his glory, was not arrayed like him. He was a perambulating joke. All persons discharged satirical small shot at him, but they fell upon the hide of a moral rhinoceros. By poking more fun at himself than all the rest together could do, he cheated them of their sarcasm. Possessing the best temper in the world, he was never ruffled, and consequently became immensely popular with all who fell in his way.

Mr. Delavan was the leading spirit among the reportorial dozen. He arranged the pastimes, and disarranged the labors, of his fellows, with unfailing success, whenever he set out to. And so, one morning, when an unexpected adjournment of the Convention left them all at leisure, he was at once invested with the mastery of proceedings, and requested to dictate the operations of the day. A mountain ride in calèches, a species of vehicle which it is undoubtedly good to be in, as it brings the occupant nearer to heaven than he ever could have expected to be on wheels, was first decided upon; and after its conclusion an expedition was organized to achieve the summit of the great tower of the Church of Notre Dame. The principal difficulty of the ascent was encountered at the entrance, where an official was stationed to demand the sum of one English shilling from every visitor; but this obstacle overcome, the party rose triumphant.

Half-way up the tower hangs the huge bell of Montreal—the largest mass of melodious metal on this continent. All admired, and would have passed; but Mr. Delavan, whose holiday friskiness had become irrepressible, suddenly announced that he was fired with ambition, and that his happiness depended on a visit to the interior of the bell. He was resolved, as he said, to penetrate to the source of sound. Eloquent dissuasions immediately set in; and, as his companions unitedly denounced the idea as rash and ridiculous, he straightway commenced clambering with vigor.

After a series of violent efforts, he succeeded in grasping the heavy tongue, and in planting his shoes upon the iron ball at its end. A few seconds more of sinuous writhing, and he stood erect, with plenty of space around and above him. Having thus accomplished his purpose he

was honored with acclamations, and requested to lower himself, which he might now do without self-abasement.

But there was one circumstance which Mr. Delavan had failed to consider; and that was, that the bells of Montreal are accustomed to be rung, on the average, five times every hour during the day; so that the city may be said to be in a state of perennial tintinnabulation. The great bell, though better able to perform duty than most of his neighbors, is less frequently exercised than any other; but, at the same time, is by no means permitted to remain idle. Just as Mr. Delavan commenced to work himself down by a careful and gentle process, his eleven associates saw the ropes tightening and the wheel turning. They shouted to him to make haste, but it was too late. The bell swung heavily over to one side, its deep tone crashed through the tower, and poor Delavan fell down among the timbers beneath, an inanimate lump.

The fall was fortunately only of a few feet, but it was found that his face had been cut open by the iron tongue sweeping against it. His friends stood stupefied. Never was reportorial equanimity so thoroughly upset. One of the party, after spending a few seconds in collecting his senses, hurried below with them, and employed them in stopping the ringers, after the damage had all been done. The other ten stood quite incapable of action, and left the injured man stretched beneath the bell, which gaped down upon him with its great mouth as if dismayed at the mischief it had done.

Suddenly a fair young girl, who had descended unobserved from the upper part of the tower, stepped among them. She glided along the rough flooring, and, stooping down, lifted the bruised head upon her lap.

"Go for some water," she said, directly addressing one individual; "you will find some in a marble vase in the vestibule."

The messenger started off as he was bid, and the frightened males, beginning to perceive what was needed, now that they had been shown by a stranger, gathered around with great bustle.

"Please to give room, gentlemen," said the young lady, in a calm and irresistibly persuasive voice; "two of you can lift your friend from this uncomfortable place, and some one should search for a carriage, not a cab, to convey him away."

Ten reporters sprang forward to perpendicularize the horizontal Delavan. Two were permitted to support him, and betrayed elation. The eight baffled ones started off toward eight different sections of the city, seeking carriages.

It was curious to see how this gentle maiden swayed the superior sex by her quiet words. The superior sex was humbled, ventured no suggestion, but submissively obeyed. It is always thus, on such occasions. When there are presence of mind in unlooked-for danger, careful thought, soothing sensibility, to be shown, the superior sex goes down like the heavy end of a see-saw, and the opposite gender rises proportionately, like the other side.

By the time Mr. Delavan had opened his eyes, and brought his recollection over the brief interval of unconsciousness it had paused at, the aqueous messenger reappeared. Relieving him of his cup, the young lady softly removed the shaggy mane from Mr. Delavan's eyes and mouth and other cavities where it had settled, and, with saturated handkerchief, set to work removing the blood-stains. Then, bending her face close to his, she scrutinized each wound, and finding none was deeply dangerous, showed gratification. A genuine pity beamed from her eye, and her touch was so delicate and her manner so considerate, that Mr. Delavan began to quaver, and forgetting all anxiety about his head, turned attention to the precarious condition of his heart.

"Do it some more," he murmured feebly, as his benefactress, having restored his countenance to something like its ordinary aspect—which was very ordinary, indeed—suspended proceedings.

The young lady laughed. "I think he will survive," she said—"you should take him away, now;" and she gracefully withdrew, and ran up the stairs to the roof of the tower, whence she had come.

Mr. Delavan was bent upon following. He had commenced a mental inventory of her appearance, and had only had time to note that she was clad in unrelieved black, and that she was as pretty as she had been good to him. He was not sure of remembering her, and that doubt he found very disgusting.

Meanwhile the eight baffled ones had arrived at the church portal with eight carriages, obstructing the streets, and filling the minds of observers with expectations of a wedding or a funeral. Apprehending that seven-eighths of the vehicles were superfluities, they took measures to disperse them—an operation attended with much difficulty, for the hack-driver of Montreal is the most leech-like mortal that exists. Attaining their end, they mounted to the belfry, just in time to overrule, by arguments and threats, the upward aspirations of their wayward Delavan.

"Hambwell," he said, "you know every body, or can if you like. Find out for me who she is, and I'll go home to bed."

Hambwell promised, and Mr. Delavan was at once escorted hotelward, and sandwiched between two sheets.

A few minutes after, a gentleman who had emerged from the tower of *Nôtre Dame* at the same time that the sufferer was carried away, knocked at his chamber door. "I do not wish to intrude," he said, "but I am a physician, and I have been asked to see if your injury was severe. Here is my card."

Mr. Delavan took the bit of pasteboard, thrust it, without looking at it, into the pocket which hung nearest the bed, and submitted himself to medical examination. His condition was pronounced upon. He was informed that he suffered some pain, and that his face testified that he had been through a bad scrape. As to the future, that was uncertain; but it appeared likely that, unless it took longer, two or three days

would probably be sufficient to restore him to active pursuits. "If you like," said the doctor, who seemed an amiable gentleman, "I will send you some ointment, although there is no reason why you should not get on just as well without." And so, recommending Mr. Delavan to put a good face on it, he withdrew, accompanied by thanks.

For three days Mr. Delavan kept his room; and, as his body was closely confined, his mind occasionally wandered, by way of compensation.

His talk ran wildly on the subject of belles and their tongues, which, he averred, brought great annoyance, and yet great consolation, to mankind, as in his own case. At this his friends mourned, for they mistrusted the sanity of him who uttered such melancholy levity.

He called incessantly for Hambwell, to whom he had intrusted the duty of discovering his good Samaritan. He said suspense was torture. He had found it so when hanging from the bell of *Nôtre Dame*—still more did he find it so now. And then his friends again filled the air with lamentations.

Mr. Hambwell was equal to satisfying the longings of the stricken Delavan. He was a native journalist, and a part of his daily task was to learn all about every distinguished person in town. Three evenings of earnest search were at length rewarded as he wished. He went to the bed where his friend was laid out, and prostrated him unnecessarily by a piece of information which he let off in his ear.

"One of the nuns?" gasped Mr. Delavan, horror-stricken.

"Yes, to be sure," said Mr. Hambwell—"belongs to Montreal. I should have found it out before, only she lives a little way out of town."

"Unfeeling man, a little way out of town! A little way out of the world, you mean. Leave me, Hambwell, leave me. My hopes, like autumn leaves, are dried up and blown away." [This with pathetic anguish.]

The next morning Mr. Delavan announced intentions of refusing the ordinary nourishment of mortals, and feeding on despair. All endeavors to divert him failed. Resolute martyrdom was stamped upon his brow. Entreaties having proved unavailing, a breakfast was ordered in, at sight of which he melted to the extent of an omelet and a chicken wing. He then returned to his morbid frame of mind, with the declaration that he would at once go and listen to Tumpkins, of Tetherly, upon whatever subject he might that day discourse.

At the Seat of Learning he looked around for Hambwell, but Hambwell had Ethnology in charge, in another room. So he consulted with other brethren. Much anti-Catholic sentiment was delivered, and a special abhorrence of convents and like institutions expressed. For their inmates, however, more genial feelings were acknowledged. Mr. Delavan moreover developed plans for exploring every religious establishment in Montreal, rather than fail to offer grateful

thanks to his fair minister of mercy. His companions counseled moderation, and Mr. Delavan laughed them to scorn.

Four days after this, the Scientific Association luxuriated on the bosom of the Saint Lawrence. It was the last, and the most brilliant, of the numberless excursions with which the generous Canadians entertained their guests.

It is a sad truth, that the occupations of this brief space of time had banished most of Mr. Delavan's tender memories. The bell episode was floating from his mind. Black patches, affording physiognomical varieties of *Rouge et Noir*, and consequent cuticular irritations, enforced the recollection of his facial bruises; but the scratch upon his heart had healed. Alas! that inconstancy should—[the reader will here introduce moral reflections suitable to the occasion.]

He wandered among the crowds upon the steamer's deck, as joyous as the scene around him. All was animated. The Scientific Congress had successfully terminated. The great guns had fired their last argumentative round shot, the weavers of wisdom had spun their last thread, the lions had uttered their last roar. To pleasure now all turned, nor turned in vain.

Mr. Delavan shot back and forth like a fiery projectile of uncertain destination. For thirty minutes his spirit bounded and his tongue clashed, until, going sternward, he caught sight of something which quenched the outward expression of his ardor, but caused him to burn inwardly, with ten-fold eagerness.

Sitting alone, and gazing upon the water, her face partly turned his way, was his half-forgotten benefactress. She was still clad in black, and she was very pale; but her face was as the peep of earliest dawn rising from clouded night. Of the throng that moved about her, she seemed to form no part; so Mr. Delavan took courage, and approached her.

She saw him as he came, and waited for him to speak.

"I am very glad to see you," he said; "I would not willingly have gone from Montreal without saying to you how deeply I felt your kind attention. I have looked for you continually" [Oh! Mrs. Opie], "but almost gave up hope of meeting you."

"It was nothing," said the young lady, "nothing at all. I am glad you are recovered. We would probably have met before, only I have been ill myself, and detained at home."

"Have you, too, been ill?"

"Somewhat; I ought not to be abroad to-day."

Then followed a fragmentary and puzzling conversation. Mr. Delavan unable to fathom the notion of a convent resident coming out on a pleasure voyage, felt embarrassed—a most unusual state of things with him, as with all newspaper reporters. The young lady, timidly treading on the dangerous ground of an accidental acquaintance, took hesitating steps of speech, and seemed confused.

Gradually this wore off in a certain degree, and a colloquy of partial equivocation ensued. *Personæ*—Mr. Delavan, gaunt, scarred, and not of fascinating mien: Delicate damsel, fair, fluttered, and entrancing.

BEAST.—“Indeed, I was for some reasons much surprised to find you here.” [Aside.—“She *must* understand that.”]

BEAUTY.—“You think one in my condition should not have ventured?” [Aside.—“He means I look not quite recovered.”]

BEAST.—“Pardon me—yes.”

BEAUTY.—“Oh, there is no danger, I am sure.”

BEAST.—“No danger, but—” [Pause.] “Well, for me, I am delighted that you are here. It gives me the chance to assure you at least that I am not ungrateful.”

BEAUTY.—“There is nothing to be grateful for. I could not help, when I saw you from the tower, turning round with that hideous wheel—”

BEAST.—“Like Ixion.”

BEAUTY.—“Perhaps.”

BEAST.—“No; for Ixion went to the devil, and I fell into the presence of an angel.”

BEAUTY.—“You are poetical, Sir.”

BEAST.—“Poetry is truth, here, as it always should be” [pathetically].

BEAUTY.—“Well, try not to tempt fate any more.”

BEAST.—“It was a rashness which I do not regret, since it made us acquainted.”

BEAUTY.—“Oh!” [Pause.] “I sometimes go about on premeditated missions of mercy. That, you see, was an involuntary one, that day.”

BEAST.—[Aside. “Missions of mercy! Would she send me distracted?”] Aloud.—“Are you alone here to-day?”

BEAUTY.—“No [languidly]—some of my sisters, and father, are with me.”

BEAST.—[Aside. “Her sisters; a troop of horrid nuns, of course. I am afraid to ask her name. It will be Sister Agatha, or something.”]

BEAUTY.—“We enjoy this excursion. We do not go too often from home.”

BEAST.—“Oh! I suppose not.” [Aside.—“Poor thing!”]

BEAUTY.—[With a shade of surprise.] “I mean, we live a little way from the city, and do not, you see, share all its gayeties.”

BEAST.—“Of course not. I understand. I am a stranger here, to be sure, but I understand these things. Most of your order live out of town, don't they?”

BEAUTY.—“Sir!”

BEAST.—[Musingly.] “Alas! alas! And have you without regret renounced the pleasures of the social world, the—the—”

BEAUTY.—“Oh dear! I like it very much; so much better than the noisy town. We have repose, tranquillity.”

BEAST.—[Reflectively and aside.] “Poor thing!”

They approached the Lachine rapids. Here the river, losing its temper, forsakes the measured dignity of its previous course, and rushes

with mad impetuosity, boiling and fuming, and fighting with opposing rocks, and fiercely sweeping down struggling shoals. “I have passed this place before,” said the gentle Unknown, “but it always terrifies me.”

“Don't be alarmed,” said Mr. Delavan, stoutly, “there can be no danger.”

Mark the hypocrisy of man. Mr. Delavan, who now shot the rapids for the first time, was in fact scared, and in his tribulation would gladly have sacrificed many of his possessions to have been safely on shore.

“Do not tremble,” he said soothingly, “you know it's all right, it can't help being all right, you know.” And he took hold of her little hand which half crept from the folds of her cloak, and pressed it, by way of imparting to its owner some of the strength of mind which he did *not* possess.

The young lady turned her eyes, wide with astonishment, upon him. Overcome undoubtedly by amazement, she forgot to rebuke his assurance, or to withdraw her hand. And so they sat linked together, as the boat, after bustling through a myriad of maelstroms, and grazing destruction a hundred times, came out unharmed to where the river moves serene and deep again.

The day was delicious. The scene enchanting. Ever rolling waters gleaming in the sunlight, luxuriant islands welcoming the eye at each new turn, the purple mountain dimly bounding the view, the lustrous skies and softly tinted clouds formed a picture to fill a poet's soul with rapture.

Mr. Delavan was a bit of a poet, though happily unconscious of the weakness. He glowed with true enthusiasm as he gazed about him. The glories around, and the beauty beside him, inspired him to new and bright and eloquent thoughts. At his words, the waves sparkled with fresh brilliancy, the skies shed new radiance. His companion was moved, but her hand was not. Though the throng circled around them, they were alone.

They neared the city. The Unknown rose to meet a gentleman who came toward her. Mr. Delavan turned, irate, upon the intruder. It was the physician who had visited him, and who now congratulated him upon his restoration.

“I attended you, Sir,” he said, “at my daughter's request, as she has doubtless told you. She saw your fall, and apprehended danger. You see it was nothing serious. It is a fine day, Sir.”

“We shall all be at Bonsecours Hall to-night,” said the lady. “I hope you will go.” Then she bade him good-by, and left him perturbed and distressed.

Long before this he had suspected a cruel mistake, and the proposal to visit Bonsecours Hall, where a parting festival was to take place that evening, put the matter beyond doubt. “The old gentleman is her father, then,” he soliloquized, “and she sent him to look after me, a stranger. A—h!”

Then he bethought him of the card, and plunging his fingers among the masses of incongruous

papers that distended his pocket, he extricated it, drew it forth, and read:

Theophilus Nunn, M.D.

"Oh! then and there was hurrying to and fro!" The eleven associates, who, respecting Mr. Delavan's preoccupation had infested a remote part of the boat, were discovered. Mr. Hambwell was selected for the special target of wrath. How dared he trifle with Mr. Delavan's holiest feelings. He should be straightway taught explicitness. Thus to agonize him with false fears, etc., etc., etc., to the duration of five minutes.

Mr. Hambwell, extracting at last a spark of light from the flint and steel which were dashing about him, undertook to explain that every body about Montreal knew of the family of Dr. Nunn, and hence he had, incorrectly he admitted, deemed it sufficient to say that the young lady was one of them.

"Idiotic logician," said Mr. Delavan, "how should an outsider know of more than one species of Montreal nun?"

In the afternoon, Mr. Delavan held quarrel-some commune with himself.

In the evening:

"I hardly dared to come," he said, "with this frightful face." [Had he not anticipated meeting somebody, his face would have cost him not a single thought.]

"There are no mirrors in the hall," said his new friend.

"There was another reason. I am afraid I have fallen into a very stupid error. You must excuse any incomprehensibilities I may have uttered this morning, for, do you see, I really thought you were a nun."

"I am a Nunn," she said, surprised.

"But I mean a real nun; not only by name, but—"

"Oh, no, Sir; I am none-such."

Mr. Delavan laughed prodigiously at this, and the young lady twinkled her eyes at him like stars in a December night. Explanations followed, which lasted through the evening. It was settled that black garments and pale faces were not inseparable from convents, that suburban residences may be enjoyed by others besides religious devotees, and that "missions of mercy" may relate to amateur benevolence, as well as to spiritual visitations. Other things, too, were settled.

It was settled, somehow, before Montreal was purged of Science, that Mr. Delavan should not leave that city with his party. He accepted an editorial proposition from a native journal, and settled himself there.

Since that time, he has been cultivating refinements of air and apparel. When I saw him last, he was, to all appearance, quite a civilized creature. His hair had been brought within reasonable limits. His awkwardness had yielded to a frolic grace. His raiment was unexceptionable. Altogether, he seemed to be gradually getting himself up for some important event.

PROPOSAL.

BY BAYARD TAYLOR.

THE violet loves a sunny bank,
The cowslip loves the lea,
The scarlet creeper loves the elm;
But I love—thee.

The sunshine kisses mount and vale,
The stars they kiss the sea,
The west winds kiss the clover bloom;
But I kiss—thee.

The oriole weds his mottled mate,
The lily's bride o' the bee;
Heaven's marriage-ring is round the earth:
Shall I wed thee?

A MAN OF LETTERS.

IT was past meridian of a hot day in August; not a cloud was visible in the intensely blue sky to dim its splendor or to throw the cool freshness of its own shadow over the earth, which seemed to be melting in a white heat. The distant hills, seen afar off, through the thin rarefied air, seemed to be actually turning and quivering in the day-king's burning glances. The heat had subdued even the insect tribes; not a wing seemed moving, not a hum, not a buzz broke the silence, except when, now and again, at long intervals, there came forth the sharp, shrill, prolonged note of the locust, thrilling the ear with its painful and monotonous continuity of sound, as it bore its own testimony to the intensity of the heat, and forced a keener and more realizing sense of it upon the minds of its hearers. But hot as it undoubtedly was, I can show you one comparatively cool spot. You see that old brown house, situated in a cool, grassy hollow, and snugly nestled under the protecting shadow of those mighty elm-trees, which are the pride and glory of our *Sylva Americana*. The house is low and old-fashioned, built of wood, with two stories in the front and only one in the rear, the roof sloping in an inclined plane all the way from the ridge-pole to within a few feet of the ground. This was a style of building much in vogue with our predecessors, and for which, doubtless, they had their own good and sufficient reasons; but if the style *had* its advantages, the knowledge of them seems to have died out with the builders; for now, in modern days, when every man who builds "follows too much the devices and desires of his own heart" (and many there be who do greatly err therein, and commit awful enormities, raising up of wood and stone lasting memorials of their own defeats), nobody builds after that antiquated pattern. Yet it may be a perversity of taste; but I think such an old house, low and brown and weather-stained, with its tall chimney and its long reach of roof, all green with mosses and lichens, is a far more picturesque object than a modern mongrel cottage, with its

Swiss roof, French windows, Grecian pillars, Italian verandas, and old English chimneys; a thing of angles and turrets—be-orieled and be-porticoed—fresh and glittering with white paint as if just cut out of card-board, and set up as a model, to show how incongruity without *could* be combined with inconvenience within.

But to return from this unnecessary digression to the old house in question, which had certainly nothing to do with such modern fopperies, and therefore ought not to be made to suffer for other's sins. It stood a few yards back from the wayside, with a few old lilac-bushes and holly-hocks before it, an old-fashioned well with a well-sweep, and a bucket, which, if not poetically "moss-covered," might have been so, and *would* have been, had not its owner chosen otherwise. This was the birth-place and home of Captain Charles Osborn, or, as he was more commonly called, "Skipper Charlie," an old, retired sea-captain, who had had the sagacity or the good luck to leave the seas and settle down in the old homestead before he took that "one vi'age more," which so often proves fatal to men of his calling.

The old man was a widower, and his children had all been married and dispersed long ago; but the widow of one of his sons, a meek, gentle-tempered woman, being left in rather destitute circumstances, had thankfully availed herself of the worthy Captain's invitation to come with her only remaining child, a fine bright boy of six years old, and keep the old man's house for him.

On the hot afternoon to which our story refers, Captain Osborn, having dined, as usual, at twelve o'clock, was sitting quietly in his arm-chair at the open window, smoking his cigar and meditating; while full in his view, and near enough for him to inhale the refreshing salt smell, which was fragrant to *him*, lay steeping in brilliant white light the grand old ocean, which had borne him floating on its bosom, as man and boy, for more than half a century. He was a tall, hale, weather-beaten old man, but he had still a bright, clear eye, and a merry smile; and as he sat now, in his cool, lead-colored jacket and scrupulously clean white linen, he looked, as he no doubt felt, extremely comfortable and every way "at ease in his possessions."

Near him, work in hand, sat the widow, in widow's cap and black alpaca dress, somewhat rusty, but "*perfectly respectable*." She was a mild-eyed, gentle-looking woman, with no particular expression, unless one of patient sweetness, and had a general *faded* look, as if, like some treacherous printed calico, her colors had gradually all washed out, her pale-blue eyes, colorless lips, and faded hair being capable of no demonstration beyond gentle acquiescence in the will of those whom she loved in her own quiet way.

Occupying a visible place between the two beings to whom his own young life formed the connecting link sat little Charlie, a pretty, fair-haired boy of six summers, endowed with some-

thing of his mother's gentle sweetness of temper, but with its quiet current freshened into life by something of his dead father's animation, and with a dash of his grandfather's quaint wit, which in the old man had been mellowed by time and the sunshine of a warm heart, until, like some generous old wine which has been sent repeatedly round the Cape, it was genial and hearty; hence, what in the pale mother was a negative and insipid sweetness, was in the blooming boy a positive, unfailling, and infectious joyfulness.

He sat at a table near his grandfather, and before him was a box of printed letters, containing many alphabets, cut out and fixed upon squares of card—such as children love to play with. They had been his grandfather's gift on the preceding New-Year's Day, and were a source of inexhaustible amusement to Charlie, whose in-door recreations were limited to this box of letters and a set of wooden jackstraws, home-made by the worthy Captain, who, inwardly delighting in a true American love for a jack-knife and a stick, was always glad of any thing to make, as an excuse for whittling, and kept his daughter-in-law well provided with mop-handles, window sticks, buttons for doors, and various other useful articles, which she regarded, with veneration, as very ingenious and wonderful handiworks.

"Grandpa," said Charlie, suddenly looking up from his box of letters, "give me a word, will you? a nice, good, *long* word—please, grandpa."

"An-abominable-bumble-bee, Charlie: will that do?" said the old Captain, laughing heartily. Now this was an old joke, and had been offered to little Charlie's acceptance a score of times before; but the old skipper had reached that time of life when mere repetition passes for wit, and an old, well-worn jest was endeared to him like his jack-knife, because he had used it for years, and it never seemed to occur to him that the one could lose its edge any more than the other.

"Oh, grandpa!" said the boy, with a slight gesture of impatience, "I don't want an-abominable-bumble-bee; you always *do* give me an-abominable-bumble-bee."

"Do I, Charlie?" said the old man, laughing heartily. "Well, then, we must try to find something else. Let me see. *Hippopotamus*—how will *that* do?"

"Hippopotamus? Oh! that will do. Hippo-pot-a-mus! Who *was* he, grandpa?"

"Well," said the old man, with quiet humor, "he was a personage, Charlie, who was very fond of the water."

"Oh! I know, grandpa—like you—'an old salt.' Was he, grandpa? Was he a sea-captain?"

"Well, no, Charlie, not just *that*; I don't think he *was* a sea-faring individual; I rather think he preferred *inland* navigation—*river* scenery; in fact, Charlie, he was not a *man*, but a *horse*—a river-horse."

"Well, never mind what he was, grandpa; I don't care; he's got a good name, any way."

"And a good name goes a great way, Charlie," said the old Captain. "'A good name is better than riches'—to a hippopotamus!"

"Now, then, grandpa, how do you spell it? I've got H."

"H-i-p, hip—p-o, po—hippo," slowly spelled grandpa. "I don't know how he came to be hipped, though, poor fellow!" mused grandpa, thoughtfully. "I got hipped once myself; at least folks said I was—I don't know."

"Y, grandpa?" asked the child, who was busy about his letters.

"Why?" returned the Captain. "Well, I'm sure I can't tell you why; only I lost my ship, and the bank failed, and I had a run of ill-luck, and I was in a tight place. I got fairly stuck in the mud, and then folks said I was hipped! And I guess when a river-horse gets stuck in the mud, and can't get out noways, *he* gets hipped; and I should think *he would*, and I don't blame him for it neither."

"No no, grandpa," said the boy, "I meant how do you spell it—Y or I?" and he held up the letters as he spoke.

"Oh! that's it, is it, Charlie? Put an I, Charlie—an I, by all means. If you put a Y he will begin to be a hypocrite instead of a hippopotamus, and *that* I never was and never *will* be; and if your river-horse is, I shall cut his acquaintance, set him adrift, and let him run."

"Hip-po; what next, grandpa?"

"P-o-t, pot," spelled the old man.

"Another P?" said the child; "why, grandpa, what a lot of P's!"

"Well, Charlie, do let him have as many *peas* as he wants, for massy sake! If he's willing to live on peas—a poor critter!—I'm sure he's heartily welcome to my share! I hate peas! Baked beans is bad enough, in all conscience, with all the alleviations of pork and pudding; but when it comes to *peas*—pea-pudding, pea-porridge—faugh! Peas—well, I suppose they *are* a blessing, and we had ought to be thankful for them; but I mean to wait till I've returned thanks for all my other blessings first, Charlie, and I guess it will be some considerable time before I work round to peas!"

"Hip-po-pot," spelled Charlie; "what else, grandpa?"

"A-mus," said the old Captain; "and I think, Charlie, we have made a muss of it already."

There was a short silence, while Charlie finished his word, and then he was turning to his grandfather with a new request, but his mother checked him.

"I guess I wouldn't trouble grandfather now, Charlie dear," she said; "I guess he wants his nap."

"No, Lucy," said the old man, kindly; "I am not sleepy; I was only thinking—" and as he spoke the old gentleman slipped down in his great leathern arm-chair till his tall person rested upon the extremity of his back, elevating his

shoulders nearly to his ears; and then, raising one of his lower limbs, and resting his foot against the side of the window, somewhat higher than his head, he deliberately crossed the other limb over it—an attitude much affected by elderly American men in general, and by Yankees in particular, whenever they have any deep and intricate reasoning process to elaborate (probably from some latent and unexplained theory that, by thus elevating one extremity, all the wits will be driven to the other, upon the same principle with which we turn the egg-glass, and let all the sands run into the before empty half).

"I was thinking, Lucy," he said, glancing at Charlie's box of letters, dropping his hand upon the window-ledge, and knocking off as he spoke the burned end of his cigar with his little finger, then, with the same useful little member, abstractedly sweeping up the ashes into a clever little "*hic jacet*" pile on the outer sill of the window, and regarding it with a thoughtful air, as if it was suggestive, like the ashes of departed greatness—"I was just thinking, Lucy, my dear, what wonderful things these letters are. Only six-and-twenty of them, Lucy—little more than two dozen, my dear; and yet how much we can do with them! Look at that little box, now; only a few inches square; and yet it contains the elements of *all* the written history, *all* the printed wisdom, *all* the recorded eloquence of the world! The laws of Moses—the wisdom of Solomon—the Declaration of Independence—Washington's Inaugural—Daniel Webster's arguments—*all* in that little box, Lucy!"

"Well, I declare! true enough—so it is! I never thought of that before, though," said the mild-eyed widow, dropping her sewing-work upon her knee, and looking with the most unbounded admiration and affection upon her father-in-law, whom she considered a perfect miracle of wisdom; while her thoughts refreshed themselves with an unwonted pleasure-excursion—a flight of fancy—a sort of mental picnic in the woods, in which the relative positions of her father-in-law and Solomon, Moses, Washington, and Daniel Webster, got, somehow or rather, considerably involved. Then she came down to more modern times, and thought of the letter she once had from her husband (the only one in a union of ten years), when he was drawn juryman, and had to be away from home all night, and he wrote home to her to be sure and shut the cellar window—and to bring in the crook-neck squashes—and to throw a rug over the barrels of apples out under the tree, for the nights were getting frosty. What a man he was! So kind and thoughtful for her and the children, always! And then she looked at little Charlie, sitting opposite to her, now sole representative of his father; and she thought what a fine boy he was, and getting so tall too—why, he had almost outgrown that summer suit already! and that brought her round to the linen for him now lying unfinished upon her lap; and having thus got back into the old track, she gave a little quiet sigh of thankfulness for having reached home in

safety, and taking up her work again, she returned to

"Band, and gusset, and seam—
Seam, and gusset, and band,"

much fatigued with her unusual aerial expedition.

Little Charlie, who had by this time fairly conquered the Hippopotamus, and grown weary of his victory, now began to sigh for more words to conquer, and was about to renew his attack upon his grandfather, whose stores of hidden knowledge he firmly believed to be utterly inexhaustible, when a sign from his mother stopped him. In the double responsibility of her twofold relationship, at once filial and maternal, she held up the warning finger, enjoining silence, and the obedient boy, turning from his grandfather, quietly amused himself by pouring out all his letters on the table, and sorting them, according to their several kinds, into six-and-twenty separate heaps.

At this moment, while our worthy old friend, Captain Osborn, was still gazing in abstract reflection upon the memorial ashes of his cigar, the gate opened, and a stranger came up the little pathway. There was something peculiar in the man's look, and walk, and manner; what it was, Captain Osborn could not have told if he had tried, but he *felt* that it *was* peculiar. The intruder walked up to the window, and resting his folded arms upon the sill, looked full in the old Captain's face without speaking.

"Sarvant, Sir," said the Captain, with distant civility.

The stranger bowed silently.

"Fine weather, Sir," said the genial old man. And the stranger nodded in assent.

"*Ray-ther* hot for traveling, though, I should say," next observed the host. To this the stranger replied by unbuttoning his vest and pushing back his Panama hat.

Then the Captain waited a while, but the stranger didn't speak; and the pause grew irksome to the old man, who always abhorred silence, as Nature does a vacuum.

"Stranger in these parts, I guess, ain't you?" asked the Captain. The man nodded. The worthy Captain was fairly puzzled. At last an idea struck him—he wondered he had not thought of it sooner—

"Deaf and dumb, I conclude; aren't you?" But a shake of the head denied this implication.

"Then, why on arth!" broke out the impatient Captain, "why on arth don't you speak? what do you stand there making signs for? I don't talk with my fingers—never could. Why under the canopy don't you speak, if you *aren't* deaf and dumb? What ails your mouth, hey?"

The stranger hesitated—then his eye fell on Charlie's assorted letters, and, extending his arm, he took up two letters and laid them on the window-ledge before the old man's eyes. The letters were an M and a T.

"M-T, empty!" said the skipper, regarding the letters. "Well! what if it *is* empty. I

should think you could talk all the better for *that*. I've heerd of people who couldn't talk because their mouths were too *full*; but I never saw one yet who couldn't talk because it was *empty*."

Again the stranger had recourse to Charlie's letters, and this time he selected the letters U-C, and as he laid them down upon the window he opened his mouth and displayed a cavity tongueless as the mouth of an elephant.

"*See!* I guess I do!" said Captain Osborn, recoiling in dismay. "Good Lord! why, you poor critter, you! how did you lose your tongue? I never!—how did it happen? an accident?"

Again the letters were borrowed, and this time it was a D and two Z's which were displayed.

"*Disease?*" said the pitying Captain. "Well, that was awful! I never heard of such a case before! Where do you come from?"

The next letters produced were I, O, and R.

"Iowa, goodness sake! and traveled all this way with that impediment in your mouth—I mean *without* that impediment in your mouth. Well, then, never mind; you know what I mean. I don't see how you got along. It's hard work enough to make one's way in the world when one has a tongue in one's head; but *without* one, I don't see how you did it."

The man smiled, and held up the two letters, E and Z.

"E-Z, easy!—was it? Well, I don't know about that; it would be dreadful hard to me. And what's your name? Do tell?"

Another dip at the letters produced O-N.

"Owen, is that your name? Well, I never did! that's your *given* name I conclude, Sir?"

The man shook his head, and laid down an A and C.

"A-C. Oh, yes! I see, Asa Owen. And where were you born?"

Down came the letters U-T-K.

"Utica! you don't say so. I used to know a man from Utica named Owen; might be your father; what was *his* name?"

A J and two B's answered this inquiry.

"Jabez—Jabez Owen; guess 'twan't him. What *was* your father, Sir?"

The man held up two D's.

"D-D, Doctor of Divinity!" said the old Captain. "Oh no! 'twan't him; the man I knew was not a minister, by no means. I don't know much of ministers, and I don't *think* much of them, only Father Taylor, the sailor preacher; he *has* got 'the gift of tongues,' certainly. I guess your father hadn't it, if he *had* you did not inherit it, any way. And pray, Mr. Owen, have you got a wife, and what's *her* name?"

This time Mr. Owen held up an L and an N.

"Ellen! Well, I declare! and I suppose you have got children too—how many?"

The stranger chose out a V.

"Five children!—a wife and five children, and no tongue to tell your woes. I vow that's hard. And what are *their* names?"

The man took another dip at the cards, gathering up several, and held them up in quick suc-

cession, the amused old Captain naming them as each was exhibited in turn.

The first was M-R.

"*Emma!* Well done."

The next, K-T.

"*Katie!* Hurrah!"

F-E.

"*Effie!* That's it."

L-C.

"*Elsie!* Well, I never!—go on."

Then came L-O and two E's.

"*Eloise!* By George!—that's curious; and all girls too—a wife and five girls, and not a boy among them to help you scratch round for the rest of them. I vow and declare I do pity you, any body would; if I *did not* I should deserve to be burned in—in—"

Here the stranger quietly interposed the letters F-E-G.

"What? what?"—said the old man—"F-E-G, in *effigy*. Well, yes—thank you; that *is* quite an improvement. I *was* going to say a *bonfire*; but really I should rather be burned in effigy than in a bonfire—that is, if it's equally agreeable all round. And pray, Mr. Owen, how old are you?"

Mr. Owen laid down the letter L.

"Fifty years old, and no tongue! I don't see how you have stood it; I couldn't, I know. And what do you do for a living, my friend?—what do you deal in?"

In answer to this two T's were laid before him.

"Teas! Do you deal in teas, Mr. Owen? Then, I suppose, you have not quite lost your taste; are you a good judge of teas?"

Mr. Owen laid on the window the letters I-X-L.

"*You excel*, do you? Well, I'm glad of it; but can you make a living in that way? Excuse me, but you look a little—"

Here the kind-hearted skipper paused, in some embarrassment, and the strange man having recourse to the letters again, availed himself of the pause, and laid before him a C and D.

"*Seedy!*" said the old man, laughing. "Exactly! that's it—only I did not like to say so; you *don't* look flourishing, certainly. I'm afraid you don't make much in that way; won't make your fortune *so*; don't lay up money, I guess, do you?"

Mr. Owen shook his head sadly, and laid down two more of Charlie's letters, I-O.

"*You owe?* I dare say you do; I should think you would, you poor toad, you. 'Fact, you can't help it, nohow; if you was *born* Owen, you will *live* owing, and *die* owing, I guess: but never mind; there, don't go to being down in the mouth about it! I beg your pardon, Sir; I suppose you can't help *that* either; but I mean, I wouldn't worry; I guess it is not your fault.

"But now, my friend," said the worthy Captain, who very naturally thought the man had come to ask charity, and who, with the directness and generosity of a true-hearted old sailor, wanted to come to the point and relieve the poor man—"now, my friend, may I ask what brought

you *here?* what did you come here intending to do?"

The silent man laid down the two letters C-U.

"To *see me*, *did* you? Well, that's a good one; and *now*, Sir, you *have* seen me, and I hope you've been gratified. I'm not much to look at; but then, the exhibition is noways costly—grown people admitted gratis, and children half-price. Walk up, ladies and gentlemen, hats off, and see the show! But really, Mr. Owen, had you no other object in coming here but to *see me?*"

Mr. Owen held up a round O.

"*Nothing*, that is. Well, it's rather curious; I guess I'd ought to treat. I suppose you are not great at eating, but would not you like something to drink, now?"

The man smiled and nodded, and his eyes sparkled as he laid out on the window two capital I's.

"*Ay, ay!*" said the hearty old Captain, laughing; "I understand that well enough: ay, ay, Sir!—that's sailor fashion, and it's according to Scripture, too, I guess: 'Let your communications be aye, aye'—ain't that in the Scriptures? I guess it *is*. Well, I'll stand treat. I am an old sailor, and it *is* a hot, thirsty day, and so, what will you have? name your grog!"

The man laughed silently as he chose out the letters O-D-V.

"*Eau de vie!* By the Lord Harry! that spells French Brandy, or it used to do so when I was a skipper. I approve your taste, Sir; we'll have some, and we'll drink to your health, Mr. Owen, and to the health of your wife, Mrs. Owen, and to all the healths of all the five little Owens. Lucy, my dear!"

Here, in turning round to convey his hospitable wishes to his daughter-in-law, grandpa knocked his arm against the little table, and the cover of the letter-box fell, with some clatter, to the ground.

"Oh, grandpa!" said little Charlie, bobbing up his curly head from under the table, whither he had plunged in pursuit of the truant cover, "you are awake now, aren't you? I'm so glad; *please* give me another *real* long word. I didn't wake you, *did* I, grandpa? Mother told me not to."

Captain Osborn turned hastily to the window, but the tongueless man was gone, and, strange to say, a tall, white hollyhock was growing on the very spot where he had stood only a moment before!

"Have I been asleep, Charlie?" asked the Captain.

"Oh yes, grandpa, ever so long! See! it's most tea-time now. And I guess you had a funny kind of a dream, too, grandpa, for I saw you laughing in your sleep."

"Did I, Charlie? Well, I guess I *had* a very droll dream," said the old man, straightening himself up in his arm-chair again; "and I'm sorry I waked up just as I did, that's a fact; for I was just getting into the *spirit of the thing!*"

THE PHIAL OF DREAD.

BY AN ANALYTIC CHEMIST.

FIRST DAY'S JOURNAL.

I BELIEVE that I am now safe. This part of Columbia Street is not much visited by any people who ever knew me. The other end is in Grand Street. I doubt whether any of my acquaintance have vivid recollection of that end either. As for myself, I was aware of neither end nor middle till three days ago. Being in Broadway, with an indefinite terror hanging on my shoulders like a cloak—starting at every louder voice of man, woman, or child—recoiling from every rapidly approaching stranger who looked me in the face—I naturally enough wished to get away—any where out of the bustle. On my left hand was Grand Street; to turn into it was the most obvious method of escaping from Broadway. So I *did* turn. For a block beyond Brooks's great limbo of possible but undeveloped pantaloons Grand Street keeps a fashionable air. Thus far are whiffs of Broadway sucked into its draft; thus far you meet Broadway faces; thus far you are reminded of Broadway—are not quite at ease with the idea of being out of it—may at any moment be accosted by somebody you have met before on the great pave. I walked faster, therefore. Broadway began to fade out; the Bowery character became slowly dominant. I reached—I crossed the Bowery. Now I began to breathe freer. I was pretty sure—growing surer—that I should not be recognized; and the cloak lifted from my shoulders. The terror did not leave me, but it followed quietly afar off.

A strange place is the part of Grand Street I was going through now, to be sure! Quite a Broadway by itself, though not *the* Broadway, thank Heaven! but a sort of shabby Broadway come to New York to visit its merchant-prince cousin; and not being recognized as a connection, going off in a huff and setting up for itself—the Broadway of the east to west, entirely independent of the north to south aristocrat. Or to the speculative mind it might seem an old shell shed by Broadway the Magnificent thirty years ago, while marble and Albert granite were unconceived—a shell captured by the hermit crab called Grand Street, and peacefully lived in ever since; the ghost of old Broadway, as known to our fathers, reappearing across the track of young Broadway, yet a ghost sociable, responsive, fearless of daylight, not to be laid. All such thoughts as these whirled through my brain as I strode along with nervous, devious feet, and they seemed to fight back for a short farther distance *the terror*. I hailed them gladly, therefore, and indulged them.

Here were tailors, from the plethora of their shops evidently rejoicing in abundant custom, famous, blessed, well-to-do; and all this within the world of Grand Street—elsewhere unknown. So many green-grocers, with fresh Bermuda potatoes and cucumbers piled up in front of them,

supplying a class of citizens who never gave one thought to Washington Market. So many celebrated doctors, all in black and gilt on the dull sides of the two-story brick houses. Dentists, on great door-plates of tarnished mock silver—and I had never heard of them before. Mouths filled, teeth pulled, backs clothed, children educated—all trades and professions going on—even a wholesale dry-goods store taking up two numbers, like a Murray Street or Liberty Street firm, and selling dollars' worths to its small neighbors who did the pennyworth business; and evidently none of all these depended in the least on any other part of New York for its living. I breathed free in Grand Street, more and more.

All the baggage that it was at present convenient for me to carry was a carpet-bag, not over heavy. I had that in my hand. What, then, was to prevent my taking lodgings in Grand Street? I should not be traced here; the chances were a thousand to one against my ever seeing a known face; and these were the qualifications which just now would make the most miserable tenement worth double the most sumptuous parlor of the St. Nicholas. Why not take lodgings here?—yes, why not?

As I asked myself this question I stood, with the carpet-bag in my hand, vacillating from one foot to the other, and once or twice turning completely around. Take lodgings? Yes, to be sure. Why not?

But my eye struck a building somewhat taller than the rest, on the opposite side of the street. In its door stood a bent man, with the general air about him of being up all night, drinking beer and eating Limburger cheese. His poll was bald; in his hand was a dispensatory, and he peered downward over it through some very round spectacles, as if he were suspecting arsenic in the bricks and meant to sublimate it by a look; on his right was a great green bottle; over his head, a blue; on his left, a red one; and far up, under the third-story windows, in very black letters, was printed all across the house-front,

Deutsche Apotheke.

The cold sweat came out in large drops upon my forehead. The German on the opposite side lifted his eyes from the arsenical bricks and fixed them upon me! Was I—? No! He quietly put up his dispensatory, and drawing a *meer-schaum* from the depths of his loose greasy coat, filled it, lighted it, and began to smoke. But he had given me a start—such a start! I would not have lived in that vicinity for untold gold. All trembling, I pushed on.

Supposing they had come in search of me even into Grand Street? Who? Why, any body—any body that I had ever known. Supposing they should track me even into that improbable locality, how would they seek me? By my affinities, no doubt. I was a chemist; among chemists they would seek me; and to be near that man of drugs there beyond were—well, to speak plainly, death! I hoped to

Heaven he had not seen me clearly with those horrible round goggles of his!

Fleeing from him, I passed street after street, still keeping in Grand, when of a sudden, at one corner, my eye was arrested by the faded word "Columbia," in dead old paint, on a dead old billet, on a dead old brick wall. The rains had plowed its impress for how many years only the Heaven from which they came could tell, scrubbing at it assiduously, but as yet not quite able, with all their housemaid energy, to obliterate the stain. "Columbia"—I paused and looked north. The street descends a little, as if it were going to lead down into pleasant valleys, then remembers itself, recalls the fact that it is a city street, and mounts to go staidly on again. But afar I could perceive signs of almost country quiet. There were some green trees—green still, while all the urban parks were taking their dust-baptism, and the lilac leaves, mad for thirst, in St. John's church-yard, might be written on with the finger and keep their record a week. There was one lazy omnibus utterly empty hurrying through it, far, far up, as if astray there by mistake, and running what seemed homeward with much bewilderment and sense of not having any business there. I saw no one on the east sidewalk as far as the eye reached. On the west a workman sat about midway between me and the farthest visible point, on the grass which sprung up along the curb, his feet in the dry gutter, eating his dinner out of a tin pail quite pastorally. He had not been building any thing. He had only been taking down a row of decayed tree-boxes; they lay in a neat pile near him, waiting for some unlikely cart. When he went away business there would be none in that street.

My mind was made up. I would get lodgings in Columbia Street. If possible, just a little northward of the middle.

If I were a bank-defaulter—a traitor to government—a fallen clergyman—a gallant who had brought gall into the heart—oblivion upon the head of a once pure wife, and were flying the mad, tireless husband—if I were any thing disgraced—in danger—I would make this same point my aim—I would run hither to hide me. If I were a murderer— But oh, hush! that word is too awful!

For when people came to hunt me, the first supposition would be that I was escaping to foreign parts. That idea would draw off a large part of my pursuers in the direction of the steamers, the foreign police journals, efforts for extradition. There would be others who would say, "He is in the States—he is too cunning to try such a common, such a well-watched mode of escape as the steamers;" but being of a somewhat timid mind themselves, they would be little likely to conceive of a man in peril staying in the great, public city. These the suburbs and the country would draw off. A few astute, alert, resolute, fearless persons, clinging to the theory that I had never left New York, would stay here to unearthen me. And by them I should

be looked for through all the kennels of the lower wards—Leonard, Worth, Thomas streets, and such like, and the upper tenement houses, as in further West Thirty-first Street, for instance, and the ungraded streets still higher. I do not suppose that of those pursuers who remained in New York to look for me *three* would consider for a moment the likelihood of my being in the mid-heart of New York at the spot I mentioned. Grant even that these three together came on my trail through Grand Street. At the Bowery such an entirely different life and population from that of Broadway begins to appear—the side-streets lose so entirely all reference to the direction of that main artery, that two of the three would be drawn up or down the Bowery in pursuit of me through these branching ways, and to all of them it would appear most likely that I had involved myself in this new current, this turbulent whirl, obeying no Broadway laws, to escape discovery. One, perhaps, perplexed with misgivings, would go on his lonely track, from mere perversity, through Grand Street. There is no transverse way into which I fancy he would be less likely to turn than this one. For, in the first place, the air of respectability and quietude about it would turn him away, on the ground that a man in peril of discovery might as sensibly put himself within range of the lynxes and gossiping tongues of a country town as to come here—there would seem no hurly-burly to merge one's criminal identity in. In the second place, he *would* have his attention attracted to the mysterious look of that billet on the corner wall, bearing the name—its blank, faded, sympathetic-ink appearance would certainly seem ominous to him—it has a theatrical likeness, seems full of secret meaning, and strongly attracts the man on a murder scent—on a defaulter's or a traitor's scent, I mean. But as he drew closer and read the name—read it and found it, after all its bad looks, to be something as patriotic, as frank, as world-wide as "Columbia," he would say to himself, "Pish! I'm a fool! One would have expected such a piratical-looking signal to spell out Brinville Street, Tofana, Borgia, Burke, or Duval Street! Columbia! as soon expect to find the villain on the steps of the Merchants' Exchange!" And so, led by the force of his own false reasoning, made false at first by the disappointment of his sentiment of mystery, he would pass on and seek me in some of the streets parallel but nearer the river.

I am not a defaulter. I am not a seducer. I am not— Well, there are a great many things which I am not. But I am in Columbia Street. On the day when this clinging terror I have told of chased me from Broadway, I stole into Columbia Street as into a shadow—rather as a moose with the dog hanging to his flank will take to the water, deeper and still deeper, so that if he can not drown off his persecutor he can at least bear him easier in that denser fluid.

I could not content myself with any of the houses for a considerable distance from Grand Street. This one was too full of windows—this

one had children playing in its front court—this had too much air of ostentatious mystery in its closed blinds, its dull-papered side-lights at the listed front door—and tying up the overgrown shoot of a straggling Madeira vine, a young girl, eager-eyed, bare-shouldered, flushed, and with lips half-parted, stood by a trellis just before this one. Oh! ugh! the terror-cloud wrapped me like a cloak of nightmare. I could not walk freely, but merely shuddered along. I moved away by palpitating like a sea-jelly rather than with feet like a man. It was a long way before I could recover myself at all. The terror would not endure the sight of a young girl. She was water to its hydrophobia!

By-and-by I came to a house two stories high—brick, and left unpainted, so that time had made its original scarlet a grave and staid dark red—shaded by two paper mulberries at the lower windows, and above catching shadow from the lime-tree on the street. The front fence was a picket—dark brown and rather higher than ordinary. I touched the gate, and it did not creak. On a dark door-plate, of old, silvery metal, with mourning lines about its rim, was the name John L. Jones. The door was grained in imitation of mahogany, and its *tout ensemble* was coffiny. You might almost expect, if you opened that door, to see John L. Jones lying pale and still in cerements behind it—a most respectable man with no nonsense about him—and dead. I was drawn to this house. Who would ever come to look for me in the house of a man named John L. Jones? Who would seek for me, the living, among the dead—or those who looked so dead as the inhabitants of this house must? Had there been a *morgue* in New York, among *its* dead they might have sought me, but not here—not here!

It suited me. I swung the noiseless gate and passed into the silent yard—over the sweating, mould-chinked flag-stones of the shady approach, that echoed not to the foot—up the damp, green-bordered steps of cracked freestone. Ah! there is a bell—a brass handle, very small, and lurking in a deep little recess by the architrave, as if it would not break the deadness by being pulled—hiding from the sound of its own tongue. And this alone took away from the coffiny look of the entrance. But when my shaky, undecided hand pulled it I found it not so incongruous with the general keeping—a slow, long-measured succession of muffled tinkles followed the pull—a trickling of mournful drops of sound far down through some dank, cellary air—not a ringing, but a tolling, as if the ghost of some long-dead man had died a second time to become a still fainter ghost—a ghost of a ghost—and the spirits in the first stage—the undiluted survivors—were tolling their chapel chime at his funeral. Link—link—link—link—link.

It suited me better. Presently I heard the steady, unimpassioned tread of middle-aged footsteps—the skeleton of a sexton walking in slippers of cemetery-moss, it might have been, coming to let me in to the burial-yard. The door opened like the gate, equally without creaking,

and I saw a quiet, pale face looking inquiringly into my own—listlessly, not forcefully, inquiring—the face of a woman weary with long griefs which had worn out her resistance to them—a face forty in years, a thousand in cares.

“Mrs. Jones—Mrs. John L. Jones?” said I.

The woman nodded faintly without change of expression.

“I have come,” I continued, “to ask if I can have a room in your house—a back one if possible—in which I may sleep and have my meals quietly by myself. I am willing to pay liberally. All I need is *quiet*, and you seem to have that here.”

“Myfi Cymraes—Shawad Sais Dembid.”

This, as nearly as I can spell it, was the sound that came from those wan, changeless lips in reply. I understood it to mean—“I am a Welsh woman, and speak no English”—for I had been with the Welsh, at their settlement in Remsen, in Middle New York, for a month of one summer, and caught just a smattering of their strange tongue. I brought all my vocabulary to the occasion, and rejoined,

“Bawach—Odur—Gwelly—Tan,” which is, being interpreted, “bread, water, a bed, and a fire.” This I intended as a concise symbol for my whole want of food and lodging, at the same time pulling a handful of silver and a roll of bills from my wallet to aid the intelligibility of the remark.

The woman motioned me in. I was left standing in the entry while she retreated to the basement; and then, from below, I heard her voice mix with a gruffer one, which seemed to indicate that John L. Jones, contrary to all appearances, was *not* in his coffin, but at his dinner. After which she returned, and led the way up a narrow and greasy-carpeted flight of stairs. At the top of it she turned a knob, and disclosed to me a vacant room. No, not vacant in the sense of being unfurnished; but there was a dead smell in it, and nobody sat there; and the only fly on the window-panes was dead, and stuck steadily there, held by stiffened gluey moisture. There were clothes hanging on the walls on rusty iron hooks—coats, vests, pantaloons. And over the mantle-piece was a dim, bleared daguerreotype. It was a man’s—a man who looked as Mrs. John L. Jones might have done when she was, a long time ago, young and handsome. On the frame was pasted a scrap out of some fine-print paper like the *Herald*. I drew close to it and read:

“John L. Jones, Jun., in the 25th year of his age, being the last of twelve children born to his afflicted parents, John L. and Bendigedig Winifred Jones, died of heart complaint, at the residence of his father in this city, June the 12th.”

This was June the 19th, one week exactly.

As the woman saw me looking at it, she pointed first to it, then to the bed. It was the bed where her last son died! And our interview ended in my taking the room, at eight dollars a week, my food to be sent up to me, and my solitude never to be invaded by the sweeper, the bed-maker, or any living being.

I was suited. The position, as I said when I began this day's journal, strikes me, just as it struck me then, favorably in respect to safety. The hunters who chance to come after me, and in all this vast chaos of houses, this hive of involved yet separate and distinct cities, New York, track me out to No. — Columbia Street, must be omniscient! This number of all—this street of all.

I keep this journal, because if I hold my secret I shall go mad. I keep this journal, because to tell it but on paper were ruin—death. And I think in this way I shall be safe from pursuit—safe also from going crazy.

I have gone out of the house into the street but once since I came here. I crept forth this evening at dusk, and found, as far off from my lodgings as possible, a hardware store. I bought a saw, a screw-driver, some screws, a couple of gimlets, and a chisel. The saw is thin and fine, of that description known as a compass-saw. I then went to a grocer's and purchased a bottle of sweet-oil. Saws go quite silently well oiled, unless you strike knots. Lastly, I found a carpenter's shop, still open. There were journeymen doing jobs for themselves after hours, inside, and I easily got some nice pine boards of them, fair and smooth planed. I shall go to work tomorrow.

SECOND DAY'S JOURNAL.

I have done good work to-day. I have put the memorial of my terror out of sight. It is safe; no one can know where it is but I.

Quietly, at dawn, I began operations. I am sure none of the family were awake. I listened at the key-hole of John L. Jones; he and his wife were in heavy slumber. And the one maid-servant they keep did not come down from her garret for three hours after.

There is a closet which opens out of my room, just large enough to turn around in, and used as a clothes-press. A row of nails runs around its plaster wall. There are a couple of large drawers close to the floor. From all these conveniences every trace of John L. Jones, Jun., has been removed, and I am installed therein. The contents of my carpet-bag are spread about the closet as widely as possible, to make a show of occupying it. A poor show it is, however. When the terror first seized me I had only time to snatch this bag and be off. I would not go back for the rest of my baggage for the world.

But what is the terror? Yes, I must tell it. I must faithfully disclose every thing, or this journal will have been merely a fruitless trouble, and I *shall* go mad after all. I am coming to the revelation.

I said I began operations at dawn. This was the fashion of it. I drew one of the drawers in the closet completely out of its case, so gradually that it made no rumbling, no creaking. This left the floor beneath it bare. I brushed away the dust that had been accumulating ever since the drawer was first slid in. I measured out upon the floor an area just six inches square.

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At each of the four corners of it I bored a hole with my gimlet. And then, after thoroughly oiling my compass-saw, I inserted it, and speedily had a square hole, of the dimensions I have told, through the plank, and all without noise. The square piece that came out I put carefully by, that it might not be abraded on the edges and lose its accuracy for the purposes of a cover.

With the pieces of thin and smooth pine board I had procured of the carpenters I framed a square box, exactly fitting within the hole, and just deep enough not to strike the lath of the ceiling below when I sunk its upper edges half the thickness of the floor-plank. This box I fastened in its place by noiseless screws. I then plowed the edge of the cover which I had sawed out in making the hole, so that it fitted in its place perfectly over the top of the box. I had thus a little pit in the floor, with a lid admirably adjustable, and in a place quite unimaginable to any body but myself.

And now, what was all this for? Ugh! It freezes me to tell, but I must—I will!

I go very quietly to my carpet-bag. It lies in an unusual place for baggage—between the straw-tick and the mattress of my bed. I have slept on it thus ever since I came to the house of John L. Jones. I put my hand in to draw it out—Hark! I withdraw my hand quickly! There is a footstep outside; is any body looking in at the key-hole? No! the foot goes up the garret stairs—it is the servant's—but I hang a coat over the lock to make sure. I draw out the carpet-bag. I said I had arranged its contents in the closet. Yes; but not all. In the very bottom of the bag is a very carefully tied and sealed bundle; cylindrical, and wrapped in strong papers. I take it out; I tremble from head to foot while I am doing so; and even in that blurred, cheap looking-glass which hangs on the pier I can see that my face is as white as his who last lay on the bed before me. Both dim and pale, not so much as if it were I as the only son of John L. Jones coming back to haunt me out of the damp wall. But I break the seals with a twitching hand, laying the fragments of wax carefully in one place, where I may gather and destroy them. I cut the twines, and take like care of them; I unfold one by one the many layers of paper, and place them also by themselves. And with the cold beads standing on my brow and cheeks, as on a flask in an ice-house, I come to the core of the bundle. I hold it in my hand.

A bloody dagger? No. A roll of bank-notes? No. A coining die? Not at all. A harmless-looking, ordinary, stout glass phial, with a ground glass stopper, cemented hermetically in the neck. A phial whose capacity is about four fluid ounces. It is full almost to the top of a transparent greenish liquid, and as I tip it the small bubble of air which lies above it floats slowly up and down with a gradual sliding motion that shows the liquid to be of a somewhat oily consistency, like the stronger acids. I lift it to my nostrils, forced to do so by an irresistible fascination; and even through that

hermetical sealing it seems to me as if I perceived a whiff of death—a charnel odor that is horrible. It may be, nevertheless, only fancy working on me with the heavy air of this recent corpse-chamber in which I live. But at any rate I sicken—I faint, so that the phial nearly falls from my hands. It is not poison—perhaps any one but I might drink it all and be unharmed; but that fluid, even through its stout glass walls, *murders me like a slow lightning!* O my God! would that I could bury it, burn it, dash it from me where it would never return! But it is an indestructible phial of vengeance—a fluid doom of hell—never, never, never to be exiled from me any more!

It is this for which I have made the hiding-place in the closet. I summon all my strength and will—I carry it, hardly opening my eyes to look where I go, to that little pit which I have made—I lay it therein—I cram down the layers of wrapping-paper over it—I replace the tight-fitting wooden cover, and, finally, I slide the drawer back over all to its former place. Then the horror lifts again from my shoulders a little space, and I lie down on my bed, convulsed in every nerve of my whole body.

The work is done. Through a broken shutter of my closed window one clear, sharp pencil of sunlight, showing that the day is now high-mounted, streams in, flushing the moty space about me, and falls like an unescapable, omniscient finger right on the threshold of the closet-door!

O God! the very sun knows my secret and tells it!

But I will not put down my revelation to-day. No. I am too sick. I will stop till to-morrow.

THIRD DAY'S JOURNAL.

It is—as I see on looking at my last date—five days since I wrote in this record. I have been very ill; part of the time quite delirious, I think. How fortunate that I have been alone! Yes, even if I had died alone, how fortunate! The red-haired Denbighshire girl who brings up my meals has sometimes, I am quite sure, knocked in vain for entrance, so stertorous have been my slumbers; for although she has not a command of English sufficient to communicate that fact to me, I infer it from having found the salver, with my food all cold upon it, placed on the floor outside my room, long after meal-hours. And at the times when I have answered her knock, the pitying, half-fearful look she has cast upon me seemed to prove that, in her experience, no much more miserable man had manifested himself.

How fortunate that I am alone! For I have been doing, saying very strange things, and I am not aware whether all of them, as I know part to be, are dreams.

Take, for instance, the night after my last entry in my journal. I had hardly closed my eyes in sleep before this vision came into my presence. A beautiful girl of twenty knelt before me, her black hair rushing down over her fair neck in great free waves, like a mid-forest

waterfall looked at in the first darkness of a summer evening, when the white floor of pebbles below it could still be seen glimmering up here and there through the water. A passionate melancholy made her face shadowy, and at the same time glowed in it with unearthly light, making a strange Rembrandt *chiar-oscuro* that pained me mystically. With her small white hands she beat her still whiter breast, and ever, as her left side was disclosed, a deadly fresh wound showed ghastly in the vague light of the dream—a wound to the very heart, and still slowly dropping, dropping blood, like life telling itself away on beads of coral. She spoke no word, but looked at me—looked me to stone. I could not cry out; I could not move; yet I heard many voices as of people coming behind me. I tried to flee, but I could not even wake up.

At this moment of intense pain the dream changed. A shining mosque of pure glass, with a single minaret, whose crystals blazed in the sun like solid fire, rose suddenly from the ground—up-built in an instant by magic. Gravitation lost all power over me, and I flew to the very pinnacle of the minaret with the ease of a wind-wafted gossamer. Till I reached it I thought myself alone, but just as I alighted I discovered that I had a burden in my arms. In surprise, I scrutinized it—it was a woman. Oh horror! it was she of the raven hair—the bleeding heart! I sought to loose her grasp from me, but I could not; it was the death clutch. At last, in my despair, seeing a trap-door open in the bulb of the minaret, I hurled the girl down through it, and saw her strike, fathoms below, on the crystal pavement. So released, I flew leagues away across the air. But still I was plagued. The mosque, also taking wings, pursued me. At last, in a desert place, I dropped down breathless, and in an anguish of fear cowered shrinking into myself, for shelter there was none. A moment more, and the mosque of glass dropped beside me. But how changed! It had grown—it was still growing—smaller, and its rate of diminution increased constantly. At last, with one great spiral whirl, it shrunk to a gigantic flask, and in it, beating her breast, showing her red heart's wound, knelt the girl! Another whirl, and it was the phial—the phial of dread! As small as the phial I thought I had buried out of sight; but in it knelt clear as before, and seen through a green fluid medium, though almost infinitesimally little and delicate, the girl of the pierced heart. And as the apothecary labels his phials, so this was labeled. In letters black as ink could be, yet burning into my eyes like a calcium light, was written on the label, "Charlotte Lynde, in the 21st year of her age." Then I *did* wake! I leaped from my bed, crying, "Who labeled the phial? My God! who labeled the phial? Who told you that I had put her in it? I am lost!" As I woke more thoroughly I stilled myself; I think I was not heard; and then, to reassure myself, I went to the closet,

laboriously got out the phial from its tomb, and, striking a light, found it was *not* labeled. Then putting it back I slid the drawer home again, and sat on the closet-floor all night, keeping watch in the darkness with my hand on the drawer knob.

FOURTH DAY'S JOURNAL.

Among the Post-office advertisements in the *Herald* of to-day (kindly sent upon the salver with my breakfast) I saw my name. It seemed to speak itself from the column—it gave me almost such a shock as hearing it called at my side by a familiar voice. Ah! these newspapers! that can shout their recognitions into your inmost dungeon privacies; how dreadful would they be had they power of return to their starting-place with answers! The reflection that they could not reassure me, and I read my name over again with calmness.

It may seem fool-hardy, but I resolved to go for that letter. It would be a relief to the intense silence and self-devourings of my own mind to see what somebody else had to say—somebody who could not see me. So I stole down by the extreme east edge of town. Along the piers, through South Street, then across to the Post-office.

It was agony to stand in that string of applicants who, keeping painful lock-step, march to the prison-looking window where advertised letters are to be had! A slow ordeal of torture, truly, to a man who hardly dares to stand in one place for an instant, lest he should multiply the probabilities of recognition. The man in front of me, when, after ages, it came his turn, higgled with the feverish, question-sick clerk about the extra postal charge for advertising. I could have knocked him down in my terrible agony of haste to be away. But he paid his pennies and took himself off, and I stood at the grating.

"What name?" said the clerk.

"Edgar Sands," I answered, feeling my voice twitch at the muscles of my throat like a horse at the rein. But I held it firm, it did not tremble. Just then a hand fell on my shoulder. I started as if the executioner grasped me, looked around, and found that it was only a drunken sailor, who begged my pardon when he saw my astonishment. But the shock he gave me I did not recover from for hours.

"Sands—Sands—what first name?" repeated the clerk, slowly.

"Edgar, I said," was my reply. I fancied he was longer in looking over the bundle in his hand than there was need, and made a gesture of impatience. His motions quickened perceptibly, but he seemed (though that may have been fancy) scrutinizing me in an underbrowed way as much as he did the letters. It was very disagreeable even to fancy it.

"Ah, here it is—Edgar Sands! By-the-way, Mr. Sands, could you give us your address, so that the postman may call on you on his rounds when you have any thing? We have so many Sandses come into the advertised department

that they give us a great deal of trouble; in fact, our own sands nearly run out sorting them—ha, ha, ha! Heh?"

This sally of wit, coming as it did from a being whose particular routine is usually supposed to have withered all the faculties save those of quick reading and manipulation, so staggered me that I stood regarding him fixedly for a moment, half suspecting him, half overwhelmed by him, and then answered,

"I will come for my letters as I want them," and passed out of the door.

The letter was in my pocket, and, if possible, it brought me still nearer than I had been to the further verge of miserableness. I thought I knew the handwriting; I durst not open it to see. I durst not stop for an instant on any account. The whole trial at the Post-office had brought back the old dread in all its relentlessness of clinging, freezing weight. I feared myself watched. Who could tell but that unusual conversation of the delivery clerk had been meant to detain me till I could be marked? How did I know but at that very instant I was tracked by some lynx-eyed emissary? And what if, after all my careful calculation, I should be followed to my improbable concealment?

I knew the horror of Cain; I seemed moving before an omniscient persecutor! Yet I have not done his wrong. Nay—but my soul answers—nay, but thou hast done a dreadful thing!

One hope of escape from the Nemesis I could not see (but felt as if all my body were covered with eyes), one hope remained. I sauntered into the Hotel Jellalich, a foreign inn, full of lounging men whose beards were wet with beer, and cutting my way through the smoke of pipes as up to a battery, demanded a room of the bar-keeper. I had been traveling—I was weary—I would sleep till the Cape May boat went out. Monsieur would be called? Yes, at a quarter to four precisely. Would it please Monsieur to take dinner? No dinner. The man handed me a key. On which floor was the room? The second, Monsieur. I prefer the first, the ground-floor. The man looked surprise, but changed my key. I laid down the price on the counter, and a boy went before me to show the way, carrying a whisk broom and slippers. I locked the door after me as soon as I had entered, and then looked out of the window. It opened on a court full of unsavory garlic steams, but just now entirely empty of aught but that. A sensitive nose would have thought it fully occupied.

But I had no time to think of such odors. I seemed to breathe in the charnel smell of the dreadful phial, and behind me I fancied footsteps, whispers, all sorts of sounds that tremble and cause to tremble. I placed a chair against the door, on the chair a pillow from the dingy bed to hide the keyhole, and then I tried the sash. It was damp and swollen; it had lost one cord and weight, so that I made slow progress, and was in an agony of fear to hear it creak. But ten minutes' patient, gradual push-

ing lifted it far enough to admit my head and shoulders, after which I fell rather than clambered out. Still there was no one in the court, and, thanking God, I slunk through it to the farther side, out of which a dark porte-cochère led into the street. I came into the open air; I was unperceived; I had confused the scent; I was safe! Ah! safe? As safe as I could be.

Thus I escaped, and by degrees got back to my room at John L. Jones's. Once there, I sank trembling into a chair and drew forth the letter. I tore open the envelope, and hungriedly read these words:

"ALBANY, June 3, 18—.

"*Edgar Sands, Esq.*

"VERY DEAR SIR,—It is now a week since my daughter Charlotte left home in your charge, to spend a couple of days in the city of New York. No one but a widowed father like myself, with this only child, can fancy the distress with which I tell you that, in all this time, I have not received a word of tidings from her. She was intending to stop with her mother's sister in East Eleventh Street; and when two days had elapsed beyond her furthest proposed stay, and I got no letter relieving my anxiety, my fears became so extreme that I telegraphed to that lady for some information relative to my poor girl. In three hours the answer came back that she had not been seen or heard from! I went immediately to New York by the earliest train and sought out your laboratory. You were not there, nor have I been able to find you. As a last resource, I take this means of reaching you. If it fails—and nothing more reveals itself—I go down to the grave in bitterness that has no name. For God's sake, dear Sir, let me hear from you immediately! Telegraph me fully as you would write on paper.

"I can form but one hypothesis to keep me from utter despair. Charlotte's mother and her family were all subject to fits of insanity—sometimes occurring most unexpectedly—once resulting fatally. And in my daughter's childhood I remember her having shown strange indications, which gave us much anxiety for the future. She may have reached New York with you, and then wandered away, under the influence of her first attack of this awful malady.

"Pity me! pity me! for God's sake. All you know, let me have it; and if she is dead, I shall be better satisfied than if she, the beautiful, the lovely, is lost, without any guiding soul, in that dark, dangerous city. Telegraph instantly! And God deal with you as you deal with her heart-broken father, your father's friend and yours,

"RUSSELL LYNDE.

"EDGAR SANDS, Esq., New York."

You might tell me till my dying day that it was rats beneath the floor; but it was not. With my last breath I would swear it was not. I heard distinctly, as I read aloud the last words of this letter, a rattling in the closet—a dull, heavy chink, as of that phial with its contents shaken up and down, trying to escape from the pit in the floor! And then there came up through the planks, and out of the crevices of the door, a low, prolonged, bitter wail, as of a woman in soul-pain. Rats! Do rats cry like dying women?

I ran to the closet, feeling my head full of molten lead, which was about to pour out through my eyes. I tore out the drawer without much regard to noise—I pried up the cover of my pit and looked down. The phial *had* moved; from the centre where I had placed it it had shrunk into one corner. I had left it upright; it was lying flat! I took it into my hand; it seemed blistered all over with icy drops of sweat!

I brought it out into the light of the room—a muffled light, but brighter than the closet's. Did I dream again? I chafed my forehead to wake me, if all this was but another freak of sleep. I looked once more.

Charlotte Lynde was kneeling in that phial—the blood-red spot showing between the fingers that she pressed upon her heart!

I shook the phial—I whispered madly, "If thou be now a fiend in the life which thou livest, in God's name, *depart!* If thou be gathered among the angels, pity me for Christ's mercy and *depart!*"

She never moved an atom's breadth. I set the phial down upon the table, and felt a devil-calmness take possession of me. I looked the dread full in the face, and sat down to write a *lie* to the girl's father:

"*Russell Lynde, Esq.*

"RESPECTED SIR,—On the day that I left Albany in company with your daughter, I fully expected to take charge of her as far as New York. We reached Poughkeepsie, where the train stopped ten minutes, and Miss Lynde, who had seemed dejected during the whole three hours of our journey, complained of feeling ill and desired me to bring her a glass of water. I left our seat to comply with the request and returned as soon as possible, but found her gone. Supposing her absence temporary, I made no search for her until just before the train was to start, and then, feeling somewhat anxious, rose and passed through to ascertain whether she might not by mistake have got into the wrong car on her return. She was nowhere to be seen. I then got off and looked for her through the rooms of the station—alas! with the same result. My fears became extreme, and I abandoned my project of taking that train to New York, left it, and spent the remainder of the afternoon in looking for her through the hotels of Poughkeepsie. My search was equally fruitless there. At length I remembered her speaking of relatives in the place, whom she very much wished to see, and came to the conclusion that she had determined to change her plan and visit them. But as their name was unknown to me, I could pursue my quest no farther. I therefore returned to the station and took a late train to the city. I have been out of town ever since, or would have received your letter long ago and answered it immediately.

"I can understand your agony. I agree with your hypothesis of derangement, but further information I am unable to give.

"May God pity and help you!

"Your humble servant—"

Thus far had I come in the written lie and was about to sign my name to it, when I heard the very same dull ringing of the phial that had driven me mad before. It was moving toward me on the table, and in it I clearly beheld the figure shake its finger at me—once—twice—thrice—and the pen fell from my hand.

I was *compelled* to resume it. Within that horrible glass prison I saw a gesture *commanding* me to. I could have sooner disobeyed the pitiless sweep of an engine crank to which I was lashed by cords! Then, not audibly to the external sense, but ringing like a bell to the inner ear, I heard a low voice dictating, and seizing another sheet of paper, I wrote again:

"THRICE MISERABLE FATHER,—I have no longer any hand which can hold human pen, but I use Edgar Sands to write for me. I was going mad slowly for days. Days and days, nights and nights, when no soul but I knew it. When I left Albany, I was sure I should never see you again. Death went riding at my side between me and my

useless protector all the way to New York. Protector! who *could* protect me from the slayer that he could not see, feel, or hear? Though on the seat by my side, by Edgar's, he sat to my eyes plainly visible, muttering, 'It comes! it comes!' and when we were half-way down the road, 'It hastens! it hastens!'

"Reaching New York, I asked Edgar Sands to show me his laboratory. It made me ask him. That was the place for the end of all things, *it* said. He took me there as I desired, immediately. We were alone together among the strange poisons, each one of whom, with a quicker or a slower death-devil in his eye, sat in his glass or porcelain sentry-box, a living force of bale. Should it be Hemp? No, that was too slow, uncertain, painful. Morphine? Too many antidotes—too much commonness, ostentation in *that*. Daturin? I did not like to ask how much of that was certain. I saw a small glass bottle full of crystals, labeled 'Anhydrous Cyanic Acid.' I knew that was sure, quick as thought. I slyly took down the bottle, opened it, withdrew a slender diamond spear, and was just putting it to my tongue, when Edgar turned around, saw me, caught my hand soon enough, and I was cheated of that conclusion. He eyed me in surprise, cried, 'Are you crazy?' and I answered, looking innocent, that I thought the thing was harmless. 'It would have killed you like a thunder-bolt!' he replied, pale as death and trembling. 'Ah, indeed! how terrible!' I answered, and turned away. There was a long, thin knife lying by the charcoal pan of a blowpipe, used, I saw, to chip off small fragments of minerals to be tested. That was bitter, but quick, and before Edgar had recovered from his first alarm it was in my heart to the hilt.

"We were all alone, locked into the laboratory. I made only one faint moan, and fell on my knees at his feet, the blood darting out between the fingers, which I pressed against the faint, fierce pain. And he only cried, 'My God! my God! we are lost, both lost!' He ran for help, for a witness at the least, but before he could open the door I had fallen upon the marble floor—*dead!*

"In the air, hovering among strange voices and shapes, I still saw him. There must have been madness in my cold face, lying below there, which he caught; for, instead of leaving the place, he went calmly to work, with an awful despair in his eyes, and cut the shell of me—the husk I had left—to pieces; as a surgeon would, on a table in the laboratory. These fragments he screwed down into a large retort, and placed in the fiercest of flames, fed with pure oxygen. Though still above, apart from them and him, and in the spirit, I knew that all of me that had been seen on earth was reducing there to its ultimates—I was distilled there by degrees. Through the worm of the still my physical life came over in a fluid; and, drop by drop, he saw it fall into the receiver, watching it through the whole night, with lips blue as corruption in the flame which he moved only to feed. That motionless, bloodless face of his, by its terrible attraction, called back my soul into the fluid, though from the solid body my life had parted long hours before. I was becoming enthralled—dungeon-covered, in a pit of glass. At four in the morning he had done the heaviest part of his work. He let the fire go down; the ashy residuum in the bottom of the retort he treated with acid; it cleared; and he poured the fluid result into the receiver, which held my distilled being. Then it was that my soul came wholly back into the liquid body thus prepared for it—I was one with a strange, greenish, phosphorescent oil. Ah! that was agony which, in the life of the frame of bone, nerve, muscle, had no parallel! Agony—hellish agony—with no prospect of an end! For he knew not what he was subjecting me to; the fiend used him for my misery, while he only thought of obliterating all traces of the damning crime humanity would lay at his door, finding me stabbed to the heart.

"He poured all my life from the receiver into a phial. He sealed the phial hermetically—yes, hermetically, for my shrieks within, which cracked my own ears, were utterly inaudible to him. Then he deluged with strong acids all the blood-spots on the floor, the table, and fled the laboratory in the first gray light of morning, taking me with him in his satchel.

"I am with him now—shut up to this liquid life of hell—a hell that will never cease till the phial is broken, the

liquid outpoured, and I set free to fly to Heaven's court of pardon for forgiveness. I am worthy of pardon: I was mad when I did the crime.

"God pity thee, poor, poor father, and thy daughter,
"CHARLOTTE LYNDE."

I had finished this letter mechanically, not meaning aught else in my pen but scrawls, never knowing what word was coming next, and wholly forced along by an outer will. I had signed the name; and then, for the first time, I saw that the hand in which I had traced every letter of the whole—was *Charlotte Lynde's!*

Heavy feet came up the front steps. They sounded like feet visiting a vault, on the damp stones in front of John L. Jones's. The ghostly bell said link, link, link, link, link, as when I had pulled it; it was answered by the same grim warder; and then I heard eager voices in conversation. O God! I heard my own name mentioned distinctly in the dark, wet entry below!

Then the heavy footsteps came up the stairs, trampling each step behind angrily, each step in front hungrily—all doomfully! They reached the landing, stopped at my door, and my name was uttered again.

There was a large tub of water standing by the side of my washstand. I ran to it, snatching the phial from the table as I went. With one blow against the edge of the tub I broke off the neck of the phial, and let the dreadful fluid run out. A violent vapor, variegated with amber and leek-green, filled the room; a strangling grave odor pervaded my very brain—my eyes were nigh burned out by the pungency of it—and still the fluid trickled slowly down into the water.

No, not *into* it, for it floated upon the water, utterly refusing to mingle. At first it lay in a broad, shallow, iridescent pellicle over the whole surface. My name was spoken louder at the door, and hard, eager hands shook the lock. Then that concentrated essence of a mad life gathered itself, by the same law of grouping which had given its original members birth as one body, and turning an agonized face up into my own—(a strong man's shoulder forges against the door!)—trying to hide a red, pierced heart, there lay on the top of that water, clear as in clearest life, Charlotte Lynde!

The door gave way. Three men came into the room. One was John L. Jones, one was the delivery clerk, and one—the father of the dead girl!

"Fiend!" he cried, making at me, while the two others scarcely held his struggling arms, "what have you done with my child?"

I said not a word, but pointed first at the last letter I had written, lying on the table; then at the surface of the water. The three men bent over and gazed—two of them with looks of blank amazement, but one with an agony that paralyzed every muscle of his face. And just then the shape smiled full into the father's face, looked and pointed toward heaven, then gathered itself above the water, and flew up between us; for an instant lingering caressingly upon the old man's white head—then disappeared forever.

I fell to the floor—not from dread, but because peace at last came too suddenly. And this last day of my journal is written at the first lodging I moved to after I was discharged from Bloomingdale Insane Asylum.

THE VIRGINIANS. BY W. M. THACKERAY.



CHAPTER XCI.

SATIS PUGNÆ.

IT has always seemed to me (I speak under the correction of military gentlemen) that the intrenchments of Breed's Hill served the Continental army throughout the whole of our American war. The slaughter inflicted upon us from behind those lines was so severe, and the behavior of the enemy so resolute, that the British chiefs respected the barricades of the Americans hereafter; and were they firing from behind a row of blankets, certain of our generals rather hesitated to force them. In the affair of the White Plains, when, for a second time, Mr. Washington's army was quite at the mercy of the victors, we subsequently heard that our conquering troops were held back before a barricade actually composed of corn-stalks and straw. Another opportunity was given us, and lasted during a whole winter, during which the dwindling and dismayed troops of Congress lay starving and unarmed under our grasp, and the magnanimous Mr. Howe left the famous camp of Valley Forge untouched, while his great, brave, and perfectly appointed army fiddled and gambled and feasted in Philadelphia. And, by BYRNE'S

countrymen, triumphal arches were erected, tournaments were held in pleasant mockery of the Middle Ages, and wreaths and garlands offered by beautiful ladies to this clement chief, with fantastical mottoes and posies announcing that his laurels should be immortal! Why have my ungrateful countrymen in America never erected statues to this general? They had not in all their army an officer who fought their battles better; who enabled them to retrieve their errors with such adroitness; who took care that their defeats should be so little hurtful to themselves; and when, in the course of events, the stronger force naturally got the uppermost, who showed such an untiring tenderness, patience, and complacency in helping the poor disabled opponent on to his legs again. Ah! think of eighteen years before and the fiery young warrior whom England had sent out to fight her adversary on the American continent. Fancy him forever pacing round the defenses behind which the foe lies sheltered; by night and by day alike sleepless and eager; consuming away in his fierce wrath and longing, and never closing his eye, so intent is it in watching; winding the track with untiring scent that pants and hungers for blood and battle; prowling through midnight forests, or climbing silent over precipices before dawn; and watching till his great heart is almost worn out, until the foe shows himself at last, when he springs on him and grapples with him, and, dying, slays him! Think of Wolfe at Quebec, and hearken to Howe's fiddles as he sits smiling among the dancers at Philadelphia!

A favorite scheme with our ministers at home and some of our generals in America, was to establish a communication between Canada and New York, by which means it was hoped New England might be cut off from the neighboring colonies, overpowered in detail, and forced into submission. Burgoyne was intrusted with the conduct of the plan, and he set forth from Quebec, confidently promising to bring it to a successful issue. His march began in military state: the trumpets of his proclamations blew before him; he bade the colonists to remember the immense power of England; and summoned the misguided rebels to lay down their arms. He brought with him a formidable English force, an army of German veterans not less powerful, a dreadful band of Indian warriors, and a brilliant train of artillery. It was supposed that the people round his march would rally to the Royal cause and standards. The Continental force in front of him was small at first, and Washington's army was weakened by the withdrawal of troops who were hurried forward to meet this Canadian invasion. A British detachment from New York was to force its way up the Hudson, sweeping away the enemy on the route, and make a junction with Burgoyne at Albany. Then was the time when Washington's weakened army should have been struck too; but a greater Power willed otherwise: nor am I, for one, even going to regret the termination of the war. As we look

over the game now, how clear seem the blunders which were made by the losing side! From the beginning to the end we were forever arriving too late. Our supplies and reinforcements from home were too late. Our troops were in difficulty, and our succors reached them too late. Our fleet appeared off York Town just too late, after Cornwallis had surrendered. A way of escape was opened to Burgoyne, but he resolved upon retreat too late. I have heard discomfited officers in after-days prove infallibly how a different wind would have saved America to us; how we must have destroyed the French fleet but for a tempest or two; how once, twice, thrice, but for nightfall, Mr. Washington and his army were in our power. Who has not speculated, in the course of his reading of history, upon the "Has been" and the "Might have been" in the world? I take my tattered old map-book from the shelf, and see the board on which the great contest was played; I wonder at the curious chances which lost it: and, putting aside any idle talk about the respective bravery of the two nations, can't but see that we had the best cards, and that we lost the game.

I own the sport had a considerable fascination for me, and stirred up my languid blood. My brother Hal, when settled on his plantation in Virginia, was perfectly satisfied with the sports and occupations he found there. The company of the country neighbors sufficed him; he never tired of looking after his crops and people, taking his fish, shooting his ducks, hunting in his woods, or enjoying his rubber, and his supper. Happy Hal, in his great barn of a house, under his roomy porches, his dogs lying round his feet: his friends, the Virginian Will Wimbles, at free quarters in his mansion; his negroes fat, lazy, and ragged: his shrewd little wife ruling over them and her husband, who always obeyed her implicitly when living, and who was pretty speedily consoled when she died! I say happy, though his lot would have been intolerable to me: wife, and friends, and plantation, and town life at Richmond (Richmond succeeded to the honor of being the capital when our Province became a State). How happy he whose foot fits the shoe which fortune gives him! My income was five times as great, my house in England as large, and built of bricks and faced with freestone; my wife—would I have changed her for any other wife in the world? My children—well, I am contented with my Lady Warrington's opinion about *them*. But with all these plums and peaches and rich fruits out of Plenty's horn poured into my lap I fear I have been but an ingrate; and Hodge, my gate-keeper, who shares his bread and scrap of bacon with a family as large as his master's, seems to me to enjoy his meal as much as I do, though Mrs. Molly prepares her best dishes and sweetmeats, and Mr. Gumbo uncorks the choicest bottle from the cellar! Ah, me! sweetmeats have lost their savor for me, however they may rejoice my young ones from the nursery, and the perfume of claret palls upon old noses! Our parson has poured out his

sermons many and many a time to me, and perhaps I did not care for them much when he first broached them. Dost thou remember, honest friend (sure he does, for he has repeated the story over the bottle as many times as his sermons almost, and my Lady Warrington pretends as if she had never heard it)—I say, Joe Blake, thou rememberest full well, and with advantages, that October evening when we scrambled up an embrasure at Fort Clinton, and a clubbed musket would have dashed these valuable brains out, had not Joe's sword whipped my rebellious countryman through the gizzard. Joe wore a red coat in those days (the uniform of the brave Sixty-third, whose leader, the bold Sill, fell pierced with many wounds beside him). He exchanged his red for black and my pulpit. His doctrines are sound, and his sermons short. We read the papers together over our wine. Not two months ago we read our old friend Howe's glorious deed of the first of June. We were told how the noble Rawdon, who fought with us at Fort Clinton, had joined the Duke of York: and to-day his Royal Highness is in full retreat before Pichegru: and he and my son Miles have taken Valenciennes for nothing! Ah, parson! would you not like to put on your old Sixty-third coat (though I doubt Mrs. Blake could never make the buttons and button-holes meet again over your body)? The boys were acting a play with my militia sword. Oh that I were young again, Mr. Blake! that I had not the gout in my toe; and I would saddle Rosinante and ride back into the world, and feel the pulses beat again, and play a little of life's glorious game!

The last "*hit*" which I saw played was gallantly won by our side; though 'tis true that even in this *parti* the Americans won the rubber—our people gaining only the ground they stood on, and the guns, stores, and ships which they captured and destroyed, while our efforts at rescue were too late to prevent the catastrophe impending over Burgoyne's unfortunate army. After one of those delays which *always* were happening to retard our plans and weaken the blows which our chiefs intended to deliver, an expedition was got under way from New York at the close of the month of September, '77; that, could it but have advanced a fortnight earlier, might have saved the doomed force of Burgoyne. *Sed Dis aliter visum*. The delay here was not Sir Henry Clinton's fault, who could not leave his city unprotected; but the winds and weather which delayed the arrival of reinforcements which we had long awaited from England. The fleet which brought them brought us long and fond letters from home, with the very last news of the children under the care of their good aunt Hetty and their grandfather. The mother's heart yearned toward the absent young ones. She made me no reproaches; but I could read her importunities in her anxious eyes, her terrors for me, and her longing for her children. "Why stay longer?" she seemed to say. "You who have no calling to this war, or to draw the sword

against your countrymen—why continue to imperil your life and my happiness?" I understood her appeal. We were to enter upon no immediate service of danger; I told her Sir Henry was only going to accompany the expedition for a part of the way. I would return with him, the reconnoissance over, and Christmas, please Heaven, should see our family once more united in England.

A force of three thousand men, including a couple of slender regiments of American Loyalists, and New York Militia (with which latter my distinguished relative, Mr. Will Esmond, went as captain), was embarked at New York, and our armament sailed up the noble Hudson River, that presents finer aspects than the Rhine in Europe to my mind: nor was any fire opened upon us from those beetling cliffs and precipitous "Palisades," as they are called, by which we sailed; the enemy, strange to say, being for once unaware of the movement we contemplated. Our first landing was on the eastern bank, at a place called Verplanck's Point, whence the Congress troops withdrew after a slight resistance, their leader, the tough old Putnam (so famous during the war), supposing that our march was to be directed toward the Eastern Highlands, by which we intended to penetrate to Burgoyne. Putnam fell back to occupy these passes, a small detachment of ours being sent forward as if in pursuit, which he imagined was to be followed by the rest of our force. Meanwhile, before daylight, two thousand men, without artillery, were carried over to Stony Point on the western shore, opposite Verplanck's, and under a great hill called the Dunderberg by the old Dutch lords of the stream, and which hangs precipitously over it. A little stream at the northern base of this mountain intersects it from the opposite height on which Fort Clinton stood, named not after our general, but after one of the two gentlemen of the same name who were among the oldest and most respected of the provincial gentry of New York, and who were at this moment actually in command against Sir Henry. On the next height to Clinton is Fort Montgomery; and behind them rises a hill called Bear Hill; while at the opposite side of the magnificent stream stands "Saint Anthony's Nose"—a prodigious peak indeed, which the Dutch had quaintly christened.

The attacks on the two forts were almost simultaneous. Half our men were detached for the assault on Fort Montgomery, under the brave Campbell, who fell before the rampart. Sir Henry, who would never be out of danger where he could find it, personally led the remainder; and hoped, he said, that we should have better luck than before the Sullivan Island. A path led up to the Dunderberg so narrow as scarcely to admit three men abreast, and in utter silence our whole force scaled it, wondering at every rugged step to meet with no opposition. The enemy had not even kept a watch on it; nor were we descried until we were descending the height, at the base of which we easily dispersed

a small force sent hurriedly to oppose us. The firing which here took place rendered all idea of a surprise impossible. The fort was before us. With such arms as the troops had in their hands they had to assault; and silently and swiftly, in the face of the artillery playing upon them, the troops ascended the hill. The men had orders on no account to fire. Taking the colors of the Sixty-third, and bearing them aloft, Sir Henry mounted with the stormers. The place was so steep that the men pushed each other over the wall and through the embrasures; and it was there that Lieutenant Joseph Blake, the father of a certain Joseph Clinton Blake, who looks with the eyes of affection on a certain young lady, presented himself to the living of Warrington by saving the life of the unworthy patron thereof.

About a fourth part of the garrison, as we are told, escaped out of the fort, the rest being killed or wounded, or remaining our prisoners within the works. Fort Montgomery was, in like manner, stormed and taken by our people; and, at night, as we looked down from the heights where the king's standard had been just planted, we were treated to a splendid illumination in the river below. Under Fort Montgomery, and stretching over to that lofty prominence, called St. Anthony's Nose, a boom and chain had been laid with a vast cost and labor, behind which several American frigates and galleys were anchored. The fort being taken, these ships attempted to get up the river in the darkness out of the reach of guns which they knew must destroy them in the morning. But the wind was unfavorable, and escape was found to be impossible. The crews therefore took to the boats, and so landed, having previously set the ships on fire, with all their sails set; and we beheld these magnificent pyramids of flame burning up to the heavens and reflected in the waters below, until, in the midst of prodigious explosions, they sank and disappeared.

On the next day a *parlementaire* came in from the enemy, to inquire as to the state of his troops left wounded or prisoners in our hands, and the Continental officer brought me a note, which gave me a strange shock, for it showed that in the struggle of the previous evening my brother had been engaged. It was dated October 7, from Major-General George Clinton's divisional headquarters, and it stated briefly that "Colonel H. Warrington, of the Virginia line, hopes that Sir George Warrington escaped unhurt in the assault of last evening, from which the Colonel himself was so fortunate as to retire without the least injury." Never did I say my prayers more heartily and gratefully than on that night, devoutly thanking Heaven that my dearest brother was spared, and making a vow at the same time to withdraw out of the fratricidal contest into which I only had entered because Honor and Duty seemed imperatively to call me.

I own I felt an inexpressible relief when I had come to the resolution to retire and betake myself to the peaceful shade of my own vines and

fig-trees at home. I longed, however, to see my brother ere I returned, and asked, and easily obtained, an errand to the camp of the American General Clinton from our own chief. The headquarters of his division were now some miles up the river, and a boat and a flag of truce quickly brought me to the point where his out pickets received me on the shore. My brother was very soon with me. He had only lately joined General Clinton's division with letters from headquarters at Philadelphia, and he chanced to hear after the attack on Fort Clinton that I had been present during the affair. We passed a brief delightful night together; Mr. Sady, who always followed Hal to the war, cooking a feast in honor of both his masters. There was but one bed of straw in the hut where we had quarters, and Hal and I slept on it, side by side, as we had done when we were boys. We had a hundred things to say regarding past times and present. His kind heart gladdened when I told him of my resolve to retire to my acres and to take off the red coat which I wore: he flung his arms round it. "Praised be God!" said he. "O Heavens, George! think what might have happened had we met in the affair two nights ago!" And he turned quite pale at the thought. He eased my mind with respect to our mother. She was a bitter Tory, to be sure, but the Chief had given special injunctions regarding her safety. "And Fanny" (Hal's wife) "watches over her, and she is as good as a company!" cried the enthusiastic husband. "Isn't she clever? Isn't she handsome? Isn't she good?" cries Hal; never, fortunately, waiting for a reply to these ardent queries. "And to think that I was nearly marrying Maria once! Oh mercy! what an escape I had!" he added. "Hagan prays for the King, every morning and night at Castlewood, but they bolt the doors, and nobody hears. Gracious powers! his wife is sixty if she is a day; and, O George! the quantity she drinks is But why tell the failings of our good cousin? I am pleased to think she lived to drink the health of King George long after his Old Dominion had passed forever from his sceptre.

The morning came when my brief mission to the camp was ended, and the truest of friends and fondest of brothers accompanied me to my boat, which lay waiting at the river-side. We exchanged an embrace at parting, and his hand held mine yet for a moment ere I stepped into the barge which bore me rapidly down the stream. "Shall I see thee once more, dearest and best companion of my youth?" I thought. "Among our cold Englishmen, can I ever hope to meet with a friend like thee? When hadst thou ever a thought that was not kindly and generous? When a wish, or a possession, but for me you would sacrifice it? How brave are you, and how modest; how gentle, and how strong; how simple, unselfish, and humble; how eager to see others' merit; how diffident of your own!" He stood on the shore till his figure grew dim before me. There was that in my eyes which prevented me from seeing him longer.

Brilliant as Sir Henry's success had been, it was achieved, as usual, too late: and served but as a small set-off against the disaster of Burgoyne which ensued immediately, and which our advance was utterly inadequate to relieve. More than one secret messenger was dispatched to him who never reached him, and of whom we never learned the fate. Of one wretch who offered to carry intelligence to him, and whom Sir Henry dispatched with a letter of his own, we heard the miserable doom. Falling in with some of the troops of General George Clinton, who happened to be in red uniform (part of the prize of a British ship's cargo, doubtless, which had been taken by American privateers), the spy thought he was in the English army, and advanced toward the sentries. He found his mistake too late. His letter was discovered upon him, and he had to die for bearing it. In ten days after the success at the Forts occurred the great disaster at Saratoga, of which we carried the dismal particulars in the fleet which bore us home. I am afraid my wife was unable to mourn for it. She had her children, her father, her sister to revisit, and daily and nightly thanks to pay to Heaven that had brought her husband safe out of danger.



CHAPTER XCII.

UNDER VINE AND FIG-TREE.

NEED I describe, young folks, the delights of the meeting at home, and the mother's happiness with all her brood once more under her fond wings? It was wrote in her face and acknowl-

edged on her knees. Our house was large enough for all, but Aunt Hetty would not stay in it. She said, fairly, that to resign her *motherhood* over the elder children, who had been hers for nearly three years, cost her too great a pang; and she could not bear for yet a while to be with them, and to submit to take only the second place. So she and her father went away to a house at Bury St. Edmonds, not far from us, where they lived, and where she spoiled her eldest nephew and niece in private. It was the year after we came home that Mr. B——, the Jamaica planter, died, who left her the half of his fortune; and then I heard, for the first time, how the worthy gentleman had been greatly enamored of her in Jamaica, and, though she had refused him, had thus shown his constancy to her. Heaven knows how much property of Aunt Hetty's Monsieur Miles hath already devoured! the price of his commission and outfit; his gorgeous uniforms; his play-debts and little transactions in the Minorities; do you think, Sirrah, I do not know what human nature is; what is the cost of Pall Mall taverns, *petits soupers*, play—even in moderation—at the Cocoa-tree; and that a gentleman can not purchase all these enjoyments with the five hundred a year which I allow him? Aunt Hetty declares she has made up her mind to be an old maid. "I made a vow never to marry until I could find a man as good as my dear father," she said; "and I never did, Sir George. No, my dearest Theo, not half as good; and Sir George may put *that* in his pipe and smoke it."

And yet when the good General died (calm, and full of years, and glad to depart), I think it was my wife who shed the most tears. "I weep because I think I did not love him enough," said the tender creature: whereas Hetty scarce departed from her calm, at least outwardly and before any of us; talks of him constantly still, as though he were alive; recalls his merry sayings, his gentle, kind ways with his children (when she brightens up and looks herself quite a girl again), and sits cheerfully looking up to the slab in church which records his name and some of his virtues, and for once tells no lies.

I had fancied, sometimes, that my brother Hal, for whom Hetty had a juvenile passion, always retained a hold of her heart; and when he came to see us, ten years ago, I told him of this childish romance of Hetty's, with the hope, I own, that he would ask her to replace Mrs. Fanny, who had been gathered to her fathers, and regarding whom my wife (with her usual propensity to consider herself a miserable sinner) always reproached herself, because, forsooth, she did not regret Fanny enough. Hal, when he came to us, was plunged in grief about her loss; and vowed that the world did not contain such another woman. Our dear old General, who was still in life then, took him in and housed him, as he had done in the happy early days. The women played him the very same tunes which he had heard when a boy at Oakhurst. Every body's heart was very soft with old recollections,

and Harry never tired of pouring out his griefs and his recitals of his wife's virtues to Hetty, and anon of talking fondly about his dear Aunt Lambert, whom he loved with all his heart, and whose praises, you may be sure, were welcome to the faithful old husband, out of whose thoughts his wife's memory was never, I believe, absent for any three waking minutes of the day.

General Hal went to Paris as an American General Officer in his blue and yellow (which Mr. Fox and other gentlemen had brought into fashion here likewise), and was made much of at Versailles, although he was presented by Monsieur le Marquis de Lafayette to the most Christian King and Queen, who did not love Monsieur le Marquis. And I believe a Marquise took a fancy to the Virginian General, and would have married him out of hand, had he not resisted, and fled back to England and Warrington and Bury again, especially to the latter place, where the folks would listen to him as he talked about his late wife with an endless patience and sympathy. As for us, who had known the poor paragon, we were civil, but not quite so enthusiastic regarding her, and rather puzzled sometimes to answer our children's questions about Uncle Hal's angel wife.

The two Generals and myself, and Captain Miles, and Parson Blake (who was knocked over at Monmouth, the year after I left America, and came home to change his coat, and take my living), used to fight the battles of the Revolution over our bottle; and the parson used to cry, "By Jupiter, General (he compounded for Jupiter when he laid down his military habit), you are the Tory, and Sir George is the Whig! He is always finding fault with our leaders, and you are forever standing up for them; and when I prayed for the King last Sunday, I heard you following me quite loud."

"And so I do, Blake, with all my heart. I can't forget I wore his coat," says Hal.

"Ah, if Wolfe had been alive for twenty years more!" says Lambert.

"Ah, Sir," cries Hal, "you should hear the General talk about *him*!"

"What General?" says I (to vex him).

"*My* General," says Hal, standing up and filling a bumper. "His Excellency General George Washington!"

"With all my heart," cry I; but the parson looks as if he did not like the toast or the claret.

Hal never tired in speaking of his General; and it was on some such evening of friendly converse that he told us how he had actually been in disgrace with this General whom he loved so fondly. Their difference seems to have been about Monsieur le Marquis de Lafayette before mentioned, who played such a fine part in history of late, and who hath so suddenly disappeared out of it. His previous rank in our own service, and his acknowledged gallantry during the war, ought to have secured Colonel Warrington's promotion in the Continental army, where a whipper-snapper like M. de Lafayette had but to arrive and straightway to be

complimented by Congress with the rank of Major-General. Hal, with the freedom of an old soldier, had expressed himself somewhat contemptuously regarding some of the appointments made by Congress, with whom all sorts of miserable intrigues and cabals were set to work by unscrupulous officers who were greedy of promotion. Mr. Warrington, imitating perhaps in this the example of his now illustrious friend of Mount Vernon, affected to make the war *en gentleman*; took his pay, to be sure, but spent it upon comforts and clothing for his men, and as for rank, declared it was a matter of no earthly concern to him, and that he would as soon serve as colonel as in any higher grade. No doubt he added contemptuous remarks regarding certain General Officers of Congress army, their origin, and the causes of their advancement: notably he was very angry about the sudden promotion of the young French lad just named—the Marquis, as they loved to call him—in the Republican army, and who, by-the-way, was a prodigious favorite of the Chief himself. There were not three officers in the whole Continental force (after poor madcap Lee was taken prisoner and disgraced) who could speak the Marquis's language, so that Hal could judge the young Major-General more closely and familiarly than other gentlemen, including the Commander-in-Chief himself. Mr. Washington good-naturedly rated friend Hal for being jealous of the beardless commander of Auvergne; was himself not a little pleased by the filial regard and profound veneration which the enthusiastic young nobleman always showed for him; and had, moreover, the very best politic reasons for treating the Marquis with friendship and favor.

Meanwhile, as it afterward turned out, the Commander-in-Chief was most urgently pressing Colonel Warrington's promotion upon Congress; and, as if his difficulties before the enemy were not enough, he being at this hard time of winter intrenched at Valley Forge, commanding five or six thousand men at the most, almost without fire, blankets, food, or ammunition, in the face of Sir William Howe's army, which was perfectly appointed, and three times as numerous as his own; as if, I say, this difficulty was not enough to try him, he had further to encounter that cowardly distrust of Congress, and insubordination and conspiracy among the officers in his own camp. During the awful winter of '77, when one blow struck by the sluggard at the head of the British forces might have ended the war, and all was doubt, confusion, despair in the opposite camp (save in one indomitable breast alone), my brother had an interview with the Chief, which he has subsequently described to me, and of which Hal could never speak without giving way to the deepest emotion. Mr. Washington had won no such triumph as that which the dare-devil courage of Arnold and the elegant imbecility of Burgoyne had procured for Gates and the northern army. Save in one or two minor encounters, which proved how daring his bravery was, and how unceasing his

watchfulness, General Washington had met with defeat after defeat from an enemy in all points his superior. The Congress mistrusted him. Many an officer in his own camp hated him. Those who had been disappointed in ambition, those who had been detected in peculation, those whose selfishness or incapacity his honest eyes had spied out—were all more or less in league against him. Gates was the Chief toward whom the malcontents turned. Mr. Gates was the only genius fit to conduct the war; and with a vain-gloriousness which he afterward generously owned, he did not refuse the homage which was paid him.

To show how dreadful were the troubles and anxieties with which General Washington had to contend, I may mention what at this time was called the "Conway Cabal." A certain Irishman—a Chevalier of St. Louis, and an officer in the French service—arrived in America early in the year '77 in quest of military employment. He was speedily appointed to the rank of brigadier; and could not be contented, forsooth, without an immediate promotion to be major-general.

Mr. C. had friends at Congress, who, as the General-in-Chief was informed, had promised him his speedy promotion. General Washington remonstrated, representing the injustice of promoting to the highest rank the youngest brigadier in the service; and while the matter was pending, was put in possession of a letter from Conway to General Gates, whom he complimented, saying, that "Heaven had been determined to save America, or a weak general and bad counselors would have ruined it." The General inclosed the note to Mr. Conway, without a word of comment; and Conway offered his resignation, which was refused by Congress, who appointed him Inspector-General of the army, with the rank of Major-General.

"And it was at this time," says Harry (with many passionate exclamations indicating his rage with himself and his admiration of his leader), "when, by Heavens, the glorious Chief was oppressed by troubles enough to drive ten thousand men mad—that I must interfere with my jealousies about the Frenchman! I had not said much; only some nonsense to Greene and Cadwalader about getting some frogs against the Frenchman came to dine with us, and having a bagful of Marquises over from Paris, as we were not able to command ourselves; but I should have known the Chief's troubles, and that he had a better head than mine, and might have had the grace to hold my tongue.

"For a while the General said nothing, but I could remark, by the coldness of his demeanor, that something had occurred to create a schism between him and me. Mrs. Washington, who had come to camp, also saw that something was wrong. Women have artful ways of soothing men and finding their secrets out. I am not sure that I should have ever tried to learn the cause of the General's displeasure, for I am as proud as he is, and besides" (says Hal), "when

the Chief is angry, it was not pleasant coming near him, I can promise you." My brother was indeed subjugated by his old friend, and obeyed him and bowed before him as a boy before a schoolmaster.

"At last," Hal resumed, "Mrs. Washington found out the mystery. 'Speak to me after dinner, Colonel Hal,' says she. 'Come out to the parade-ground, before the dining-house, and I will tell you all.' I left half a score of general officers and brigadiers drinking round the General's table, and found Mrs. Washington waiting for me. She then told me it was the speech I had made about the box of Marquises with which the General was offended. 'I should not have heeded it in another,' he had said, 'but I never thought Harry Warrington would have joined against me.'

"I had to wait on him for the word that night, and found him alone at his table. 'Can your Excellency give me five minutes' time?' I said, with my heart in my mouth. 'Yes, surely, Sir,' says he, pointing to the other chair, 'will you please to be seated?'

"It used not always to be Sir and Colonel Warrington, between me and your Excellency," I said.

"He said, calmly, 'The times are altered.'

"Et nos mutamur in illis," says I. 'Times and people are both changed.'

"You had some business with me?" he asked.

"Am I speaking to the Commander-in-Chief or to my old friend?" I asked.

"He looked at me gravely. 'Well—to both, Sir. Pray sit, Harry.'

"If to General Washington, I tell his Excellency that I and many officers of this army are not well pleased to see a boy of twenty made a major-general over us, because he is a Marquis, and because he can't speak the English language. If I speak to my old friend, I have to say that he has shown me very little of trust or friendship for the last few weeks; and that I have no desire to sit at your table, and have impertinent remarks made by others there of the way in which his Excellency turns his back on me.'

"Which charge shall I take first, Harry?" he asked, turning his chair away from the table, and crossing his legs as if ready for a talk. 'You are jealous, as I gather, about the Marquis?'

"Jealous, Sir!" says I; 'an aid-de-camp of Mr. Wolfe is not jealous of a Jack-a-dandy who, five years ago, was being whipped at school!'

"You yourself declined higher rank than that which you hold," says the Chief, turning a little red.

"But I never bargained to have a Macaroni Marquis to command me!" I cried; 'I will not, for one, carry the young gentleman's orders; and since Congress and your Excellency chooses to take your generals out of the nursery, I shall humbly ask leave to resign and retire to my plantation.'

"Do, Harry; that is true friendship!" says

the Chief, with a gentleness that surprised me. 'Now that your old friend is in a difficulty 'tis surely the best time to leave him.'

"Sir!" says I.

"Do as so many of the rest are doing. Mr. Warrington. *Et tu, Brute*, as the play says. Well, well, Harry! I did not think it of you; but, at least, you are in the fashion.'

"You asked which charge you should take first?" I said.

"Oh, the promotion of the Marquis? I recommended the appointment to Congress, no doubt; and you and other gentlemen disapprove it.'

"I have spoken for myself, Sir," says I.

"If you take me in that tone, Colonel Warrington, I have nothing to answer!" says the Chief, rising up very fiercely, 'and presume that I can recommend officers for promotion without asking your previous sanction.'

"Being on that tone, Sir," says I, 'let me respectfully offer my resignation to your Excellency, founding my desire to resign upon the fact that Congress, at your Excellency's recommendation, offers its highest commands to boys of twenty who are scarcely even acquainted with our language.' And I rise up and make his Excellency a bow.

"Great Heavens, Harry!" he cries—(about this Marquis's appointment; he was beaten, that was the fact, and he could not reply to me)—'can't you believe that in this critical time of our affairs there are reasons why special favors should be shown to the first Frenchman of distinction who comes among us?'

"No doubt, Sir. If your Excellency acknowledges that Monsieur de Lafayette's merits have nothing to do with the question.'

"I acknowledge or deny nothing, Sir!" says the General, with a stamp of his foot, and looking as though he could be terribly angry if he would. 'Am I here to be catechised by you? Stay. Hark, Harry! I speak to you as a man of the world—nay, as an old friend. This appointment humiliates you and others, you say? Be it so! Must we not bear humiliation along with the other burdens and griefs for the sake of our country? It is no more just, perhaps, that the Marquis should be set over you gentlemen than that your Prince Ferdinand or your Prince of Wales at home should have a command over veterans. But if in appointing this young nobleman we please a whole nation, and bring ourselves twenty millions of allies, will you and other gentlemen sulk because we do him honor? 'Tis easy to sneer at him (though, believe me, the Marquis has many more merits than you allow him); to my mind it were more generous as well as more polite of Harry Warrington to welcome this stranger for the sake of the prodigious benefit our country may draw from him—not to laugh at his peculiarities, but to aid him and help his ignorance by your experience as an old soldier: that is what I would do—that is the part I expected of thee—for it is the generous and the manly one, Harry; but

you choose to join my enemies, and when I am in trouble you say you will leave me. That is why I have been hurt—that is why I have been cold. I thought I might count on your friendship—and—and you can tell whether I was right or no. I relied on you as on a brother, and you come and tell me you will resign. Be it so! Being embarked in this contest, by God's will I will see it to an end. You are not the first, Mr. Warrington, has left me on the way.'

"He spoke with so much tenderness, and as he spoke his face wore such a look of unhappiness, that an extreme remorse and pity seized me, and I called out I know not what incoherent expressions regarding old times, and vowed that, if he would say the word, I never would leave him. You never loved him, George," says my brother, turning to me, "but I did beyond all mortal men; and, though I am not clever like you, I think my instinct was in the right. He has a greatness not approached by other men—"

"I don't say no, brother," said I, "now."

"Greatness, pooh!" says the Parson, growling over his wine.

"We walked into Mrs. Washington's tea-room arm in arm," Hal resumed; "she looked up quite kind and saw we were friends. 'Is it all over, Colonel Harry?' she whispered. 'I know he has applied ever so often about your promotion—'"

"I never will take it," says I. "And that is how I came to *do penance*," says Harry, telling me the story, 'with Lafayette the next winter.' (Hal could imitate the Frenchman very well.) 'I will go *weez heem*,' says I. 'I know the way to Quebec, and when we are not in action with Sir Guy, I can hear his Excellency the Major-General say his lesson.' There was no fight, you know: we could get no army to act in Canada, and returned to head-quarters; and what do you think disturbed the Frenchman most? The idea that people would laugh at him, because his command had come to nothing. And so they did laugh at him, and almost to his face too, and who could help it? If our Chief had any weak point it was this Marquis.

"After our little difference we became as great friends as before—if a man may be said to be friends with a Sovereign Prince, for as such I somehow could not help regarding the General: and one night, when we had sate the company out, we talked of old times, and the jolly days of sport we had together both before and after Braddock's; and that pretty duel you were near having when we were boys. He laughed about it, and said he never saw a man look more wicked and more bent on killing than you did: 'And to do Sir George justice, I think he has hated me ever since,' says the Chief. 'Ah!' he added, 'an open enemy I can face readily enough. 'Tis the secret foe who causes the doubt and anguish! We have sat with more than one at my table to-day to whom I am obliged to show a face of civility, whose hands I must take when they are offered, though I know they are stab-

bing my reputation, and are eager to pull me down from my place. You spoke but lately of being humiliated because a junior was set over you in command. What humiliation is yours compared to mine, who have to play the farce of welcome to these traitors; who have to bear the neglect of Congress, and see men who have insulted me promoted in my own army? If I consulted my own feelings as a man, would I continue in this command? You know whether my temper is naturally warm or not, and whether as a private gentleman I should be likely to suffer such slights and outrages as are put upon me daily; but in the advancement of the sacred cause in which we are engaged we have to endure not only hardship and danger, but calumny and wrong, and may God give us strength to do our duty!' And then the General showed me the papers regarding the affair of that fellow Conway, whom Congress promoted in spite of the intrigue, and down whose black throat John Cadwalader sent the best ball he ever fired in his life.

"And it was here," said Hal, concluding his story, "as I looked at the Chief talking at night in the silence of the camp, and remembered how lonely he was; what an awful responsibility he carried; how spies and traitors were eating out of his dish, and an enemy lay in front of him who might at any time overpower him, that I thought, 'Sure this is the greatest man now in the world; and what a wretch I am to think of my jealousies and annoyances, while he is walking serenely under his immense cares!'"

"We talked but now of Wolfe," said I. "Here, indeed, is a greater than Wolfe. To endure is greater than to dare; to tire out hostile fortune; to be daunted by no difficulty; to keep heart when all have lost it; to go through intrigue spotless; and to forego even ambition when the end is gained. Who can say this is not greatness, or show the other Englishman who has achieved so much?"

"I wonder, Sir George, you did not take Mr. Washington's side, and wear the blue and buff yourself," grumbles Parson Blake.

"You and I thought scarlet most becoming to our complexion, Joe Blake!" says Sir George. "And my wife thinks there would not have been room for two such great men on one side."

"Well, at any rate you were better than that odious, swearing, crazy General Lee, who was second in command!" cries Lady Warrington. "And I am certain Mr. Washington never could write poetry and tragedies as you can! What did the General say about George's tragedies, Harry?"

Harry burst into a roar of laughter (in which, of course, Mr. Miles must join his uncle).

"Well," says he, "it's a fact that Hagan read one at my house to the General and Mrs. Washington and several more, and they all fell sound asleep!"

"He never liked my husband, that is the truth!" says Theo, tossing up her head, "and

'tis all the more magnanimous of Sir George to speak so well of him."

And then Hal told how, his battles over, his country freed, his great work of liberation complete, the General laid down his victorious sword, and met his comrades of the army in a last adieu. The last British soldier had quitted the shore of the Republic, and the Commander-in-Chief proposed to leave New York for Annapolis, where Congress was sitting, and there resign his commission. About noon, on the 4th December, a barge was in waiting at Whitehall Ferry to convey him across the Hudson. The chiefs of the army assembled at a tavern near the ferry, and there the General joined them. Seldom as he showed his emotion, outwardly, on this day he could not disguise it. He filled a glass of wine, and said, "I bid you farewell with a heart full of love and gratitude, and wish your latter days may be as prosperous and happy as those past have been glorious and honorable." Then he drank to them. "I can not come to each of you to take my leave," he said, "but shall be obliged if you will each come and shake me by the hand."

General Knox, who was nearest, came forward, and the Chief, with tears in his eyes, embraced him. The others came, one by one, to him, and took their leave without a word. A line of infantry was formed from the tavern to the ferry, and the General, with his officers following him, walked silently to the water. He stood up in the barge, taking off his hat, and waving a farewell. And his comrades remained bare-headed on the shore till their leader's boat was out of view.

As Harry speaks very low, in the gray of evening, with sometimes a break in his voice, we all sit touched and silent. Hetty goes up and kisses her father.

"You tell us of others, General Harry," she says, passing a handkerchief across her eyes, "of Marion and Sumpter, of Greene and Wayne, and Rawdon and Cornwallis, too, but you never mention Colonel Warrington."

"My dear, he will tell you his story in private!" whispers my wife, clinging to her sister, "and you can write it for him."

But it was not to be. My Lady Theo and her husband, too, I own, catching the infection from her, never would let Harry rest until we had coaxed, wheedled, and ordered him to ask Hetty in marriage. He obeyed, and it was she who now declined. "She had always," she said, "the truest regard for him from the dear old times when they had met as almost children together. But she would never leave her father. When it pleased God to take him, she hoped she would be too old to think of bearing any other name but her own. Harry should have her love always as the best of brothers; and as George and Theo have such a nursery full of children," adds Hester, "we must show our love to *them*, by saving for the young ones." She sent him her answer in writing, leaving home on a visit to friends at a distance, as though she would

have him to understand that her decision was final. As such Hal received it. He did not break his heart. Cupid's arrows, ladies, don't bite very deep into the tough skins of gentlemen of our age; though, to be sure, at the time to which I write, my brother was still a young man, being little more than fifty. Aunt Het is now a staid little lady with a voice of which years have touched the sweet chords, and a head which Time has powdered over with silver. There are days when she looks surprisingly young and blooming. Ah me, my dear, it seems but a little little while since the hair was golden brown, and the cheeks as fresh as roses! And then came the bitter blast of love unrequited which withered them; and that long loneliness of heart which they say follows. Why should Theo and I have been so happy, and thou so lonely? Why should my meal be garnished with love and spread with plenty, while yon solitary outcast shivers at my gate? I bow my head humbly before the Dispenser of pain and poverty, wealth and health; I feel sometimes as if, for the prizes which have fallen to the lot of me unworthy, I did not *dare* to be grateful. But I hear the voices of my children in their garden, or look up at their mother from my book, or perhaps my sick-bed, and my heart fills with instinctive gratitude toward the bountiful Heaven that has so blessed me.

Since my accession to my uncle's title and estate my intercourse with my good cousin, Lord Castlewood, had been very rare. I had always supposed him to be a follower of the winning side in politics, and was not a little astonished to hear of his sudden appearance in opposition. A disappointment in respect to a place at Court, of which he pretended to have had some promise, was partly the occasion of his rupture with the Ministry. It is said that the most August Person in the realm had flatly refused to receive into the R-y-l Household a nobleman whose character was so notoriously bad, and whose example (so the August Objector was pleased to say) would ruin and corrupt any respectable family. I heard of the Castlewoods during our travels in Europe, and that the mania for play had again seized upon his lordship. His impaired fortunes having been retrieved by the prudence of his wife and father-in-law, he had again begun to dissipate his income at *hombre* and *lansquenet*. There were tales of malpractices in which he had been discovered, and even of chastisement inflicted upon him by the victims of his unscrupulous arts. His wife's beauty and freshness faded early; we met but once at Aix-la-Chapelle, where Lady Castlewood besought my wife to go and see her, and afflicted Lady Warrington's kind heart by stories of the neglect and outrage of which her unfortunate husband was guilty. We were willing to receive these as some excuse and palliation for the unhappy lady's own conduct. A notorious adventurer, gambler, and *spadassin*, calling himself the Chevalier de Barry, and said to be a relative of the mistress of the French king, but afterward turning out to be an Irish-

man of low extraction, was in constant attendance upon the earl and countess at this time, and conspicuous for the audacity of his lies, the extravagance of his play, and somewhat mercenary gallantry toward the other sex, and a ferocious bravo courage, which, however, failed him on one or two awkward occasions, if common report said true. He subsequently married, and rendered miserable a lady of title and fortune in England. The poor little American lady's interested union with Lord Castlewood was scarcely more happy.

I remember our little Miles's infantile envy being excited by learning that Lord Castlewood's second son, a child a few months younger than himself, was already an ensign on the Irish establishment, whose pay the fond parents regularly drew. This piece of preferment my lord must have got for his *cadet* while he was on good terms with the minister, during which period of favor Will Esmond was also shifted off to New York. While I was in America myself, we read in an English journal that Captain Charles Esmond had resigned his commission in his Majesty's service, as not wishing to take up arms against the countrymen of his mother, the Countess of Castlewood. "It is the doing of the old fox, Van den Bosch," Madame Esmond said; "he wishes to keep his Virginian property safe, whatever side should win!" I may mention, with respect to this old worthy, that he continued to reside in England for a while after the declaration of Independence, not at all denying his sympathy with the American cause, but keeping a pretty quiet tongue, and alleging that such a very old man as himself was past the age of action or mischief, in which opinion the Government concurred, no doubt, as he was left quite unmolested. But of a sudden a warrant was out after him, when it was surprising with what agility he stirred himself and skipped off to France, whence he presently embarked upon his return to Virginia.

The old man bore the worst reputation among the Loyalists of our colony; and was nicknamed "Jack the Painter" among them, much to his indignation, after a certain miscreant who was hung in England for burning naval stores in our ports there. He professed to have lost prodigious sums at home by the persecution of the Government, distinguished himself by the loudest patriotism, and the most violent religious outcries in Virginia; where, nevertheless, he was not much more liked by the Whigs than by the party who still remained faithful to the Crown. He wondered that such an old Tory as Madam Esmond of Castlewood was suffered to go at large, and was forever crying out against her among the gentlemen of the new Assembly, the Governor, and officers of the State. He and Fanny had high words in Richmond one day, when she told him he was an old swindler and traitor, and that the mother of Colonel Henry Warrington, the bosom friend of his Excellency the Commander-in-Chief, was not to be insulted by such a little smuggling slave-driver as him! I think

it was in the year 1780 an accident happened, when the old Register Office at Williamsburg was burned down, in which was a copy of the formal assignment of the Virginia property from Francis Lord Castlewood to my grandfather, Henry Esmond, Esquire. "Oh," says Fanny, "of course this is the work of Jack the Painter!" And Mr. Van den Bosch was for prosecuting her for libel, but that Fanny took to her bed at this juncture, and died.

Van den Bosch made contracts with the new Government, and sold them bargains, as the phrase is. He supplied horses, meat, forage, all of bad quality; but when Arnold came into Virginia (in the King's service) and burned right and left, Van den Bosch's stores and tobacco-houses somehow were spared. Some secret Whigs now took their revenge on the old rascal. A couple of his ships in James's River, his stores, and a quantity of his cattle in their stalls were roasted amidst a hideous bellowing; and he got a note, as he was in Arnold's company, saying that friends had served him as he served others; and containing "Tom the Glazier's compliments to brother Jack the Painter." Nobody pitied the old man, though he went well-nigh mad at his loss. In Arnold's suite came the Honorable Captain William Esmond, of the New York Loyalists, as *Aid-de-Camp* to the General. When Howe occupied Philadelphia, Will was said to have made some money keeping a gambling-house with an officer of the dragoons of Anspach. I know not how he lost it. He could not have had much when he consented to become an *aid-de-camp* of Arnold.

Now the King's officers having reappeared in the province, Madam Esmond thought fit to open her house at Castlewood and invite them thither—and actually received Mr. Arnold and his suite. "It is not for me," she said, "to refuse my welcome to a man whom my Sovereign has admitted to grace." And she threw her house open to him, and treated him with great though frigid respect while he remained in the district. The General gone, and his precious *aid-de-camp* with him, some of the rascals who followed in their suite remained behind in the house where they had received so much hospitality, insulted the old lady in her hall, insulted her people, and finally set fire to the old mansion in a frolic of drunken fury. Our house at Richmond was not burned, luckily, though Mr. Arnold had fired the town; and thither the undaunted old lady proceeded, surrounded by her people, and never swerving in her loyalty in spite of her ill usage. "The Esmonds," she said, "were accustomed to Royal ingratitude."

And now Mr. Van den Bosch, in the name of his grandson and my Lord Castlewood, in England, set up a claim to our property in Virginia. He said it was not my lord's intention to disturb Madam Esmond in her enjoyment of the estate during her life, but that his father, it had always been understood, had given his kinsman a life-interest in the place, and only continued it to his daughter out of generosity. Now my lord



SIR GEORGE, MY LADY, AND THEIR MASTER.

proposed that his second son should inhabit Virginia, for which the young gentleman had always shown the warmest sympathy. The outcry against Van den Bosch was so great that he would have been tarred and feathered had he remained in Virginia. He betook himself to Congress, represented himself as a martyr ruined in the cause of liberty, and prayed for compensation for himself and justice for his grandson.

My mother lived long in dreadful apprehen-

sion, having in truth a secret which she did not like to disclose to any one. *Her titles were burned!* the deed of assignment in her own house; the copy in the Registry at Richmond, had alike been destroyed—by chance? by villainy? who could say? She did not like to confide this trouble in writing to me. She opened herself to Hal, after the surrender at York Town, and he acquainted me with the fact in a letter by a British officer returning home on his parole. Then I remembered the unlucky

words I had let slip before Will Esmond at the Coffee-house at New York; and a part of this iniquitous scheme broke upon me.

As for Mr. Will: there is a tablet in Castlewood Church, in Hampshire, inscribed *Dolce et decorum est pro patriâ mori*, and announcing that "This marble is placed by a mourning brother, to the memory of the Honorable William Esmond, Esquire, who died in North America, in the service of his King." But how? When, toward the end of 1781, a revolt took place in the Philadelphia Line of the Congress Army, and Sir Henry Clinton sent out agents to the mutineers, what became of them? The men took the spies prisoners, and proceeded to judge them, and my brother (whom they knew and loved, and had often followed under fire), who had been sent from camp to make terms with the troops, recognized one of the spies, just as execution was about to be done upon him; and the wretch, with horrid outcries, groveling and kneeling at Colonel Warrington's feet, besought him for mercy, and promised to confess all to him. To confess what? Harry turned away sick at heart. Will's mother and sister never knew the truth. They always fancied it was in action he was killed.

As for my lord Earl, whose noble son has been the intendant of an illustrious Prince, and who has enriched himself at play with his R—l master: I went to see his lordship when I heard of this astounding design against our property, and remonstrated with him on the matter. For myself, as I showed him, I was not concerned, as I had determined to cede my right to my brother. He received me with perfect courtesy; smiled when I spoke of my disinterestedness; said he was sure of my affectionate feelings toward my brother, but what must be his toward his son? He had always heard from his father, he would take his Bible-oath of that: that, at my mother's death, the property would return to the head of the family. At the story of the title which Colonel Esmond had ceded he shrugged his shoulders, and treated it as a fable. "*On ne fait pas de ces folies là!*" says he, offering me snuff, "and your grandfather was a man of esprit! My little grandmother was éprise of him. and my father, the most good-natured soul alive, lent them the Virginian property to get them out of the way! *C'etoit un scandale, mon cher, un joli petit scandale!*" Oh, if my mother had but heard him! I might have been disposed to take a high tone: but he said, with the utmost good-nature, "My dear Knight, are you going to fight about the character of our grandmother, *allons donc!* Come, I will be fair with you! We will compromise, if you like, about this Virginian property!" And his lordship named a sum greater than the actual value of the estate.

Amazed at the coolness of this worthy, I walked away to my coffee-house, where, as it happened, an old friend was to dine with me, for whom I have a sincere regard. I had felt a pang at not being able to give this gentleman

my living of Warrington-on-Waveney, but I *could* not, as he himself confessed honestly. His life had been too loose, and his example in my village could never have been edifying: besides, he would have died of *ennui* there, after being accustomed to a town life; and he had a prospect finally, he told me, of settling himself most comfortably in London and the Church.* My guest, I need not say, was my old friend Sampson, who never failed to dine with me when I came to town, and I told him of my interview with his old patron.

I could not have lighted upon a better confidant. "Gracious powers!" says Sampson, "the man's roguery beats all belief! When I was secretary and factotum at Castlewood, I can take my oath I saw more than once a copy of the deed of assignment by the late lord to your grandfather: '*In consideration of the love I bear to my kinsman, Henry Esmond, Esq., husband of my dear mother Rachel, Lady Viscountess Dowager of Castlewood, I,*' etc.—so it ran. I know the place where 'tis kept—let us go thither as fast as horses will carry us to-morrow. There is somebody there—never mind whom, Sir George—who has an old regard for me. The papers may be there to this very day, and O Lord, O Lord, but I shall be thankful if I can in any way show my gratitude to you and your glorious brother!" His eyes filled with tears. He was an altered man. At a certain period of the portwine Sampson always alluded with compunction to his past life, and the change which had taken place in his conduct since the awful death of his friend Doctor Dodd.

Quick as we were, we did not arrive at Castlewood too soon. I was looking at the fountain in the court, and listening to that sweet, sad music of its plashing, which my grandfather tells of in his *Mémoires*, and peopling the place with by-gone figures, with Beatrix in her beauty; with my Lord Francis in scarlet, calling to his dogs and mounting his gray horse; with the young page of old who won the castle and the heiress—when Sampson comes running down to me with an old volume, in rough calf bound, in his hand, containing drafts of letters, copies of agreements, and various writings, some by a secretary of my Lord Francis, some in the slim handwriting of his wife my grandmother, some bearing the signature of the last lord; and here was a copy of the assignment, sure enough, as it had been sent to my grandfather in Virginia. "Victoria, Victoria!" cries Sampson, shaking my hand, embracing every body. "Here is a guinea for thee, Betty. We'll have a bowl of punch at the Three Castles to-night!" As we were talking the wheels of post-chaises were heard, and a couple of carriages drove into the court, containing my lord and a friend, and their servants in the next vehicle. His lordship looked only a little paler than usual at seeing me.

"What procures me the honor of Sir George

* He was the second Incumbent of Lady Whittlesea's Chapel, May Fair, and married Elizabeth, relict of Hermann Voelcker, Esq., the eminent brewer.

Warrington's visit? and pray, Mr. Sampson, what do you do here?" says my lord. I think he had forgotten the existence of this book, or had never seen it; and when he offered to take his Bible-oath of what he had heard from his father, had simply volunteered a perjury.

I was shaking hands with his companion, a nobleman with whom I had the honor to serve in America. "I came," I said, "to convince myself of a fact, about which you were mistaken yesterday; and I find the proof in your lordship's own house. Your lordship was pleased to take your lordship's Bible-oath that there was no agreement between your father and his mother relative to some property which I hold. When Mr. Sampson was your lordship's secretary, he perfectly remembered having seen a copy of such an assignment, and here it is."

"And do you mean, Sir George Warrington, that unknown to me you have been visiting my papers?" cries my lord.

"I doubted the correctness of your statement, though backed by your lordship's Bible-oath," I said, with a bow.

"This, Sir, is robbery! Give the papers back!" bawled my lord.

"Robbery is a rough word, my lord. Shall I tell the whole story to Lord Rawdon?"

"What, is it about the Marquisate? *Connu, connu*, my dear Sir George! We always called you the Marquis in New York. I don't know who brought the story from Virginia."

I never had heard this absurd nickname before, and did not care to notice it. "My Lord Castlewood," I said, "not only doubted, but yesterday laid a claim to my property, taking his Bible-oath that—"

Castlewood gave a kind of gasp, and then said, "Great Heaven! Do you mean, Sir George, that there actually is an agreement extant? Yes. Here it is—my father's handwriting, sure enough! Then the question is clear. Upon my o—, well, upon my honor as a gentleman! I never knew of such an agreement, and must have been mistaken in what my father said. This paper clearly shows the property is yours: and not being mine—why, I wish you joy of it!" and he held out his hand with the blandest smile.

"And how thankful you will be to me, my lord, for having enabled me to establish the right!" says Sampson, with a leer on his face.

"Thankful? No, confound you. Not in the least!" says my lord. "I am a plain man; I don't disguise from my cousin that I would rather have had the property than he. Sir George, you will stay and dine with us, a large party is coming down here shooting. We ought to have you one of us!"

"My lord," said I, buttoning the book under my coat, "I will go and get this document copied, and then return it to your lordship. As my mother in Virginia has had her papers burned, she will be put out of much anxiety by having this assignment safely lodged."

"What, have Madam Esmond's papers been

burned? When the deuce was that?" asks my lord.

"My lord, I wish you a very good afternoon. Come, Sampson, you and I will go and dine at the Three Castles." And I turned on my heel, making a bow to Lord R., and from that day to this I have never set my foot within the halls of my ancestors.

Shall I ever see the old mother again, I wonder? She lives in Richmond, never having rebuilt her house in the country. When Hal was in England we sent her pictures of both her sons, painted by the admirable Sir Joshua Reynolds. We sate to him, the last year Mr. Johnson was alive, I remember. And the Doctor, peering about the studio, and seeing the image of Hal in his uniform (the appearance of it caused no little excitement in those days), asked who was this? and was informed that it was the famous American General—General Warrington, Sir George's brother. "General *Who?*" cries the Doctor, "General *Where?* Pooh! I don't know such a service!" and he turned his back and walked out of the premises. My worship is painted in scarlet, and we have *replicas* of both performances at home. But the picture which Captain Miles and the girls declare to be most like is a family sketch by my ingenious neighbor, Mr. Bunbury, who has drawn me and my lady with Monsieur Gumbo following us, and written under the piece, "SIR GEORGE, MY LADY, AND THEIR MASTER."

Here my master comes; he has poked out all the house-fires, has looked to all the bolts, has ordered the whole male and female crew to their chambers; and begins to blow my candles out, and says, "Time, Sir George, to go to bed! Twelve o'clock!"

"Bless me! So indeed it is." And I close my book, and go to my rest, with a blessing on those now around me asleep.

EFFIE CAMPBELL.

By JOSEPH TRUMAN.

PRETTY Effie Campbell
Came to me one day;
Eyes as bright as sunbeams,
Cheeks with blushes gay.

"I'm so happy, Cousin,
Walter told me all,
In the carriage, coming
From the county ball."

"Have a care, Miss Effie—
Look before you leap;
Men are fickle, Effie—
Better wait than weep."

"How you're always preaching
Love to be a crime;
And a kiss perdition,
Surly Peter Syme."

"Fear these first love whispers,
Thrilling, sweet, and strange;
Eyes *will* wander, Effie,
And the fancy change."

"I can trust him, Cousin,
With a glad repose;
Heaven is won by trusting—
Doubt brings half our woes."

"Are you certain, Effie,
Love will not decay
When your step is slower,
And your hair grows gray;

"And those eyes, so bonnie,
Look less bright than now;
And the matron Caution
Saddens cheek and brow?"

"Love may deepen, Peter,
But it will not die;
Beat its pulse will steadier,
If not quite so high.

"Smoother run the rivers
As they reach the sea,
Calmed the noisy plunges—
Stilled the shallow glee.

"True love knows no changing
From the dream of youth;
Or, if changed, 'tis better—
'Tis the dream made truth.

"Love that once pined blindly,
Tenderly reveres,
And the eyes see clearer
That have look'd through tears.

"Beautiful, forever,
The grief-soften'd tread;
And the time-touch'd glances,
And the dear gray head.

"The pathetic paleness,
And the lines of care;
Memory's consecration
Makes men always fair.

"Lips that came close creeping,
Sweet low love to speak,
Kissing, oh! so softly,
Weary temples weak.

"Eyes that looked *such* pity—
Poor wild eyes above;
Can these lose their beauty
For the souls that love?"

"But I see you're laughing,
As you always do
When my speech gets earnest—
As my heart throbs through.

"Weak you think us women—
Slaves of impulse, vain;
But our heart is oftentimes
Truer than your brain.

"You're our subjects, skeptic,
Wrangle as you will;
Mothers' eyes and bosoms
Mould the children still.

"Tale of woman's glamour—
'Tis the oldest known;
Better doom with woman
Than an Eden lone.

"We shall always snare you,
Struggle as you may;
I shall see *you*, Cousin,
Deep in love, one day!"

"Effie!"—but she stopp'd me
With a nod and smile,
Calling, as she courtesied,
In her saucy style:

"By, by, Master Peter—
Take a wife in time,
And she'll make you wiser,
Simple Peter Syme."

Monthly Record of Current Events.

UNITED STATES.

THE San Juan question has assumed an aspect which has induced our Government to dispatch General Winfield Scott to take the command on the Pacific Coast. The veteran soldier and pacificator set out from New York on the 23d of September. His instructions are such as to leave his future action almost wholly to his own discretion, the Government relying upon his good judgment for the peaceful settlement of the present difficulties. By the treaty of June 15, 1846, the boundary line between Great Britain and the United States was established "along the 49th parallel of North latitude to the middle of the channel which separates the continent from Vancouver's Island, and thence southerly through the middle of said channel and of Fucas Straits to the Pacific Ocean." Had the line been continued along the 49th parallel it would have given us the greater part of Vancouver's Island, upon which the British had made settlements. It was deflected to the south in order that they might retain this island. But between the southern part of Vancouver's Island and the main land of Washington Territory is a group of small islands known as the Arroos. San Juan, or Bellevue, the largest of these, contains about seventy square miles, and is valuable for its fisheries and minerals; but is chiefly important for military purposes, since it commands the Straits of Fuca and the navigation of the Gulf of Georgia. The right to these islands has never been settled. The British Government claims that the Rosario Channel, running between them and the continent, is the main channel indicated in the treaty; while our Government contends that Haro Channel, running between San Juan and Vancouver's islands, is the main channel. According to the United States Coast Survey, the Haro channel is both wider and deeper than Rosario, through its whole length, which would seem to settle the question, apart from the general rule of international law, by which, other things being equal, the jurisdiction of an island belongs to the adjacent main land rather than to a neighboring island. The British from Vancouver's Island have resorted to San Juan for the purpose of salmon fishing; and some years since the Hudson's Bay Company sent there a large flock of sheep under the charge of one of their employés, who has since resided upon the island. Beyond this they do not appear to have attempted any permanent settlement. The Americans have for some time had a settlement upon San Juan, where Port Townsend has been established as a port of entry. Some difficulty having arisen between the employé of the Hudson Bay Company and an American settler, the Governor of Vancouver's Island was reported to be about to arrest the latter, and bring him to Victoria for trial. This brought up the question of jurisdiction, and led to the occupancy of San Juan by American troops, as noted in our last Record. This step occasioned no little excitement in the British Territory, and the Legislature of Columbia adopted an address to Governor Douglass, calling upon him to take active measures to expel the Americans. Nothing of the kind was done, and at the latest dates our troops were in peaceful possession of the island. Governor Douglass having protested against the occupancy of the island, General Harney replied that he had taken this step as military commander, under instructions from the President, in consequence of insults and

indignities which the British authorities of Vancouver's Island and the Hudson's Bay Company had offered to American citizens, by sending a ship of war for the purpose of seizing one of them, and transporting him to Vancouver's Island to be tried by British laws. The Governor replies, absolutely denying that any such attempt has ever been made. He says that on one occasion a complaint was made to him by a British subject against an American citizen, but that he had paid no attention to it, out of respect to the American Government; and furthermore, had any well-grounded case of complaint, on the part of a British subject, occurred against an American citizen, he should have referred the matter to the authorities of Washington Territory. Having thus denied all the circumstances which were assigned as reasons for the occupancy of San Juan, Governor Douglass urges that the American troops should be withdrawn, "if not as a matter of right, at least as a matter of justice and humanity, since their continuance upon an island the sovereignty of which is in dispute, not only is a mark of discourtesy to a friendly Government, but complicates to an undue degree the settlement in an amicable manner of the question of sovereignty, and is also calculated to provoke a collision between the military forces of two friendly nations in a distant part of the world."

Since our last Record, elections have been held in *California*, *Mississippi*, and *Georgia*, in all of which the Democrats have succeeded by large majorities. In *California* the canvass was conducted with great virulence, especially by Senators Broderick and Gwin, and a duel between them was anticipated. During the canvass Mr. Broderick spoke in severe terms of Chief-Justice Terry, who, it will be remembered, was arrested by the Vigilance Committee in 1856. Mr. Broderick had announced that he would not accept any challenge before the election; but that, after it was over, he would do so. He was then challenged by Judge Terry, and a meeting took place on the 13th of September. The weapons were six-shooters. At the first fire Mr. Broderick was shot through the lungs, and died on the third day.—The vote in *Kansas* to decide upon the acceptance of the State constitution framed at Wyandot, took place on the 4th of October, resulting in the acceptance of the Constitution. We may therefore expect that *Kansas* will apply for admission into the Union at the coming session of Congress.—In *New York* the State Democratic Convention met at Syracuse on the 14th of September. There were two parties in the body, each of which chose a chairman; a scene of great confusion ensued, during which the "Soft" chairman was thrown from the platform. This party, being a decided majority, withdrew, reorganized in another place, and nominated a ticket for State officers, and chose delegates to the National Convention to be held at Charleston. In respect to the absorbing political question of the day, the most important resolution of the Convention affirms that, "We approve and reiterate the principles laid down in the Cincinnati platform as the true creed of the democratic party, and that we deny the right of any power except the democracy of the nation, in Convention assembled, to add to or abridge this creed of the party. This creed, so far as regards the question of slavery in the Territories, leaves such questions as belong to the courts to the construction of the Judiciary; and Congress on that subject has no power, the democracy regarding the interference of that body to exclude

the South from participating in the Territories, and the proposition for a Congressional slave code, as equally repugnant to the spirit of the Constitution and uncalled-for by any consideration of public expediency." The "Hards" remained behind and made the same nominations for State officers, with a single exception. The main subject of difference between the two parties in the Convention referred to the manner of choosing the delegates to Charleston—the "Softs" wishing them appointed by the State Convention, the "Hards" desiring them to be chosen by the people in the several congressional districts.—The American Convention met at Utica on the 21st of September, and passed resolutions reaffirming the distinctive principles of the party. No separate nomination for State officers was made; but a ticket was framed by selecting five of the candidates of the Republicans and four of the candidates of the Democrats.

Another filibustering expedition, under the lead of William Walker, has been for some time secretly preparing. New Orleans was to be the port of departure, and its precise destination was not announced. Orders were sent to the United States Marshal to prevent the sailing of the expedition; which, as reported by telegraph, were promptly executed, the filibusters surrendering without resistance. It is supposed, however, that a small body of them succeeded in getting off. The British Government, with the consent of our own, has agreed to assist Nicaragua in case any further attacks of this kind are made upon her.—From *Utah* we have received accounts of outrages committed by the Mormons upon those who have in any way incurred the displeasure of the hierarchy. A Mr. M'Niel had brought an action against Brigham Young for false imprisonment. His case was to be tried at Salt Lake City. The night before the trial he was attacked by two Mormons and killed; no one appearing at the trial of Young, the case was dismissed. A soldier, named Pike, was to be tried for injuring a Mormon, by whom he was attacked while in the discharge of his duty. He was sent to Salt Lake City under a military escort; but was shot down in the presence of numerous witnesses, who aided the escape of the murderer, by preventing his arrest by the escort. Other crimes, involving a still greater loss of life, are charged, upon good authority, upon the Mormon hierarchy. A company of emigrants from Iowa were massacred, not far from Salt Lake City, by Indians, as was reported by the Mormons. The Governor sent a company of troops to punish the Indians. They were conducted by a Mormon guide to an encampment of Indians, who, he affirmed, were the murderers. An attack was made in which twenty of the Indians were killed, but nothing was found in the camp to show that they were the murderers of the emigrants. The guide disappeared at the commencement of the fight, and on returning to his co-religionists, boasted that he had led the soldiers into a difficulty from which they would not easily escape, for 40 of them had undertaken to attack 150 Indians, who were stationed in a strong position. Accounts of this nature are so numerous, and proceed from so many distinct sources, as to leave little room to hope that the pacification of Utah has as yet been accomplished.

Several years ago a subscription was raised in Boston for the purpose of erecting a statue of Daniel Webster. The work was intrusted to Hiram Powers, the great American sculptor residing in Florence. It was shipped for America in 1857; but the vessel founder-

ed on the passage, and the statue was lost. It was, however, insured, and the money having been recovered, the sculptor was commissioned to reproduce the statue. It reached Boston last January, and has been the subject of much severe criticism, as well as of high praise, from the best authorities. It was publicly "inaugurated" on the 24th of September, upon which occasion Hon. Edward Everett delivered an eloquent address commemorative of Mr. Webster. The cost of the original statue was \$12,000, that of the duplicate \$7000. It is of bronze, eight feet high.

Systematic efforts, on a scale never before attempted, are now made to reduce aeronautics to a science, with a special view to a rapid balloon voyage across the Atlantic. The theory of the balloonists is, that there is a constant aerial eastward current, moving with a sufficient velocity to carry a balloon from America to Europe in the space of two or three days. The facts hitherto elicited do not seem to substantiate this theory. Last summer Messrs. Wise and La Mountain made an ascent from St. Louis, and after a voyage of 1200 miles, the longest ever performed, landed in the northern part of the State of New York. A few months later Messrs. La Mountain and Haddock made an ascension from Watertown, New York. They soon passed out of sight, and for nearly a fortnight nothing was heard of them, and they were supposed to have perished. They had encountered a northern current, which carried them over the great Canadian wilderness, where they at last landed, after undergoing infinite perils. Here they wandered for four days, without any food except wild berries and two or three frogs, which they ate raw. When almost exhausted they encountered a party of lumber-cutters, by whom they were hospitably entertained and forwarded on their journey homeward. The most notable fact developed by this voyage is, that when out of sight of the earth the voyagers had no means of estimating either the direction or velocity in which they were advancing. The *Atlantic*, the balloon in which this ascent was made, was 60 feet in diameter. An attempt upon a still larger scale is now in process of execution by Mr. Carlincourt Lowe, who is constructing a balloon—the *City of New York*—the greatest diameter of which is 130 feet. It is to be provided with many contrivances to insure the comfort and safety of the aeronauts. If this attempt fails, it may be assumed that the question of the use of balloons for any practical purpose will be set at rest.

SOUTHERN AMERICA.

From *Mexico* we have renewed accounts of the gathering of Liberal forces, among them of 6000 men under Alvarado, preparing to march upon the capital. The Liberals, under Degollado, have been defeated at Leon by General Woll; while at Oajaca a division of the Conservatives, under Cobas, had been routed by the Liberals; a large number of prisoners were taken, but were set at liberty. In the capital a conspiracy by a number of the chief officers of Miramon was detected on the 23d of September. The leading conspirators were sentenced to be executed on the 25th.

Costa Rica, which has hitherto been regarded as the most quiet and prosperous of all the Southern republics, has at last followed the revolutionary precedents of her neighbors. On the morning of the 14th of August two officers of the garrison went to the palace before President Mora had risen and asked to see him on urgent business. They said that a riot

had broken out in the barracks, and that his presence was required to suppress it. President Mora was preparing to attend to this business when the officers seized him as a prisoner, carried him to the barracks, whence he was immediately sent to Panama. He subsequently came to the United States.

In *Venezuela* revolutionists have met with decided reverses, and their career appears to be nearly at an end. The French Chargé d'Affaires has been ordered to leave the country at two days' notice, on account of his alleged complicity in the insurrection.

EUROPE.

It is reported, though not officially, that the Zurich Conference has agreed upon the essential preliminaries for a definitive treaty of peace, to be signed only by France and Austria. The disposition to be made of the Italian States has not been announced. It appears to be the universal wish of Tuscany, Modena, and Parma to be united to Sardinia. The National Assembly of Bologna, one of the disaffected States of the Church, has adopted a resolution declaring that the people of Bologna desire annexation to the Constitutional Kingdom of Sardinia. King Victor Emanuel, however, reiterates his declaration that he can not assume the sovereignty of these States without the consent of the European Powers, and particularly of France. In returning thanks to the people of Modena and Parma for the unanimous vote by which they expressed their desire to be united to Sardinia, he said: "I agree with the desire which you have the mission to communicate to me. They are fresh manifestations of the national will to save the country from the disastrous consequences of a foreign rule, and to erect a barrier which will insure to our countrymen the possession of Italy for the Italians. The deputies will understand in what manner the King must proceed toward the accomplishment of the wishes of the Assemblies. Armed with the rights which I have acquired, I will support your cause before the French Emperor, who, while leading the victorious armies of France, was fighting for the independence of Italy. Europe has recognized the right of other nations to provide for their security by constituting a government capable of defending their liberties and their independence. She will be neither less just nor less generous toward the Italian provinces."—The provisional Government of Tuscany have notified the plenipotentiaries of the Grand Duke to evacuate the palace within three days, and in case of refusal the property of the ex-sovereign is to be confiscated. The Tuscan Government has also conferred upon Garibaldi the rank of Major-General, and committed to him the general command of the troops of the Italian League.—The French *Moniteur* contains a significant article, attributed to the Emperor himself. "The Emperor of Austria," it says, "had promised to grant concessions on a large scale to Venetia, but requiring as a condition the return of the Archdukes. The Emperor Napoleon accepted these conditions. . . . The Archdukes will not be re-established by foreign forces; but that portion of the treaty of Villafranca not being carried out, Austria will find herself freed from all engagements in favor of Venetia. Instead of a policy of reconciliation and peace, a policy of defiance and hatred will be seen to reappear, which will entail fresh misfortunes. Much, it would appear, is expected from a Congress, but it is doubtful that a Congress would obtain better conditions for Italy. It would not be right to ask from a great Power important concessions without offering equitable compensations. War would be the only way

to resolve the difficulty; but Italy must be aware that one Power alone in Europe makes war for an idea, and that is France; but France has accomplished her mission."

The mystery of the fate of Sir John Franklin has at last been cleared up. On the 19th of May, 1845, he set sail from England in command of the *Erebus* and *Terror*, having on board 138 souls, in search of a Northwest Passage. On the 26th of July, sixty-eight days after, the vessels were seen moored to an iceberg near the centre of Baffin's Bay. Since that time no definite intelligence of their fate has been received until now, although many expeditions have been fitted out by the British and American Governments, Lady Franklin, and others in search of them. Two years and a half ago the *Fox*, a screw steamer, was fitted out by Lady Franklin, under the command of Captain F. L. McClintock, to make a final search. The first winter the vessel was beset by the ice-pack in Davis's Straits, from which it only escaped on the 25th of April, 1858, after drifting 1194 geographical miles. The voyage was then resumed, and prosecuted in various directions without finding any traces of the lost navigators. The winter of 1858-9 was passed in Bellot's Straits. On the opening of spring expeditions were fitted out in various directions. One of these, commanded by Captain McClintock, reached a snow village on the eastern shore of King William's Island, the inhabitants of which had never before seen a living white man. They had, however, many European articles, which they stated had been taken from a vessel that had been wrecked many years before, about four days' march distant. Many of the white men, they said, had dropped by the way, as they marched toward Great Fish River; but they had only seen their dead bodies. Another party, under command of Lieutenant Hobson, passed up to Point Victory on the northwest coast of the island. Here, on the 6th of May, he found a small cairn, near which was a tin case, containing a record, dated April 25, 1848, stating that "this cairn was built by the Franklin expedition, upon the assumed site of Sir James Ross's pillar, which had not been found. The *Erebus* and *Terror* spent their first winter at Beechy Island, after having ascended Wellington Channel to lat. 77 deg. N., and returned by the west side of Cornwallis Island. On the 12th of September, 1846, they were beset in lat. 70° 05' N. and long. 98° 23' W. Sir J. Franklin died on the 11th of June, 1847. On the 22d of April, 1848, the ships were abandoned five leagues to the N.N.W. of Point Victory, and the survivors, 105 in number, landed here under the command of Captain Crozier." Up to this time the expedition had lost 9 officers and 15 men. The survivors were to start next day for Great Fish River. The vessels seem to have been deliberately abandoned, as a large quantity of provisions and stores were strewed about, which had been thrown away. No natives had visited the spot where the cairn was situated, for the ground was covered with articles upon which they set the highest value. Three skeletons were found in the region, but no traces of the vessels or any thing that would throw light upon the fate of the remainder of the party. There can, however, be no reasonable doubt that every member is long since dead. Many interesting relics were brought away. The *Fox* commenced her homeward voyage on the 9th of August; reached Godhaven, in Greenland, on the 27th, having been for six days beset by ice; and on the 1st of September sailed for England, where she arrived on the 21st.

It was confidently expected that the steamer *Great Eastern* would previous to this time have accomplished her first voyage across the Atlantic. The 20th of September had been definitely announced as the day of sailing. Early in the month she was pronounced completed, and on the 6th she was for the first time cut loose from her moorings, and moved down the river and out to sea, upon a trial trip. Although not loaded to a proper trim, her performance exceeded the most sanguine anticipations, and it soon became evident that she was by far the swiftest vessel afloat. But on the afternoon of the 9th, when off Hastings, a sad accident occurred. In order to economize the heat from the funnels, and to keep cool the saloons through which they pass, the forward funnels had been surrounded by a "feed-pipe casing." This consists simply of a cylinder surrounding the smoke funnel, and rising some eight feet above the upper deck. The space between the funnel and casing is filled with water, which becomes greatly heated by contact with the funnel and the boilers, into which it is discharged by an ordinary stop-cock. This plan has been frequently tried before, but has been uniformly abandoned as dangerous. At six o'clock, when the grand saloon was nearly empty of passengers, an explosion took place in the boiler-room below, tearing up the decks, and making a perfect wreck of the lower cabins and saloon, killing six firemen, and severely injuring six more. Of the passengers, no one was seriously hurt. Such was the force of the explosion that any other vessel would not have endured it; but such is the strength of the *Great Eastern* that her hull appears not to have sustained the slightest injury. The damage to the saloons and boiler is great. Mr. Russell, the builder, has undertaken to repair it for £5000; but it is affirmed that the real damage far exceeds this amount. Her Atlantic voyage was of course postponed, the 20th of October being subsequently assigned as the day of sailing.—Large additional forces, French and English, are to be sent to China; 10,000 or 12,000 men, it is said, will be at once furnished by the Emperor Napoleon, while the British Government will add greatly to its naval force.

THE EAST.

Hostilities of an unprecedentedly severe nature have broken out between the British and French and the Chinese. By the negotiations entered into in 1858 the foreign commissioners were to proceed to Peking in a year, at which time the treaties were to be formally exchanged. About the middle of June a British fleet under command of Admiral Hope, conveying an effective force of about 1300 men, appeared at the mouth of the River Pei-ho, escorting the British commissioner. The French commissioner was also present in a steamer hired for the purpose. On the 20th of June they were joined by the American steamer *Powhatan*, Commodore Tattnall, and a small unarmed steamer, the *Toey-wan*, having on board our minister, Mr. Ward. They found that the forts near the mouth of the Pei-ho, which were demolished last year, had been reconstructed on a much larger scale, and the river was closed by three strong lines of barriers. The foreigners were told that they could not pass to Peking by that way, but must take a route to the north. The English Admiral threatened to force a passage; the Chinese replied that they were ordered to prevent any vessels from passing. On the 23d Mr.

Ward, in the little steamer *Toey-wan*, proceeded up the river as far as the barricades. She ran aground directly under the guns of the forts, but was finally got off by the assistance of an English gun-boat. Finding it impossible to open any communication with the Chinese authorities, Mr. Ward returned to the mouth of the river. On the 25th the English Admiral determined to attempt to force the passage. Embarking 600 marines and 700 sailors, of whom sixty were French, on board twelve steam gun-boats, he advanced. The leading boats passed through an opening which had been effected in the first barrier; but the moment they reached the second a terrific fire was poured upon them from the forts. In a few minutes the boats were disabled, most of the men killed or wounded, among the latter being the Admiral himself. He then sent a message to the American Commodore, asking him to tow up the boats containing his reserves. Although the Americans had taken no hostile part in any of the proceedings in the Pei-ho, Commodore Tattnall acceded to the request. He then went in his barge to visit the English Admiral, who was lying wounded on the deck of his vessel, yet directing the battle. As the American boat touched the English vessel a shot struck her, tearing off the stern and killing the cockswain. Night was approaching, the battle had raged for three hours, when the English Admiral resolved to storm the forts. The storming party landed in the mud, and struggled through the darkness toward the walls. The Chinese threw up blue-lights, which enabled them to pick off the assailants with jingalls, rifles, and even arrows. Finding it impossible to effect any thing, the order was given to withdraw, and the English retreated under a heavy fire from the forts. The loss of the English in this disastrous affair was 89 killed and 337 wounded, the greater portion dangerously; of the French 6 were killed and 8 wounded; making a total loss of 440—more than one-third of the entire force.

Schamyl, the Circassian chief and prophet, who has for so many years annoyed the Russians, has been at last captured and sent a prisoner to St. Petersburg. The Russians are rapidly consolidating their power in the North of Asia. They are constructing a large fortress which will command the Bay of Castries in the channel of Tartary. The Governor General of Eastern Siberia, after carefully examining the Mongolian territory recently ceded by China, has decided that it shall be divided into two provinces, to be called the Maritime Province of Eastern Siberia, and the Province of the Amoor. The Russian territories in Upper Asia now advance across Manchouria into Mongolia, and it is probable that before long they will be extended to the Kinhan Mountains. These possessions touch upon Siberia, which has enabled the Russian Government for some time to maintain a regular postal service between Peking and St. Petersburg. Certain circumstances render it highly probable that some arrangement has been entered into between the Russians and the Chinese. It is confidently affirmed that while the English and French representatives have been hindered from reaching Peking, a Russian minister is actually resident in that city. And those who took part in the battle at the Pei-ho say that among the defenders of the Chinese forts they saw many whose aspect showed them to be Russians. It is certain that the skill and bravery there displayed far exceeds any thing yet manifested by the Chinese.

Literary Notices.

Travels in Greece and Russia, with an Excursion to Crete, by BAYARD TAYLOR. (Published by G. P. Putnam.) In point of flowing narrative and graphic description this volume is fully equal to the previous works which have given Mr. Bayard Taylor such an eminent place among modern travelers. His reputation is not founded on any contributions to the progress of scientific discovery, for though a man of various accomplishments, he makes no pretensions to scientific culture; nor on the elucidation of any of the recondite problems of history and ethnology, which have engaged the attention of so many recent explorers; but simply on his lucid and animated exposition of the facts of everyday experience, his lively and often picturesque narrative, the uniform good taste of his illustrations, and the genial, sympathetic tone of his reflections. He regards the diversified scenes which he visits, not as a scholar, an antiquary, or a naturalist, but pre-eminently as a man. His interest in common life never forsakes him. With little, perhaps too little, reverence for external distinctions, he never forgets the humanitarian masses which have come under his observation. He is a good painter of manners, though he does not perhaps possess a remarkably quick eye for the principles of character which lie below the surface. His poetical imagination gives him a ready sympathy with the manifold phases of nature, though he seldom indulges in the expression of it, except to impart a certain freshness and vitality to his descriptions. With a minute attention to details, the accuracy of his statements can for the most part be relied on; and when he falls into error, it is due rather to imperfect generalization than to inexact perception or to careless and superficial examination. His perfect good faith is as little to be questioned as his love of nature or sympathy with man.

The present volume is devoted principally to an account of his travels in Greece, of which he presents numerous interesting pictures, while his lively sketches of Russia throw a brilliant light on many of the natural and social features of certain portions of that mighty empire. A residence of several weeks in Athens afforded him abundant materials for the description of Grecian domestic life. His first experience was at a fashionable hotel in that city; but he soon became sick of its large and dreary apartments, its negligent service, and its exorbitant charges. It was in the winter time, and not without difficulty was he able to keep alive the little fire with bits of ancient olive-tree roots at an extravagant price. Removing to more eligible quarters, he began to find himself at home, although the mode of living was decidedly Grecian in its character. Coffee was always on the table in the morning, a substantial breakfast was served about noon, and dinner at six in the evening. The meat was mostly goat's flesh, but prepared after French and Italian models, and occasionally diversified with beef of most miraculous toughness. Vegetables were few and far between. Cow's milk, and butter and cheese from that material, are wholly unknown in Greece. The milk is from goats or sheep, and from the latter is made a kind of butter of inferior quality, white and cheesy in appearance, and with a slight flavor of tallow. The native wine, diluted with a little water, and unmixed with resin, is a very palatable beverage, to say nothing of the water itself, which is delicious, especially that which flows from the fountain of Callirhœe.

The houses of Athens present no striking features of Greek physiognomy. The better sort are German in outward appearance, while the poorer dwellings resemble those of the Italian villages. A few low ancient churches, with a softened touch of Byzantine times, still remain, and the new ones are on the same model, but of a plainer and less picturesque stamp. The modern portions of the city are well laid out, with broad, handsome streets, and spacious main avenues, converging to the palace as a centre. Except during the severely cold weather, Athens presents quite a lively appearance. Perhaps one-fourth of the inhabitants are always in the streets. Many of the mechanics work in open shops. The principal coffee-houses are always thronged, and every afternoon crowds may be seen on the avenue, where the King and Queen take their daily exercise on horseback. The national costume, both male and female, although universal in the country, is gradually falling into disuse in the cities. With sunrise the country people begin to appear in the streets with laden donkeys and donkey-carts, bringing wood, grain, vegetables, and milk, which they sell from house to house. Venders of bread and coffee-rolls go about with circular trays on their heads, calling attention to their wares by loud and long-drawn cries. Later in the day peddlers make their appearance, with packages of cheap cotton stuffs, cloth, handkerchiefs, and the like, or baskets of pins, needles, buttons, and tape.

The Court of King Otho, though bristling with German etiquette, is easily accessible to strangers, with proper introductions. Mr. Taylor was presented at one of the winter balls at the palace, where he was able to observe some interesting varieties of Grecian life. The ball-rooms are large, and decorated with excellent taste. They are three in all, connected by lofty Ionic door-ways of white marble. The walls are of scagliola, with an ornamental frieze at half their height, above which they are painted in the Pompeian style. Chromatic decoration is also introduced in the sunken panel-work of the ceiling, with excellent effect. The company began to assemble about nine o'clock. The tide of life which flowed into the main hall was wonderfully glittering and picturesque. There were Greeks in the simple national costume—a sober-colored jacket and leggings of cloth or velvet, embroidered with silk, red fez, and white festinella; gaudy patekars, in the same dress, but of crimson, blazing with gold; diplomatic gentlemen, in the gaudy uniform of their various courts; ministers with blue ribbons and a multitude of orders; military and naval officers, Greek, English, and French; old captains of the revolution, with wild hair streaming down their backs; beautiful Greek girls, national upward from the waist, and French downward; islanders in their hideous dark-blue or green baggy trowsers; fine European ladies, in the latest Parisian toilet; and plain, unofficial gentlemen, in ordinary black and white, to relieve the variegated splendors of the scene.

Among the other attractive portions of this volume may be mentioned a description of the Greek festivals, an excursion to Crete, four days among the Spartans, a panoramic view of Moscow, and varieties of the Russian capital. We notice a blemish in the sneering tone in which Mr. Taylor sometimes alludes to the religious ceremonies of different nations, which is quite unworthy a writer of his cosmopolitan experience and cultivation. The com-

ments of an outsider on observances which are of symbolic significance to the faithful, are usually as inapposite as the remarks of a foreigner on the sounds of a language of which he has no comprehension.

Oriola; A New and Complete Hymn and Tune Book for Sabbath-Schools, by WILLIAM B. BRADBURY. (Published by Ivison and Phinney.) The purpose of this little manual is to furnish Sunday-schools with a series of appropriate hymns and popular tunes, adapted to the abilities and tastes of the pupils. It has been prepared at the special request of numerous teachers and others interested in the cause of Sunday-schools, and will doubtless prove an attractive and valuable aid to the services of the institution.

Harry Lee; or, Hope for the Poor. (Published by Harper and Brothers.) In this unpretending story, written in the interests of the News-boys' Lodging-house, at New York, the influence of religion on the youthful character is well portrayed, and illustrated by examples derived from actual experience. It makes no pretensions to theological accuracy, but aims only to set forth the redeeming tendencies of Christian love.

Fisher's River, N. C., Scenes and Characters, by SKITT, who was raised *Thar*. (Published by Harper and Brothers.) The lively illustrations of this volume by M'Lenan are in excellent keeping with the graphic and expressive style of the writer. He is evidently at home among the mountains and backwoods of North Carolina, and his descriptions have a racy flavor of the soil on which "he was raised."

The Prairie Traveler, by RANDOLPH B. MARCY, Captain, U.S.A. (Published by Harper and Brothers.) Whoever wishes to "read an American book" will find a genuine specimen in this volume. It is truly American to the back-bone, and makes us familiar with scenes and incidents that are found only in the great prairies between the Mississippi and the Pacific. The design of the work is to supply the overland emigrant with a complete and satisfactory guide on his arduous journey, describing the methods of prairie travel to the most minute detail, and founded on the personal experience of the author, a distinguished officer in the United States army, rather than on the accounts of previous explorers. The information which it contains is, of course, not to be found in other publications. The subject is as novel as the recent paths which the feet of enterprise have opened in the virgin prairie. Written from actual knowledge, often attained through privation and peril, the statements of the author exhibit a remarkable freshness, and are not a little attractive from their vigorous style of expression, as well as for the practical information which they impart. The work is published by authority of the War Department of the United States, and can not fail to prove useful and interesting to a large circle of readers besides those to whom it is especially addressed.

The Life, Travels, and Books of Alexander von Humboldt, with an introduction by BAYARD TAYLOR. (Published by Rudd and Carleton.) The career of Humboldt was singularly destitute of the incident which usually furnishes the materials for a popular biography. His life, for the most part, was calm and uniform, free from the excitements of passion and the dramatic interest of vicissitude. Devoted to the acquisition of knowledge, he never swerved from his chosen path. Though possessing a social temperament, and surrounded by troops of friends, the facts of history and the laws of nature engaged his deepest affections. Often employed in im-

portant official functions, he had scarcely the slightest trace of political ambition. Indeed, he seems to have always been far more free than most men from self-reference in any shape, from all regard to personal ends. He lived solely for science, and in the progress of science found his highest satisfaction and reward. Hence his biography must consist chiefly of the record of his scientific enterprises and achievements. The materials for it are to be sought in his works rather than his acts—unless, indeed, his works are the highest acts. The compiler of this volume, accordingly, has been restricted to a faithful exposition of the writings which form the solid memorial of Humboldt's fame. He has gathered up, in a succinct and flowing narrative, the leading facts of research and discovery, an account of which occupies many voluminous works. In a great measure he permits Humboldt to speak for himself, and seldom obtrudes upon the reader his own thoughts or suggestions. He appears to have neglected no important source of information, and has performed his difficult task of comparison, selection, and exposition with fidelity and skill. The volume is written with great calmness of tone, rarely indulging in expressions of admiration, although constantly betraying a just reverence for the noble character and scientific eminence of its illustrious subject. No one can give it a careful perusal without obtaining a distinct idea of the vast and persistent course of research, the large share in the organization of modern science, and the pure and disinterested personality, which have elevated the name of Humboldt to such a lofty position in the records of the nineteenth century.

The Empire of Russia, by JOHN S. C. ABBOTT. (Published by Mason Brothers.) In this new volume of "The Monarchies of Continental Europe" Mr. Abbott has given a condensed narrative of Russian history from the remotest periods to the present time, founded mainly on the admirable work of Karamsin, who brings the subject down to the reign of Alexander I. The other authorities on which he has principally relied are Esneaux's elaborate volumes, Levesque, and William Tooke. He has worked up the materials supplied from these and other quarters with excellent success, and furnished the general reader with a compact mass of information which it would be difficult, and perhaps impossible, to find elsewhere in the English language. Mr. Abbott, in this work, as in his previous historical productions, has been faithful to the instincts of liberty, always siding with the cause of the people against the pretensions of privilege and precedent.

The Book of the First American Chess Congress, by DANIEL WILLARD FISKE, A.M. (Published by Rudd and Carleton.) The author of this volume, an enthusiastic votary of the noble game of which it treats, has here presented to the lovers of chess a vast amount of curious information with regard to its history and development, and especially its progress in this country. In addition to the complete account of the great Chess Congress in New York, it abounds with piquant anecdotes of eminent players, brief biographical sketches, and numerous interesting episodes of a miscellaneous character. The publication of the volume marks a new epoch in the history of the game in the United States.

A Good Fight, and Other Tales, by CHARLES READE, is issued by Harper and Brothers, containing some of the most characteristic productions of that popular author, which can not fail to be welcomed by the large band of his admirers in the United States.

Editor's Table.

READERS BY THE MILLION.—We who live in the nineteenth century are quite ready to believe that the world and the things thereof exist for the use and benefit of the many. This looks to us like a self-evident proposition. But we must not forget that it took a great many centuries to make this truth so clear as to be generally accepted. The same remark applies to government. For scores of generations it was thought that government had no higher office than to subjugate the masses and favor the select few. Time brought about a total change; and in our day a respectable portion of mankind look on government as an institution for the multitude. Just so, too, with literature. When the art of printing was discovered, the aristocracy of Europe were indignant that literature could be no longer one of the titles of nobility. They resisted it because it was the friend of the million. Of course it was a vain and foolish hostility. Literature went on slowly and steadily benefiting the neglected multitude, until, in our day, the triumph of the press over all sorts of caste and class distinctions has well-nigh become complete. Without doubt literature is now the most democratic thing in existence—almost as much so as sunshine and air; and, moreover, the people are conscious of it, and appreciate the wonderful revolution.

Standing in the position we of the present time occupy, it appears very clear to us that the masses have a deep and vital interest in literature; and we are no little surprised that the world should have to grow into an advanced stage of civilization before a great reading public could have an existence. One would think it quite a natural thing that writers should address themselves to the vast body of the people. On the one hand, talent and genius would be supposed anxious to speak to the largest possible number; and on the other hand, we might conclude, antecedently to experience, that the masses would be self-inclined to rally around authors suited to them. And perhaps, so far as mere inclination is concerned, this is abstractly true. But practically it is false, because the majority of writers and the great mass of the people require time to become adapted to each other. Literature is not a problem to be discussed by itself, nor can it be solved on its own ground. Various social considerations are involved in it—such as education, good wages, general prosperity of trade, abundance of cheap food, freedom from intense political excitements; and besides these facts, authors themselves must be a part of the people—born of them mentally as well as physically, and closely affiliated with them, before they can be enlisted in the support of literature. It is a hasty conclusion, then, to imagine that a literature for the million is an easy and natural product of society. By no means; for it is only in the light of an advanced state of intellectual culture that we see the fact at all, and realize the immense utility of literature to the multitude.

The present existence, therefore, of the reading public is owing to the growth of society. It is not a fact to be viewed by itself any more than steam navigation, liberal doctrines of trade, or international fellowship. It is part and parcel of the times—of man's progress—of social renovation. Neither authors nor publishers have brought it about. Neither steam-presses nor the vast increase of everyday writers have been the cause of the silent and wonderful change. No doubt all these have contributed

their share to produce the revolution; but the real working power has lain beneath them, and, to a great extent, they themselves have been its agents. Society has progressed, step by step, until it has reached the domain of literature. The increasing love of freedom, the broader contact with life, the multiplication of means of intercourse, the liberal spirit of the age, the growing consciousness that we have a firmer hold on circumstances and on the fortunes of the hour than we once believed, the sense of capacity to be and to do flashing down into men's hearts like a new revelation from above—these potent influences have elevated society, and, by consequence, created the reading tastes of the multitude. This fact ought to be, of itself, a sufficient answer to those who view the enormous demand for cheap literature as a morbid and spurious excitement. Precisely the same reasoning might be applied to the demand for tea and coffee, for cotton goods and shoes. Good in the one case, it is good in the other; for in both instances it is nothing more than the wants of the public asserting themselves and calling for supply.

This movement does not date far back. Toward the close of the last century there were unequivocal signs of a coming change in the adaptation of literature to the masses. Hannah More and Legh Richmond, roused by the spread of Jacobinism among the working classes of England, had brought the power of a comparatively cheap press to bear on their minds. The Bishop of London aided the movement, and the evangelical classes of religious society generally favored it. Prior to that period Wesley had labored to cheapen publications for the use of the masses; and indeed most of the moral thinkers of the era just preceding the French Revolution had their attention directed to this subject. But little was done until after the present century had opened. Men held fast to folios and quartos for the same reason that they resisted stage-coaches and gas-light. If we except Bell's *British Poets*, published in 1780, the most of the efforts to furnish cheap, portable editions of books were a decided failure. The principle, however, was not lost. It struggled on; and early in this century it began to penetrate the trade. Cooke's pocket editions and Dove's *British Classics* led the way in England; and when, in 1825, Constable's *Miscellany* commenced, there was a good prospect that the publishers would be remunerated for issuing cheap works. Constable stimulated the trade, and other houses soon followed his example. By the year 1830 it was quite clear that cheap literature was a practicable thing. Then came the era of cheap Libraries. The good people of England had the *Family Library*, the *Library of Entertaining Knowledge*, the *Library of Useful Knowledge*. But sovereign over all was the *Penny Magazine*. It was spread broadcast over the land, and the people hailed it, with a sort of instinct, as a deliverer. Those were the days when literature first began to befriend popular arts. Wood-cutting suddenly rose into a great business. In the *Penny Magazine* of 1836 the editor states that the engravings of 305 numbers have cost £12,000. Charles Knight observes, in the "*Old Printer and Modern Press*," that "this magazine produced a revolution in popular art throughout the world. It created similar works, to which it supplied stereotype casts, in Germany, France, Holland, Livonia (in Russian and German), Bohemia (in Slavonic), Italy, Ionian Isl-

ands (in modern Greek), Sweden, Norway, Spanish America, the Brazils, the United States. It raised up imitators on every side, and directed the union of art and letters into new channels."

A yet greater work was in progress on this side of the water. No sooner had enterprise recovered from the effects of the war of 1812 than the publishing business felt the impulse with which our country entered on its new career. Side by side with the mighty stimulus given to trade, the first great harvest of common-school education was reaped. Then followed the tide of emigration from the old world, liberating the mind of our native-born citizens from the drudgery of coarser labor, lifting it up into more genial and profitable departments of industry, and fixing a premium on those forms of activity which required skill and intelligence. From 1820 to 1840 the new era was fully inaugurated. The foundations of our manufacturing and commercial growth were then laid. Apprentices were preparing by the thousand to be master-workmen. The best of capital was accumulating. Men of hardy habits, men of muscle and of mind, were making ready to advance from honest poverty, from situations of obscure worth, to the front rank of respectability and influence. Political power too was passing, in our republican land, more and more, as a practical thing, into the hands of the masses. The position of Congress was changing from a creator of public opinion to a reflector of the popular will; and that gigantic authority which is now wielded by the newspaper press was then establishing itself. Owing to these causes the trade in books rapidly grew. Readers multiplied amazingly. Books became a general necessity. The demand for them was nothing short of a passion; and but for the vast improvements made in machinery connected with the publishing business, it was scarcely possible that the demand could have been met. Without extravagance it may now be said that we are a nation of readers.

A nation of readers! Yea, verily; but what kind of readers?

Change the question, and it answers itself.

A nation of talkers; but what kind of talkers? A nation of active, busy, go-ahead people; but of what sort? A nation of politicians; but what is the order of the statesmanship? No man of sense expects the many to equal the few all at once. If the few have enjoyed very special advantages, and improved them, it is simply absurd to ask the people, coming suddenly into the possession of large privileges and ample opportunities, to take their places without delay in the stations once engrossed by hereditary leisure and primogenital refinement. Give them time to be acclimated. A new coat fits uneasily; and surely if a man's head must mould his hat, and if his foot must force his boot into shape, it is a very mean philosophy that insists on the masses becoming instantly at home in their captivating inheritance.

With the positively bad literature of the day we have nothing to do. It belongs to the scavenger, and we have no wish to interfere with his business. But cheap literature proper, such as the million crave and enjoy—literature that panders to no vice and intensifies no depraved passions—even if it is intellectually inferior to the best, deserves our hearty support and cordial commendation. No doubt, by special pleading, some sort of a case can be made out against it. Gentlemen of the old school can easily declaim it down to their satisfaction. And men, who stand aloof from the multitude and indulge

themselves in moonlight speculations as to what the multitude ought to be, may glibly find fault with common tastes and express a stately surprise that these tastes can enjoy such—trash. But stop, Mr. Censor, and let us reason together. "Trash"—say you—and "trash" it may be to your college learning and elegant culture. But it does not follow because it is "trash" to you that therefore it is "trash" to them. It may be the best they could possibly appreciate. It may be almost ideally excellent to their imperfect and limited cultivation. Good literature may scarcely be the positive degree to A, but it may be the superlative degree to B, simply because of the unequal state of mental ability and growth.

Throwing aside all immoral literature as not really touching the question of cheap literature, we insist that the only principle involved is one of adaptation. Are the cheap publications of the day, as issued by respectable and accredited houses, suited to the present degree of education and taste among the million? That they are is quite evident. If they were not, the publishing business would soon have a bank-notice to that effect. The legitimate result of this adaptation is good. Readers of "trash" will rarely remain readers of "trash." It will educate them beyond itself. An appetite will be created that something better will be needed to supply. And in this view of the case, to denounce "trash" is to condemn the very means by which the majority of readers have it in their power to rise to a higher platform of thought. If a man, by living in a rude cottage, can acquire wealth sufficient to occupy a substantial mansion, we ought to encourage him in his cottage-life. So with readers. Their point of departure in literary progress is ordinarily quite low. Our higher literature is not only out of the reach of their means but it is still more out of the reach of their faculties, and hence, with a large number of readers, who are just entering on the incipient stage of literary tastes, it is simply a question of "trash" or nothing.

A great many persons oppose cheap literature because they suppose that it stands between readers and a better class of works. We often hear it condemned on this ground. Its opponents affirm that, were it not for this flimsy stuff, readers would take to better books. But this is a mistake. There is no sort of rivalry between the two kinds of publications. The select standards of literature, such works as Milton's, Addison's, Johnson's, Gibbon's, Russell's, are not neglected for the sake of the cheap productions. On the contrary, they are read much more than if the cheap publications did not exist. For it is out of this body of readers—the million—that the widening circle of those who enjoy the masters in English literature is supplied. Hence, it will always prove to be a fact, that the more cheap literature is encouraged the greater patronage will be found for first-class books. Any man of large observation is perfectly competent to verify the truth of this position. Let him go into a rural district, where, twenty years since, the most common publications were patronized, and he will see that a higher grade of periodicals has supplanted them. No doubt it would be desirable for a refined taste, a genuine appreciation of the best merits, to be formed without this intermediate stage of progress. But this is simply impracticable.

Cheap literature proceeds on the idea that a large number of people will purchase, and that they will read as they buy. These facts are the basis of the trade. Cheap literature exists for the same reason

that we have cheap public lands, cheap transportation, cheap cotton goods. Although it involves points of intellect and taste, yet it is primarily a question of trade, of demand and supply, and as such, it is hopeless to throw it out of the common and fixed conditions of commercial transactions. If it is literature for the million, it must be cheap. There is no alternative; and hence, deprive the body of the people of this intellectual staple, and they are given over to mental starvation. Men in the formative state of a reading taste will give twenty-five cents for a book that they would not think of buying if it were worth a dollar. But the twenty-five-cent books will in the end sell the dollar books. A habit of reading acquired, a delight in literature once experienced, and the pocket will feel the impulse and money will flow more freely. Nor is this all. A cheap literature in our country is the counterpart of a common-school system of education. By means of this wise system the masses are educated up to a certain point, and they go out into active life with desires and inclinations that must be intellectually gratified. It is visionary to expect such persons to encourage Reviews, and to purchase expensive works in history, science, and art. They are content with plainer fare. But this plainer fare they must have or sink into intellectual death. And, to resume a point before touched, there would be just as much sense in condemning a system of common-school education because it is not a collegiate system of education, as there is in finding fault with cheap literature because it is not equal to the standard of the higher literature.

Our firm conviction in this matter, as in politics, is that the people may be trusted. A vast deal of the breath of speakers and the ink of writers has been expended on this subject, and very much of it, whether acknowledged or not, proceeds on the gratuitous idea that the people are not competent to decide what suits them. The safest rule in literature, as in government, is to believe that the people are the soundest judges and the sharpest guardians of their own interests. If left to themselves, they will not go very far astray. Popular instincts interpose better checks, both on false thinkers and cunning politicians, than can be provided from outside resources. No doubt the prevalence of cheap literature is attended with some bad results. Vile books are occasionally published. But vile books were in existence before cheap literature was ever thought of, and, so far as the agencies of trade are concerned, there is no better way to destroy their poisonous influence than by expanding the system of sound popular publications within reach of the purses of the multitude. Within a few years we have witnessed a wonderful increase in cheap literature; but if the statements of such as are engaged in the book-trade are correct, the publication of immoral works has been diminished. And we feel confident that this expurgating process will silently go on, and literature, adopted more fully into the progressive methods of the age and brought into closer alliance with public opinion, will prove a most valuable auxiliary to those other and more effective means by which the intelligence and virtue of society are guarded. One thing is certain, viz. : cheap literature, as it now exists, is simply the index of a transition age. A grand harvest it is—this harvest in the rich, open, fertile prairie of the world—and many are the reapers and binders and gleaners amidst its golden fields. But books have a wonderful fruitfulness. Readers make readers. A cheap literature, if once firmly

established, tends to cheapen yet more and more until the minimum of production is reached. Authors were never so sure of sympathy, appreciation, and substantial recompense as now. The real state of the case is, that the people consider literature as their property—a new estate superadded to trade, commerce, politics—and they intend to enjoy their sovereignty over it without “let or hinderance.”

Editor's Easy Chair.

MR. THACKERAY has finished his “*Virginians*,” which has been regularly reproduced in the pages of this Magazine, and has been read with that microscopic inspection to which every serial work is subjected. There are many readers, of course, who will not follow a story in monthly parts, although how they ever accomplish the many good novels which now solicit their attention otherwise it is not easy to understand.

An elaborate work by one of the most distinguished of English novelists naturally creates an expectation of a contribution of permanent value to English literature; and the commencement of “*The Virginians*” was hailed with delight by the swarm of the satirist's admirers and friends. The touches of colonial life in the beginning—the sketches of character among the Castlewood family—the return to the scene of romance of our old friend Beatrix Esmond, an old woman now, and the Baroness Bernstein—the carefully detailed and prolonged delineation of English fashionable life a century since—the cordial, sincere strain of the Lambert family, an impersonation of the best qualities of the English middle life—the glimpses of General Wolfe, of Dr. Johnson, of Lord Chesterfield, and of the court of George the Second, sufficient to localize the scene and emphasize the time—the reckless, amiable, foolish Harry—the grave, gentlemanly George, and the women they love—Virginia life, once more, and the gradual gathering to a natural conclusion—these are all managed with the knowledge and skill of a master, and you rise from the book as from a history or memoir of the time; for nothing is slurred, or blotted, or boggled, but every thing “made out,” as the painters say, with gem-like polish and accuracy.

There will be many who will like the book less than “*Vanity Fair*,” “*Pendennis*,” or “*The Newcomes*”—many who will complain of the slow development—of the imperceptible progress of events—of almost a total want of plot, and of what is called the old sardonic style of satire. But no author can always do what will always please most. The truth about “*The Virginians*” is that it shows the same heart and eye and hand that all the rest of his works show; that as a tranquil, low-toned, perfect picture of the aspects of life it treats, it is quite unequaled; and that if a young person or an old one, having read the history of the time, wishes to “fix” it in his mind, he can do nothing more useful than to read attentively—to study, in fact—the novel of “*The Virginians*.”

When a man of undoubted genius writes a work it must necessarily have the flavor of that genius. It is with all works of art as with fruit. Pear-trees bring forth pears, and apple-trees apples. Year by year we look for the sweet harvest; and year by year, although the quality of the fruit may not be always the same, the fruit itself will not alter—pears will be pears still, and apples apples. Tennyson's “*Idyls of the King*” may be better than his

"Maud;" but "Maud" had the Tennyson flavor. So with "The Virginians;" the same qualities that made the other novels excellent make this so. It tastes of Thackeray all the way through. If you don't like "Vanity Fair" or "The Newcomes," you will not like this. But if you did like them, you will not escape the charm of this.

To those who ask, "Why write any more books of this kind? We all confess men and women are bad and weak enough, but why keep saying so?" the answer is the same as that which the preacher may make to his congregation: "When you stop sinning I will stop preaching against sin."

Few people would deny the singular fidelity of Thackeray's novels to life and vast ranges of character. If, then, they are faithful pictures, they ought to be painted. If we look like that, for Heaven's sake let the novelist hold the mirror to our faces until we are so sorely ashamed that we resolve to smooth up a little: and let him not be put down by our assertions that every body is not bad. Who says they are? Certainly not Thackeray.

Every man to his kind. Are there many hearts which are reached by the soft sentimentalities of Bulwer? by the picturesque power and broad comedy of Dickens? by the romance of Scott? So there are many and many who yield to the calm, strong photography of Thackeray, and are sent by it to ask themselves whether, if the portrait be true—as in their heart of hearts they feel—what they shall do about it?

NEW YORK at length has its crowning triumph, in which the whole country is interested. It is called the Central Park, and it consists of the vast garden which Messrs. Olmsted and Vaux are creating in the centre of Manhattan island. It is a garden in the largest and most generous sense—not a series of flower-beds, but a system of avenues, drives, walks, paths, terraces, lawns, streams, falls, bridges, grottoes, tunnels, shrubberies, groves, hedges, flowers, and all that human intelligence can achieve in adorning and beautifying the earth.

As the *Lounger* in *Harper's Weekly* truly says, When it is completed there will be no pleasure-ground so splendid. Every man, woman, and child in the country will have finer grounds than any body upon this continent. The hanging gardens of Oriental story were only hints of this Western reality. The finest parks in Europe, the Prater, the Cascine, the English garden at Munich, Versailles, the Bois de Boulogne, the Thier Garten, although often larger, are only studies for the universal excellence of this. Moreover, it consoles the soul as well as pleases the eye; for while, in other countries, the stately pleasure-grounds are often the royal domains, here they are the will and the work of all the people.

The work has advanced with marvelous rapidity. What is visible upon the surface is imposing; but the work that is hidden, the enormous system of draining, and subterranean masonry, is even more remarkable. The finest, hardest, blackest, most solid roads wind along the edges of the loveliest reaches of lawn, broken by groups of trees and strange, rich, luxurious tropical plants, as well as the most common, but not therefore the least lovely, of our native growths. Bridges of the most elaborate and exquisite design and ornamentation already leap the ravines and span the streams. In the Ramble there is the high finish, the polish of the most carefully kept garden. Upon whatever spot the eye falls that seems to be the spot especially elaborated.

And yet all these finished fragments are in the midst of the wildest confusion. Roads are being laid—rocks drilled—stone drawn—drains dug—trees planted—bridges built—walls laid—earth carted—walks rolled—and grass mown. Three times a day there are explosions of rock; and nowhere probably is so much labor of a similar kind to be seen, so intelligently organized, so faithfully inspected, and so carefully performed. Between three and four thousand men are engaged upon the Park, and if you stop any where long enough to watch any group of them for a little while, you will discover that nothing is left to chance, nothing ruined by carelessness, nothing lost by delay.

The construction of the Central Park in the midst of the utter corruption of municipal business, in a city where every public work is a colossal job and chaffer, without the remotest regard to the public economy, and honor as to the intrinsic excellence or fitness of the work, is little less than a miracle. Fortunately the Commission was made an honorary and unpaid office; but most fortunately of all, the Superintendent selected by the Commission is a man, first, of absolute honesty, and, second, of a combination of two qualities rarely found in unison—the perception of genius in the principles of the art involved in such a work, and an equal administrative and executive power.

In all these points he is faithfully supported by his colleague, the former partner of Downing, Mr. Vaux, who prepared, in concert with Mr. Olmsted, the plan of the Park adopted by the Commission, and to whose thorough architectural training we shall owe some of the most exquisite effects in the work.

It is pleasant to reflect that through his former friend and partner, Mr. Vaux, Downing is connected with the Park; for in his *Horticulturist* for August, 1851, he suggests the very work which is now in process of construction. Mr. Kingsland, then Mayor, had proposed a park of one hundred and sixty acres; but while expressing his thanks for the suggestion, Downing proceeds to show that such an inclosure would be totally inadequate to the wants of the city, and declares that *five hundred acres* is the least that should be obtained. And that seems small enough when we remember that the Gardens of Versailles alone comprise three thousand acres, while London devotes altogether six thousand to the rural recreation of her citizens. Even the English garden at Munich is five hundred acres.

The result of the suggestion was the selection of seven hundred and seventy-three acres in the very centre of the island—five miles from the Battery, and five miles from King's Bridge, and three quarters of a mile distant from the North and East rivers: the grounds including the Croton Reservoir at Yorkville, in all one hundred and forty-two acres, belonging to the Croton Aqueduct Department. After this selection had been made the Legislature authorized the procurement of more land; so that the present area is eight hundred and forty-three acres.

The Park was to cost about one million seven hundred thousand dollars, and the work began about the 1st of June, 1858. It advances with amazing rapidity. The Commission was to hold office five years, and it will doubtless see the work completed. Then a large annual sum will be required to maintain the Park in proper order.

That will doubtless be granted; for when the people of the city and of the country have once seen

the Park—were it only the specimen of its future and final character which the Ramble now affords—they would be as willing that New York should lose its Bay (as an ornament) as soon as its Park. Already it is thronged upon every holiday, and with a perfectly orderly, although promiscuous crowd. They do not tread upon the borders; they do not hurt the trees; they do not pick the flowers; they do not walk upon the grass, for they all understand that it is the property of all; its beauty, in the whole and in detail—the trees, shrubbery, bridges, flowers—and therefore no individual has a right to appropriate any part of it to himself. How well says Downing:

“The higher social and artistic elements of every man's nature lie dormant within him, and every laborer is a possible gentleman—not by the possession of money or fine clothes, but through the refining influence of intellectual and moral culture.”

If, then, the word of the Easy Chair avails with any reader, he advises that reader, if he be a citizen, to go often to the great work and watch its progress; and if he be a stranger, not to forget, when he comes to the city, the most illustrious ornament which the city wears.

SOMEBODY said in a letter from Paris to a newspaper, the other day, that Lamartine had lately published a new book, but that nobody seemed to know of it, and very certainly few people read it.

What a singular fate Lamartine's has been! Probably every body who reads these lines recalls the day when he was the most conspicuous man in the world. How high he stood in front of the Revolution of Forty-eight! How the purity of his personal character supported for a time the whole movement; inspiring the world, if not with hope, yet with confidence. Every body knew he was not equal to the task. Every body felt that the poetic, religious dreamer, could not pluck that heaving France out of the tumult of revolution, and hand it on to a future of peace. But how grandly he stood, while he did stand! How loftily he received all the deputations from all the ends of the earth, and assumed the Millennium which unhappily did not exist! How nobly he tore the red flag from the dangerous hands of the revolutionists, and set every thing right by appealing to their hearts! How—for Lamartine is a vain man—he doubtless believed in his secret soul that he was going to eclipse Napoleon Bonaparte, and give France a greater glory, by his “mild and magnificent tongue,” than the Emperor had been able to give it with his terrible sword!

Aladdin's palace was not more splendid—alas! nor more evanescent!

In March, '48, who so illustrious as Lamartine? In June, '48, who so contemned? Cavaignac's day came then; and the courtly Marrast's, who could not manage a Convention as he could a newspaper; then came the Presidency of M. Bonaparte; then—presto! change—the Empire which is peace, as the Crimea and Lombardy do witness!

In those days of decline, when the sun of his reputation was almost set, the Easy Chair saw Lamartine at the Italian Opera in Paris. His fine Roman head had an undimmed pride of aspect, but the sensuous mouth was weak, and betrayed every thing. Opposite sat Alexandre Dumas, with his rich Creole face. Lamartine's house was like an immense reflection of himself. It was as if he lived in a house made of mirrors. Portraits and busts and

statues and medallions of Lamartine garnished it every where. So his name had furnished the fancy of France for a little while—but it was being put out now—it was being given away as old, second-hand furniture.

Then came all the dismal rest: the subscriptions, the books, the literary courses, the fables of his industry and his poverty. He would still have the eye of the world. If he could not command it he would solicit it. If he could not be Belisarius the king he would be Belisarius the beggar.

Lately he has received some grant or pension, and now he publishes a book that people do not care to buy. Why, the morning that “Raphaël” was published in Paris the Easy Chair could hardly find a copy. It had an immense and immediate sale. Yet it was no better than many other poor books; only it had the name of the moment—still wondering, although waning.

The fate of Lamartine, if so portentous a word may be fairly used, shows that there is a certain justice in the final popular verdict. There was a secret doubt during all his prominence that he was not a really great man. Carlyle, with his terrible rose-water allusions, expressed the profoundest public sentiment of the moment. Lamartine will figure in history as the hero of a day, like Masaniello, although surely history will not fail to do justice to the extremity of the crisis and to the noble manner in which he rose with it. He will be remembered—will he not?—mainly as an elegiac poet—as a sentimental romancer—as a high-minded, brave-hearted, patriotic French gentleman, who was equal to a moment in which other men failed.

It is a melancholy thing that any body should write books that nobody reads. That is to say, if you choose, that any body should write books which are not worth reading. But that a famous man should do it is doubly sad.

Alas! what shall Belisarius do when he is neither king nor beggar?

Look out for elections about these times. And why shall not the Easy Chair have a word to say about them, and about the duties that every American owes, not to a party, but to his country? Is there not good example in these very pages? Has not a noted Senator ascended our platform to harangue the people upon what he conceives to be the true principles of our government?

But Easy Chairs discourse from other points of view. They address themselves, when they speak politically, not to any party, or if to any, only to the party of honest men and patriots. For such are still to be found. Their name is legion, even. There are men who believe in the governmental system of their country, and in that country's increasing greatness and honor.

—Perhaps you, Sir, agree in the abstract that popular governments are very good things, but that they work so badly in practice that no decent, self-respecting man will soil his fingers by touching them. You remind the Easy Chair of the scenes at primary meetings, at polls, at conventions, at caucuses, and you ask it if any gentleman wishes to mix himself up in such messes? There are plenty—there are thousands of young men, well-to-do, who associate politics only with slime and the meanest intriguing and chicane.

There is no doubt of the truth of these allusions. There can be no doubt that our politics are exceedingly corrupt. Yes—so corrupt that, if the corrupt-

tion be not checked, they will taint and destroy the whole body politic. Fearfully true all this; and therefore what do you propose to do about it?

You are an American citizen. If you are not foolish you know that every thing in the management of affairs depends upon the individual voters. Do you ever go to a primary meeting? And why not? Why declaim against the results of an action which you might have prevented? You can not control the action of the representative, but you might easily have influenced the selection of delegates to the convention that nominated him.

You say that it is not so, because a few intriguers have every thing as they choose at the primary meetings, and that you could do nothing against the machinery of men who are working all the time?

But who are those men? A great many of them are what we call gentlemen. The bullies do not move of themselves; they are hired by the gentlemen. And how do you treat those gentlemen? As if they were pickpockets? Not at all. You treat them as if they had done nothing that gentlemen might not do—and the blame comes home again to you to roost.

It is the parlors, not the grog-shops, that are responsible for the meanness of our government. If decent people interested themselves in the business politics would become decent. If it is not worth while for them to interest themselves, then it is very sure that there will be no decent government, and any honest man will only regret that he was born an American. The utmost conceivable quantity of Fourth of July gas does not atone for the fact that ability is rarely sought in our elections—that fitness is the last quality considered in a candidate. Certainly the Presidency of the United States is the most august office in the world; and yet already, in view of a coming election, the names of gentlemen are mentioned in connection with it whom we can not suppose to be more fitted for it than the next chance passenger in the street.

When you, Sir, who secretly pride yourself upon being a gentleman, thoroughly comprehend that the duty of an American gentleman embraces his political relations, and that you must take some trouble if you want to have a good government—as you pay money if you want a good coat or pair of shoes—then the reproach of our mean politics will be wiped away—then we shall not be forced to acknowledge the most ignorant and brutal as the governing class—then the question of a wise and sad spectator of our strifes will have lost its pertinency—"Who that sees the meanness of our politics but inly congratulates Washington that he is long already wrapped in his shroud and forever safe; that he was laid sweet in his grave, the hope of humanity not yet subjugated in him?"

THE golden autumn brings its genial festival. The corn is harvested—the grapes are gathered—the golden rod and the asters that have lighted and cheered the declining summer, and preserved its memory along the roadsides and in the meadows, have faded now—faded utterly away; and the winter is already icing the fields and the gardens with the frost—prelusive touches foreshowing snow.

Yet once more—and still again—the lingering summer hangs upon its accustomed haunts like a lover who dallies—whose comrades have marched far away—who hears the dying notes of the call, and sees the retiring glimmer of their pageantry. See! the pine needles are growing yellow, and are ready

to fall, and by the middle of November the "fall" is almost over. Yet as the trees are stripped and the grass grows sere, and the human heart, keeping time with the year, saddens and dreams, the last, rich, gushing, overflowing splendor arises upon the world, and in deep, hazy, floating, swimming days—in days so warm that June stirs again in the heart—but so soft and still and melancholy that June is forgotten—in days when the woods are vocal with the eager voices of the nutters sounding strangely loud in the yellow air—in nights when,

"Like a dying lady lean and pale,
Who totters forth wrapp'd in a gauzy veil
Of her own fancies,"

the moon sails calmly into the tranquil heaven—the Indian summer peacefully possesses the earth.

It is the last effort. The northwest wind blows, and winter full of icy terror rules the world.

Mr. Wilson Flagg, of Boston, who has written a delightful book called "Studies in the Field and Forest," which is a diary of the New England year, gives an interesting theory of the Indian summer. And he throws the weight of his authority upon the party which maintains the true Indian summer to come in this month, November, and not in October.

He describes it as a brief period of warm weather that sometimes greets our climate in November after the fall of the leaf, and not, as many suppose, in October. "*It is probably caused by the sudden check given to vegetable perspiration by the fall of the leaves.*" It is well known that by sprinkling a floor to cool a room in hot weather we cause the heat to be carried off with the evaporation of the water. On the same principle the infinite host of trees, whose leaves are constantly evaporating the moisture of the earth, must proportionally cool its surface and the atmosphere that is in contact with it. Any thing that increases evaporation from the earth's surface must cool it in the same manner. Hence we may explain the greater coldness of the air over valleys and wet places on summer evenings, and the fact, often noticed, that a rainy spell in autumn is commonly succeeded by severe frosts. The greater burden of the foliage of our woods remains on the trees and shrubs until the severe frosts in the latter part of October. About this time the whole extent of our forests is often laid bare in the brief space of a week or ten days. Not only does this great extent of surface, thus laid open to the sun, receive from his rays an increased amount of heat, but there is a vast and sudden diminution at the same time of that evaporation which is caused by the leaves of plants. These two circumstances unite in producing, when no outward agencies interfere, a great accumulation of heat. The warm spell that follows is the true Indian summer, and may last from five to eight days. During one of these spells of fine weather I have sometimes heard the crickets chirping merrily as late as the eighteenth of November."

How delightful all the books that treat of this individual observation of nature are! How perennial the charm of Walton, and Cotton, and Gray's "Garden Journal," and Sir William Temple's periwigged talk about the matter! How sharply and seriously old John Evelyn takes Cromwell and his men to task for desiring, after the destruction of "that beautiful grove under Greenwich Castle," to lay waste the Royal walk of elms in St. James's Park! Of the former he says that it is not to be excused by the confusion or necessities of "the height of our contentions;" but with a fine extravagance he exclaims, "No, it was a late and cold deliberation, and long

after all had been subdued to them, nor could the most implacable of enemies have expressed a more barbarous resolution."

Who would not like to sip that birch-wine which Evelyn describes "so exquisitely made," and "so strong that the common sort of stone bottles can not preserve the spirits, so subtle they are and volatile. . . . I will present you a recipe as it was sent me by a fair lady."

Fair lady! thy name is as surely and forever lost as the songs the sirens sung, or the name Ulysses was known by among the women.

Nor among these pleasant books of nature must Miss Cooper's be forgotten. Her "Rural Hours" belongs to the sweet society of Cotton and Walton—of Downing and Flagg—of Evelyn and Gray.

The value of such works is to be known experimentally. If a man lays upon his table, within easy reach, a book of this kind, as a reference from day to day during the year, he will be surprised, but delighted surely, to find how gradually he is allured along, and what a fresh and vital interest he takes in the progress of the year. Even in the city he is not so far from green fields that he may not step beyond the bricks and verify his author; and if he would know what the poets have said and sung about the matter, are there not Humboldt's "Cosmos," and Miss Cooper's "Rhymes and Reason of Country Life?"

SOMETIMES, it seems, the Indian Summer may fail. The northwest wind may blow in the winter before his time. But whether Hiems arrive early or late—whether the hazy loveliness of the summer of Saint Martin be vouchsafed or not—Thanksgiving does not fail—nor shall, while pumpkins grow golden and turkeys gobble.

Sitting in this Easy Chair, we have preached many a Thanksgiving sermon, and wanted to preach more. It is such a genial, generous, kindly time! The claims of the soul and body are so equally allowed! The usual theoretic injustice done to the carnal man (it is only theoretical) is corrected that day, and good eating and good drinking are elevated to the rank of commendable services. Who eats the most turkey is the best fellow. It is very bad for the turkeys. That is the worst view of the matter. Have they emotions which are outraged by the axe? Have they young gobblers which— But we forbear! It is too much to suppose that turkeys curse the day. Who could eat his Thanksgiving dinner in peace? Who would not stop the sermon when it spoke of universal good-will?

It would be interesting to have the animal report of us—to be on confidential terms with some sedate cow—to gossip with experienced hens as they sat out the brooding—to chat with the family horse as he grazed in the pasture and we brought him clover. Then we should know whether the philosopher were justly scrupulous who declined drinking milk because it injured the maternal affections of the cow to deprive her of her offspring, whereby milk was made possible for us. Then we could learn whether hens regarded it as a destruction of the principle of life to boil eggs, the adverse argument being that it is a mere transfer—a nourishment of life by life. Then, finally, we should know, once for all, whether the use of horses is really regarded by them as an abuse. Geese, who were very green, might give us their opinion of apple-sauce—green pigs, also, so to say, of embellied puddings. Nay, why might we not push our researches into the garden, and find out if

green corn liked to be cut, when boiled, down the middle?

This year, at least, the turkeys will not probably answer—except for Thanksgiving dinners. Happy man who can make the most hearts happy, by putting the well-conditioned bird upon the table to send forth savory steams of sweetness into the nostrils of the oft dinnerless and unhappy! Why not have a Thanksgiving every week? Why only once a year should old Solomon Gunnybags exercise his perpetual privilege of feeding the hungry?

His daughter does not so stint herself. She does not confine herself and her benefactions to a special season, however hallowed by delightful associations. But all days, and at all times of day, wherever there is a case falling within her knowledge where there may be kind words spoken or charitable deeds done, there is Henrietta Gunnybags proclaiming this great truth to the world—but in perfect silence—that the Thanksgiving turkey, bringer of good feeling and kind cheer, is not a gallinaceous bird only, but that every pulse of sympathy—every thoughtful word, every basket of linen, or sugar, or tea, or little toys for poor children—are all a kind of turkey, and even a more savory offering to the needy family than the fattest gobbler bursting with onions.

THE Long Island farmer, friend of the Easy Chair, has a word to say upon birds. Now that the summer is over and gone, and the voice of the turtle is not heard in the land, let us listen to the farmer, and remember the little birds. There is a definition of angling which may easily be adapted to shooting. It insinuates that fishing is a rod and line with something at one end and something at the other.

LONG ISLAND FARMER. EXPRESSING HIS GRATITUDE FOR THE BIRDS

OF Gratitude even Birds; say! Even a little wren
To behold! and watch them is a good thing for men,
They will dive in the grass; Get a worm or such thing
Then fly near by your house, appear grateful and sing

For my own part, I have watch'd them many a day;
'Sitting on my Piazza in view of Little Neck Bay
They would destroy so many Insects; and do it so
strong
And carry them in their Boxes. To feed their little
Young

In a tree close by my Stoop. I nail'd an old Coffee Pot
A pair of wrens, soon took possession, and one of them
sat
And when she did hatch; I really did me good
To watch that little Bird; kill the worms for her brood

She would take one in her bill in the Coffee Pot she'd
go
Out she'd come again. and get another; that would
make two
She would at them again, and that would make three.
Then she would sit on a limb, and chatter at me.

Thinks I! Little wren how happy you are:
Away up in the tree! In the Coffee Pot. there
With that little Home; How contented was She
O! what a good lesson for others! and me!

Then a Robin Red Breast, a gentle She
Built a nest close by in my Evergreen tree
And in that lovely and secluded spot:
She laid her eggs. And on them sat

Soon there were in that aforesaid Tree!
Quite a little Robin Red Breast family

O! how I admired her patience every way
In looking after worms and Insects day by day

If an Old Cat, went near that tree
Robin, would shriek as if calling for me!
Then if I drove, the Old Cat away
Robin would be quiet most all that day

Another Bird I admire! call'd Bobby Linktom
When Clover is in Blossom. Then He'd come
He is quite a humorous Bird and rover!
Singing on a dock stalk in a field of Clover

Then he'll fly and soar in the Air;
His song as Interpretted by me was Rotete Rot air
How often I have watch'd him! and heard what he
said
While sitting on a weed with a white spot on his head

Then came a Lovely Bird by the name of Quail
Back of my house; and sat on a rail
He'd Stand, and sing, with such delight
Shouting, apparently wheat most Ripe!

O! What a pity Civilized Man would so quickly run
After those Innocent Birds with dog and gun
What a sad trait for Men of any Humanity
Exercising towards them such acts of Barbarity

And as 'twere generally speaking done for sport
By some Persons; being of a peculiar sort
But as the frogs said to the boys; who at them made
a muss
It may be sport to You Throwing Stones. But 'tis death
to us

While I am writing; Farmer and Citizens I do you
emphore
If you have ever killed little Birds! Pray do so no
more
For they subdue the Insects that destroy our Fruit
So I Beseech You; Let them alone to enjoy their pur-
suit

If we try and preserve the Birds! I think I can say
We will richly be rewarded; even In a temporal way
For If You look around; You plainly can see!
The destruction caused by the Insects in Every fruit
tree

It has been supposed! And I think with Just Cause
The destruction of Little Birds is against Natural Laws
I candidly can say! I think Exactly so!
And I think! we are Benefitted even by the Crow!

An Illustration I will give You! right on the spot
A Scratching up my Corn! An Old Rooster I shot!
When his crop was opened; in it was found,
About 60 Black grub worms He Picked off the corn
ground

It may appear to You strange; as it did also with Me;
But I expect; That same old Rooster: was beneficial to
Me
It really did provoke me! To see him scratching up my
corn
But I did not suppose He was after that worm

Another Betwixt and between that is called a Bat
When twilight comes then you can see what He's at
He'll fly around and attack the Bugs with his mouth or
bill
And at them diligently 'till he gets his fill

So good Mr. Easy Chair. If You love the feather'd tribe
Please publish this and let it go far and wide
To lovers of Rural life. Let it Satisfaction Bring;
In seeing them destroy Insects and hearing them sing

BLOODGOOD H. CUTTER

LITTLE NECK L I. July 20th 1859

VOL. XIX.—No. 114.—3 H

WITH the *Great Eastern* upon the ocean and the great air-ship over it, we seem to be approaching new epochs in the annihilation of space. Before these lines meet the reader's eye the experiments will doubtless have been tried or be trying. Hitherto the ocean has been like the tamed lions and tigers of a menagerie—tame within certain limits. But the leonine and feline ferocity were only latent; and the man who followed the exhibition so as to be present when the lion should bite off the head that was daily, and to all appearance securely, thrust into his mouth, obeyed a secret instinct of which we all feel the justice.

Science has not yet plucked the terror from the sea. It is Sinbad's monster, that may be stable for long and long; but suddenly it lurches over, and away go life and confidence. The theory of the air-ship seems to be perfect. If there be currents in the air of so permanent a character as to be scientifically computed and economically employed—if the machine can indeed rise above the tempest and float securely, still making its way—then one of the great eras is indeed at hand.

Before that is done, it would seem that the laws of analogy in discovery were against it. No process has been so suddenly completed. It has advanced through very slow and very long stages. But here is a science—even if it have yet deserved that name—so utterly crude that its adepts to-day seem practically no farther along than the earliest experimenters. Yet, according to the assumption of the new air-ship, it is upon the eve of being at once developed so as to revolutionize methods of communication in space.

That reflection is the great difficulty; and yet every man must be modest who has read George Stephenson's life, and has seen how conclusively good Dr. Lardner (Doctor Ignatius Loyola, Titmarsh loved to call him) used to prove scientifically on Tuesday that things could never be done which *were* done on Wednesday, against all rule.

"How if your locomotive encounters a cow, Mr. Stephenson?" asked the Parliamentary Committee-men.

"It will be bad for the coo," answered the sturdy inventor.

"If facts don't agree, so much the worse for the facts," said Talleyrand.

So if, when this is read, the air-ship shall have made the Atlantic voyage, so much the worse for the laws of analogy.

Bon voyage, Mr. Lowe.

Our Foreign Bureau.

IT is later September when we write. The great pageant of middle August is gone by. The hearts that the amnesty made glad are over the first fervor of rejoicing; the sons and brothers and husbands have been welcomed home; France again, Paris again, home again! It is not easy for an American to understand a forced exile. We have business exiles, and pleasure exiles, and missionary exiles, and maybe criminal exiles (battening upon stolen spoils); but as for political exiles—thank God! we have none.

And if we had, with that rare American aptitude of ours to adapt ourselves to new neighbors and neighbors' customs—to suck nutriment out of strangest food, and to fashion for ourselves the basis of some career of preferment, or gain, or trial, whether in Tartary or the Islands of the Pacific—we do not know that

the exile would be a great grief. Americans are proud and boastful of their home (ask the July orators if they are not); but the pride and the boast are, after all, worn more upon the cap than in the heart. Nor is this altogether what we would say: we mean only that the pride and the boast do not fasten us to an American home, but attach rather to the institutions that we have inherited, and whose large liberty we can make a boast of as well in China as in New York.

Therefore Americans can not readily understand what it is for a Parisian to be exiled from Paris, and with what a glow at his heart he sees the gates open for his return.

Louis Blanc does not come, nor the poetic author of the "Leaves of Autumn," nor Mr. Prudhon—each one of these gentlemen having crucified himself in magnanimous martyrdom. It is, upon the whole, a sad thing to sneer at these men, as the London papers have done. We can readily understand how the author of "Nôtre Dame" should have felt that he would violate a poetic harmony in accepting the grace of a ruler who had been the subject of so many of his witty gibes; we can understand how Prudhon, under the fierce fever of his Socialism, which is honestly hot, should spurn the monarch of December, even to the spurning of his pardon. And we can understand, too, how the slight, but big-headed, Louis Blanc—always pondering very fine but very vain plans—should clutch the opportunity to give testimony to the fervor of his Democratic faith by refusing the clemency of Napoleon: if Louis Blanc had been a monk in 1300 he would have worn the stiffest bristles to his penitential shirt.

But for all this, and for all these (since three men only wear three hearts), what gladness has not followed the amnesty! How big, and how dear, France to all Frenchmen! Of course there are those who find some sinister reason for this clemency of Louis Napoleon; perhaps he wishes his enemies within reach again that he may crush them effectually; perhaps a new St. Bartholomew: who knows what relation the amnesty may have to some fresh design upon Italian freedom?

Why not reckon the generous deed at its best? Humanity is surely capable of that much without incurring saintship.

Is that the sun we see yonder, over the chestnuts of the Tuileries, or is it only the sun's image, that comes to our eye by certain laws of refraction? Yet, be it one or be it the other, its beams fall warmly yonder on the frolicking children, and warmly on all the flowers and the housetops. Let us be thankful for what brings warmth and gladness, be it image or be it real.

There is the Seine below us, just as yellow and turbid, just as strong in its stealthy rush as in mid June; and along the quays the same mixed tide of soldiers and sight-seers, of waiting cabs and lounging boatmen; the same array of musty books along the balustrade, and the sellers of them passing up and down at the old pace, touching the backs with their feathery dust plumes, and asking your custom with the old quiet servility. Who shall believe that fifty thousand French soldiers have fallen in the summer past? Biarritz too, and the Camp of Chalons and Compeigne promised with its hunting guests; no trail of the war in the streets; perhaps you will find fresh wounds at the Hôtel des Invalides, and you may count up more wooden legs and arms upon the parterre; and there are women who wear black in the little shops, and who go to morning mass more

sedulously than before—turning their theatre-monkeys, for a brief while, into prayers for a dead one of Solferino. Yet, after all, it is amazing the quickness, and quietude, and noiselessness with which an army of three hundred thousand, more or less, has been transported to a country beyond the mountains, has gained its victories, has wrought its peace, has buried its dead, has doubled a kingdom, has made room for free votings throughout Tuscany, and Modena, and Parma, has floated home, has made its triumphal entry, has dispersed to *casernes* and country villages—all since early summer.

There has been a rare organization about this, which, viewed as a mere bit of machinery, is most admirable. Only fancy the same administrative capacity, the same system, and power, and moneys, and men brought to bear upon some great missionary enterprise for the extension of Christian faith, and how long would the dark nations wait for a witness?

We spoke just now of the triumphal entry to Paris of the army of Italy. Two more fêtes of August, more quiet, have yet been more significant. Milan has welcomed heartily her new sovereign, and for once, in so many years, townspeople, who live in the hearing of the bells of the wondrous cathedral, have given an echo of joy to the greeting of a monarch.

At Florence was another jubilee. The occasion was the assembling of the newly elected representatives of the people in the old council chamber of the Florentine Republic. Has the reader ever seen the tall, grim tower which throws its shadow upon the Piazza di Gran Duca? And does he remember the grated windows, and the sculpture of John of Boulogne, and the David of Michael Angelo, which shine there near by in the warm Florentine sun? And does he keep the old history tenderly enough in mind to bring back to his eye the days when the Strozzi and the Medici lived; when great merchants, free to vote for rulers, and too free to buy votes for rulers, lived on all the hill-sides where stands Galileo's tower, and on the other hill-sides toward Fiesole; and can he remember how three hundred and thirty years ago last 11th of August, the old freedom went away into the keeping of Charles V., and has never come back effectively until this 11th of August, 1859, when the good men and the true voted the end of the Ducal dynasty, and asked King Emanuel to be sovereign?

It may not come to pass, and there are grave hints that the Florentine multitude, enervated by long inaction, is not capable of making serious defense of its new liberties; there are sneers at the Tuscan army, as an ill-equipped and ill-disciplined force; but yet the grand and the hopeful fact remains, that, for the time, they are masters of their own destiny. All accounts concur in representing the provisional rule as a wise and a prudent one. With the same wisdom and prudence the assembled representatives have declared for union with Sardinia. No angry invectives against the fallen power—no persecution of the many friends of the Grand Duke—no rash outburst of any agrarian tendencies; but only a simple, solemn declaration for Italian union.

Will their wishes be sustained by the Courts of Europe? Can Central Italy enjoy its honest preference? Are the inhabitants capable, in this matter, of deciding for themselves?

There was a little burst of applause in the old Republican hall when the vote was declared; but outside, no ovation, no street clamor; a King was never voted a throne so quietly.

But will the King come and the hopes have fruit-

age, such as the bloom promises? Every where men ask the question; and every where the men are wanting who can answer.

The Pope has the erysipelas, they tell us. If that were all—if he were not eternally swathed about with a poultice jelly of corrupt and power-loving Cardinals—there might be some hope for Romish territory just now. We believe the Pope is possessed of humane instincts, and would have given them range before the days of '48 and '49 if he had not been frightened out of them. There would be chance now; chance to wipe away that fearful memory of Perugia; chance—now that the French army is about to move—to redeem the State, if a cowardly amiable man were not, after all, as weak for all good ends as a strong bad man. It is not one of the least significant signs of the time that journals, representing so large and so influential a *clientelle* as the *Nord* of Brussels, are discussing, in all soberness, the propriety of limiting the Pope's temporal power to the City and Campagna of Rome, and the union of the Legations with a kingdom of Central Italy. Bologna has her old traditions of municipal independence fairly awakened again; and she will make stronger fight against hirelings, if need comes, than Perugia.

If the war and the peace of Villafranca had given no other boon to Italy, this, at least, would be something—the opportunity which has been gained to cast one independent, untrammelled vote; to declare, in the face of expectant and of waiting Europe, that local jealousies were overruled—that Imperial or Republican proclivities were forgotten—in the ardor with which all pronounced for Italian nationality and Italian independence. Never were votes cast with less of excitement and less of tumult in the oldest free country of the world than these votes of Central Italy, which have just now had their reading in every court of Europe.

At length the sober and the thoughtful decision of sundry branches of that Italian family, whose treasure and whose liberties have been so long banded from hand to hand, is quietly listened to, and is, so to speak, judicially recorded. Here is no Mazzini proclamation, no sudden outburst of popular frenzy: the people are surprised by their own calm; the votings are orderly and tranquil; the delegates are from among the coolest, the oldest, and the bravest; a single one in the Tuscan Assembly who ventures noisy expression of his joy at the downfall of the Ducal power is hissed into silence. Can any man doubt that these people mean what they say?

Will Europe listen to this calm prayer of theirs?

If not, august diplomacy may be sure of a sharp Mazzini echo to all this calmness. Republicans are disposed to accept now what they count the lesser good of the Constitutional Monarchy and union; but rather than fall away to the old status of a foreign dependency that is sustained by Austrian drill-craft, they will kindle again the flames of '48.

So full are all ears and mouths of this Italian matter, so tenderly do all hearts turn thither, that it is hard to make diversion. We listen to M. Guizot in the French Academy; and when the feeble old gentleman (whose voice is still full and strong) speaks of those rare instances of self-devotion in obscure corners of France, and which outrank the glories of war or of political triumph, our mind reverts to Giorgini, speaking on quite other themes to great masses of people on the Cathedral Square of Milan. We listen to M. Legouvé reading in pleasant oratorical style a pretty eulogium upon Regnard; and our thought runs to Manzoni, who is welcoming now to

his Milanese home that eloquent son-in-law of his, who knows so well how, with kindling words, to feed the flame of Italian nationality.

Both these last-named Frenchmen, Legouvé and Guizot, we hear at a late session of the French Academy. And besides them, M. Villemain, whose part in the proceedings suggests this nice bit of characterization by a French observer:

"M. Villemain reads as he writes—his reading is academic, like his style. The academic style consists in the art of grouping lights and shades, and of giving the whole a prudent and at the same time a noble tone—of so enveloping wit that the point is felt by the hearer without his being touched; it is a sort of literary fencing, in which it is desired less to kill the adversary than to show with what grace he could be killed. Run over a discourse of M. Villemain—at the first glance it appears so smooth that no one would suspect malice; but take care—put aside that shrub, and you will see gleaming behind the barrel of a musket loaded with Attic salt; beneath many a phrase you will find a stiletto with a blade so brilliant and sparkling that one would be glad to possess it. M. Villemain reads with the same discretion that he writes. He does not detach the telling words in such a way as to cause them to produce more effect on his auditory; his voice does not dwell on them, but it glides over them lightly, with an intention so evident that it is impossible not to thrill, and say, 'There is something there!' and one has the pleasure of having divined what it is that is there. The Latins had an expression to describe the art by which the orator maintains the same tone throughout his speech from beginning to end, so that one part is not violently detached from the rest to excite the attention of the auditor. What they called *perpetuus tenor dicendi* is one of the most eminent qualities of M. Villemain. His voice remains harmonious and smooth throughout the whole discourse, and merely indicates the sallies."

Our mention of the Academy suggests (we hardly know how) mention of a revival of a play of Balzac's, which is one of the dramatic events of the season. Balzac, the reader perhaps knows (or should know), never succeeded in any writing for the stage, and this notwithstanding he was a keener reader of French character, and, most of all, French womanly *finesse*, than any man since the day of Molière.

His *Marâtre* was first put upon the stage in the days of 1848-9, when the play in the streets was more engrossing than any play of mimicry.

It was the original type of that school of dramatic writing which the younger Dumas has since so effectually worked. It had horrors enough, but they were not of the old, stereotype sort; they were horrors that lurked, untalked of, in many a family of France; there were vices, but they were those elegant vices that excellent people wink at, and profess not to see; there were stormy scenes that seemed like the excesses of melodrama, but which really were transcripts from the boudoir, unedited before. The play comes now after its time. The life and the nerve of it, which has only normal and natural flow under the pen of Balzac, has been adopted and made salient and piquant by such artificers as the younger Dumas.

From Balzac we skip suddenly to an Archdeacon—Archdeacon Hardwick. Churchmen in America know him by a conscientious History of the Reformation, and of the Church in the Middle Ages, and a quasi Bridgewater series of treatises, entitled, "Christ and Other Masters."

He is dead—fallen among the Pyrenees this summer past, at the early age of thirty-eight. This little account of the matter is all we find:

"On the 18th, accompanied by an English gentleman whom he had met at Bagnères de Luchon, Archdeacon Hardwick ascended a mountain near the Port de Venasque. They reached the summit safely, and had made part of the descent, when, unfortunately, Archdeacon Hardwick proposed taking a different path from that by which they had ascended. His companion, however, preferred keeping to the known track, and reached the foot of the mountain in safety. After waiting long for the Archdeacon, his (previous) companion became alarmed, and especially as he was told by some shepherds that the descent attempted by Mr. Hardwick was impossible. All attempts to trace Mr. Hardwick on that day were fruitless; but a strong body of guides and police having been procured from Bagnères de Luchon, another search, made early on the following morning, resulted in the discovery of the unfortunate gentleman's body. He appeared to have achieved the most difficult part of the descent, and then to have fallen down a shelving mass of rock, a distance of about two hundred feet. The lamented deceased must have been killed instantaneously, as the skull was found split; his left arm was broken in two places, and his watch shattered to pieces. The remains were interred at Bagnères de Luchon on the following Sunday."

The season in the mountains has carried more than one fatality on its record.

Instance this story of a Russian, named Edouard de Grotte:

"It appears that in descending from the top of the Weisssthor Pass, instead of turning to the left and taking the usual route along the Gorner Glacier to the Riffelberg, he descended by the Findelen Glacier, which slopes from the pass directly down into the valley of Zermatt, and affords a shorter, though much more perilous, route to the town than the Gorner Glacier. The traveler and two guides were fastened together by a rope, the traveler being in the middle; the rope was tied round his body, but was not, as it should have been, tied round the guides also; it was only held on the left arm of each by a large loose loop. In this way they passed safely over the greater part of the glacier, and were within a few minutes of leaving it altogether, when they came to a large patch of snow, which the guides, according to their own account, proposed to pass round, but which the traveler insisted on crossing. Accordingly, the first guide crossed it in safety. The traveler—who was a fine, powerful man—then followed him, but when he had reached the middle the snow gave way under his feet, and he sank into a hidden *crevasse*. Having no Alpenstock, he could not break his fall in the usual way, by holding it across the chasm, and so his whole weight was thrown with a sudden jerk upon the rope, which broke instantly upon both sides of the *crevasse*, down which the unfortunate man consequently fell. His voice was soon heard calling for assistance, which the guides were not skillful enough to render; the *crevasse* was a peculiar one, being narrow at the top, and widening down for some distance, after which it narrowed again till its sides met—a depth of about 200 feet. This circumstance rendered it impossible to reach him without a rope—he appeared to be about 60 feet from the top wedged between the sides of the *crevasse*—and they had no rope excepting the two ends that had remained with

them, of about a yard each, so they determined that one of them should go to the nearest *châlet*, two hours' walk, for ropes. The idea of trying to make a rope by cutting up their coats and shirts, and especially their leathern knapsacks, seems, most unaccountably, never to have occurred to them. Thus the unfortunate M. de Grotte received no assistance for four hours, during which he frequently spoke to the guide above; he was, he said, in a sloping position, with his head lower than his feet, and with his right arm free, but he was constantly sinking lower. After three hours the flow of blood to his head and the intense cold had very much weakened him; he spoke seldom, saying only that he was being frozen to death. At last, after four hours, the guide returned from the Findelen *châlet* with assistance; the rope was lowered, but was found to be 12 feet too short to reach him. Now, it will scarcely be credited, but it is a fact, that when the rope was found to be too short nothing more was done, but men were sent for more ropes to Zermatt, a distance of four hours, so that the unhappy man was condemned by the helpless clowns above him to pass eight hours more in his icy prison. He had endured the most dreadful agony; for at first the warmth of his body dissolving the ice next him caused him to sink lower, but as the vital heat departed the cold gradually regained its superiority, so that he was frozen in tightly between the walls of ice, which, as their wetted surfaces congealed and slightly expanded toward each other, crushed him between them with irresistible force. About the end of the fifth hour the poor man died."

WE, in this Bureau, aim to work up such waifs of foreign matter as may escape the lynx-eyes of your daily journals. Can it be that your paragraphists have reported how there is hope at length of staying the fearful ravages of Tetanus, or lock-jaw? Almost an incurable disease hitherto, Dupuytren having declared that out of forty cases he could only hope to save one; Velpeau, on the other hand, announces his ability to save one in three. Yet Velpeau looks distrustfully upon the new remedy, which is nothing less than the virulent poison *Kurare*, which the savages use to make their arrows fatal.

In open Academy the matter has received discussion. In the battle of Magenta it appears that a French sergeant was wounded in the foot by a bullet. The ball broke the bone and remained in the wound. In the hospital of Turin the surgeons succeeded in extracting the ball, the wound healed, and the soldier was discharged as cured. Twelve days after he was brought back to the hospital suffering with the most aggravated symptoms of lock-jaw. Two patients had just expired with the same horrible malady. The case was extreme, and a young surgeon attached to the hospital staff asked permission to make trial of the *Kurare*. Tetanus annihilates all nervous power; the *Kurare* (which is swallowed without harm) has the same effect if applied to a wound. The patient was perfectly rigid when submitted to the care of the surgeon; the wound was reopened and the poison applied. In three quarters of an hour he gained the use of his limbs. Later, rigidity appeared again, and the poison was applied anew. The same result followed; and on repeated relapses, repeated applications were made, until finally the patient was discharged—cured.

And since we have come to speak of battles and wounds, we may venture to record two very singular escapes made by two members of the Jockey Club

of Paris—we speak of the Count de la Rochefoucauld and Vicount A. Talon. The former, in charging the Austrian cavalry, received five wounds and was made prisoner. None of the wounds were mortal, but one of them was caused in a very extraordinary way: a hulan placed his pistol close to the Count's forehead and pulled the trigger, but the ball, instead of shattering his skull, went round the frontal bone, tearing off the skin, and at last went out into empty space, making a hole in the kepi. As to M. Talon, while charging at the head of his company at the battle of Solferino, he arrived in an Austrian square, and received a discharge of balls, which, however, only wounded his horse, without touching him. The horse fell, but the rider jumped up, sword in hand, and presently had his kepi cut through by a sword; a moment after he received a second blow on the head, but in the confusion which prevailed the hand of the soldier who struck was turned aside, so that the flat of the sword only hit him; in another moment a dragoon placed his carbine close to the Viscount's cheek, but it missed fire. M. Talon then received a violent thrust from a bayonet, which threw him to the ground, but the soldier who gave it was astonished to see him soon after rise and get away. The soldier no doubt thought the young officer had some talisman about him, and so he had. In the campaign in the Crimea, M. Talon one day complained that he had broken the glass of his watch, and could not get it replaced. One of his soldiers said, "Lieutenant, you have no need to carry your watch to the Palais-Royal. I am a watchmaker by trade, and have some tools in my knapsack. If you have a piece of 2 francs I will put you in a glass that will never break." M. Talon gave the man his watch and a piece of 2 francs, and the man very skillfully beat out the coin until it became large enough, and then fixed it in the case so as to occupy the place of the glass. The watch then presented this particularity, that the cases were gold, and the part where the glass ought to be seen silver. On his return to France M. Talon continued to wear the watch both as a curiosity and as a souvenir of the Crimea. He had it in his pocket in the battle of Solferino; and it was against it that the point of the Austrian bayonet struck. But so violent was the thrust that the point of the bayonet passed through both the coin and the watch! "Thus," said M. Talon to his friends, in recounting the affair, "I owe my life to a piece of 2 francs!"

Whether the money was well invested those who know him better than we can only say.

If we say nothing of the *Great Eastern* it is not because we do not watch her progress with the utmost interest, but because interest in her is so widespread that we, who write here upon the heel of the time, only broach a by-gone subject in making mention of her.

If successful, she will become a city afloat. Five to ten thousand within the compass of a quarter of a mile make a city.

If she make long voyages (and they are already suggesting her huge hulk as the peace-maker with the Mandarins of China), her freight of souls will become citizens.

Will the old machinery of one despot, who is captain, do for government? Will executive be enough without judiciary or without legislature?

The old belief (to which practice and law have measurably conformed) has been, that despotic power was essential to good ship government. While

ships were small, and only a short time at sea, the practice has found no larger difficulties than belong to large delegations of almost irresponsible power every where.

But with ten thousand? How is the republican theory to work at sea? How shall a good, noisy democrat place himself under Captain Harrison? Of course ship government requires special knowledge which the masses are not supposed to possess, and their inclination must yield to the governing inclination of the commander. But on land, too, is there not a knowledge of administrative craft which all do not possess so thoroughly as this or that one? There are dangers by sea that require special knowledge to cope with: but are there no dangers by land which require special knowledge to cope with?

What if a political enigma were to grow out of the great ship, besides all the mechanical and commercial enigmas?

We are not dealing with paradoxes: the question may come up (if the *Great Eastern* is a success), whether in view of some unforeseen event in the floating population of ten thousand, as a famine, or accident, or mutiny, or crime, the ship shall push on or return—the criminals be punished or pardoned—the danger be risked or shunned—the allowance be doubled or diminished—shall the captain be king or only president?

And if law be administered—what law? and who the judge?

Let us wait till they mend the funnel.

In some respects, it would be a nice thing to be Queen of England. Children provided for; pin-money provided; a pretty place at Osborne; a pretty castle at Balmoral. All the administrative men of the chain of railways on the *qui vive* when the Lady-mother wishes to travel. The days are hot, and she wishes to go by night; so the stations and stationmen have their orders, and the royal train rushes by to the minute. To-day Osborne and the yachts; and to-morrow Holyrood and a hot dinner; and the day after Highland quietude.

Would you like to be Queen of England?

How much of your time would you like to call your own? How much of the real privacy of home would you like to sacrifice to the prying Court journalists?

To be queen of an Empire may be a grand thing; but to be queen of one's self, and to control with illimitable power one's own desires, and ambitions, and cravings, and lusts, and pride, and subordinate them to one single purpose of charity and good deeds, is infinitely grander.

Any woman can be queen; any woman (woman's rights waived) can make her faculties all tell, to their fullest, in some noble direction.

Ah, the vanity of wearing crowns! Yet the best crowns are not of rubies, or of diamonds, or of the Court journals. Yet they are won and worn.

An affair, calling up more than usual attention in British circles, has been the recent trial of Dr. Smethurst for the murder of Miss Bankes by poison. It was not one of the old stereotyped Life Insurance cases (revived just now by the story of Mr. Dickens). Dr. Smethurst was the husband of an elderly woman, whom he had deserted; he had retired from practice, and had been living some time upon the Continent. He was possessed of considerable chemical knowledge, though it does not appear that he was a regular medical graduate of any established institution.

He falls in with a Miss Bankes, who is tender toward him, and whom he deceives by a false marriage. She dies, under somewhat peculiar circumstances, after making a will (though her property is not large) in his favor. We copy from the *Times*:

"Dr. Smethurst, a man of considerable knowledge and scientific experience, is convicted of having deliberately set to work to produce the symptoms of disease by the administration of small doses of poison. To a certain extent he succeeded, and yet he overshot his mark. When the poor lady was in her last illness he called in medical assistance, so that the world might believe that he had done every thing for Miss Bankes which the utmost anxiety and affection could suggest. Thus much, however, appears to be clear, that it is easier to pass poison through the human frame, without leaving a trace of its presence, than to obliterate the symptoms of poisoning while the sufferer is yet alive. Dr. Julius, Dr. Bird, and Dr. Todd saw Miss Bankes within a few days of her death, and all had arrived at the conclusion that she was perishing by the action of slow poison. There was a reaction against the medicines they ordered to relieve her sufferings; but, above all, there was a strange look of concentrated terror about the face, which could not be explained on any other hypothesis. To a well-trained eye it appears that poison tells its own tale as well as dropsy or disease of the heart. Certain agents may indeed be employed which do not generate the exact symptoms we mention, but in their place there are others equally well known to medical men, which they say can not be referred to the action of any known disease. Perhaps, on the whole, poisoning committed entirely in secret would be more difficult of detection, although in that case the care taken to avoid witnesses would in itself be a pregnant cause of suspicion. Dr. Smethurst had been so cautious that no poison could be traced to his possession. He carried her food to the deceased woman with his own hand. He took upon himself the functions of the nurse and waiting-maid, so that no link in the chain of evidence might be supplied. The combination was a crafty one, and strictly carried out. Day by day and night by night he must, according to the doctors, have dropped the poison into the food and medicine of the unfortunate lady, but the sight of her sufferings could not have availed to make him hold his hand or even to hurry on her death. He neither spared her nor injured his own chances of impunity by precipitancy. But for the suspicion which gradually grew into the full force of conviction in the minds of the medical attendants, Dr. Smethurst might have escaped. No poison seems to have been found in the body after death, although it is said poison was found in one of the patient's evacuations while living. But for the testimony of the physicians who attended upon her during life, this would have been but a slender thread upon which to hang conviction. Had Dr. Smethurst been her sole medical attendant, who could have been convinced of his guilt? Even if there had been any suspicion, the body and its contents after death would have been submitted to the usual tests, and found free from poison. He overacted his part. He was so sure of his ability to baffle detection that he was detected. This is no ordinary case. It is not often, as we trust, that men so highly educated in medical science abuse their knowledge to so foul a purpose. But it is to be feared that in the humbler classes of society there are many cases of slow poisoning which are not watched with the same

curious and well-trained eyes as was this one of Miss Bankes. If the undertakers would give their testimony, we should know that there are many cases within their experience in which they render the last offices to the frail relics of humanity with the strong conviction that the death has not come by natural means. The actuaries of insurance-offices constitute another class who possess almost equal means of information upon this point. It is people whose lives are insured who are in most danger of poison. Their deaths have a specific money value to some one or another. Now, the cases are not infrequent in which actuaries feel a moral certainty that there has been foul play, but they do not rush into exposures, which, to be justifiable, must be complete. Neither are they desirous to brand the offices which they represent with the stigma of litigation. It is easier to denounce the evil than to suggest a remedy. In France, we believe, there are public officers who ascertain and report upon the cause of death, and who, as a matter of course, visit the bedside of the dead to discharge their melancholy office. In England such an intervention of the public authorities would scarcely be borne. At such periods of grief the dry official presence of the authorities would scarcely be tolerated, and yet there is little doubt that we sometimes sacrifice the exigencies of the public good to the refinements of private feeling—Life to Death."

Editor's Drawer.

THERE is never a November in the Drawer, if the month is to be ever linked with all that is dreary and uncomfortable. The Drawer is often grave, never sad; and to be dismal is out of the question. With such a host of contributors as we have now at work the Drawer will not fail, and its good things grow better monthly; so that they are now the staff and stay of half the dinner-table talk in the land. No copyright law will keep a good story within the covers of a magazine; but there ought to be a law that every man who retails one of the Drawer's stories should send another and better one here. This would equalize the circulation, preserve the Union, and make the Drawer richer than ever.

IN one of the new counties of Michigan, in 1853, Squire Riley was a Justice of the Peace. He kept a tavern and sold liquor, and it was supposed that he was a little partial in his decisions toward his customers at the bar. He was withal a little penurious.

A Frenchman, named Dave, sued a neighbor for some real or supposed injury before Squire Riley, and employed a lawyer named M'Keen as his counsel. The cause was adjourned from time to time, and finally came on to trial. Riley and M'Keen were both "tight"—something not very unusual. A jury was called and sworn, and M'Keen offered to prove the "cause of action;" but this was ruled out of order by the Court. M'Keen labored faithfully from 3 till 11 o'clock P.M. to prove something, but the Court decided it all out of order, and continually ordered M'Keen to proceed. M'Keen finally submitted his case to the jury, and summed it up as follows:

"Gentlemen, as matter of law there are four Justices of the Peace in the township of Lapeer, and Mr. Riley is one of 'em. Yes, gentlemen, he's one of 'em. I told Dave not to bring his suit before Riley,

in the first place, but he disobeyed my instructions. Then I told him to spend a quarter of a dollar every day at Riley's bar till the day of trial; and on the day of trial I told him to spend six shillings, and he would be sure to win his case; but he has wholly disobeyed my instructions, and therefore I withdraw the suit!"

AN original love-letter sent to us from Tennessee is certainly very well considering:

Mrs —

i Know you hav not thot of me for a long time and prehaps will not Rectollect me when you see my name attach to this but i will never forget your form and fethurs and the music of your voice i hope you will forgiv my boldness in ritin to you. i sau you last yeare at Mr — when myself and Rev — was returning from Camp Meeting and you hav bin in my mind every cince. you will say why hav i delayed in ritin you so long my wife had only dide a feu munths before i sau you as you do not Rectollect me i will dascibe myself i am 6 feat way 160 lbs am a poor man a widdoer with one little soon will be 3 years old my caracter is unblemish a nativ of Virginny a member of the M Church am twenty-six years old — Miss if you have not a suiter i would be very glad to becum acquainte with you — Anser as soon as possible

Yours Lover

JOSEPH CARTER

A NEW correspondent from the interior of the State of New York sends to the Drawer a budget of anecdotes from which we pick one that is very good:

"At P— P—, in the 'southern tier,' dwells a certain very honest blacksmith, whom his fellow-townsmen, a few years since, saw fit, 'for his sins,' to make a Justice of the Peace.

"Soon after his due induction into that very respectable office, one of the business men of the place, in the over-boiling of his very just indignation, called upon him to summon one of his delinquent customers to appear, and show cause why judgment should not issue against him for the amount of the aforesaid plaintiff's demand; said summons being made returnable on the 5th day of June, at two o'clock P.M.

"On that day at two P.M., precisely, the *defendant* appeared, charged to the muzzle with pent-up wrath at the curtness of the invitation. He waited till nearly three o'clock, and then, with the air of a much wronged and persecuted man, but of one who 'knew his rights,' he formally announced to the Justice that he should *withdraw the suit*, and required him to make a regular entry upon his docket to that effect. The Justice did so; upon which the defendant retired.

"Just before three, however, the belated *plaintiff* entered, out of breath, with his account-book under his arm, and demanded of the Justice to call on the suit. Drawing himself up to his full height, that functionary, after lecturing him severely upon the requirements of the law, the rights of *both* parties, and his (the plaintiff's) own neglect of his business, informed him that he was now *too late*—that the defendant had appeared, and, after waiting very impatiently more than half an hour for him, had *withdrawn* the suit; and it had already, *as by law required*, been thus entered upon his irrevocable docket."

"In our State," says an Indiana correspondent, "a female must be eighteen years of age before marriageable without consent of parent or guardian; when under that age it is the practice for the parent to give a 'permit,' which, duly proven, justifies is-

suage license. I inclose a verbatim copy of a paper of the kind:

"September 20, 1858.

"Mr. Woolfolk, Clerk Lawrence County.

"I am willing yew Let Mr. Palmer or *barer* have Licens to mary my gearl Mary Barber so fer as I am consered. I can't com down to see yew—this is right and Bee your resiet for same.

T. O. BARBER."

"JAKE JONES, an unmitigated wag of our village, and a capital fellow withal, was assisting C—, one of our merchants, to plant an iron railing around the graves of three of his (C—'s) children, all buried together in our cemetery. They found it necessary to readjust the neat little monument that marks their last resting-place. Just as they had begun this part of their labor, Jim Mitchell, who resides in the vicinity, rode by. He reined in his horse, and the following colloquy occurred between him and Jake:

"JIM. 'Good-morning! Any body dead?'

"JAKE (*sadly*). 'Y-e-s.'

"JIM. 'Who?'

"JAKE. 'Three of Mr. C—'s children.'

"JIM. 'Ah! sad! sad! What did they die of?'

"JAKE. 'Fever—all had fever.'

"JIM. 'Unfortunate! When did they die—yesterday?'

"JAKE. 'No. *About three years ago, I believe.*'

"Jake says that Jim Mitchell left that place in a hurry.

"WHAT do you think, Mr. Drawer, of these from a lad of three or four summers:

"When looking at the comet, last fall, a gentleman asked what he thought of it? He instantly answered that it was a star, with the Northern Lights hitched to it.

"The same boy was permitted to go out and play for an hour. On his return he seemed greatly excited, and gave his aunt, a venerable lady, a circumstantial account of a fisty-cuff fight between two larger boys that he had witnessed in the street. His aunt having heard him patiently through, gave him a lecture upon the evil tendency of such fights and their sad results. To all this he gave his undivided attention. She explained to him what the good fight of faith was, and finally expressed her hope and confidence that he would never engage in any other. As she closed his countenance brightened up, and he exclaimed, with great energy, '*Why, aunt, that's just the fight they fit!*'"

"WHEN I was fifteen years old, and when the present century was just twenty-six years older, I went to sea in a midshipman's mess. There were eight of us in the eight foot by eight foot steerage, one of whom was entirely too venerable for his position; he was at least twenty-one, full-grown, presuming, and excessively stupid. He was called 'Drock.'

"'Drock!' exclaimed another of the 'eight' one day, 'Drock! what means the word "via," which I observe upon all of your letters?'

"'Oh!' replied Drock, with a confident but still uncertain air, "'via?" why, it's a *private mark* between the old gentleman and myself!'

"'Ah! is that it?' replied his questioner, dryly."

"HERE is another, 'got off' by the same individual. The reader must imagine six years passed since the last, and our friend 'Drock' facing the Board of Commodores appointed to examine into his

fitness for promotion to the rank of Passed-midshipman :

"A MEMBER OF THE BOARD. 'Mr. Drock, how many points has the compass, Sir?'"

"DROCK. 'The compass, Sir? Well, Sir, the compass—allow me to reflect a moment, Sir. Ah! yes. The compass, Sir, has—Yes! *It depends entirely upon the size of the instrument, Sir!*'"

"Mr. Drock was not 'passed' by the Board of Commodores."

"THE terms 'Lynch Law' have become incorporated into our language, with a well-defined signification. I have occasionally read some supposed origin of the phrase, whence it derived its peculiar meaning. With all those various explanations, ingenious as some of them were, I have been unsatisfied. What may be thought of the following, which, if not sound, is at least novel?"

"Sir Edmund Andross was for some time previous to the Revolution of 1688 the tyrant Governor, appointed by his master, King James, over several of the New England provinces. On his overthrow the people of Massachusetts elected Governor Bradstreet President, without authority from King or Parliament. On Bradstreet's monument are inscribed these Latin words ;

"*Vir judicio Lynceario præditus,*"

which, without much violence to the original, may be fairly translated, 'A magistrate clothed with *Lynch Law*.' T."

"I HAD passed my Freshman year in — College, and was just about to enter the Sophomore, when I had a 'chum' assigned to me. His name was Jacob L — ; he was the son of a clergyman in the western part of the State. He appeared to be somewhat verdant, and I confess I was not backward in taking advantage of his inexperience. After his furniture had been brought into the room which was to be our common habitation, and properly arranged, he requested me to look at the books which he had brought with him, and inform him whether he needed any other that he had not. I complied with his request, and then informed him that he still required one more to carry him through the studies of the term. He naturally inquired what it was.

"'Dr. —'s *Modern Antiquities*,' I replied.

"'Where can I procure it?' he inquired.

"'Old Prex can furnish you with a copy,' I said.

"Straight down to 'old Prex' he went, and requested a copy of the work in question.

"'What do you want?' inquired the President.

"'A copy of your *Modern Antiquities*,' said Jake.

"'Modern *what*, Sir?'"

"'Modern Antiquities, Sir.'"

"Do you know what you are talking about?" inquired the President.

"Just then the fact that he had been sold entered Jake's receptacle of wisdom; and muttering an inefficient and somewhat unintelligible apology, but no explanation, he rushed out of the house in search of his chum who had so easily sold him.

"THIS same chum of mine, when he was a little boy, was attracted by the society of several children who resided in a house adjoining his father's, but whose rearing had not been such as to make them suitable companions. His father forbade his associating with them any longer. The next day Jake was there again, but was summoned home by a messenger from his father. 'Jacob,' said the par-

ent, 'yesterday I forbade your associating with the neighboring children any more, and to-day you have disobeyed me. The next time I catch you there I shall be obliged to punish you.'

"The next day Jake was there again, totally oblivious of the interdiction until he saw his father entering the neighbor's yard with a rod in his hand. Jake made for the fence, over which he leaped, pursued by his father, and ran into the barn: there he was caught.

"'Now, my son,' said the irritated father, 'what did I tell you yesterday?'"

"'You told me, father, that if you caught me there again you would punish me.'

"'Well—' said the father.

"'Hold on, father!' said the little reprobate, who knew that if he could make his sire laugh the matter would all be right; 'you didn't catch me *there*: you caught me *here*!'"

"The desired effect was produced, and the rod was dropped; but the interdiction was renewed. 'If I ever *see* you there, or *hear* of your being there, no matter where I catch you, you will be sure to catch a flogging.' Jake did not transgress again."

SOME thirty years ago, in Baltimore, a worthy Hibernian pedagogue named Cornelius Dwyer kept a flourishing school, or "academy," as he was pleased to designate it, where many of the youthful Baltimoreans of that day were instructed in the three great arts of Reading, Writing, and Arithmetic. While, however, Mr. Dwyer was well enough qualified for the routine of ordinary school learning, he had an ambition that his academy should be considered a school where all the higher branches could be acquired, and accordingly kept in his advertisements and circulars, as among the branches taught, "Geometry, Trigonometry, Astronomy, Navigation, the use of the Globes," etc., etc., etc.; feeling satisfied that among his pupils none would be likely to aspire to the giddy heights of these abstruse sciences. But it happened one of his patrons, another Irishman, of not much learning, but who had, in the grocery trade, acquired a competence, was desirous of giving his only son all the advantages of a liberal education; and accordingly, one day in January when the mercury was down to zero and below, and the bay and river had been for weeks firmly closed by ice, dispatched the boy to Mr. Dwyer's institution of learning with the following request:

"Please, Sir, father says that I am to be brought up to commercial pursuits, and he wants you to teach me Navigation."

Mr. Dwyer was somewhat astounded at this request, and for a moment hesitated to reply; but at length broke out with,

"An' how does yer father expect me to tache ye Navigation whin the Navigation is all closed up?"

GENERAL O —, formerly of S —, Massachusetts, is well known as a man of infinite whim and humor. Loving a good hearty laugh, which works its way from the crown of his hat to the soles of his boots, in all the preparatory stages of a joke he preserves the most grave and even austere expression of countenance. Having, on one occasion, ordered a new pair of black pants, which were to be sent home on Saturday evening, he failed to get them at the appointed time, and went to bed with the uncomfortable prospect of going to meeting on Sunday in the old pair. Early, however, on the Sunday morning the black and glossy new pants were re-

ceived. Our worthy friend forthwith proceeded to put them on. But, alas, for the preservation of that equanimity so appropriate to the day! By no effort, however strenuous, could he jump to a satisfactory conclusion. By observation he could not make out their latitude or longitude to be correct. At last, mournfully resuming his intimacy with his old friends who had always stuck closer than a brother, he wrapped his new acquisition in a Barcelona, and took his way, in the gray of the morning, chewing the cud of sweet and bitter fancies, to the residence of his tailor. Starting him from his bed, and mildly unfolding his troubles to him, he was informed by Mr. Needles that the Rev. Mr. M——, a most worthy clergyman of the Baptist persuasion, had likewise ordered a pair of black pants, that both pairs were delivered at the same time to the shop boy, and it was possible that he had made a mistake in the delivery. Whereupon our worthy friend, in his free and easy dress and his old drab Kossuth hat, with his bundle under his arm, marched off to the residence of the reverend gentleman, with whom he had no acquaintance. Ringing the door bell violently, Mr. M—— came hurriedly to the door, when the following colloquy ensued:

"I wish to see the Rev. Mr. M——."

"I am Mr. M——."

"Mr. M——, I have come, Sir, to exchange with you."

"I regret, Sir, that it will not be convenient for me to exchange to-day."

"But, Sir, it is absolutely necessary, and must be done."

"I say, Sir, it will not be convenient, and can not be done."

"I must insist upon an exchange; and you may rely upon it I shall not leave the house till I effect it."

"Sir, this is very extraordinary. I do not understand your pertinacity. What exchange do you expect?"

"Only a fair and reasonable one. I expect you to exchange my trowsers for yours!"

"WHILE Governor S—— was President of the University of North Carolina, walking on the Campus one day he observed an unlawful assemblage of students. He proceeded toward them with his head down, his eyes fixed on the tip of his toes, as was his wont. In the mean time all but one of the students left, and, by the time the Governor reached the place of assembly, were nowhere to be seen. He lifted his eyes upon the place where the boys *ought to have been*, or rather where they *ought not* to have been, and issued the following *singular* order to the single student left:

"*'Sir! instantly disperse to your several places of abode!'*"

OLD Captain Beecher, who in olden times sailed a vessel from New York to New Haven, was very skillful and awfully profane. Jack Jones had sailed with him a long time. On one occasion Jack was called on as a witness. He rolled up to the stand, gave a hitch to his pants and turned toward the judge, who, with an air of some severity and a dignified tone, calculated to put rollicking Jack on his good behavior, asked,

"What is your name?"

"Jack Jones, Sir."

"Well, Sir, this is a case of great importance. Do you know the nature of an oath, Sir?"

Jack, putting on one of his most quizzical looks, replied,

"Don't you suppose I've sailed long enough with Captain Beecher to know what an oath is?"

TOMMY, with his pet pup, was met on the street by neighbor Squibob, when the following colloquy occurred:

SQUIBOB. "Well, Tommy, what do you call your dog?"

TOMMY. "You know."

SQUIBOB. "What's his name, I say?"

TOMMY. "You know."

SQUIBOB. "I know."

TOMMY. "You know."

SQUIBOB. "I don't; won't you tell me?"

TOMMY. "You know!!"

SQUIBOB (Looking as if a flea had just then hopped in his ear). "Spell it out for me!"

TOMMY. "U-N-O, Uno!!!"

VERY fair this for a boy only twice two:

"Our little son, a boy then of four years old, was reading one of your books called 'Near Home.' He was very much interested in the account of Prussia; and when he understood that the black eagle was the sign of Prussia, and the white eagle of Poland, he asked, 'Has the United States a bird too?'"

"'Yes,' said his mother; 'the United States has the bald eagle.'"

"'Bald eagle,' he said, thinking for a moment. 'Oh! yes; that is because we have no king!'"

"'Why, Willie, what has that to do with it?' asked his mother."

"'Why, mamma,' he answered, 'the feathers, you know, are like a crown, and we have no king, but a President; so we have the bald eagle, who has no crown like the others, because a President wears no crown like a king.'"

YOUNG AMERICA is here all over. Little Tommy T—— is five years old. He was in a musing mood the other day, and his mother asked him what he was thinking about. "Oh," said he, "I was thinking of *old times!*"

How sweet an epitaph to deck the tombstone of one of the little "olive branches" whose light is gone forth from the household would these lines of Mrs. Hemans form:

"No bitter tears for thee be shed,
Blossom of being, seen and gone!
With flowers alone we strew thy bed,
Oh bless'd departed one!
Whose all of life, a rosy ray,
Blushed into dawn and passed away."

CAPTAIN O'CALLAHAN, or Oke, as his acquaintances call him, is a type of his class of Western steamboatmen, whose mode of doing business deserves the attention of, and whose success should serve as an example to, younger men; stimulating them to temperance, frugality, and industry. Seven years ago he and two other citizens of Breadtown, on the Illinois, built a little steamer, and called her *Betsy*. Great was the rejoicing in Breadtown when the *Betsy* made her appearance for the first time at the narrow strip of mud dignified with the name of the Breadtown Wharf, for she was to be a regular packet to St. Louis. Fortunes were to be made for her owners, and Breadtown was to be the envied of all hamlets on Sucker Creek—in fact, a

city. The genteelest-looking of her owners was chosen and duly installed in command of the *Betsy*, and soon she was making regular trips. But alas! the *Betsy* not only ran regularly, but ran in debt; for the genteel captain must live in high style and engage in the frivolities of St. Louis life. Oke wouldn't stand this, but bought the interest of the genteel man, and took command of the *Betsy* himself. From that time the *Betsy's* fortune turned. She made money every trip; and not only her owners but Breadtown prospered. Oke never visited the gambling hells nor whiskey dens of the city, but attended to his business; and his boat, although a plain craft, became one of the most popular on the river. Oke was commander, pilot, and clerk of the *Betsy*, and, for aught we know, he was chambermaid too. It is the fashion in our steamers to have elaborate book-keeping and high-salaried clerks, but Oke would have no clerk and only one book. In this every disbursement and receipt of cash is entered; and this, Oke says, is book-keeping enough, for he can always tell by it what the boat has made. On making a settlement on one occasion with the other owners, one of them, now a banker, desired Oke to produce the "balance sheet." "Here it is," answered Oke, taking some handfuls of gold from his pockets, and counting it out on a table; "take your share, and I'll take mine." This was enough for the banker, who smiled and pocketed his "pile."

The *Betsy* still runs; very old, and much worn, but still she makes money; and still, on these fine moonlight autumnal nights, do the dwellers on the banks of Sucker Creek hear the "Arkansas Traveler" or the "Irish Washer-woman" trilling over the water as the old *Betsy* floats smoothly along, for Oke loves his fiddle next to his boat.

"JEFFREY has been in the Drawer before; let us keep him there, only letting him out in bits, as long as he will last.

"It became necessary for his company officer to reprimand him at weekly inspection for some uncleanness or disarrangement of his accoutrements, to which was added a threat that the 'next offense would be severely punished.'

"Don't say a word, Sir," interrupted Jeffrey; "will ye just kape dark now? I'll pay for all—I'll pay for all."

"BEING upon post 'No. 1'—that is, the post at the guard-house, where it is the sentry's duty to 'turn out the guard for the officer of the day and the commanding officer'—he saw the former approaching the guard, and called out, 'Turn out the guard for Mr. Day!' (Lieutenant Day being the officer of the day). He was corrected by the Lieutenant, when he answered, 'Upon my word, Sir, I thought it was all the same,' which sent the officer away smiling at his incorrigibility. However, the Lieutenant had occasion to visit the guard again before Jeffrey's two hours' 'sentry go' had expired. Though Jeffrey saw the officer coming he gave no warning to the guard, and when the Lieutenant began to scold he coolly interrupted:

"Upon my soul, Sir, I thought ye's only taking a walk this time!"

"COLONEL WRIGHT's command in the Yakima expedition consisted of dragoons, artillery, and infantry. Jeffrey, belonging to an artillery company, came in for his turn at leading a mule heavily packed with ammunition for the howitzers, which, with

carrying his own accoutrements, was far from being an easy job. Footsore and tired, we were making the best of our way through a rocky cañon, every now and then suddenly halted by some obstruction in front, and not making 2.40 time at best. At one of these halts Jeffrey sat down upon a large rock to rest and bide his time; but falling into a reverie, did not instantly heed those in front moving.

"Move on there!" shouted an officer; 'are you asleep?'

"Indade, thin, I'm not slavin'," says Jeffrey, jumping up; 'it's only thinkin' I am uv the biggest mistake I iver made in me life.'

"What's that?" cried half a dozen of the men.

"That I didn't list for a dragoon instead uv for ladin a mule," answered he, loud enough for officers and all to hear."

"BEFORE I came into the army I had the honor of teaching the young idea how to shoot (instead of shooting for myself) out West; and on one occasion I received and preserved the following:

"deer sur

"you air a scule teecher i believe Will you cum down too owre plase and we wil give you somthing too do the last teecher we had was a young wooman from yure parts and we liked her very much shee got marrid tho to wun of the bois and lives on a farm down here now she dun wel so we hop you ma two if you cum down we air very plane foks down here and wil pa you what you ask if you lik us cum down it is wrot for the

"Bored Scule Mangers

"PETER G. BROWN

"n.b. we want a scule very much down here. So cum ended
p. G. B."

"Do you think I had any doubt of the fact contained in the 'n.b.?'"

Two Florida correspondents send us these pleasant stories:

"I have been reading the contributions from your Drawer for August; and as you say, 'And now we are ready for more,' I offer to you my quota of two childish stories, if you think them worthy a place in your Drawer.

"Last summer I visited relations in my native State, Virginia; and while at the house of a nephew, on the broad Potomac, I became a great favorite of a sweet, interesting little daughter, about four years old. During my stay I was invited with the family to dine with a stylish maiden aunt, and the little Lizzie was permitted to go with us. It was a large dining party, and my little friend was allowed a seat at the table. When the course was changed after soup, and the fish course was served, the servants had neglected to change her soup, of which she had but slightly tasted. After waiting patiently until all were helped, and no notice taken of her, she said, very meekly, 'Aunt Harriet, I love soup, but I don't love all soup.'

"The other occurred at this village, which is a summer residence for some thirty or forty families for health and pleasure.

"There is a well, used jointly by my nearest neighbor and myself, immediately between our houses and some fifty steps from either. In my family at that time were three little girls, cousins, of the same age—about five years old—and the daughters of very pious and intelligent mothers. These little girls had a pet kitten, which they named 'Lilly.' One evening they were playing at the well with the kitten, which, in some of its gambols, fell into the well. A terrific scream startled

my neighbor, who supposed one of the children had fallen into the well; but understanding the cause of their distress, he returned to his house to execute a plan which was suggested to his mind to get the kitten out; and while he was gone for that purpose one of the little girls, named Hammie, exclaimed, 'Let us pray to God to take the kitten out of the well for us;' and immediately they fell on their knees and raised their little hands devoutly in prayer. In the mean time the gentleman returned with a lighted candle, which he put into the bucket and let it down, and the kitten, from some part of the curbing, sprang upon the edge of the bucket, was brought up safe, and was on the shoulders of one of them while they were in the act of praying.

" 'There!' said Hammie, 'didn't I tell you if we would pray to God he would get Lilly out of the well for us?'

"And 'Lilly' has ever been since, and will be as long as she lives, an especial favorite with those little girls and all their little playmates."

"SPEAKING of children's faith in prayer to our Father above, I too will add my mite for the Drawer. My niece, Betty D—, a little girl well known abroad for one of her years, had such faith in prayer that she always asked for whatever she wanted *very much* of her Heavenly Father. She frequently heard her papa praise the cooking of some of his friends; and one night her mother heard her, upon her knees in prayer, say, 'O Lord, please make papa say Aunt Alley's (the cook) bread is as good as any body's.' The next morning her papa was told of her prayer, and at breakfast he partook of the bread, and said,

" 'Well, I declare, Lizzie! Alley does make as good bread as I would wish to eat.'

"In an instant Betty's face was brightened, and she said,

" 'Didn't I tell you God would hear my prayer?'

"Another time, when spending the summer here, she was heard to pray, 'O Lord, bless papa, and bring him safe to us, and one day soon let the conductor hollar out, *Key West baggage!*' raising her voice at the last three words."

"THE *laziest* man I ever knew, saw, heard, or read of, was one Hines, a private in one of the companies of the Ninth Infantry. He was, however, a very acute observer, and his memory was remarkable; hence he had obtained considerable information of a general character—not by industry, but because he could not help it. In his intercourse with the men he talked but little, and then drawled out his words, with a pause between each articulation.

" 'Hines,' said one of his comrades, 'how came you in the army? A man of your information certainly could do better.'

" 'Well—in the—first place—I am—averse—to hard labor—in the—second place—I never took—to work—and in the third—I—am—opposed—to—phys-i-cal—exertion—and—in—the—fourth—I think—that—any—body—who—knows me—is very—in-con-siderate—to trouble me—to make—a state-ment—of these—self-ev-i-dent facts.'

"HINES talked and groaned in his sleep, to the great annoyance of his fellow-patriots. One night one of the boys awoke him with:

" 'Hang it, Hines, can't you stop that noise, and let a fellow go to sleep?'

" 'Y-e-s, I ex-pect I could—but the en-deavor

would be—accompanied with considerable—' trouble, he would have said, but he was snoring again."

"ASKED to explain the paradox of how it was possible for so lazy a man to attain so much education, he answered,

" 'I didn't—at-tain it—I just heard it—here—and—there—and I was too lazy to for-get it.' "

"WE have in our county," says a correspondent, "a certain individual who, two or three years ago, gloried in the name and title of Squire Bull. The Squire was a man of consequence in our little community, especially in his own estimation, and generally managed to have a hand in every thing going on of a public character.

"On the occasion of the celebration of the anniversary of our Independence Squire Bull was chosen marshal of the day. In lieu of instrumental music a choir of amateur vocalists was engaged for the occasion. The young orator of the day was waiting the preliminaries, when the marshal arose in all the dignity and pomp of his two-fold office, and said, in a loud tone,

" 'The ordinance will be seated while we have music from the core.' "

FOOTE was acquitted from a certain charge preferred against him by the instigation of the Duchess of Kingston, by proving an *alibi*. When the trial was concluded, and the perjury evident, Lord Mansfield observed: This is a very providential *alibi*; it has baffled the most infamous conspiracy that was ever set on *foot*.

B—, who rarely shamed the devil, once said of his friend: "Jack is a good fellow; but it must be confessed he has his failings. I am sorry to say so, but I will not tell a lie for any man. I love my friend, but I love truth still more." "My dear B—," said a by-stander, laying his hand upon his shoulder, "I never expected that you would have preferred a perfect stranger to an old acquaintance."

ABOUT the close of the Texan war, a steamboat was running between New Orleans and Galveston, the captain of which, in a truly patriotic way, let it be known that he would transport the discharged Texan soldiers to New Orleans without fee or reward. It may be made a sure thing that the worthy steamboat man was not without calls. One day a stalwart fellow came down and demanded passage on the aforesaid promise. The captain looked at him for a moment, and then asked,

"Were you in the war?"

"Yes, Sir-r-r-r," responded the six-footer.

"What were you?" said the captain.

"A high private," answered the applicant.

"Go right on board, stranger," said the captain. "I've been running this boat two year, and carried up more than two thousand men that fit; but you're the fust private I've met so far."

THE new contributor sending us several stories that follow must remember that one good turn requires another, and send again.

"Rev. Dr. O—, of Springfield, Massachusetts, who has been settled as pastor of the First Congregational Society of that goodly little Connecticut valley city for upward of half a century, is not less noted for his blunt, eccentric manners than for his sound, orthodox logic. Many are the times when the Doc-

tor's abruptness of speech during the progress of Divine service in the old church fronting Court Square has shocked the fastidious among his listeners, and sent a broad smile over his large congregation. One hot summer Sunday afternoon, several years ago, the big choir, led by Colonel Warriner, had finished singing for the second time, and the Doctor was deep in the labyrinths of Old Testament history—his favorite theme—when a huge and heavy pair of cow-hide boots came slowly thundering up the gallery stairs, evidently to the Doctor's great annoyance. He stopped suddenly in his discourse, adjusted his spectacles, and awaited the appearance of the wearer of the noisy cow-hides. Hundreds of eyes were turned in the direction of the gallery-door. A man's head presently appeared, when the Doctor's impatience broke out into 'Ahem! ahem! friend, you will oblige me by taking the very first seat you come to!' The man dropped into a seat instant, the audience smiled, and the Doctor proceeded with his sermon."

"JUDGE M——, of Springfield, famous for a remarkably retentive memory, and who, as Judge of Probate for Hampden County for a long series of years, endeared himself by his kindness and benevolence to hundreds of widows and orphans, was standing, cane in hand, one Monday morning, seven or eight years ago, upon the steps of Elisha Gunn's store on Main Street (now occupied by Tilly Haynes and Co. as a clothing store, and which used to be a famous resort for 'old settlers'), when Doctor O—— chanced to pass.

"'Doctor, Doctor!' sung out the Judge, rapping and beckoning with his cane to the reverend old gentleman, who had passed by without observing the Judge. 'I have been trying to think,' said the Judge, scratching his head, 'whether it is nineteen or twenty years ago since you first gave us the sermon you preached yesterday afternoon.'

"'Twenty, Judge, twenty!' cried the Doctor as he turned, and without another word, kept on his course up the street."

"ABOUT the first time I ever attended the Doctor's church, now many years ago, when I was a boy, I remember to have sat in the gallery and to have been immensely amused at the old gentleman's discomfiture when he arose in his pulpit to give out a hymn and discovered, as he supposed, that he had left his spectacles at home. He examined all his pockets first, then the floor of the pulpit; then he came down into the aisle and went to the pew where his family sat, evidently for the purpose of sending one of his daughters home for the much-needed glasses. No doubt it was very wicked in me to drop my head and laugh, but the sight of the embarrassed Doctor, with the spectacles all the while in his hair—a fact finally made known to him by one of his blushing daughters—was too ludicrous for a young sinner like myself to see and not to smile."

"LITTLE Ella J—— is an only child, about five years old, and considered exceedingly smart. Her parents are both 'Jersey born,' but reside in Pennsylvania. They of course 'stand up' for their native State, and numerous are the controversies they have with their fellow-boarders. Little Ella has obtained quite an *exalted* opinion of New Jersey from hearing them talk.

"A few weeks ago they made a visit to the old homestead. Ella seemed quite delighted when they

told her she was in New Jersey. The first night of their sojourn, after her mother had prepared her for bed, she ran to her father, and placing her hands upon his knee, remarked,

"'Now, papa, I won't have to say my prayers to-night, will I?'

"'Why, my daughter?' said he.

"'Why, because I'm down in Jersey, ain't I?' was her simple reply."

"RECENTLY I was digging some worms for my birds. A bright-eyed, golden-haired three-year-old pet of mine was standing by. Maggie watched the little creepers trying to escape from the basin into the ground, when she suddenly exclaimed,

"'Oh! just look! They want to go to their mother!'

"I told her I did not know they had a mother. She immediately replied,

"'The earth's their mother.'

"And she was right. They were *earth-worms*."

ONE of the palatial stores with which Broadway is lined is owned by a wealthy Fifth Avenue physician, who is accustomed, on quarter-day, to drive down to the store and collect the rent. The tenant some time ago, in telling of a visit from his landlord, thus delivered himself:

"The Doctor came, and shook hands, and chatted a moment, and I then passed into the back room and washed my hands—came out—wrote a receipt—and after signing it he left. I always wash my hands after shaking hands with a doctor!"

TRUE to nature is the following from Down East:

"A passenger train was approaching Boston, and was continually stopping at some small village, and there taking in somebody. In the seat behind me there was an elderly couple, who had probably lived for half a century or more in the country. The old lady observed the multitudes which appeared at one station after another, and at last, in unfeigned wonder, exclaimed, half to her husband half to herself,

"'Lor! how many strangers there is in the world, and yet all acquaintances of somebody!'"

"You have probably never met with any of the writings of my talented but erratic friend, the late Mr. Briefboy. He was a clerk in one of our Government offices; all Briefboys are Government clerks, as all Government clerkships are, or ought to be, brief. Poor fellow! In an evil hour it was reported to him that a certain high official had declared that clerks must not be sick; they must die, or resign. Briefboy was sick; he took an extra dose of transcendentalism and bad brandy, and died. He was wont to say, in his more pleasant moments, that his entire baggage, on his arrival in Washington, consisted of a dirty shirt and an empty whisky-bottle. At his death his personal effects comprised only the same dirty shirt and a tolerably well-filled bottle of whisky; from which we may argue that the manners of Washington, however conducive to temperance, do not demand any extraordinary amount of cleanliness. He appointed me his executor, with instructions to suppress his corpse and to publish his works. I submit to you one of his most connected efforts. You will see at once that his writings must have fallen under the observation of one Mr. Longfellow, since that gentleman has published a poem which is evidently a plagiarism upon Briefboy. My dialectic acquaintance, Mr. U. Know, insists that

both authors are parodists; meaning, I suppose, that they are about on a par for oddity. But you must judge for yourself. BRAIG.

"ZIGZAG LINES.

"The spree is done, and the daylight
Streams o'er my tenantless bed,
As a sudden cold descendeth
On some o'erheated head.

"I see the hotel waiters
Sweeping the dusty hall;
And a feeling of nausea comes o'er me,
And my spirits heavily fall;

"A feeling of nausea and sickness
That is rather akin to pain,
And resembles drunkenness somewhat
As the froth resembles Champagne.

"Come, mix for me some potion—
Some simple and cooling drink
That may ease this restless headache,
And give me strength to think.

"Not from the brandy-bottle—
Not from that liquor red,
Whose painful throbbings echo
In thunder through my head;

"For, like ipecac or senna,
Its mocking lips suggest
A night of sleepless trouble;
And this morn I long for rest.

"But take some purer liquid,
Which gushed from the grape's rich heart,
As lies from the tongues of widows,
Or tears from maidens start;

"Which, under foreign climates,
Where suns more mildly shine,
Was ripened into nectar,
And labeled 'Sparkling Wine.'

"Such drinks appease the stomach
When other drink it shuns,
And come like the loan of a hundred
When a fellow is pressed by duns.

"Then take from the treasured basket
The bottle of thy choice;
And let me hear, as it opens,
The popping of its voice;

"And the morn shall be filled with cocktail,
And the cares of the early day,
Like disappointed collectors,
Shall silently steal away."

OLD SQUIRE JACK—as he was familiarly called—was for many years a justice of the peace in ———, and in addition to issuing warrants and executions, was frequently called upon to perform the marriage ceremony.

One bitter cold winter night, about twelve o'clock, he was aroused from his sleep by a knock at the door. In no very amiable mood he jumped from his warm bed, and throwing up the window, called out,

"Who's there?"

"Halloa, Squire!" was the reply. "We want to get married."

"You're ONE! and now be off with you!" roared the Squire; and bringing down the window with a crash, he hopped into bed again.

"They are living man and wife to this day," the Squire always added, when he told the story.

OLD VIRGINIA writes: "In your July *Harper* we read an anecdote about a Colonel and the lively little town of Napoleon. About twenty-three years

ago, traveling down the Ohio River, we heard the following—very much after the same style of the Colonel and lively Napoleon—but, we think, a better one:

"A steamboat passing down the Ohio stopped at the town of Paducah. Being detained there an hour or so, the passengers (as usual upon such occasions) went ashore. Among them was a deck passenger, who soon returned to the boat in a rather more nervous and excited state than he left it. As soon as he got aboard he remarked to one of the officers of the boat that Paducah was quite a brisk little town. The officer replied that he never thought so.

"'Well, Sir,' says the deck passenger, 'you may rely upon it that you are mistaken, for I found it to be a very brisk little place, and one where business is done with great dispatch; for,' said he, 'I have been up in the town, stole a pair of socks, had a trial and got whipped, and here I am again on board the boat in less than half an hour!'"

A WESTERN river correspondent of the *Drawer* entertains us with the following:

"On one of the Western rivers flourished, once, a steamboat captain, whom many of your readers may have known under the *sobriquet* of Captain Windy, as well as 'The Bell-ringer.' It is with the last appellation I have to do, for 'thereby hangs a tale.' 'Tis said—and 'tis very likely; for the Captain was very pompous, and much given to 'showing his authority'—that upon one occasion, having engaged a second clerk who was supposed to be rather unsophisticated in relation to river matters, our windy friend thought he had a subject, and convened a congregation of the pilots, the clerks, the mates, the bar-keepers, etc., in the 'Social Hall,' under the pretext of 'liquoring all round.' While expectancy was at its height, he arose in his majesty, and addressed his new subordinate, in a 'top-lofty' strain, to the following effect:

"'My friend, you have entered upon the responsible office of second clerk of the steamer *Gas Blower*, and it is of the utmost importance that you should understand and attend to the bell signals in vogue upon this institution. I wish you to give close attention to my words while I explain them, so that you may understand, and I may not be under the necessity of explaining them again for your benefit. Young man, do you hear?"

"'Yes, Sir,' meekly responded the victim of eloquence.

"'Very well,' resumed the orator. 'One stroke means, "Sound on the starboard;" two means, "Sound on the larboard"—with these you have nothing to do; three strokes of the bell means, "Come aboard all, for the boat is about to start." When you are attending to any thing ashore you need not come aboard until you hear the *three strokes*, then you must hurry over the stages. Young man, do you understand?"

"'I think I do,' was the response.

"'Repeat the signals.'

"The clerk did as required; and the Captain having achieved this oratorical effort entirely to his satisfaction, ordered on the liquor.

"Matters went on smooth enough for a day or two, while the new clerk had time to 'learn the ropes;' but one fine morning, as the steamer was lying at ———, and the young man was comfortably seated upon a pile of lumber on the levee, where he had been checking freight, the Captain made ready to start, and was about to order the stages to

be drawn in, when, casting his eye ashore, he espied his clerk in the position described.

"Come aboard," said he.

"Ring your bell," said the clerk, making no movement to come aboard.

"The Captain, provoked, seized the bell-rope, and gave three furious pulls, but no voice from the bell; and he pulled again, more furiously than before, but to no avail—the bell was mute.

"Come aboard!" thundered he to his clerk.

"Ring your bell."

"The Captain again tried, but could not win the slightest tinkle from the 'brazen throat of the bell.'

"Come aboard, or we will leave you!" cried the Captain, amidst renewed efforts to ring the bell, and the whole boat's crew laughing at him. Again the Captain tried, with curses loud and deep, but to no avail.

"Pilot!" yelled he, 'shove off—'

"Ring your bell," pealed in from the shore before he could finish the order.

"The Captain seized an axe, rushed to the hurricane deck, and struck three sounding blows upon the obstinate bell.

"The clerk then coolly picked himself from the pile of boards and walked aboard, while the wrathful commander tore from the clapper a quantity of old carpeting, with which the bell had been muffled. And since that day the Captain of the *Gas Blower* has been known as 'Old Bell-ringer.'"

MAJOR W—— lived a few miles out of Wyoming Valley, in a district known as "the Buckwheat Townships." The Major had been a *host* for many years, without having a sign swinging at his door. He had among his numerous guests two gentlemen of most experienced and approved tastes in the whiskey line—one Squire Jones and a Mr. Robinson. The revenues of the Major were greatly enhanced by the frequent visits of these special friends, not so much on account of his *personal trade* with them as the recommendations they were always pleased to bestow on the excellence of his liquors. Even the most *belligerent* whiskey, after having been indorsed by the Squire and Mr. Robinson, would *slip down* "smooth as oil" with the Major's neighborhood customers.

On one occasion the Squire and Mr. Robinson suggested to *mine host* the propriety of his putting up a sign. The idea took; and the Major insisted that they should name the style of sign which would most become his house and indicate his business. They named at once the *American Eagle*, to be neatly painted in a square of four feet, and hung in a chestnut frame. The Major coincided, of course, and passed round the *belligerent* gratis; whereupon the Squire and Mr. Robinson left, the *host* bowing them away with assurances that, at their next coming, a sign should certainly greet them.

Next day the Major posted down to the Valley and ordered a sign, stipulating with the painter specially about the *American Eagle*. In a few days the sign was ready, carefully boxed, and sent to the hotel. In the mean time the Major had been advised of an intended visit from Squire Jones and Mr. Robinson. He had procured a mechanic to prepare a chestnut post and frame for the sign, so as to have it certainly swung before the arrival of his favored guests. A sign-raising was an event. The neighborhood had been invited—at least, so far as embraced the Major's customers. The post was set and the frame mounted. Every body waited for the

sign. The Major was carefully unboxing it. He removed the straw and paper surrounding it, and took a full, long look at the painting, which was a *well-done* American Eagle, with streamer floating from its beak, bearing the gilded inscription, *E pluribus unum*.

The Major slowly placed the sign again in the box, and looking up, evidently enraged, said,

"Boys, there will be no sign raised here to-day. Go in and drink, while I cuss the man who painted that sign. I ordered him to paint on it the American Eagle—yes, the American Eagle; but he has painted on it that *E pluribus unum* bird!"

On the following day, however, Squire Jones and Mr. Robinson sat down again at the Major's board. He excused his dilatoriness about the sign, and explained to them, in *very strong language*, "the blunder of the painter." They lamented, with a smile, the mistake, but assured the Major that the *E pluribus unum* bird was very rare in these parts, and that perhaps it would be quite as attractive as the *American Eagle*. With their assent and assistance—the *belligerent* having first been passed, *gratis*—the Major hung his sign; and it hangs there to this day, though *mine host*, years since, has gone to his long home.

WESTERN men are emphatically fast people; and being accustomed to measure every thing on the steamboat scale, a characteristic circumstance occurred at a town on the Mississippi River during the prevalence of the cholera in 1851.

The doctors, as is their wont, were particularly busy, and their patients generally slipped through their hands after being sick about twenty-four hours. Dr. H——, a steam doctor, or an Eclectic, thought that steaming his patients would do them good; and placing one of them in a box, he let on the steam; and, two hours afterward, upon opening his box, found the patient dead, and well cooked at that.

Several boatmen and river men having met in a drinking saloon, were talking solemnly and earnestly about the dreadful scourge, when one of them remarked that Dr. K—— had "taken a patient through" in eighteen hours.

"Yes," replied an old steamboat captain, "I know that; but Dr. H—— (the steam doctor) has made the *best* time. He took his patient through in less than two hours."

AN Arkansas ex-Judge and great orator said once, in a murder case, "For was not Moses, the strongest of men, struck dead by a thunder-bolt from the hand of Sampson, on the top of Mount Tabor, for slaying an Egyptian at the foot of the pyramid of Cyrus, King of Athens?"

THERE was, in the Puritan city of H——, an old-fashioned Puritan meeting, at which a gentleman offered some remarks on an experience of his own in a certain journey, during which he had once visited the village of Stingo, New York. Of this then benighted place he gave an awful account, to the effect that morals were grievously low, honesty nowhere at all, and the very worst kind of liquor a prominent and fundamental institution. Having made his "improvement," and the usual series of exercises being completed, the meeting was about dispersing, when a wealthy and excellent brother rose and said:

"Mr. Chairman! Mr. Chairman! I rise to vindicate

cate the town of Stingo. It may have been true, when the gentleman was there, that things were as bad as he says. No doubt they were. But that was a good while ago. Now I had, very lately, occasion to pass through the town myself; and although the place may be as the gentleman remarked in every other respect, I am bound to say that they have now very greatly improved in *this* point at least—that they sell a very much better quality of liquor!”

THERE is more than one Peter Cartwright whose backwoods eloquence terrifies the wicked, smooths the path of the just, and amuses every body in general. Connected with the Western Virginia Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church is a genuine backwoods preacher, in the person of Rev. N. H. Wiley, who, though hailing from the civilized East, possesses all the peculiarities of a man reared amidst the mountains of Western Virginia. He is a devoted Christian, pleasant in conversation, untarnished in reputation, and withal exceedingly eccentric. Last year the Conference sent him to the “Fish Creek” Circuit, a barren, lonely, uncultivated, huckleberry region, some twenty or thirty miles distant from Wheeling. Here he commenced his labor of love, but slow was his progress; for, besides his intellectual and moral display, he was compelled to exercise a degree of physical courage and energy.

Preaching one evening to a large congregation, he dwelt with caustic severity upon the doctrines promulgated by Rev. Alexander Campbell; and as he proceeded in his discourse, waxed warm against certain adherents to that Church in the vicinity. At the height of the excitement an athletic fellow interrupted him. Wiley requested him to desist, threatening vengeance if he repeated the offense. Again the fellow interrupted him, when our preacher deliberately stepped down from the sacred desk, gave him a sound thrashing, exclaiming as he did so,

“You rascally ‘Dipper,’ I’ll learn you not to interrupt my preaching!”

Wiley concluded his discourse as if nothing had happened, and the next day caused his opponent to be brought before the civil authorities and bound over to keep the peace for one year!

WHEN Temperance speeches and pledges were the order of the day, Deacon T——, who led the van in the thriving Western village of New Canton, read the pledge to a number of his fellow-townsmen, who were assembled in the log school-house—an edifice which served for a lyceum and a church. This honored document began thus: “We, the undersigned, do pledge our sacred honors,” etc. The Deacon, being dim of sight, read it “scaréd honors.” When the reading was done, one of the friends of the cause started up and began a speech:

“My fellow-townsmen, and all present, I would say that I allow that if there ever comes a time when a man’s honor is fairly scaréd, it is when he is about half-slewed. Let any one cast his eyes about on election days, and how many of his fellow-creatures will he see rolling in drunken shamelessness in the prairie grass, that vainly tries to hide them from sight! To such let me say, My friends, your honors are scaréd—yes, frightened away; and there is a right smart chance of a doubt if they ever come back again. There is one way—”

Here Deacon T——, who had been studying the pledge, explained that the word was sacred.

“Sacred be it, then,” resumed the speaker. “Come up and pledge your sacred honors, you who have them; and you who have showed so long that honor is a stranger to you, come!”

Here the orator was silenced by the hurried dispensation of the pledge to the rushing crowd of applicants who hurried up to save their scaréd honors.

“CAN I convey to you the ‘point’ of the following story? If I can, it will convince you that there is more connection between fun and funeral than mere alliteration. I wish I could describe a landlady of mine who resided in one of the most beautiful towns of Central Ohio. With high animal spirits and great impulsiveness, nothing was too wild or outrageous for her to say or do, without the least idea that she was violating any of the ‘proprieties.’ While I was boarding with her, her husband died of consumption after a long illness; and as there were no relatives outside of the immediate family, the Odd Fellows took the entire charge and expense of the funeral upon themselves, and showed in this, as in a thousand other instances, how beneficent and beautiful is the practical working of that order. The widow was deeply affected by the pathetic funeral sermon, as her sobs and cries testified, but regained composure as we returned from the grave. We entered again the room from which the coffin had been so recently removed, and which the chairs ranged so regularly sadly suggested, and with two or three other boarders took our seats in solemn silence. Thinking it necessary to distract the thoughts of the widow from her great loss, I commenced a conversation by expatiating on the benevolence of the Odd Fellows. The subject interested her, the handkerchief left her face, the usual brilliancy returned to the eyes whose brightness had been drowned all day in tears, as she exclaimed, in a transport of gratitude, ‘If ever I marry again, I’ll marry an *Odd Fellow!*’”

ARKANSAS is not very frequently a contributor to the Drawer, but this is very good:

“One of the earliest settlers in our State was one old S—— C——, a man of a naturally fine, but entirely uncultivated mind, who was once appointed a Justice of Chicott County. The first official business that presented itself came in the persons of two couples desiring to be united in the holy bonds of matrimony. No license being required in Arkansas, old S—— proceeded as follows:

“‘Stand up there, all of you. Now you two men promise to take you two women to be your lawful and wedded wives?’ ‘We do,’ was the response. ‘And you two women promise to take those two men,’ etc. ‘We do,’ they responded. ‘Well, I pronounce you men and wives!’ ‘But,’ said a bystander, ‘that won’t do, Mr. C——; they are not married!’ ‘Well, then,’ said old S——, ‘you two stand in that corner, and you two in this—pointing to the corners of the room. ‘Now you man there [pointing] promise to take *your* woman; and you other man also promise to take the other woman?’ ‘Yes,’ said the men. ‘And you women promise the same, do you?’ ‘Yes.’ ‘Well, *now*, I reckon you are men and wives; so go!’”

A SOUTHERN correspondent says: “A friend of mine had a little negro girl for whom he wished to procure a comfortable home for the ensuing year. At length he made an agreement with a Jewess, a lady of high respectability and estimable character, to

take the girl as a waiting-maid, and to furnish her with food and clothing as an equivalent for her services. When the day arrived for her to go to her new mistress the girl was nowhere to be found. After the most diligent search she was at length discovered hidden beneath a bed. On being questioned as to her motive for her concealment, she replied,

"I don't want to go to live with Miss Isaacs."

"Why don't you want to live with her? She is a good lady, and will make you a kind mistress; and besides, you won't have any hard work to do."

"Ah! but Mass F——, they tell me Miss Isaacs is a Jew; an' if the Jews kill the Lord and Master, what won't they do to a poor little nigger like me!"

SOME years ago, when a warm canvass was going on for a Senator in the Legislature of Virginia, the issue turned principally upon the subject of "internal improvement" in the State, by opening canals, railroads, and turnpikes. Mr. C——, who was the candidate in favor of State expenditures for these objects, encountered the opposition of an honest but not very intelligent voter of the district, whose vote he wished to obtain; and for this purpose he attempted to convince the voter, by argument, of the error of his opinion; and finally remarked, "My friend, if you were acquainted with the *geography* of the State, I am sure you would agree with me in opinion, and give me your vote." "But, Mr. C——," replied his sage opponent, "the fact is, I do not *believe in geography*." This was enough. Mr. C—— thought it quite useless to argue longer with a man who did not even "believe in geography," and consequently lost his vote.

"In 1842, while Judge Bronson was holding his court in the County of Nassau, in Florida, young P——, who had recently commenced the practice of law in a neighboring county in Georgia, presented himself before the Judge, asking permission to practice in the Florida courts, by virtue of a statute of the Territory extending comity to Georgia attorneys, in response to a similar provision of that State toward attorneys from Florida. P—— had some important cases to attend to at that session, and had come provided with the certificate of Judge H——, of the Superior Court of his own State, that he was a regular practicing attorney, etc., in the Georgia courts. Unfortunately he had neglected to have the certificate verified by the clerk with the seal of the court. This omission was detected by the counsel for the opposite side, one D——, an ex-Judge of Probate, who, upon the strength of it, made a motion to throw young P——'s cases out of court. D—— was a distinguished practitioner at a *bar* of another kind, and was evidently pretty well set up at the time he made the motion. He was ill-natured and vulgar on this occasion, and took particular pleasure in repeating, in an invidious tone, the phrase '*the Georgy lawyer*.' P—— heard him through very quietly, and by his modest demeanor and youthful appearance evidently had won the sympathy of Court, bar, and spectators. At length D—— concluded his harangue, winding up by saying, with a grimace, 'And now, may it please your Honor, I think I have made my "*pint*," as a Georgy lawyer would say.'

"P—— arose very pleasantly, and said, 'If the Court please, I am entirely content to abide the

decision of your Honor as to the sufficiency of the certificate under which I seek the privilege of exercising the rights of an attorney in the courts of this Territory, without further argument. One thing however has, I think, been proved by the eloquent, chaste, and learned counsel; and that is, that, whether he has or has not *made his "pint,"* he has evidently *taken his pint*, and we have had the benefit of it.'

"He sat down, amidst the laughter of the Court and all present. D—— never survived the joke; it went before and met him on the circuit, wherever he went, throughout the Territory. Judge Bronson decided that, although the certificate was not sufficient to warrant P—— in claiming as a right, under the statute, to practice, still that he, as Judge, would admit him to be an attorney, by courtesy of the Court, for the time being."

"'TAKING them one with another,' said the Rev. S—— S——, 'I believe my congregation to be most exemplary observers of the religious ordinances; for the poor keep all the fasts, and the rich all the feasts.' This fortunate flock might be matched with the crew of the A—— frigate, whose commander, Captain R——, told a friend that he had just left them the happiest set of fellows in the world. Knowing the Captain's extreme severity, his friend expressed some surprise at this statement, and demanded an explanation. 'Why,' said the disciplinarian, 'I have just had nineteen of the rascals flogged, and they are happy that it is over; while all the rest are happy that they have escaped!'

"SERGEANT K—— having made two or three mistakes while conducting a cause, petulantly exclaimed, 'I seem to be inoculated with dullness to-day!' 'Inoculated, brother?' said Erskine; 'I thought you had it in the natural way!'

"A BRILLIANT talker is not always liked by those whom he has most amused, for we are seldom pleased with those who have in any way made us feel our inferiority. 'The happiest conversation,' says Dr. Johnson, 'is that of which nothing is distinctly remembered, but a general effect of pleasing impression.' 'No one,' says Dean Locker, 'will ever shine in conversation who thinks of saying fine things: to please, one must say many things indifferent, and many very bad.' This last rule is rarely violated in society!

"COMPLAINT having lately been made in a Yorkshire hospital that an old Hibernian would not submit to prescribed remedies, one of the committee proceeded to expostulate with him, when he defended himself by exclaiming, 'Sure, your honor, wasn't it a blister they wanted to put upon my back? and I only tould 'em it was althegither impossible, for I've such a mighty dislike to them blisters that, put 'em where you will, they are sure to go agin my stomach!'

"DISTRESS, even when positive or superlative, is still only comparative. 'Such is the pressure of the times in our town,' said a Birmingham manufacturer to his agent in London, 'that we have good workmen who will get up the inside of a watch for eighteen shillings.' 'Pooh! that is nothing compared to London,' replied his friend; 'we have boys here who will get up the inside of a chimney for sixpence!'

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